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ART. I. — *Histoire de Charles-Edouard, dernier Prince de la Maison de Stuart, précédée d'une Histoire de la Rivalité de l'Angleterre et de l'Écosse.* Par AMÉDÉE PICHOT, D. M. Quatrième Édition, révue, corrigée, et augmentée de Pieces inédites. Paris: Librairie d'Amyot, Éditeur. 1845 et 1846. 2 vol. 8vo.

As you enter the left aisle of the church of St. Peter's at Rome, the first object which attracts your attention is a marble slab, cut out like the doors of a vault, with two figures on the sides, and three heads in medallion above. In the character of the heads there is nothing very remarkable, although the artist has evidently given to every feature the last touches, as if engaged upon a subject worthy of the highest efforts of his chisel. But in the figures at the sides of the vault-door there is something so sweet and touching, such a mingling of grace and solemnity in their delicate forms and thoughtful countenances, that, as they stand there with their faces cast down and their torches reversed, with an expression rather of sadness than of poignant grief, a feeling of sympathetic melancholy steals over you unawares, and you instinctively raise your eyes once more to see who they were whose last slumbers are guarded by forms of such angelic beauty. Then, perhaps, you will find something more there than you could distinguish at a first glance, — piety, resignation, and somewhat of that sorrow which, however manfully the heart may bear up against it, still leaves traces of the struggle behind. On the tablet above are engraved in golden letters,

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without any other comment than a verse of Scripture, which, for the propriety of the allusion, would have suited any tomb as well, the names of the last three descendants of the royal house of Stuart.

Of two of these, history, of which this great fabric is so full, has but little to record, beyond the weakness and superstition of the father, and the benevolence and purer piety of the younger son. But the elder has left a brighter trace behind him, and for a while bid fair to rival the glories and redeem the errors of his race. Then came a dark cloud, and the name of the Stuarts was blotted out for ever from the page of living history. It is to the heroic, daring, and romantic adventures of this brief though brilliant period that we propose to call the attention of our readers in the following pages.

The year 1721 had opened under happy auspices for the partisans of the Stuarts, for an heir had been born to the throne, and their hopes and affections, so long chilled by the weakness of the father, were turned with double warmth to the son. All the pomp of royal etiquette had been rigorously observed at the birth of Charles Edward. The nobles of his three kingdoms had been summoned to attend on this important occasion; the apartment was crowded with cardinals and prelates; rich gifts were offered around the cradle, and a royal salute from the cannon of St. Angelo showed how deep an interest the Catholic world still felt in the fortunes of a family which had sacrificed a throne to its zeal for the religion of its fathers.

The first years of the young prince were passed under the eye of his mother, to whom he is supposed to have been indebted for that heroic fortitude which was far from being a family trait, and in which his father was so singularly deficient. One of his earliest instructers was the Chevalier de Ramsay, the friend and the pupil of Fénélon. Charles Edward soon spoke English, French, and Italian with equal facility, and displayed very early a decided taste for music. But in other branches, although provided with good masters, his progress was far from being great, and the President Des Brosses, who had frequent opportunities of seeing him in his youth, says that his mind at twenty was by no means so well formed as it ought to have been in a prince of that age. It was not, however, from any want of intelligence, but his

thoughts were elsewhere, and Rome, with all the charm of her arts and the grandeur of her antiquities, could not call them away from their favorite subject of meditation. The presentiment of his destiny seems to have weighed upon him from a child. English travellers were his favorite guests, and England was the favorite topic of his conversation. On a sail from Gaeta to Naples, his hat fell into the sea. The sailors were for putting about to row after it. "Let it alone," said he; "the waves will carry it to England, and I will some day or other go there for it myself."

When fourteen years old, he followed his cousin, Marshal Berwick, to the siege of Gaeta. The trench was already opened, and immediately upon his arrival he entered it and remained some time there, with the greatest coolness, in the midst of a shower of balls. Next day he went to wait upon the Marshal at his quarters in a house against which the enemy were directing their fire. The walls were riddled with bullets, and his attendants made every effort to prevent him from entering; but in spite of all their entreaties, in which the marshal, too, had vainly united, he persisted in making his visit. All these little traits were carefully noted by his adherents, who repeated them to one another with the fondest anticipations. "Would to God," says Marshal Berwick in a letter to his brother, "that the worst enemies of the Stuarts could have been witnesses of his conduct during the siege. It would have won many of them back again."

From Gaeta he went to Naples, where he produced the same favorable impression at court, by the grace and elegance of his manners, which he had done at the army, by his coolness and intrepidity. The summer following he made a campaign in Lombardy, and two years after visited the principal cities of Upper Italy, in all of which he was received with the honors due to his rank. The next few years must have hung heavily upon his hands, for he had tasted just enough of the excitement of active life to feel the oppression of that monotonous existence where one day passes like another, and at the end of the year one finds himself nearer to nothing but his grave. His passion for music served to while away some portion of the time, and the weekly concerts, in which he played the violoncello and his brother sang, were frequented by men of taste as the best music in Rome. But his favorite amusement was the chase,

which gave a freer play to his natural vivacity, and enabled him to preserve the active habits he had formed in the camp.

Hunting in the Pontine marshes is not that tame amusement which it has come to be with us. You build a hut of boughs and branches, or, clearing away the earth from some moss-covered ruin, spread a bed of leaves or straw in one corner, and your table of stone in another. Here you come for shelter from the storm, and here is cooked the game which you have won during the day, and here you sleep. Around you expands the broad tract of the marshes, with its long grass and green trees, so beautiful to the eye. Before you is the deep blue of the Mediterranean, where you see the sun set with a glow unknown to northern climes; and at night you may hear afar off the deep murmur of its waves mingling with the solemn voices of the night wind. Behind you and at your side, mountains, girding the plain as with a cincture, and swelling upward, one behind another, till they are lost in the distance. The Circean cape to the south, with its dark outline stretching boldly into the sea, and reminding you of Ulysses and Circe, and the days when history and fable were one. To the east the precipitous wall of the Apennines, with Cora, whence Juno's temple looks down upon you from its rocky seat, and Massimo, hanging like an eagle's nest amid precipices and crags. And on the north the gently swelling slope of the Alban mount, with the white-walled convent that crowns its wooded cone, and the vineyards and olive-orchards that cluster in rich profusion round its base. And the game is worthy of a scene where every object carries you back to days in which the chase was a living image of war; the boar, with his bristled skin, his foam-covered tusks, and flaming eyes. The dogs, a strong, bold breed, and trained to the deadly sport, rouse the fierce animal from his lair, and, yelling wildly on his track, tell you where to look for the prey. On he comes, with a quick, short step, grinding his teeth until the foam flies from them like spray, his small eyes glowing like living fire, and breaking his way with headlong speed through bush and brake. Every huntsman has his stand in the space through which he is expected to pass, and each fires in turn, as he draws nigh; but it is a quick hand and a sure eye and perfect coolness alone that can give you success. Woe, too,

to the poor dog that is first to approach him, when, maddened by pain, and with speed diminished by the loss of blood, he turns for the final struggle. Some are ripped up by a single plunge of his tusks, some tossed in the air, some crushed beneath him as he falls ; and not unfrequently the huntsman, too, counts himself happy, if a slight flesh-wound is the only mark which he bears away from the deadly contest.

Such scenes were for Charles Edward no bad preparation for what he was so soon to undergo, in guiding the last effort of the Stuarts for the throne of their fathers. At length, the long wished-for moment seemed to have arrived. France was on the point of taking an active part in the war of the Austrian succession, and looked to a rising in favor of the exiled family as the surest means of finding employment for the English monarch at home. A body of fifteen thousand men was to invade England, under the command of Marshal Saxe, and all the principal measures were to be concerted at Paris, with Charles Edward himself. Still the whole negotiation was enveloped in a veil of the deepest mystery. At Rome the Bailli de Tencin and Cardinal Acquaviva acted as agents for France, and not a word was said to the ambassador. Charles Edward, the most important personage in the whole drama, was to be kept as long as possible in the background, and to conceal both his departure from Rome and his arrival at Paris.

A hunting-party to the marshes was made the pretext for leaving Rome, and the prince, pretending to have sprained his foot on the road, separated from his companions, and, assuming the dress and medal of the Spanish courier, pushed forward, with the utmost speed, for Genoa. Here he embarked in a felucca for Antibes. The wind was against him, and he was compelled to pass through the midst of an English squadron, enemies now, but soon, he hoped, to become his subjects and defenders. On the 13th of January, he reached Antibes, near the spot where, seventy-one years later, Napoleon was to land on his return from Elba. Reporting himself and his companion to the commandant as Englishmen, under the names of Graham and Mattock, he mounted a post-horse and took the road to Paris. At Avignon, he had an hour's interview with the Duke of Ormond, and by the 20th was already in the capital.

Here every thing seemed to favor his hopes. The army

of invasion was assembling in the north, and a fleet of transports at Dunkirk. Marshal Saxe, who till then had manifested but little inclination for the enterprise which he had been chosen to command, was completely won over by the prince's enthusiasm, and entered heartily into his views. The king, it is true, still refused to receive him at court, and his negotiations were drawn out through indirect channels; but here, at last, was something done, and something doing, and the speedy promise of more.

But all these bright prospects were suddenly overcast. A tempest scattered the French and English fleets, as they were upon the point of engaging, and wrecked several transports in which a portion of the troops had already been embarked. Marshal Saxe was ordered into Flanders to take command of the army, with which he fought, next year, the decisive battle of Fontenoy; and the court relapsed into that system of tergiversation and indifference by which it had already tried the patience of the Jacobites so severely. Charles Edward retired to Gravelines, deeply depressed, but not disheartened; and not long afterwards, took a house in the neighbourhood of Paris, where, to use his own words, he led the life of a hermit. Months passed away in fruitless remonstrances and negotiations, until he became convinced that no efficient aid could be expected from the court of Versailles. It has subsequently been shown, that Louis the Fifteenth had been induced to abandon an enterprise which promised him so much advantage by the remonstrances of his Protestant allies, justly alarmed at the prospect of so formidable an accession to the Catholic cause.

And now it was that the heroic character of the young prince shone out in full lustre. It had been in compliance with the wishes of his adherents, rather than by his own free will, that he had consented to the French invasion; for, unlike a prince of our own times, his heart revolted at the idea of ascending the throne of his fathers under the escort of foreign bayonets. His partisans were far from sharing his scruples, and the assistance of a body of French troops was a condition upon which they had constantly insisted throughout all their negotiations. This they could no longer count upon, and it now remained to be decided whether the enterprise should be abandoned, or made with such forces as could be raised upon the spot.

His decision was promptly taken, and, fully aware how much opposition it would meet with in every quarter, he resolved to carry on his preparations with all possible secrecy. There was living at that time, at Nantes, an adherent of the Stuarts by the name of Walsh, whose father had distinguished himself, on several occasions, by his devotion to the exiled monarch, and had received the title of Count in reward for his services. The son had engaged in commerce and privateering, which, according to the ideas of Brittany, were no spot upon his nobility. To him it was that Charles Edward addressed himself for the means of transportation, and by his zeal and activity an old ship of eighteen guns, called the Elizabeth, and the Doutelle, a frigate of twenty guns, were fitted up, as if for a cruise to the northward, and freighted with arms and ammunition. Another exile, a banker, named Rutledge, advanced part of the money, and Charles sent word to Rome to raise what they could upon his jewels, declaring that he should never be able to wear them with any degree of pleasure, when he remembered how much better they might have been employed.

The moment that his preparations were completed, he set out from the castle of Navarre, where he had been staying with his friend and cousin, the young Duc de Bouillon, and hastened with the utmost secrecy to the place of embarkation at St. Nazaire, at the mouth of the Loire. The letters announcing his intentions to his father and to the king of France were kept back until he was beyond the reach of remonstrance. The wind was against him, and he was compelled to curb his impatience for a few days longer. At last it changed in his favor, and on the 2d of July, 1745, entering a fisherman's boat in the disguise of a student from the Scotch college of Paris, he was quickly wafted to the side of the Doutelle. Walsh himself had assumed the command ; and with him were seven others, devoted adherents of the exiled family, who had resolved to stand by their prince in this last and apparently desperate effort for the throne of his fathers.

On the 12th, they were joined by the Elizabeth at the rendezvous, at Belle Isle, and spread their sails for Scotland. The first three days went calmly by ; but on the fourth they descried a strange sail, which, approaching the Elizabeth, hoisted English colors. It was the Lion, a fifty-eight gun

ship, commanded by Captain Brett, afterwards Lord Percy. The Elizabeth immediately ranged up with her, and opened a destructive fire. For several hours a heavy cannonade was kept up on both sides, during which both captains were wounded, and each vessel suffered severely. At the sound of the first gun, Charles Edward, forgetting his assumed character, hurried to the deck, calling loudly for a sword, and insisting that the Doutelle should come in for her part of the honors of the combat. "Monsieur l'Abbé," said Walsh, taking him hastily by the arm, "this is not your place; have the goodness to withdraw to your cabin." The combat lasted till nightfall, when both ships, being too much disabled to keep the sea, sought the nearest ports, as best they could. The Doutelle held on her course, but this casual encounter deprived the young prince of his arms and stores, which had been embarked on board the Elizabeth.

Once again they were menaced with the same danger, from three ships of war which they fell in with, towards the south of Long island, and only escaped by keeping close under the western coast of Barra, and anchoring between South Uist and Eriska. As they approached the land, an eagle was seen hovering over the ship. "It is the king of birds," said the Marquis of Tullibardine, "come to welcome your Royal Highness to Scotland." It was the 1st of July, and with a joyful heart Charles Edward set foot, for the first time, on the soil of that kingdom towards which, from earliest childhood, his hopes and his wishes had been directed.

His first care was to despatch a messenger to Boisdale of Clanranald, by whose influence over the mind of the elder brother he hoped to obtain an immediate declaration of the clan. Boisdale obeyed the summons, but with a manner which showed there was little to be hoped from the interview. "I can count upon MacDonald of Sleat, and the laird of MacLeod," said the prince. "Undeceive yourself," was the inauspicious reply; "they have both resolved not to raise a single man, unless your Royal Highness comes attended with regular forces."

This was a bad outset, and some of the party, it is said, began already to wish themselves safely back in France. Charles Edward was not so easily discouraged, but, setting sail, held on his way among the islands, to Loch Nanuagh, between Moidart and Arisaig, where he again cast anchor.

The next morning Clanranald the younger, with MacDonald of Kinloch, and the lairds of Glenaladale and Dalily, came to wait upon him. But it was evident that they, too, had adopted Boisdale's opinion, and were unwilling to risk their fortunes upon so hazardous a cast. Charles Edward put forth all his eloquence, in order to move them; and, finding arguments fruitless, addressed himself to their feelings. "I am your prince, your countryman, your friend," said he; "do not abandon the son of your king!" In the group on the deck was a younger brother of MacDonald of Kinloch Moidart, who, without knowing the full purport of the conversation, had caught enough of its meaning to understand how nearly it touched the loyalty of his clan. His eyes lighted up, his color went and came, and in the warmth of his emotions, he grasped the hilt of his claymore with an energy that drew the attention of the prince. "And you," said he, turning to the only one who appeared to feel for his situation, "will you not fight for me?" "Yes," replied the gallant youth, "if I were the only one in all Scotland to draw my sword, I would be ready to die for you." "I have at last found a defender," cried the prince, bursting into tears; "give me but a few more such Scotchmen as this, and I am sure of the throne of my fathers." The impulse was irresistible, and the chiefs, giving way to their enthusiasm, swore, with one accord, to lay down their lives in his cause.

Charles Edward now landed, sending back the Doutelle to France, with letters to his father and the king. A guard of a hundred men immediately gathered round him, and from every quarter came young and old, men, women, and children, flocking to look upon the face of their prince.

Meanwhile, measures were taking for raising the clans. Clanranald went in person to Sir Alexander MacDonald, and the laird of MacLeod, two chiefs of great influence, who held three thousand men at their disposal. But they persisted in their refusal to rise, without the support of regular troops. Lochiel, chief of the Camerons, had come to the same decision, but resolved, out of respect to the prince, to be himself the bearer of these unwelcome tidings. "Do not risk it," said his brother; "I know you better than you know yourself. If the prince once sets his eyes upon you, he will do whatever he pleases with you." Lochiel persisted,

and, repairing to Charles's head-quarters, frankly declared his disapprobation of the enterprise. "'T is true," said the prince, "I am come alone, when you looked to see me with an army. Evasive answers, and hopes which perhaps are false, are all that I have been able to get from the ministers of Louis, and I thank Heaven for it. Let the Elector of Hanover surround himself with foreign guards; it is to the nation itself that I look for support. The first victory will, perhaps, hasten the arrival of the French, who will then come as allies, not as protectors." "Give me a few days for deliberation," said Lochiel, already moved by the prince's energy and fire. "No, no," replied he, with increasing animation, "I have already a few friends with me. With these I shall raise the royal standard, and announce to Great Britain that Charles Stuart is come to reclaim the crown of his ancestors, or perish in the attempt. Lochiel, whose faith and friendship my father has so often vaunted, may remain at home; the newspapers will announce to him the fate of his prince." This bitter reproach was too much for the gallant-spirited chieftain. "Be it what it may, I will share it with you, and so shall all those over whom nature or fortune has given me control."

Without loss of time he returned home to gather his clan. This was all that Clanranald was waiting for in order to call out his own; and small parties were soon afoot under the MacDonalds of Keppoch and Tierndreich. The rendezvous was fixed at Glenfinnin, a long, narrow valley, watered by the little torrent of Finnin, and opening on Loch Shiel, with a mound in the centre, on which the royal standard was to be raised.

Hither Charles Edward repaired on the morning of the 19th of August; but not a plaid was to be seen, and the solemn silence of a mountain solitude overhung the glen. The only trace of living thing that he could descry was a sombre little hut, and towards this he directed his steps. The occupants received him with respect, but could give him no relief from his perplexity. It was eleven in the morning, and two hours had passed anxiously away, when the notes of a distant pibroch were heard among the hills. As the sound became more distinct, it was recognized as that of the Camerons; and shortly after, eight hundred clansmen were seen winding their way through the pass to the place

of rendezvous. They marched in two columns, and brought with them, as the first fruits of their rising, two companies of English, whom they had made prisoners. All now gathered around the mound, where the Marquis of Tullibardine, the royal standard-bearer, unfolded the royal banner, a tissue of red silk, with a white space in the centre. As its broad folds opened upon the wind, the mountaineers threw up their caps into the air with a shout which scared the young eagles from their nests among the crags, while the pibrochs breathed forth the shrill strain of their songs of triumph, so deep and so spirit-stirring, among the echoes of the hills. And then was read the manifesto of James the Eighth, proclaiming Charles Edward regent during his absence, and the prince himself, taking the word, "told his faithful adherents how he had chosen this part of Scotland to land in, because he knew that it was here he should find the truest-hearted subjects of his father, and that he had come to conquer or to die with them." When the ceremony was completed, a guard of fifty men escorted the banner to the prince's tent, and the little army encamped in the valley for the night.

Small as his army was, Charles Edward resolved to lose no time in commencing active operations, for he knew that every thing depended upon the beginning, and that one successful blow would go farther than a thousand declarations. The alarm had been given, and Sir John Cope was already advancing against him at the head of a strong body of regular forces, with the hope of securing the passes and cooping him up among the mountains; nor could the Jacobites of the south be expected to declare themselves, until they saw some means of efficient protection at hand. He advanced, therefore, directly towards his adversary, holding his way through those wild mountain-passes and rugged glens, where every now and then some little band came to swell his forces, as the streams that flowed by him were swollen by the torrents from the hills. Upon reaching Corryarrack, the first news that he received was that Cope had suddenly renounced his plan of invasion, and was in full retreat. "Fill me a cup of whiskey," cried he, on hearing these unexpected tidings, and turning to his men; "I give you the health of this good Mr. Cope, and may every general of the usurper prove as much our friend as he has been."

A pursuit was instantly commenced, and pushed on with

Highland impetuosity as far as Garvymore, where he paused awhile to give his army a short breathing-space. But why lose more time in following an enemy who already gives himself up for conquered, when, by pressing forward, he might seize upon the capital, gathering in his adherents all along the important districts through which he would pass, and striking terror into his adversaries by a blow so daring and so unexpected? "To Edinburgh, to Edinburgh!" then, was the universal cry, and thither he directed his course, marching cheerfully at the head of his men, with his Highland bonnet and plaid, and the brogues which he had sworn never to change until he had beaten his enemy.*

At Blair, the seat of the Duke of Athol, the clan gathered promptly around the Marquis of Tullibardine, who, by all the Jacobites, was looked upon as the real duke. As he continued his advance, the flame spread wider and wider. Sir George Murray and Lord Nairne came to offer him their swords, and the laird of Gask came with his tenantry, and the laird of Aldie with his, and as he approached Perth, he was joined by the duke, at the head of two hundred men. He was now in the midst of the cherished associations of his race, for Perth had been the favorite residence of the three Roberts and the first and second James, and at a short league's distance was the venerable abbey of Scone, where the Scottish kings were wont to receive their crown, in the days of Scotland's freedom. No wonder, then, that the inhabitants should flock out to meet him, welcoming him with feasts and acclamations, and the blushing dames plead for the honor of a kiss from his royal lips!

Here he staid a week, in order to introduce a little more system into his army, and exercise his men to some general evolutions, and raise a small contribution among the inhabitants; for a single guinea was all that remained of the money

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* This is alluded to in a song of the times: —

"O, better loved he canna be,
Yet when we see him wearing
Our Highland garb sae gracefully,
'T is aye the mair endearing.
Though a' that now adorns his brow
Be but a simple bonnet,
Ere lang we 'll see of kingdoms three
The royal crown upon it."

he had brought with him from France. Here, too, he issued several proclamations, and among them, one in reply to the offer of thirty thousand pounds, the price set upon his head by the cabinet of London, ever ready to employ any means, however infamous, for the attainment of its ends. "If any fatal occurrence," said he, at the close of his proclamation, in which he had been compelled, by the importunities of his council, to imitate a conduct which he reprobated so deeply, — "if any fatal occurrence should be the consequence of this, may the blame fall exclusively upon those who were the first to set so infamous an example." On Sunday he attended church, and listened with an air of deep attention to a sermon on the fourteenth chapter of Isaiah, in which the prophet foretells, in such glowing colors, the renewed glories of Israel. Then, having accomplished all the objects of his halt at Perth, he continued his march on the capital.

Fresh reinforcements continued to join him at every step. At Dumblane he was met by the MacDonalds of Glencoe, and by the MacGregors, still true to the faith of Rob Roy, whose own son was serving among the levies of the Duke of Perth, at the head of his father's band. At Doune, the ladies of Cambras were assembled before their houses with white ribbons as decorations for the soldiers, and with refreshments for the prince, who, unwilling to delay his march, could only quaff a wine-cup to their health, without dismounting. Some asked to kiss his hand, and one fair damsel, bolder or more enthusiastic than her companions, begged the honor of a kiss on her lips, which was gallantly given and promptly returned. Eight miles above Stirling is the ford of Frew, where some opposition might be expected from Cope's dragoons. But when the army reached it, the banks were clear, and Charles Edward, brandishing his naked sword, spurred his horse into the stream and was the first to reach the shore. Stirling opened its gates without resistance, the garrison taking refuge in the castle. His march now led him over the field of Bannockburn, a name so stirring to Scottish hearts, and Falkirk, where base jealousies and treachery, their never failing attendant, had checked in mid bloom the bright career of Wallace. The castle of Linlithgow, so dear to the chivalrous James the Fourth and to the unfortunate Mary, was again thrown open, with flourish of trumpets and waving of

banners, to a descendant of the Stuarts; and at length, on the 17th, from the heights of Corstorphine, he caught his first view of Edinburgh.

Meanwhile, the royal city was a scene of confusion and dismay; for of all its old fortifications the castle alone was tenable, and the army on which it had relied for defence was still at a distance. A few corps of volunteers had been hastily raised, in the urgency of the moment, and there were still two companies of Cope's dragoons, which he had left behind him on his march into the Highlands. But the danger from within was no less imminent than that from without; for the Jacobites formed a large proportion of the population, and hatred to the Union would probably range many of the Whigs on the same side. The lord provost and counsellors themselves were well known to favor the prince in their hearts; and although they continued to perform all their functions with a strict regard to their oath of office, it was difficult to believe that they would neglect so favorable an opportunity of aiding a cause to which they were so warmly attached. When the news of Charles Edward's landing first came, his enterprise had seemed so rash that no one ever dreamed of any thing like a serious contest. His followers were said to be a few wild Highlanders and men of desperate fortunes, whom the riot act alone would be sufficient to disperse. Thus every apprehension was lulled, and men continued their usual avocations with little or no interruption. Every other question was absorbed in the approaching elections. But when it was known that Sir John Cope had commenced a retreat, that the prince was in full march for the capital, and that the country was rising on all sides to his support, men began to look upon his undertaking in a more serious light; the Jacobites, with hopes which they could but imperfectly conceal, and the Hanoverians, with a dejection proportioned to their former confidence. Every thing now wore the aspect of a surprise; sudden alarms, exaggerated reports, hope and fear prevailing by turns, each transition equally sudden and equally extreme; counsels uncertain, and varying with every new tale; the ill disguised exultation of anticipated triumph and party hate, the more bitter from having been so long suppressed; and that indefinable agitation with which men look forward to some great event, from which they know not whether they have most to hope or to fear.

In the midst of this uncertainty came a letter from the prince to the lord provost and council, summoning them to throw open their gates without delay, and receive the representative of their sovereign with the submission which they owed him. A deputation was sent to negotiate, which soon returned with a letter signed John Murray, saying that the prince's manifesto was a sufficient guaranty for the citizens, and calling upon them to open their gates without further delay. This had hardly been read, when a despatch from Sir John Cope was brought in, announcing his speedy arrival with all his forces. This was a last ray of hope for the Hanoverians, and some few again ventured to talk of resistance. At length, it was resolved to send another deputation to the prince, and thus contrive to gain time, the favorite resource of men who are at a loss what to decide. But Charles Edward, refusing to receive them, sent forward a body of seven or eight hundred men, with orders to find or force an entrance. They arrived just as a gate was opening to let out the carriage of the deputation on its way back to the stables, and some of them, springing forward, forced their way into the streets. Their companions quickly followed, and when, next morning, the citizens awoke from their slumbers, Edinburgh was in the hands of the Highlanders.

The joyful intelligence was quickly carried to the prince's head-quarters, at the little village of Slateford, where, curbing his impatience as best he could, he had thrown himself upon his bed in his clothes, and had barely slept two hours when the messenger came. He immediately mounted his horse and put his army in motion. It was still early in the morning as he approached the city; but the King's Park, by which he was to enter, was already filled with a crowd of both sexes and every age. From an eminence near the Hermitage of St. Anthony, he could see the white banner of the Stuarts waving once more from his ancestral towers of Holyrood. But the guns of the castle, which was still in the hands of the Hanoverians, commanded the usual entrance, and it became necessary to throw down a part of the park-wall for his passage. The Duke of Perth had presented him with a beautiful bay charger for the occasion, which he mounted on entering the park. He was still dressed in his Highland costume, distinguished only by a scarf of azure and gold, and the glittering cross of the national order of St.

Andrew. His hair fell in ringlets from under his simple blue cap, and as he rode along, the youthful bloom of his countenance, and the mingled grace and dignity of his manners, drew forth a burst of admiration from the assembled multitude. Some stubborn old Whigs pretended to discover in his smile a slight dash of melancholy, which was of no good augury for a day of triumph. But for far the greater part it was the smile and air of Robert Bruce, and as they fed their fancies upon this resemblance to one so dear, they promised themselves that the Bruce's star, too, would shine upon him, and that his simple bonnet of blue would soon be exchanged for the crown of the three kingdoms. At the palace-gate stood James Hepburn of Keith, a gray-headed old man, well known for his hostility to the principles of divine right, but who, seeing in the return of the Stuarts the only hope of obtaining the revocation of the detested act of Union, now advanced, with his sword drawn and a solemn air, to usher the prince to his apartment.

It was a happy day for Charles Edward. Thus far every thing had succeeded even beyond his warmest hopes ; and as he paced his paternal halls of Holyrood, the cries of the crowd below compelled him from time to time to show himself at the window, and he could hear the distant shout from another quarter of the city, where the herald was solemnly proclaiming the accession of James the Eighth. But this very success imposed the necessity of a still greater display of vigor, for his strength consisted almost wholly in an excited feeling, which nothing but constant action and fresh triumphs could keep alive. Without waiting, therefore, to enjoy the welcome he was receiving at Edinburgh, he advanced directly towards Sir John Cope, who was already within a few miles of the city, with an army formidable both by numbers and discipline.

The English general was just entering the plain between Preston and Seaton, when two officers, whom he had sent forward to select a camp for the night, came back at the top of their horses' speed, to announce the approach of the enemy. He instantly halted, and ranged his troops in order of battle, extending his wings towards the sea on one side, and the village of Tranent on the other. In a few moments the enemy came in sight, and each army, as they drew nigh, sent up a shout of defiance. Charles Edward had chosen a

road which brought him out upon a high ground on his adversary's flank, from which his Highlanders could charge down with their mountaineer impetuosity. This manœuvre compelled Cope to change his order, resting his right on Preston and his left on Seaton house, with the sea behind him, and in his front a morass defended by a broad, deep ditch. The position seemed impregnable.

Meanwhile, these manœuvres had drawn out the day, and when both armies came into position, it was too late for an attack. Charles Edward went with the Duke of Perth and another officer to dine at a little village inn. The hostess had hidden away her pewter spoons, for fear of the Highlanders, and had only a couple of wooden ones to supply their place with. Dividing these as they could, they contrived to drink the little dish of mutton-broth which was set before them, cutting the meat with a cleaver, and eating it with their fingers instead of forks. The British general was well supplied with every article of convenience and luxury.

Night set in cold and foggy. Through the mist gleamed the fitful light of the British watch-fires, and from time to time a random cannon-shot, breaking in upon the stillness of the scene, served to show that their experienced foe was keeping good guard. The Highlanders slept upon the ground, in their plaids, the prince in their midst, ever ready to share in the hardships that he imposed. He had hardly closed his eyes, when Lord George Murray came to tell him of a passage over the morass, which had just been pointed out by the owner of the ground, who at the same time offered to serve them as a guide. The offer was gladly accepted, and at three the men were under arms, and, filing off silently, began the passage under favor of the darkness, which effectually concealed their movements until the head of the column had reached the morass. Here they were challenged by the videttes, who discharged their pieces and galloped off to give the alarm. Charles Edward was the first to spring upon the little bridge which led across the ditch, and the head of the column, turning towards the sea, gave room for the rest to pass without breaking their ranks. The moment that all were over, a half-wheel to the left brought them into line, and the whole army pressed forward in battle order. On the right was the Duke of Perth, at the head of the MacDonalds, who claimed this as the post which Bruce himself had as-

signed them on the field of Bannockburn. The Camerons and Appin Stuarts formed the left wing, under Lord George Murray ; and in the centre were the MacGregors, with the levies of the Duke of Perth. The second line was composed of the Athols and Robertsons on the right, and the MacLachlans and MacDonalds of Glencoe on the left. The prince placed himself, with a small body-guard, between the two lines. An old cannon, too much shattered to be loaded with any thing but powder, but which the Highlanders looked upon with a sort of blind veneration, was their only artillery. The English army, though nearly equal in number, was drawn up in a single line, with the cavalry on the flanks, and six pieces of artillery on the right.

Although the men had been under arms since three o'clock, it was broad day when the battle began ; but the mist was still dense, and, swaying to and fro as the sunbeams broke through it, served to conceal the inequalities of the Highland line. As they came within gun-shot, they discharged their firelocks, and, shouting their war-cry, rushed forward, with drawn claymores, upon the enemy's ranks. Each man held a naked dirk in his left hand, and on his arm the little target,

> " Whose brazen studs and tough bull-hide
> Had death so often dashed aside."

The English presented their bayonets, and stood firm to receive the shock. But the hardy mountaineers, stooping on one knee, struck up the bayonets with their targets, pierced their enemies from below with their swords, and throwing the dead bodies upon the second line, pressed on in their headlong career. Two balls pierced the chief of the MacGregors, as he was advancing to the charge : — " I am not dead, my children," cried he, instantly raising himself upon his elbow, " I am looking at you to see if you do your duty." The Stuarts and Camerons rushed upon the artillery, and mastered it in a moment. The British line wavered ; the cavalry turned and fled, and in a moment the field was covered with the flying and their pursuers, and wounded and dead, and scattered arms ; while here and there a few, held at bay by the nature of the ground, strove to make good their stand, or yielded themselves prisoners, without waiting to count their enemies. A large number of standards, six cannon, a supply of tents, ammunition, and baggage, and a military chest of four thou-

sand pounds, were the immediate fruit of this victory, in which the conquerers lost but thirty or forty men, and the conquered five hundred killed and a thousand prisoners.

Next day the victorious troops made their triumphal entry into Edinburgh. First came the pibroch-players, a hundred men in all, playing the favorite old air of the Jacobites, —

"The king shall enjoy his own again,"—

the predictions of which seemed at last upon the point of being accomplished. Then came the clans, part in their mountain garb, and part decked out in the uniforms and ornaments which they had won from the English. Some bore aloft their own victorious banners, others those of the enemy; and a few, in the wildness of their exultation, fired their guns in the air. A ball from one of these grazed the forehead of Miss Nairn, as she stood waving her handkerchief from a balcony. "Thank Heaven," cried she, "that it did not strike a Whig! for what would they not have said against these brave defenders of the good cause?" The prisoners, a train almost as numerous as the army itself, marched next, and the baggage and cannon of Sir John Cope closed the procession. Everywhere, as they passed along, the streets and squares were crowded with spectators; there was waving of handkerchiefs from every balcony and window, and a mingling of shouts and benedictions, as though one wish and one feeling had animated the whole population.

In this scene of triumph and exultation Charles Edward took no part; but, entering Edinburgh quietly in the evening, returned without pomp or parade to his apartments at Holyrood. His thoughts were already running forward to London, the next great point in his progress, and the first question that he brought before his council was how to make the most of his victory. His own wish was to enter England without delay, and push directly forward for the capital, while the impression produced by his victory was still fresh in the minds of his enemies, as well as of his friends. The king was still absent, the troops scattered, the cabinet taken by surprise, the Whigs disheartened and dismayed; his adherents full of hope, and ready to spring to arms at the first waving of his banner.

But these were far from being the views of his council. "A march into England," said some, "is a serious enter-

prise, and demands mature consideration. The country is thickly peopled, and the parties nicely balanced. You have friends there, it is true; but they are so closely watched, that you cannot count upon them. The king is absent, but the cabinet is on its guard, with all the means and resources of an established government at its command. The troops are scattered, but they are gathering rapidly, and the ministry are levying new forces. Meanwhile, you have rivers to cross, and fortified towns to pass, and supplies and provisions to collect on your march from men whom you dare not irritate by your exactions, although you can seldom hope to win them by your forbearance. And what are your means for so great an enterprise? An army flushed indeed by victory, but which that very victory has reduced to a bare third of its original number; for a battle, as you well know, is for your Highlanders the signal of temporary desertion; if conquered, to seek a refuge, — if victorious, to secrete their plunder and enjoy their triumph. Soon they will all be back again, and many more with them, whom the sound of victory and the sight of spoil will draw forth, thus swelling your ranks and keeping alive that spirit of enthusiasm which stands them in the place of discipline. Await, then, their return; hasten the long-promised succours of France; establish yourself more firmly in Scotland; and then, with all the resources of one kingdom at your command, you can march with confidence and security to the conquest of another."

Some went still further. According to them, the misfortunes of the Stuarts had commenced with their claims to the throne of England. It was this that had brought the lovely Mary to the scaffold, and Charles had atoned by the same bloody penalty for an elevation so fatal to his race. "Think, then, of Scotland, the birthplace of your fathers, the true source of their greatness, the only spot where their names are hallowed by bright and enduring associations. Make this the foundation of your strength, the starting-point of your new career. Repeal that detested Union, by which her pure fame has been degraded and the blood of her children made the spoil of a foreign tyrant. Redeem her from this abasement; restore her to her former glory and her inalienable rights; atone for the humiliation which the ill-judged policy, the fatal ambition, of your fathers, have brought upon her; and what may you not hope from the self-devotion of gratitude, and the irresistible energy of independence?"

Thus compelled to remain in Scotland in opposition to his judgment and his wishes, Charles Edward resolved to make the most of this inauspicious delay for increasing his forces and organizing his government. He issued proclamations of amnesty and entire oblivion for all political offences. He sent circulars to all the local authorities, calling upon them to send in their reports and bring their contributions to Edinburgh. He despatched glowing accounts of his success to the court of France, urging the necessity of immediate coöperation in order to complete the work which had been so successfully begun. He renewed his applications to the chiefs who had not yet declared themselves, assuring them that they would be received as cordially as if they had joined him at the first moment; and he sent chosen emissaries into England to consult with his partisans there, and prepare the way for his invasion of that kingdom.

Meantime, his little army was encamped at Duddingstone, about two miles from Edinburgh, where, except that there was less of hardship in it, they led nearly the same lives as at their homes among the mountains. The tents of Cope's army had been pitched for their use, but it was long before they could accustom themselves to the restraint, breathing freer in the open air, and loving to sit round their watch-fires and listen to the songs of their bards. Every day the prince came to visit them, and make his rounds in person; and wherever he saw a group collected, he would join in their conversation with a familiarity which went directly to their hearts, for it seemed to flow from his own; and he was always ready with some of those happy sayings which take such strong hold of the popular mind. Or if it chanced that some old bard was singing the glories of his clan, he would stop to listen and applaud, showing all the while, by his animated gestures and excited countenance, how deeply his imagination was struck by these wild old traditions of other days. Sometimes, instead of returning to town, he would pass the night in camp.

At Holyrood every thing wore the aspect of a splendid court, and the old halls, so long condemned to solitude, now rang once more with the sounds of festivity and triumph. Every morning a crowd of courtiers thronged the prince's levee, and the moment that this formality of royal life was over, he took his seat at the council-board. Then came the

public dinner and the visit of his posts; and in the evening balls and receptions, where the wives and daughters of the Jacobites displayed their richest attire, and oftentimes, won by his grace and affability, would send next morning to pledge the jewels he had praised, in order to raise contributions for the good cause. New levies, too, were coming in from the mountains; new chiefs declaring their adherence and enrolling their vassals; and, notwithstanding the cautious policy of the Lowlands, a few small bands of volunteers were raised in the cities. But the most important event of all was the arrival of the Marquis d'Equilles as ambassador from France, with letters from the king, and a small supply of arms and ammunition; and although he was not yet authorized to announce his mission openly, yet the presence of a Frenchman of rank, and the assurance that he would soon be followed by others with money and supplies, seemed a sufficient proof that the court of Versailles was at last beginning to open its eyes to its true interest, and would not long delay those more extensive succours, with the aid of which it would be so easy to decide the contest.

Feeble as these supplies were, Charles Edward resolved to put off his march into England no longer. Meeting the opposition of his council with the letters of his English adherents, who complained of being thus left a defenceless prey to the Hanoverians, he announced his fixed determination of entering England immediately, even at the risk of doing it alone. "I will raise my banner there," said he, "as I did in Scotland; the faithful subjects of my father will gather round it, and with them I will either conquer or perish." The council yielded, and orders were issued for the march. By the troops the tidings were received with enthusiasm, for they were wearied with the monotonous inaction of a camp, and longed once more for the excitement of battles and marches. In a general review of all the forces, they were found to amount to little more than seven thousand men; but Scotland had been won with but half this number, destitute both of horse and artillery, and now they were supported by five hundred cavalry, they had seven cannon and four mortars, and, what was of far more account than all this, were glowing with enthusiasm and flushed by success.

Meanwhile, the interval had been employed by the Eng-

lish government in active preparations for defence. The king had arrived from the continent and rallied his adherents around him. A strong division had been sent forward on the road to Newcastle under Field-marshal Wade; another, under General Ligonnier, directed its march upon Lancaster, in order to cover the western frontier; while camps of reserve were formed at Finchley, and other points in the vicinity of the capital. The only road to London lay between the armies of Ligonnier and Wade.

Charles Edward, with the boldness which had characterized all his measures, was for marching directly upon Newcastle, and fighting Wade on his way. But in this he allowed himself to be overruled by his council, who preferred entering England by Carlisle, where the nature of the country would be more favorable to the tactics of the mountaineers. It was on a Thursday, the 31st of October, at six o'clock in the evening, that the gallant young prince left his ancestral halls of Holyrood, which were never more to be trodden by the foot of a Stuart. That night he slept at Pinkie house, and next morning began his march. The more effectually to conceal his course, he had ordered lodgings to be taken all along the route to Berwick; and, dividing his troops, directed one detachment on Peebles, under the Marquis of Tullibardine, and putting himself at the head of the other, pressed forward towards Kelso, while a few small bodies took an intermediate road by Selkirk and Moss-paul. Redding, in Cumberland, was fixed upon as the general rendezvous.

Here, as on his advance through the Highlands, he marched on foot at the head of his column, lightening the fatigue of the way by many a jest and merry saying, — the surest test, in the soldier's judgment, of his affection for those who were giving so strong a proof of their devotion to him. From Kelso, his route lay directly across the Tweed, and along the banks of the Liddel,* so often stained with blood in the wild wars of the border. The enthusiasm of the clans was at its height as they touched the English shore. They brandished their claymores, tossed their caps in the air, and uttered that shrill war-cry which seems like an invoca-

* The exquisite little Spanish ballad, Rio Verde, so beautifully translated by Longfellow in his Outre Mer, might, with a few changes of name, be applied to the Liddel.

tion to the powers of havoc and blood. But Lochiel, in drawing his sword, wounded himself in the hand, and the evil omen immediately spread a superstitious dread through the ranks.

Crossing one more watercourse, the little streamlet of Esk, they halted at Redding, where they were soon after joined by the rest of the army. Charles now concentrated his forces, and advanced to lay siege to Carlisle. This city had once been classed among the strong posts of the kingdom, for it was the capital of the county, and exposed by its situation to sudden attacks from the Scottish border. But in the more tranquil times which had succeeded the union of the two crowns, the greater part of its defences had been suffered to fall to decay ; and although the rampart still remained entire, it was in no condition to withstand a serious attack, and the only part which offered any chance of effectual resistance was the castle. The army of Marshal Wade, however, was within supporting distance ; and the governor, relying upon this, resolved to defend himself to the last.

The moment Charles Edward learned that Wade was marching to the relief of Carlisle, he resolved to advance at once and offer him battle. Accordingly, leaving a small detachment before the town, he pressed forward with all his forces to Brampton, on the road to Newcastle. There he learned that the English general was still so far off, that, by a vigorous attack, he might hope to get possession of Carlisle before the relieving army could come up. The detachment he had left not being strong enough for this, a new one was despatched, under the Duke of Perth, to urge on the siege, while the main body remained at Brampton to watch the movements of the enemy. The trench was immediately opened, the Duke of Perth and Marquis of Tullibardine working, as they had fought, at the head of their men ; the batteries were planted within eighty-five yards of the parapet, in spite of the fire of the garrison, which was heavy and well sustained, and fascines and ladders prepared for an assault. The governor now began to despair of making good his defence, and on receiving a second summons, hung out a white flag and offered to capitulate. Charles Edward came in person to receive the keys of the city, and Wade, on learning its surrender, retraced his steps towards Newcastle.

Two plans of action now presented themselves to the

invaders ; either to attack the enemy at Newcastle, or to march directly upon London. The former, could they have counted upon meeting Wade in the field, would have been the wiser course ; for in case of defeat, the frontier of Scotland was close at hand to retire upon, and a victory in England could hardly have failed to produce an immediate declaration of the Jacobites. But if, in adherence to the cautious policy which he had hitherto pursued, the English general should shut himself up in Newcastle, and protract his defence till the Duke of Cumberland, who had succeeded to Ligonnier, could come to his relief, the prince would find himself hemmed in between two armies, either of which was singly his superior in number, in equipments, and in discipline. It was resolved, therefore, to march upon London, where there were strong reasons for believing that his partisans were sufficiently numerous to secure him a hearty reception. A portion of the Highlanders had deserted, but their places would soon be supplied by the English Jacobites, who would join him on his route, and his rear would be covered by the army of reserve, which had received orders to enter England without delay.

It was a bold game to play in the face of so experienced a general as the Duke of Cumberland. All along the road the bridges had been broken down, and all the usual means employed for throwing obstacles in his way. And in his own army there were many who, condemning the measure as needlessly hazardous, refused to give it that hearty coöperation which alone could insure its success. But here, as throughout the whole of his enterprise, Charles Edward felt that the boldest measures were the wisest.

A small garrison was placed in Carlisle, and on the 21st of November the army was again put in motion, with the cavalry in advance. In Lancashire they were everywhere received with illuminations and ringing of bells ; for here the Jacobites were far the greater number. Many a melancholy thought, and some sad forebodings, perhaps, must have been awakened at the sight of Preston, where, but thirty years before, some of the noblest chiefs of the Highlands had, by the treachery of one of their companions, fallen victims to their devotion to the exiled famly. The event was still fresh in the minds of all, and the more so from having been recorded in some of those touching little ballads which perform

so beautifully one of the highest offices of poetry, by preserving the memory of noble actions in the simple language of the heart. At Manchester, the prince divided his army into two columns, in order to advance more rapidly. His ranks were gradually filling up. Manchester and Preston had furnished six hundred recruits. A still more touching instance of devotion awaited him at Stockport. It was from an old lady by the name of Skyring that it came. When an infant in her mother's arms, she had been carried to see the landing of Charles the Second, and from that day loyalty became her worship. During the long exile of the Stuarts, she had every year set apart a portion of her income as a tribute to her rightful sovereign, carefully concealing from whom it came, lest her name should awaken unpleasant recollections of the ingratitude with which the services and sacrifices of her father had been repaid. And now that the last of this cherished race was come to claim his rights, old and infirm as she was, she sold her jewels and her plate, in order to raise a small sum for his aid, and brought it to him in a purse, and laid it at his feet; "And now," said she, "let me die, for mine eyes have beheld him."

At Macclesfield the two columns met again. The advanced posts of the Duke of Cumberland were at Newcastle under Lyne, in Staffordshire, near enough to cut them off from the road to London. To prevent this, and deceive the enemy, a party of thirty horse was sent forward on the Newcastle road, as if the whole army were marching in that direction. Cumberland fell into the snare, and prepared himself for battle. Meanwhile, the prince was pressing forward in two columns, by Congleton and Gasworth, to Derby, which he entered in triumph on the 4th of December. The road was now open, and London but forty leagues distant.

Charles Edward had hardly entered his quarters, when a courier from Scotland brought him the welcome intelligence of the arrival of Lord Drummond at Montrose, with his own regiment, the royal Scotch, two squadrons of cavalry, and the pickets of the Irish brigade of Count Lally, whose tragic death,* after years of brilliant service, has left so deep

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*The filial piety of Lally Tollendal was a noble example for the Prince of Moskowa. But the son of Marshal Ney still retains his seat in the

a stain upon the name of Louis the Fifteenth. There came, at the same time, letters from his adherents in Wales, full of hope and promise; and from Newcastle, though garrisoned by the enemy; and some, too, from London, which, though less decided, still gave a flattering picture of his prospects. He instantly summoned his council, and laid his despatches before them, trusting that they, too, would catch new vigor from the cheering tidings.

Such, however, was far from being their feeling. They had looked around them, and found themselves alone, in the heart of a country which, if not hostile, was at least indifferent, and which the slightest reverse might raise up against them. They had been weighing all the chances of victory and all the hazards of defeat, and counting one by one the obstacles in their way, and which seemed to be increasing at every step, till their hearts sank within them; and of all their former confidence, the only hope that remained was of safety and retreat.

When the prince laid his despatches before them, they listened in silence, and with the constrained air of men who have some unwelcome thing to say, which they know not how to begin with. At last Lord George Murray rose, and, in a set speech, drew a dark picture of their position; the state of the country, the wavering and unsatisfactory conduct of the English Jacobites, the difficulties that beset them on every side, and which seemed to increase the farther they advanced, the rashness of persevering in an enterprise from which they had so much to fear and so little to hope, and concluded by insisting upon the necessity of an immediate retreat. All seemed to mark their approbation by their looks and gestures. It was evident that the whole scene had been concerted. The Duke of Perth alone stood aloof, leaning his head upon the mantelpiece, and with a dejected countenance, which seemed to say that this was one of those occasions in which the prince's will should be the law of his adherents.

Charles Edward was taken wholly by surprise, for never had his hopes been higher, and never had he been less appre-

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Chamber of Peers, while the ashes of his father lie undistinguished in their humble sepulchre, without any other record than the simple offerings with which individual gratitude piously labors to atone for the wanton violation of public justice.

hensive of opposition. The ardor of his troops, who, boasting that they had penetrated farther into England than their fathers had ever done, were eager to be led to battle; the promises of his adherents, who, from all sides, gave him the strongest attestations of their zeal for his cause; the landing of one part of his reinforcements, with the assurance that the first fair wind would bring the remainder, under the guidance of his brother and the Duke of Richelieu; — these had inspired him with such confidence, that he had almost fancied himself at the gates of Whitehall, when he was thus suddenly summoned to retrace his steps towards Scotland. It was in vain that he urged every argument, answered every objection, — that he addressed himself to the personal feelings, the pride, the love of glory, the professions of loyalty of the chiefs, and with tears of indignation and rage declared that he had rather be buried twenty feet under ground than give his consent to a measure so fatal. The resolve of the council had been taken, and he was compelled to yield.

The retreat began before break of day, and for a while the troops marched cheerfully on, in the confidence that three days more would bring them to London. But as day began to dawn, and they began to recognize by the way-side the same houses and fields which they had passed by but two days before, — "What does this mean?" said one to another. "Is this the victory that has been promised us? Or have we been beaten, that we are condemned to retreat?" And the feeling, gathering strength as it spread from rank to rank, at length broke out in one unanimous cry of indignation, which the chiefs, with all the weight of their hereditary authority, could scarcely suppress. The prince came in the rear, silent, dejected, unheeding what was said or done around him. The hour of hope was past, and the fate of the Stuarts was sealed for ever.

Two days passed before the Duke of Cumberland became fully aware of the enemy's intentions; and then, mounting a part of his foot behind the cavalry, and despatching orders to Marshal Wade to cut off the road to Scotland, he pressed forward in pursuit. But with the double advantage of a two days' start and the habitual rapidity of their movements, the Highlanders were already too far in advance to be overtaken. Wade continued to move with his usual hesitation, and when

the Duke of Cumberland joined him, the main body of the retreating army was already well on its way towards Carlisle. The rear-guard, under Lord Murray, which had remained a little behind in order to repair some of the baggage-wagons, was the only portion which came in contact with the English, whom they defeated in the brilliant combat of Clifton inclosures; where Murray manœuvred with so much skill as to give his little army the appearance of double its number, and the Duke of Cumberland, but for a pistol's missing fire, would have been killed on the field.

On the 31st of December, the anniversary of the prince's birthday, the army reëntered Scotland. During the last few days it had been raining without intermission, and the worn tartans, the bare feet, and long beards of the men, showed what hard service they had been performing. This evil, however, was easily repaired by a contribution of the city of Glasgow, which, having all along been distinguished by its hostility, could with more justice be singled out as a fit subject for punishment.

But not so with the injurious impressions produced by the retreat, which, as Charles Edward had clearly foretold, was everywhere interpreted as a confession of inferiority. The Hanoverian magistrates had resumed their functions; the English troops were returning into the kingdom; the partisans of the existing government were rising to its support; and several, who had hitherto kept aloof in order to judge by the result, now came forward and declared themselves against the restoration. Edinburgh had opened its gates to General Hawley, and all the Lowlands seemed upon the point of being reconquered by the house of Hanover with as much ease and rapidity as they had been won by their opponents. In England, Carlisle, the only point which an effort had been made to retain, had been compelled to surrender after a few days' siege, and its garrison of three hundred men were the first upon that dark roll of victims which marked the bloody triumph of Cumberland.

Bitterly as he had been disappointed, Charles Edward resolved to struggle to the last, and one more gleam of hope came to cheer him in his sorrow. Still, his confidence in his adherents had been shaken, and we shall no more find in him that buoyancy of spirit, that frankness of heart, that freshness and overflowing of feeling, which enthusiasm in-

spires, until bitter experience comes to check its expansion by the proofs it brings, in far too great abundance, of the selfishness of human motives and the insincerity of man's professions. The army of reserve, which had not yet moved from Perth, was ordered to hasten forward in order to effect its junction with the main body, and with his united forces, nine thousand men in all, he proceeded to lay siege to Stirling. The town surrendered in two days, and the citadel, built, like that of Edinburgh, upon a precipitous rock, was immediately invested.

The loss of this important post might have produced another revulsion in public feeling, still wavering between the two parties. To prevent so fatal an occurrence, the English general resolved to advance and offer battle. Like Sir John Cope, he was too fully convinced of the superiority of his disciplined battalions to doubt for a moment the result; and accordingly, without waiting for the reinforcements which were hourly expected, he put himself at the head of the eight thousand men he had at hand, and marched rapidly forward towards Stirling. But before he set out upon his march, he caused five gibbets to be erected in one of the principal squares of Edinburgh for the more speedy punishment of those of the rebels who should be unhappy enough to escape death in the field.

Charles Edward's spirits revived at the prospect of a battle. He had with him nine thousand men, a larger army than he had ever commanded before, and among them were several regiments on whose discipline and experience he could fully rely. A thousand men were left to continue the siege, and with the rest he advanced to meet the enemy. The two armies were thus nearly equal in number, the English having received on the eve of the battle a reinforcement of a thousand volunteers. If, as a whole, they were better armed, and trained by a more vigorous discipline, their adversaries had the advantage of a higher enthusiasm and the prestige of two victories. Hawley encamped in the plain of Falkirk, a name of bitter remembrance to the Scotch, for it was here that the first Edward had triumphed by treachery over the heroic valor of Wallace, and tradition still pointed out the withered trunk of the oak amid whose branches the unfortunate chieftain had sought shelter in his flight. But Bannockburn, too, was near, and at their head was the prince in

whose gallant bearing and noble countenance they had traced, with the fondest hopes, the air and the features of a Bruce.

The ground between Stirling and Falkirk was formerly covered by Torwood forest, some vestiges of which remain to the present day. Throughout its whole extent, it is an almost unbroken level, except about a mile to the southwest of Falkirk, where it rises into an irregular platform, which commands the plain, and affords an extensive view of the surrounding country. From this eminence the little stream of Carron descends, winding its course through the fields to the scene of Bruce's victory. On its banks you now find a forge, and, in place of the wild heather which once covered the plateau, a thick-grown plantation of trees ; but in the names of Battle-field and Red-burn,* tradition still preserves the memory of the day when fortune smiled for the last time on the arms of the Stuarts.

So far was General Hawley from dreaming of being attacked, that he had pitched his camp in the plain, without taking any measures to secure the possession of the eminence, and was enjoying a late breakfast at Callander castle, to which he had been invited, with a species of treacherous hospitality, by the Countess of Kilmarnock, when news was brought him that Charles Edward had already crossed the Carron. Positive as the report was, he refused to credit it, and it was only upon the arrival of a third messenger, that he could tear himself from the pleasures of the table. When he reached his camp, the troops were already under arms, and a few bodies of the enemy were beginning to make their appearance on the plateau. The plain was covered with men, women, and children, flying, with whatever they could carry with them, from a spot which was so soon to become the scene of mortal strife. Some few, bolder than the rest, had climbed the steeple of the village-church in order to see the fight. And to increase the wildness of the scene, a violent storm had arisen, with wind and rain, fit precursors of the tempest which was so soon to rage beneath. The wind blew from the southwest, driving the rain full in the faces of the English, and the clouds, gathering fold upon fold, gave a double gloom to the evening shadows which were already approaching.

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*Those who love to compare traditions will remember the *Sanguineto* of Thrasymene. Will the name of Red-burn last as long?

Hawley drew up his men in two lines, with the Glasgow volunteers and the clan of Campbell for a reserve. Among the officers in the first line was one whose name was one day to become glorious in the battle-fields of the New World, the gallant Wolfe. The British general had easily divined the enemy's intention in taking possession of the plateau, and sent forward a regiment of cavalry in order to seize upon it before they could make good their hold. But it was too late. The advantage of position was already lost, and it now remained to be seen what discipline and experience could do towards atoning for the neglect.

The prince's army came out upon the plateau in two columns, which, displaying to the right and left, were quickly formed in line of battle. On this day the MacGregors shared with the MacDowals the post of honor on the right. Lord George Murray commanded on the right, and Lord Drummond on the left. In the second line were the regiments which had recently arrived from France. "Lally," said Charles Edward, as he rode along the line, "those English know you; they fought at Fontenoy." "True, my prince," replied the gallant veteran; "but to renew our acquaintance, my officers and I would like to be a little nearer to the first fire."

Hawley had often boasted that a single troop of horse would be enough to scatter the mountaineers; but as the day was far advanced and the tempest increasing, he ordered his whole cavalry to charge together, and the infantry to advance to their support. "Hold your fire till they come within fair gun-shot," was Murray's order to his line, and it was strictly obeyed. "'T is certain death that we are going to!" murmured the horsemen, on hearing the order to charge; but they spurred forward their horses and rushed to the attack. The Highlanders let them come near enough to make their aim sure, and then, pouring in one tremendous volley, the whole line was, in an instant, enveloped in a dense veil of smoke. As the wind swept it away, the ground was seen covered with horses and horsemen, wounded and dead overthrown together, while the survivors were flying broken and disordered at the top of their speed. Only one battalion dared to charge. It was led by a young officer by the name of Whitney, who, as he drew nigh to the enemy, recognized in their ranks an old friend of former

days, John Roy Stewart. "We shall be with you in an instant," cried Whitney to his friend, as his troop came thundering on. "You will be right welcome," was the reply; and at the same instant a bullet from the Scottish ranks struck the gallant officer from his horse. His men rushed on to avenge his fall, and in the shock of the encounter overturned the first rank and trampled down several officers and men. But the second rank, slipping under the horses' bellies, stabbed them with their dirks, and then grappled the riders as they fell. The defeat of the cavalry was complete.

The infantry now advanced to the charge, and Murray again called to his men to let the enemy come close up before they fired. But the blood of the mountaineers was now warmed by the contest, and the MacDowals, springing forward and loading their pieces as they ran, threw in a close fire, which broke the English ranks almost before they had time to return it. A few only ventured to make a stand in a ravine on the right, where a small body of Cobham's dragoons rallied behind them, and sustained the combat a few moments longer. The MacDowals hesitated, and began to fall back for fear of ambuscade. Charles Edward, seeing their hesitation, advanced to their support at the head of his reserve, and in a moment the whole English army was driven from the field. "Where are they?" said the officers to one another, as they looked around them for the enemy. "It is a ruse," cried Lord Drummond, "in order to draw us into an ambuscade; those are the royal Scots, who fought so well at Fontenoy." And this it was that saved the English army from total extermination. Hawley had fled with the cavalry; but General Huske, profiting by the mistake of the Scotch, drew off the remnants of his right wing and dragoons, which had held firm to the last, and retreated in good order towards Edinburgh, leaving six hundred dead on the field, and six hundred wounded and prisoners in the hands of the enemy. The prince's loss was forty killed and eighty wounded.

Had Charles Edward now marched directly upon Edinburgh, it can hardly be doubted that he might have easily gained possession of the city, and effaced by the *éclat* of this double triumph the unfavorable impressions which had been produced by his retreat from Derby. The hope, too, of another battle and the excitement of immediate action

would have retained his Highlanders at their post, and prevented that general desertion with which his victory threatened him. But dissensions had begun to creep in among his officers, and the demoralizing effects of retreat upon an army so loosely organized were apparent in all their movements. Instead of following up their success, and pressing upon the enemy before he could recover from his panic, the time was lost in idle recriminations, and the strength of the army vainly wasted in the siege of the castle of Stirling, which, firm on its rocky base, set all their efforts at defiance.

There was another cause, too, for this delay ; and in order to trace it to its source, we must go back to Italy, and to the year 1719. In that year had been completed the negotiations for the marriage of the Chevalier of St. George with the Princess Mary Casimir Clementine Sobieski, granddaughter of the heroic king of Poland, and believed to be one of the richest heiresses of Europe. Her father, having failed of an election to the throne, was living in Austria under the protection of Charles the Sixth, and it seemed as though there was something in the destiny of the two betrothed which gave a peculiar propriety to their union. But the moment that the tidings of an event so important to the tranquillity of his own family reached the ears of George of England, he addressed a strong remonstrance to the imperial court, complaining of this infraction of the friendship that subsisted between the two nations, and calling upon the emperor to interpose his authority in order to prevent its accomplishment. Charles readily complied with his demand, and forbade the marriage ; and shortly after, the young princess, who had escaped with her mother and was on her way to Italy, was arrested at Innspruck, and shut up in a convent. The evil star of the Stuarts seemed to extend its fatal influence to all those who ventured to share in their fortunes.

Among the exiles of the insurrection of 1715 was John Walkenshaw, Baron of Baronsfield, one of the prisoners of Sheriffsmoor, but who had succeeded in making his escape in time to avoid the fate by which so many of his companions had atoned for their fidelity to the exiled monarch. From that time he had continued to live on the continent, still attached to the cause for which he had hazarded life and fortune, and ever ready to give new proofs of his devotion.

For him, as for all those of his party, the question of James's marriage was one of the deepest interest, and the news of George's interference and Clementine's arrest excited the highest indignation. At first, he endeavoured to intercede with the emperor in her favor; but failing in this, resolved to effect her liberation by stratagem. Another exile, by the name of Wogan, agreed to share the hazards of the attempt; and to complete the party, they took with them a Captain Toole and Major Wisset and his wife. An Austrian passport was obtained for the Count de Cernes and his family, pilgrims to the holy house of Loreto, and thus provided they set out upon their perilous enterprise. Lady Walkenshaw was to pass for the countess, and Wogan for her brother-in-law; while a quickwitted maid, whose love for a romantic adventure was heightened by the promise of a liberal reward, consented to play the part of the countess's sister, until she could change places with the princess in her convent-prison. So well arranged was the whole plot, that the party reached Innspruck and succeeded in opening a communication with the prisoner without exciting the slightest suspicion. Their offers of assistance were gladly accepted; the maid changed dresses with the princess, and, taking her place in the convent, the rest of the party pushed on for the Venetian frontier. Thence they proceeded to Bologna, where the marriage was performed by proxy. The only reward that Walkenshaw would accept at the hands of the princess was the promise, that, if he ever became a father, she would stand godmother to his child. The promise was faithfully performed, and the daughter that was born to him some time afterwards received at the font the name of Clementine.

When Charles Edward, on laying siege to Stirling, took up his quarters at the castle of Bannockburn, the Jacobite leaders of the neighbourhood hastened to present to him their families. Among the young damsels who graced this little court was one of remarkable beauty, whose aspect and manners, accustomed as he was to this sort of homage, struck him with peculiar force. But how much deeper was the impression, when he heard the name of Clementine, and learned that she was the daughter of that noble-hearted chief to whom his mother had been indebted for her freedom. The effect upon the mind of the young Clementine was equally strong; this was the prince of whom, from her

earliest childhood, she had heard so often ; his youth, the charms of his manners, the graces of his person, the romantic enterprise in which he was engaged, all conspired to awaken a feeling in her young heart, which she at first may have mistaken for loyalty, though she soon discovered that it was love. The camp was so near, and a long siege leaves so many hours unemployed, that Charles Edward, without any apparent neglect of his duty, could easily find time for long and earnest interviews. He had the story of his own romantic adventures to tell, and could draw for her bright pictures of the sunny South ; she, the youthful remembrances with which his mother's name was so closely interwoven, and that loveliest of all pictures, woman's heart, unconsciously yielding, with all the fervor and self-devotion of her sex, to the pure and gentle inspirations of a first and ardent love. Sincere and honorable in his feelings, Charles Edward promised himself that he would soon be able to place her by his side upon the throne of Scotland ; for she was of an ancient family, allied to the first houses of the kingdom, whose attachment would become all the stronger for so marked a distinction. But she had read the future with woman's truer instinct, and thought rather of the day when her voice and her love would be the sole charm and solace of his exile. And she was true to her word, and, when every hope had failed him, and the nearest and dearest had abandoned him to his fate, she sought him out in his solitude, and in the darkest hour of his adversity united her destiny with his.

The drama was fast drawing to a close. The Duke of Cumberland, who, after the fall of Carlisle, had returned to London, no sooner received the news of the battle of Falkirk, than he resolved no longer to intrust the command of the army to subordinate hands, but, putting himself at its head, to complete the reconquest of Scotland by the most vigorous measures. He accordingly hastened to Edinburgh, drew around him all those who had been distinguished for their adhesion to his family, issued the severest instructions for the treatment of the rebels, and, proclaiming his intention of putting a speedy termination to the war, marched out with ten thousand men, in two columns, to meet the enemy. Charles Edward would gladly have risked the chances of another battle; but his army was too much reduced by the customary desertion of the Highlanders to justify so hazard-

ous a venture ; and raising the siege of the castle, which was upon the eve of surrendering, he crossed the Forth and retreated towards the Highlands. Here, in order to facilitate his march and distract the enemy's attention, he divided his army into two columns, one of which, under his own guidance, pursued the direct route through the mountains, while the other, led by Lord George Murray, took the road by the seacoast. Inverness was fixed upon for the general rendezvous.

Cumberland continued his pursuit as far as Perth. It was the depth of winter, and while the severity of the weather and the natural obstacles of a wild and mountainous country arrested his troops at every step, and compelled him to proceed with the utmost precaution, his light-footed enemy was moving rapidly before him, and doubling every day, without any perceptible effort, the distance that lay between them. These considerations, and the news which he had received of the landing of a reinforcement of six thousand men under his brother-in-law, Prince Frederic of Hesse, induced him to retrace his steps to Edinburgh, where he would be better able, after this short experience of the nature of the opposition he was to encounter, to devise his measures for the effectual subjugation of the kingdom.

Charles Edward easily gained possession of Inverness, though defended by two thousand men, and spread his forces over an extensive tract of country. Nothing else could be done till the return of spring, and then, if France should, in the interval, fulfil her oft-repeated promises of support, there was every reason to hope that he might open the campaign with the defeat of Cumberland, and renew, under better auspices, his attempt upon England. These well founded hopes were defeated by the shameful negligence and dilatoriness of the court of Versailles. His remonstrances were disregarded, his agents listened to with incredulity. It was in vain that he detailed all his wants, and reported all his successes. The king and his ministers, wavering and undecided in their councils, subjected to the caprice and passions of a vain and voluptuous mistress, frittered away in deliberation the time which should have been devoted to action, and persisted, with a half timid, half treacherous policy, in deferring to the morrow what could only be accomplished to-day.

Meanwhile winter wore away and spring came on, and the

Duke of Cumberland hastened to take the field. Charles Edward made every effort to collect his army; but six thousand men were all that he could bring together, and part of these were soon dispersed again by the scarcity of provisions. Cumberland advanced towards Inverness, and encamped within a few miles of his antagonist. Charles hoped to make up for his inferiority by a night attack, in which his men would have the advantage of their familiarity with the ground. Two thousand men were collected for the enterprise, and midnight, when the English camp would be buried in that deep slumber which follows an evening of debauch, was fixed upon for the onset. But the night was so dark that even the Highlanders were delayed in their march, and at two in the morning they were still three miles from the enemy. Charles Edward was at hand with a strong reinforcement, which he had collected in order to support the main body. Several of the chiefs still insisted upon proceeding; but Murray, whose prudence as a tactician led him more than once to mistake the character of the troops he commanded, and the real nature of his position, ordered a retreat. Tired, disappointed, and hungry, the men retraced their steps.

At break of day, Cumberland, little dreaming of the danger he had escaped, was under arms and advanced to offer battle. And now, for the first time, the prince allowed his impatience to overcome him. Six thousand men were all that he could muster, and his enemy counted ten thousand; but great as the disparity was, he resolved to risk an engagement. His council opposed his resolution with arguments and entreaties; they painted the state of the two armies, the one exhausted by privations and hunger, the other fresh and vigorous from a well stored camp. They urged the necessity of giving time for the remainder of the clans to come in; that every day would bring him a new accession of strength, and diminish that of his antagonist; that, by confining himself to a war of skirmishes and surprises, he could draw his enemy into the mountains, entangle him in their passes, harass him by cutting off his supplies, weaken him by surprising his detachments, and, having once got the advantage of number, of position, and of feeling upon his side, attack him at his own choice, and with the certainty of success. The French minister threw himself at Charles's feet, and beg-

ged him to wait but a few days longer. But argument and entreaty were vain. The evil star of the Stuarts had resumed its sway, and the unfortunate prince rushed headlong upon his fate. It is said, too, that some of his officers had been bought over by the enemy, and treacherously labored to confirm him in his fatal resolution.

The ill-fated army was encamped on the plains of Culloden. The weather was piercing cold; they had no beds but the heather, which served them also as fuel for their fires. Part were still dispersed among the mountains in search of provisions, and others were engaged in parcelling out a few cattle that had been brought in for food, when the columns of the enemy appeared upon the opposite border of the plain. Charles Edward had just taken his seat at table; but instead of continuing his repast, though he had been for hours without food, he sprang instantly to his horse, and gave orders to range the troops for battle. The drum beat to arms, the bagpipes breathed forth, for the last time, the shrill gathering-call of the clans; alarm-guns were fired to call in the stragglers. Soon they came pouring in, for it was a welcome sound, and, forgetful of their hunger and careless of their inferiority, they ranged themselves joyously in their ranks, each under the chief and the banner he had so often followed to victory. One good omen came to cheer them at the last moment; the Frazers and MacDonalds, who were supposed to be still many miles distant, came up in time to take their posts before the battle began. But the MacPhersons and the MacGregors, and half of the Glengarys, and nearly the whole clan of the MacKenzies, were still absent, and six thousand men were all that could be brought together for this last and decisive struggle.

The army was drawn up in two lines, the Highlanders in the first, the Lowlanders and foreign regiments in the second. Four pieces of cannon were placed at each extremity of the first line, and four in the centre. On the right of the first line was a squadron of the horse-guards; and on the left of the second, Fitz-James's light-horse. The remainder of the cavalry was stationed with the reserve under Lord Kilmarnock. The prince took his stand on the right of the second line, on an eminence which commanded the field.

The Duke of Cumberland, profiting by the disasters of Hawley and Cope, had drawn up his men in three parallel

divisions, with his cannon on one flank, and his cavalry on the other. Each division being composed of four regiments, each regiment came in this manner to serve as a support for the other, so that, if the impetuous onset of the Highlanders should break through one, there would still be three more to overcome before they could complete their victory. And in order to deprive them of the defence of their targets, the men were ordered to present their bayonets obliquely, so as to aim their blow, not at the enemy immediately before them, but at the one at his side. As a record of Preston and Falkirk, free permission was granted, by the order of the day, to every one that was willing to confess himself a coward, to withdraw before the battle began ; and certain death was denounced as the punishment of those who dared to desert their posts after the signal had been given. "Flanders ! Flanders !" was the reply, for there, at least, these same men had won the name of veterans.

The plain of Culloden is a vast heath, extending from east to west, with nearly a level surface between the mountains and the sea. There was nothing in the nature of the ground to favor the tactics of the mountaineers, no strong position in which to make a stand, no elevation from which to rush down upon their enemy. On their right, but not near enough to rest upon, were the river Nairn and the mountains ; on their left, the sea and the parks of Culloden-house. The only elevation was on the opposite side of the plain, and that was in the hands of the enemy. The advantage of position, as well as of number, was against them.

It was one in the afternoon when the two armies drew nigh. The morning had been clear, but now the sky was suddenly overcast, and thick volumes of murky clouds began to darken the air. A violent wind arose from the north-east, accompanied with snow and rain, which it dashed in the faces of the Scotch, as it had done in those of their enemies on the plain of Falkirk. An indefinite dread, a superstitious horror, seized the minds of the Highlanders, for it was on their own heath and among their native mountains that the elements had declared against them.

The battle began by a cannonade, which on the part of the Highlanders did but little execution, for their artillerists had miscalculated the distance, and nearly all their shot fell short. But when the enemy came to fire in turn, their balls fell like

hailstones on the Highland line, ploughing deep furrows wherever they struck the plain, and carrying death and confusion through the ranks. It was a fearful trial for those undisciplined mountaineers, accustomed as they always had been to come at once to close quarters, and decide every thing by the impetuosity of their onset. At length the order was given to advance, and again their war-cry rang loud and shrill, and each man, drawing his cap tight over his brow, firmly grasping his claymore in his right hand, and throwing out his dirk and target with his left, sprang forward with tiger fury to grapple with his foe. The English line stood firm to receive them, and, presenting their bayonets obliquely, met the shock without wavering. The targets glanced harmlessly along the polished barrels of the muskets, but the point of the bayonet went true to its mark, and with every thrust a Highlander fell. Another struggle, and still another, and the mangled bodies of the dead and the dying, of friend and foe, were heaped up like a bulwark in front of the line. The first rank of the English was crushed, but a terrific cross-fire from the second came to support the bristling wall of bayonets, at whose feet the second rank of the Scotch fell, one upon another, before they could aim a blow in return. A few still pressed onward with the recklessness of despair, but it was only to swell the bloody pile of victims, and Wolfe's regiment, formed *en potence*, now prepared with the reserve and the extreme right to envelope the survivors. The Mac-Donalds, dissatisfied at not having received their usual post on the right, refused to charge with the rest of the line, and after a short scattering fire retired from the field. Their chief alone rushed forward, with his shield-bearer and his nephew. "The children of my tribe abandon me!" was his melancholy cry, and a few moments afterwards he fell, pierced with wounds.

The rout of the first line was complete, but the second remained entire, and with this Charles Edward still hoped to win the day. His horse had checked the English cavalry, and could the Highlanders have been rallied, and induced to try their terrific charge once more, it might have been thrown back upon the infantry, and opened the way for the advance of the second line. "Courage!" cried the prince, riding in among them to place himself at their head; "we can yet make the day our own." But their discouragement had

struck too deep, and his officers, gathering around him, forced him from the field. A part of the vanquished army fled towards Inverness, and part, crossing the Nairn, dispersed themselves among the mountains.

Resistance had ceased, but still the work of death went on. Cumberland lingered upon the plain to count his victims. "Wolfe, blow out that insolent fellow's brains," said he to the future hero of Quebec, pointing out to him a wounded Highlander, who had raised his head upon his hand, and lay gazing upon his conqueror with a bitter smile. "I am no executioner," replied Wolfe, and the noble rebuke was long treasured up with the unerring tenacity of revenge.

The soldiers, animated by the example and approbation of their leader, gave full play to their thirst of blood. They mangled the wounded; they mutilated the dead; they dipped their hands in the blood, and threw it at one another with shouts and laughter, as children play with water. Those whom they did not see fit to despatch at once they stripped of their clothes, and, reserving them for a longer torture, left them naked upon the field, exposed to all the horrors of a tempest and a night among the mountains. Next day they returned, and renewed their fiendlike sports. A few unhappy wretches, less severely wounded, or stronger than their fellows, had survived the horrors of the night, and were still breathing. They were instantly despatched, and this might almost be called a deed of mercy. But on counting their victims anew, the third day after the battle, it was found that some had either escaped, or been carried away by their friends. A strict search was immediately instituted through all the cottages of the neighbourhood, and wherever a wounded soldier was found, he was mercilessly butchered. There was one small party which had taken refuge in a shed, where the shepherds had kindly sheltered them, and dressed their wounds. The shed was instantly set on fire, and the wounded men and their protectors were consumed in the flames, while a strong body kept guard around it, that none might escape. Nineteen officers, after wandering two days and two nights in a wood, had been admitted into a court-yard of one of the Culloden-house farms. The moment that they were discovered, they were seized, tightly bound with cords that entered their wounds, dragged upon a cart to a neighbouring inclosure, and shot; and the murderers, as if

doubting the effects of their bullets, rushed in upon them as they lay stretched upon the ground, and completed their work of death by beating out their brains with their musket-stocks. The imagination shrinks appalled from such wanton barbarity, and one is almost tempted to deny that deeds like these could have been perpetrated in a civilized country, and under the eyes of a son of the king of England. But the narratives which record them are of unquestionable authenticity, and, revolting as the picture is, we have not hesitated to sketch it, as a record for our countrymen of the ideas which, only thirty years before the outbreak of our own revolution, the king of England and his soldiers attached to the name of rebel.*

Meanwhile, wearied, wounded, and disheartened, Charles Edward had directed his flight towards Gorthleek, a seat of Lord Lovat, the chief of the Frazers. His horse had been shot under him, and when he presented himself in the hall, with his garments soiled with mire and stained with blood, the vaunted courage of the wily old chief seemed to abandon him at the sight, and, instead of receiving his prince with words of consolation and respect, he broke out into exclamations of despair at the ruin of his house, and the bloody fate which awaited his own gray hairs. After a few hours of repose, the prince resumed his flight, with only seven companions, part of whom he was soon compelled to separate from; for the alarm had been spread, and numerous parties, allured by the price that had been set upon his head, were searching for him in every direction. Soon, the country became so rugged that he could no longer continue his way on horseback. The mountains rose on every side wild and broken, separated only by deep glens, where torrents, swollen and chilled by the rain and snow, were to be forded at every pass. A straggling sheep-path that he found from time to time was his only relief from climbing precipices, and letting himself down the sides of worn and slippery crags. Thus, after four days, he reached the little village

* Four hundred English officers had been released by Charles Edward upon parole. When the Duke of Cumberland came to take the command, he sent a circular to them, ordering them to join their regiments under pain of disobedience. All obeyed but four, who alone had the courage to reply to this insulting order, — "that the duke was master of their commissions, but not of their honor."

of Glenbeisdale, in the canton of Moidart, where, but a few months before, he had landed so full of confidence and hope. Here he received a letter from Lord George Murray, begging him to come and put himself at the head of the relics of his army, a little more than a thousand men, who were assembled at Badenoch, and make one more effort. But he was now convinced that nothing could be done without the succours of France, which, if they had been withheld at a moment when every thing seemed to promise success, would hardly be ventured after so fatal a reverse. His own presence at Versailles seemed to offer the only chance of bringing the hesitating and reluctant court to a decision, while the utmost that he could hope to accomplish by remaining in Scotland would be to keep up for a few weeks longer a destructive partisan warfare, which, even if successful, could lead to no decisive results. This reasoning, so plausible in itself, was supported by the advice of Clanranald and the other chiefs who had joined him ; and although, upon a cooler examination, there appear many grounds for calling its correctness in doubt, yet it can hardly be considered surprising that it should have been adopted as the wisest course, at a moment of such deep depression. Sorrow has its intoxication as well as joy, and few men have received from nature, or won by education, so firm a texture of mind, as to justify the inconsiderate condemnation which is lavished so freely upon the errors into which we are led by giving way to despondency.

The whole country was now on the alarm ; English cruisers hovering on the coast, and guarding the passes of the islands, and strong bands of soldiers scattered in patrols along the shore and through the valleys, following like bloodhounds upon every track, and subjecting every nook and corner to the most rigorous examination. Charles Edward was not suffered to remain long in tranquillity at his little asylum of Airsaig. His traces had been discovered, and a party was approaching to seize him. His companions fled in different directions, and he took refuge in a wood. As he was wandering here alone, at a loss which way to direct his steps, he met the pilot whom he had sent for to the isle of Skye. It was a cheering omen, and seemed to say that all had not abandoned him in this hour of need. The weather was upon the point of changing, and the heavens were lowering

with the well known signs of an approaching tempest. It seemed like courting destruction to embark at such a moment upon that stormy sea ; but to remain on shore was captivity or death. The tempest burst upon them in all its fury. The rain fell in torrents upon their unprotected heads. The waves tossed their little bark like foam, seeming at times as if they would engulph it in their abysses, or dash it in fragments upon the rock-bound coast, where the breakers broke and roared with the deafening noise of thunder. Night came on, and they had no compass to steer by. In ten hours, they had run a hundred miles, and at length they landed on the little island of Benbecula. It was almost a desert. A few crabs which they caught among the rocks, and a little barley-meal mixed with water, was their only food ; an old cow-house was their shelter. Next day they found the cow, and made a better meal.

The tempest still continued to rage with unabated violence, and it was not till the 29th that they were enabled to embark once more, and direct their course towards Lewis island, where they hoped to find a French cruiser. But they had hardly put off when another tempest came up, which drove them to the islet of Glass. Here they gave themselves out for shipwrecked merchants, O'Sullivan taking the name of St. Clair, and passing the prince for his son. A farmer gave them shelter, and lent his boat to MacLeod, the pilot, to go upon the lookout as far as Stornoway, the port of Lewis island, which they looked to as the end of their wanderings. He soon sent back word to the prince to follow him, but the wind again drove him from his course, and he was compelled to land at Loch Seaforth, and continue his journey on foot. The guide missed his way, and it was not till the evening of the second day that he reached Point Ayrnish, a mile from Stornoway. Here he stopped, while one of the party went forward to reconnoitre. MacLeod soon joined him, not with the cheering tidings that the vessel he had hoped to find was ready to receive him, but to tell him that the population, warned of his approach, were upon the point of rising to repel him or make him prisoner, unless he consented to retrace his steps without delay. Burke was for retreating at once. "My good friend," said Charles Edward, "if you are afraid, you will spoil our supper. If it is me that you are alarmed for, be under no uneasiness, for

nobody will ever take me alive ; and woe to the first man that comes near me ! But there is a time for every thing, and the most important question at this moment is how to get supper."

They remained there all that night and started again at day-break. And now a new danger presented itself ; for a few hours after they had left the shore, four cruisers hove in sight, and they were compelled to take shelter in the little island of Issurt, where they passed four days in a hut without a roof. At length they ventured out again, creeping under the shore of that long chain of islands which are comprised under the general name of Long Island, being supposed to have been originally all united in one. The cruisers continued to hang upon their track, and pursue them from point to point, so that it was only by slipping in between the rocks and islands, where they were hidden from view, that they succeeded in escaping. In this manner they came back again to Benbecula, closely pursued by an English cruiser, which was happily driven off by a sudden squall, just as they came to shore. Here, while they lived on shell-fish, secreting themselves during the day in a little hut, the entrance of which was so low that they were obliged to crawl into it on hands and knees, one of the party was sent to invite the old chief of Clanranald, who lived on Long Island, to an interview, and another with letters to Lochiel and Murray of Broughton, the prince's secretary. Clanranald came in the night, attended by his children's tutor, MacDonald, or, as he was commonly called, MacEachen, who from that time attached himself to the prince's person. The old chief was deeply moved to find the son of his sovereign in this miserable little hovel, with his clothes falling in shreds from about him, and his whole frame extenuated by hunger and fatigue. It would have been dangerous for both to have carried him to his own dwelling ; but MacEachen was ordered to conduct him to a little country-house at Corodale, a valley in the centre of South Uist. After the huts and caverns in which he had been living, this seemed to Charles like a palace. Here he remained several weeks. Nearly all the inhabitants of the island were partisans of his family, and none would be likely to betray him, even if they had known that he was among them. Game was plenty, and he amused himself with fishing and shooting, and was sometimes not a little surprised

to find himself as happy at a good shot as he had ever been after a victory. From time to time Lady MacDonald sent him the newspapers, bringing him back again to the world, which he had lost sight of during his flight.

One evening, as his faithful companion, Burke, was preparing for supper part of a deer, the fruit of that day's hunt, a young beggar, allured by the savory odor, came and seated himself at Charles Edward's side to claim his share in the feast. Burke, more attentive than his master to the distinctions of etiquette, was upon the point of driving him away. "Remember, my friend," said the prince, "that the Scripture bids us feed the hungry and clothe the naked. Let this man eat, and after he has done, you will give him a coat to cover himself with."

Never was charity worse bestowed, for the wretch had no sooner swallowed his meal, and drawn his new garment around him, than he hastened to give information to the agents of government against the suspicious stranger, who was thus secreted in the heart of the island. Charles Edward was compelled to abandon his quiet asylum, and trust himself once more to the chances of the winds and the waves. For a while he wandered about from island to island, shifting his abode as the danger drew nigh, and returning again when it was passed. At last he came back once more to Benbecula. He had been obliged to separate from O'Sullivan, Burke, and MacLeod; O'Niel and MacEachen were the only ones that he had kept with him, and so closely was the net now drawn around him, that it seemed as if nothing short of a miracle could save him from the hands of his pursuers.

In this extremity, a young girl, of about his own age, whose heart had been touched by the melancholy tale of his perils and his sufferings, undertook to become his guide. Her name was Flora MacDonald. She was daughter of a petty laird of South Uist, who had been dead several years, and her mother was now married to another MacDonald, of the isle of Skye. Her education had been that of a simple country-girl of good family, but her beauty and her strong natural sense, accompanied by deep feeling and heart-sprung enthusiasm, had made her a favorite of the Clanranalds, and other noble families of the neighbourhood, in which she was a frequent and welcome visiter.

When Flora took this adventurous resolution, she had

never seen the prince, and knew him only by the songs which recorded his early triumphs, and the tales which were whispered from mouth to mouth of his subsequent disasters and dangers. O'Niel and MacEachen accompanied her to the first interview, for they alone knew the secret of his hiding-place. She found him in a little cavern formed by a crevice in the rocks, his garments soiled, his cheeks pale, his eyes hollow and sunken, his hands covered with a cutaneous disorder which he had contracted in shifting about from hovel to hovel and cavern to cavern, and his whole aspect so care-worn and haggard that she burst into tears at the sight. But his cheerfulness soon dried her tears, and the gayety with which he spoke of his own appearance and situation made her laugh in despite of her melancholy. After staying as long as she dared, she gave him a basket of provisions and a change of linen, which she had brought for his use, and took her leave, with the promise of a speedy return. If before this she had felt disposed to make an effort in his favor, she was now resolved to save him at every hazard. Her mother was at the isle of Skye, which would afford a sufficient pretext for a journey thither; and as she was frequently in the habit of making these little excursions, sometimes all alone, and sometimes with a single attendant, there was every reason to hope that this also might pass off without attracting attention. The chief difficulty lay in framing a suitable disguise for the prince; for at this moment every person was closely watched, and there was no such thing as travelling in security, without a passport that covered the whole party. The habits of the country suggested an expedient. Mrs. MacDonald was a thrifty housewife, and would be glad to have an able-bodied maid to assist her in her spinning. This would be a sufficient reason for introducing another name upon the passport, and, the first step made sure, fortune would decide the rest. The prince was informed of the character that he was to assume, and Lady Clanranald and Lady MacDonald assisted Flora in preparing his disguise.

While these preparations were going on, she continued from time to time to visit the prince in his cavern, sometimes with Lady Clanranald, and sometimes with MacEachen, but always at intervals and with the utmost precaution, in order to avoid exciting suspicion by being seen to go too often in the same direction. This was the sole relief that

Charles Edward enjoyed from the monotony and anxiety of his situation; and when, as sometimes happened, three or four days passed away without a visit from Flora, it was with difficulty that he could curb his impatience. And well may his impatience be excused, for it would be hard to conceive of a situation more trying. The spot in which he had taken shelter was rather a crevice in the rocks than a cavern. With every shower, — and in that climate there are many, — the water penetrated through the fissures, dropping upon his head, and collecting in the folds of the tartan with which he vainly endeavoured to protect himself. All that his companion, a hardy islander, could do to assist him was to shake out the water when the folds were filled. To complete his misery, the flies gathered around him in swarms, biting him on the hands and in the face with a sharpness that sometimes, with all his self-control, wrung from him a shriek of agony. His food was brought to him by a little milk-girl, who also stood on the watch to keep him informed of the movements of the soldiery. At length, after many a day of anxious expectation, and many a hair-breadth escape, the preparations were all completed; and on the evening of the 28th of June, after one more narrow escape from a party of soldiers that were prowling along the coast, he embarked with Flora and MacEachen in an open boat for the isle of Skye.

They had hardly been aboard an hour, when the wind began to rise, and the sea with it. The oarsmen shook their heads ominously as they gazed at the rising billows, for their frail bark was but ill fitted to stand the shock of a tempest. To distract their attention from the danger, Charles Edward sang them the songs which he had learned around the Highland watch-fires, and rehearsed those wild legends of the olden time, which have such a charm in that land of mist and storm. Calm returned with daylight, and, after wandering for a while at venture, they found themselves near the western point of the isle of Skye. As they were rowing along under the shore, a platoon of soldiers suddenly appeared on the rocks and ordered them to land. They were within gunshot, and before the boatmen could put about, the soldiers fired. Flora would not consent to stoop her head until the prince did so too, and the balls fell around them without doing any harm.

At last, they landed at the north end of the island, and Charles Edward remained with MacEachen, while Flora

went forward to MacDonald castle to consult about their future movements. She found the castle full of officers and soldiers. It was decided that the prince should take refuge in the little island of Raasay. Lady MacDonald sent Kingsbury, her steward, to attend him and conduct him to his own house, where he was to pass the night. Flora rejoined them on the road. It was long after nightfall when they reached the house, and all the family were abed. Mrs. Kingsbury hastened down to receive her husband and guests, and was not a little terrified, upon saluting the supposed Betty, to feel the impression of a rough beard upon her cheeks. "It is an outlaw, then, that you have brought home with you!" said she to her husband. "It is the prince himself," replied Kingsbury. "The prince! alas! then we are all undone!" "We can die but once," said the faithful islander, "and where could we find a nobler cause to die in? But make haste, and get some supper for his Royal Highness; give us some eggs, and butter, and cheese." "Eggs, butter, and cheese for a prince's supper!" cried the good woman in astonishment. "If you knew what kind of suppers he has been living upon of late, you would call that a feast. Besides, if you were to make any unusual preparation, it might excite suspicion; so make haste, and come and take your place at table." "At table with a prince!" "To be sure. He would not eat without you, and his gracious manners and affability will soon put you at your ease." The supper was indeed a feast for Charles Edward, and when the ladies had retired, he remained at table to keep his host company, as gay and apparently as unconcerned as though he had never seen a day of sorrow. It was only in his slumbers that he betrayed the real state of his mind, and then no selfish complaint, no lament for his own sufferings, was ever heard to escape him; but "Alas, my poor Scotland!" was the exclamation that broke from his lips.

Next morning he was again on his way; but not till after a hearty breakfast, and after leaving a lock of his hair for Flora and his hostess, which, with the worn-out shoes that he had exchanged for a new pair of Kingsbury's, and the sheets in which he had slept, were carefully treasured up as precious relics of those days of trial. A circuitous route brought them down to the shore, where he was to embark for Raasay. The blood gushed from his nostrils in a copious stream as he

bade adieu to Kingsbury and to the noble-hearted Flora, who were soon to atone by a long captivity for this act of self-devotion.

Malcolm MacLeod, a cousin of the laird of Raasay, and who had served in the prince's army as a captain, now became his guide, and with him, after passing several days in a little hut on the island, he again returned, through another tempest, to the isle of Skye, and roamed for a while among the mountains, till his provisions were all exhausted. In this extremity, Malcolm resolved to carry him to the house of his sister, who had married the laird of MacKinnon. His brother-in-law was absent, but his sister received him with open arms, and went out herself to keep watch, while her guests reposed within. The old nurse came to wash Malcolm's feet, and when she had done, he asked her to wash the prince's, who passed for his servant. "I have washed the feet of your father's son," said she; "but why should I wash the feet of his father's son?" "But my good mother," replied Malcolm, "it will be an act of Christian charity. He, too, is weary as well as I." "And a great deal dirtier, too"; which was true, for the prince had fallen into a quagmire, and was covered with mud. The old woman complied, but not without murmuring, and when she came to wipe his legs, she handled her towel so roughly as to extort a slight expression of suffering from her patient. "In sooth," cried she with great indignation, "it well becomes your father's son to complain of my father's daughter!"

The wanderers slept a few hours. Charles Edward was the first to awake, and, seeing the little boy of his hostess near him, took the child upon his knees and began to sing to him. While he was thus engaged, Malcolm came in with the nurse, not a little surprised to see how he was occupied. "Who knows," said the prince, "but that this boy may some day or other become a captain in my service?" "Say, rather," cried the indignant old woman, "that you may perhaps get to be a sergeant in his company." Mrs. MacKinnon now came to announce the return of her husband, and Malcolm went out to meet him. "What would you do," said he to his brother-in-law, "if the prince were to come to you for an asylum?" "I would give my life to save him." "Come, then, for he awaits you at your house."

Despairing of meeting a vessel among the islands, which,

moreover, could no longer be relied upon as a shelter, Charles Edward resolved to return to the main land. MacKinnon furnished him with a boat, and, bidding adieu to Malcolm, he embarked in the height of a gale, and under the guns of two cruisers, confidently assuring his companions that the weather would quickly change, and deliver him both from the tempest and his enemies. Months of peril and daily familiarity with danger had given him a confidence in his good fortune, which could not easily be shaken. His prediction was verified. The horizon cleared, and a sudden change in the wind drove the cruisers off the coast. In embarking for Raasay, Charles Edward had quitted his disguise for the dress of an islander, and this he now exchanged for the costume of a mountaineer. The passage was quick, and the MacKinnons moored their little boat at the southern extremity of Loch Nevis. The first three nights they slept in the open air, the fourth in a cavern, and then wandered from one to another of the miserable little huts which the inhabitants had hastily erected upon the ruins of their houses ; for the vengeance of the Hanoverians had swept over the country, and blood and ashes were the records it had left behind. In this way the MacKinnons brought him in safety to the lands of MacDonald of Boisdale. "We have performed our duty," said they, "to the son of our king ; it is now your turn." "And I am happy to have the opportunity," was the noble reply.

Great as Charles's sufferings and privations had been, the hardest were yet to come. The passes of the mountains had been occupied by two corps of troops, of five hundred men each, who, like skilful hunters, were every day drawing closer and closer the circle which they had formed around their prey. After three days, which he passed in a cave, he was joined by his new guide, MacDonald of Glenaladale, and began his life of wandering once more. Sometimes a glass of milk was his only food for twenty-four hours, and then again two whole days would pass before he could find even that. His pursuers were so close upon him, that the light of their watchfires was often his only guide in escaping them, and more than once he had cause to bless the tempest and the mist, which came to screen him when every other shelter had failed. Once he forgot his purse, and, while Glenaladale went back to look for it, a party of soldiers passed directly under the rock behind which the prince was secreted. Another

time, after walking all night, he came out upon a point whence he could see the kind of chase in which the soldiers pursued the mountaineers, driving them before them and keeping up a constant fire from their muskets, as if the poor wretches had been beasts of prey enveloped in the toils. He laid his hand upon his sword, and would have rushed forward to their defence, if his companions had not forcibly prevented him from this rash exposure of his person. He continued his march all day, and at night took shelter in a crevice among the rocks, so narrow that he could not lie down in it, and where the wind and the rain came in on every side. At first, his companions tried to kindle a fire, but found it impossible. "Never mind," said he; "let us content ourselves with the sparks."

The next day brought them to the canton of the "seven men of Glenmoriston," a band of outlaws who had taken refuge among the wildest passes of the mountains, every foot of which they were familiar with, and where they lived at the sword's point, setting the English at defiance, while all the rest of the country, a prey to the outrages of the soldiery, was trembling around them. It was from these men that Charles Edward resolved to ask shelter. Glenaladale went forward to treat with them, hoping to pass off the prince for Clanranald. "Clanranald is welcome," said they; but no sooner did they see the pretended chieftain, than one of them hastened forward, crying aloud, with a significant air, — "You are come, then, at last, Dougal Maccolony?" He had recognized the prince under his coarse tartan, all soiled and ragged as he was, and Charles Edward, perceiving his intention, answered readily to the name. The chief now proposed the robber's oath: — "May we turn our backs to God and our faces to the Devil, may all the curses of the Bible fall upon us and our children, if ever we betray those who confide in us." When it came to the prince's turn, they told him that an oath from him was needless, for they knew who he was, and, falling on their knees, swore to stand by him to the last drop of their blood.

To procure him a change of linen, they waylaid an English officer; to supply his table, they laid the sheepcots of the surrounding country under contribution; and, hearing him express a wish for a newspaper, one of them ventured into Fort Augustus in disguise, and brought away the papers of the

commander. Sometimes Charles Edward would reprove them for their profanity, and they listened respectfully to his rebukes; for, wherever he went, he was sure to win the affections of his companions, and when, in after years, those iron-hearted men told the story of his sojourn among them, it was always with a tremulous voice and a tearful eye.

After three weeks of this wild life, he joined the Camerons in the little hut where Lochiel had taken refuge. Glenaladale was despatched to the coast to try if he could hear tidings of a vessel. In a few days the prince was obliged to flee again to another shelter, which he now found in a cavern among the rocks of Letternilich, called the Cage, so high in the air and of a form so peculiar, that it looks as if a giant's hand had suspended it there. Here he remained eleven days, from the 2d to the 13th of September, when Glenaladale came back to announce that two French ships of war had cast anchor in Lochnanaugh bay. The five months of wandering and peril were at length at a close.

On the 19th of September, Charles Edward descended to the shore, attended by Lochiel and his brother, and a numerous train of their friends and adherents, who preferred exile in a foreign land to the persecutions which awaited them at home. A large crowd, brothers, sisters, and friends, were gathered on the beach to bid them an adieu, which, whatever might be the caprices of fortune, must for so many of them be the last. A gleam of hope seemed to light up their dejected countenances, when the prince spoke to them of happy days yet in store, and, drawing his sword, promised them that he would again come back to them with a more powerful army and for a surer triumph. But when they looked upon his haggard features and tattered garments, and saw in the melancholy train of exiles that surrounded him the bravest and most beloved of their chiefs, their hearts sunk within them, and their farewell was uttered in sighs and tears.

Another danger awaited the prince on the coast of France, from an English fleet which was cruising there, and which he was fortunate enough to pass through under cover of a fog. At length, on the 10th of October, after a tedious and anxious passage of twenty days, he landed at Roscoff, near Morlaix, on the coast of Brittany. The moment that his arrival became known, the noblemen of the province hasten-

ed to bid him welcome, vying with each other in supplying his wants and those of his companions. After two days' repose, he set out for Paris, whither he had already despatched one of his attendants with letters for his brother, the Duke of York, who came out to meet him and accompany him to the castle of St. Antoine, which had been fitted up for his reception by order of the court. This time, the king could not refuse to admit him to his presence ; and accordingly, a few days after his arrival at Paris, he proceeded with a splendid train to Fontainebleau, where the court was then residing, in order to receive his audience. The story of his gallantry and his romantic adventures had excited a strong interest in the Parisian circles, and he was everywhere received with the most unequivocal marks of enthusiasm and sympathy. But the ministry still continued to meet all his proposals with doubts and objections, and he was not long in perceiving that there was nothing to hope from a government frivolously false, and a court sunk in debauchery. He went to Madrid, and was equally unsuccessful. Soon after his return, the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle was signed, and he was driven from his asylum in France, under circumstances of the utmost indignity and humiliation. Avignon, which was then under the dominion of the church, proved an insecure refuge, and Venice refused to receive him.

All at once he disappeared from the world ; all traces of him were lost, his letters were without date, and nobody knew whither he had gone. Meanwhile, his partisans in London were preparing for a new outbreak, and, could their reports be trusted, every thing was ripe for a revolution. All of a sudden he appeared in the midst of them, at a large assembly which had been called in London, in order to receive some important communications from France. "Here I am," said he, "ready to raise my banner ; give me four thousand men, and I will instantly put myself at their head." This was a test for which the conspirators, men fonder far of talking than of acting, were not prepared ; and, after passing a few days in London, he returned to the continent.

The remainder of his life is a melancholy tissue of public and private sorrows ; of disappointed hopes, unrequited affection, trust misplaced, and confidence betrayed, and a mind so bruised and saddened by its struggles with the world, that self-oblivion became its sole relief. We know of nothing more

melancholy than the contrast which the following little sketch, which we translate from the autobiography of Domenico Corzi, offers with the scenes that we have attempted to trace in the first pages of the present paper.

"I lived two years," says he, "with the Prince Charles Edward. All this time he led a very retired life, and saw nobody. It was under the last Pope, who had refused to acknowledge his title. In this retirement, he passed the greater part of his time in practising music, of which he was enthusiastically fond. I passed the evenings with him; he played the violoncello, and I the harp, and we used to compose little pieces together. But these *tête-à-tête* were far from being cheerful. The apartment was hung with old red damask, and lighted by only two tapers. Upon the table was a brace of pistols, instruments very little to my taste, which he would take up from time to time to examine, and then lay them down again. His manners, however, were always mild, affable, and agreeable."

In this manner he passed the last years of his life, dividing his time between Rome and Florence, at times seeing more of the world, and at others living in absolute seclusion, but preserving to the end so grateful a remembrance of the fidelity of which he had received such striking proofs in Scotland, that a Scottish song or an allusion to those scenes never failed to call forth his tears, and often threw him into fits. He sank by a gradual though a premature decay, till at length, abandoned by the world and forgotten of all, save a few devoted followers, whose truth held out to the last, he expired at Rome, on the 31st of January, 1788.

We can hardly venture to draw a portrait of this unhappy prince, or to weigh his qualities in an accurate balance. His public career was too brief to afford room for the full development of his character, and his private life so much embittered by sorrow, and parts of it are still enveloped in a veil of such impenetrable mystery, that it is hardly possible to come to any conclusion which shall not be open to serious objections. His courage, his magnanimity, his generosity, his fortitude, his humanity, his patience in the hour of suffering, and his promptitude and self-command in the midst of danger, are qualities which none can dispute, and all must admire. But the liberality of his principles was never brought to the test of a practical application, and the generous sentiments which he professed towards his political ad-

versaries were never subjected to the perilous trial of long-continued prosperity. If compared with his immediate opponent, the Duke of Cumberland, the qualities of his heart appear to the greatest advantage ; if with George, his enlightened views and elevated sentiments shine out with the purest lustre. On a throne he might have lost somewhat of the vigor, and perhaps, too, something of the amiability, of his character ; at the head of his troops, his energy and self-control commanded the respect of all, and his kindness and affability made him the idol of his soldiers.

Why should we seek to go farther, or darken the shadows upon so bright a picture ? There are minds to which success is a necessity, which go on firmly, brightly, purely, with a constantly increasing elevation, to the full maturity of their development ; flowerets which expand their leaves and breathe out their odors to the sun, but shrink withering and scentless from the tempest. And do those who thus love to dwell upon faults rather than virtues know what it is to miss your destiny ; — to cherish a hope through long years, to dream of it by night, to bless the returning daylight which brings you nearer to its accomplishment, to direct all your efforts, train all your faculties, for this, and this alone, until your whole existence is absorbed by it, and, like the atmosphere you breathe, it becomes a part of you with every respiration ; and then, whether prepared or unprepared, whether by slow degrees or by a sudden blow, be deprived of it for ever ; — to look around you and see all desolate and dark ; to turn within and find a pulseless, rayless void ; to live, because life is a necessity, and continues to have its duties, even when it has ceased to have its charms ; but to protract it with loathing and shuddering, when you remember that it might have been a blessing ? Every man has his mission. Upon some it weighs so lightly, and they march on so easily and unconsciously towards the fulfilment of it, that you would almost accuse them of living for themselves alone. But there are beings of a more earnest nature, upon whose hearts the responsibilities of existence weigh like sorrow ; and if you ever see them smile, it is only when they feel that every day is bringing them nearer to the accomplishment of their destiny.

We cannot conclude our article without a few words upon the work to which we are indebted for the greater part of

the facts upon which it is founded. M. Amédée Pichot has long been known in continental literature, as the editor of one of those clever periodicals which reflect with so much truth and vivacity the movement of French intellect in the various realms of thought. But to American readers he brings a still higher claim, as the translator of Prescott's Conquest of Mexico. It was during a tour in Scotland, and with Waverley for his guide-book, that he first formed the idea of a life of Charles Edward, as an episode of Scottish history. The canvass grew under his hands as he wrote, and he was gradually led to draw a full picture of the long rivalry between Scotland and England. The first edition of his work appeared in 1830; that which we have cited at the head of our article is the fourth, a sufficient proof of the favor with which it has been received. Each new edition contains important additions, new documents, drawn from their resting-places in public or in private archives, where they had lain for years unregarded, and, but for his untiring perseverance, might have lain there still. During this interval, other writers have followed him into the field which he had opened; Brown and Lord Mahon in England, and two in Germany. But as he was the first, so he continues to be the best; and the enthusiasm which he brought to the beginning of his task seems, at the end of twenty years, to be as bright as ever.

A work composed under such circumstances must, necessarily, be original. M. Pichot's idea and plan are his own, and the execution of them is accurate and able. The state of parties, the popular mind as manifested in the popular literature of the day, all the great questions which were then in agitation, and many of those often neglected accessories which throw so strong a collateral light upon historical events, have found a place in his volumes, many of them being treated with skill, and all with great apparent fidelity. Though far from believing in the doctrine of divine right, he is a warm admirer of his hero; but we cannot perceive that his sympathies have anywhere given a false coloring to his narrative; and that man must be cold-hearted indeed, who should have no other feeling than that of common interest for a friend of twenty years' standing. If we were disposed to look for faults in a work of so much merit, we should say, that here and there we could have wished for greater fulness

of detail, somewhat more of earnestness and warmth in the narrative, and of vigor and compression in the style ; but it is none the less the fullest and most satisfactory history that has yet appeared of this interesting period.

Art. II. — *Lives of Men of Letters and Science, who flourished in the time of George the Third.* By Henry, Lord Brougham, F. R. S. Second Series. Philadelphia : Carey & Hart. 1846. 12mo. pp. 302.

We give a hearty welcome to this new volume from such a distinguished hand. It contains another series of animated portraits, struck off with free and bold execution. The writer, powerful as he is, has not, in every respect, the best qualifications for such a work ; but the reader is sure of finding independent views and valuable information ; and if there should be a measure of prejudice and occasional passion, this will only prove that his Lordship is not exempt from the misleading influences with which less gifted minds are afflicted. In the case of men of science, having a natural taste for their investigations, he has entered with all his heart into those studies and discoveries to which they are indebted for their fame. With moralists and literary men, he is, of course, less successful and happy. But a mind like his, which has been for years in a state of intense activity, cannot be turned to any subject without throwing light upon it, though it may, peradventure, be accompanied with occasional bursts of flame. At any rate, it is a good example for retired statesmen thus to engage in intellectual labors. Would it might be followed by persons of the same description in this country, who, after escaping from the scuffle of politics in the condition of Canning's "needy knife-grinder," with garments rent in twain, before the sartor can repair the damage they have sustained, are impatient as the war-horse to be in the same glorious strife again.

It is rather a curious procession which the ex-Chancellor now calls up from the deep. At its head rolls on the stern and melancholy Johnson, apparently not aware that he is file-leader to the eloquent Adam Smith, who was so distasteful

to him when living, that it would not be strange if he had a sharp word to say to him, even in the land of souls. They are separated by the Frenchman Lavoisier, as a barricade, from the spherical form of the sarcastic and not very amiable Gibbon. Next comes Sir Joseph Banks, who, with great forbearance, does not swear, — out of fear, perhaps, of him who leads the van ; and last, but not least, appears D'Alembert, one of those sketches which his Lordship, who is a half-domesticated Frenchman, delights to draw, but which do not appear to be received by readers in France with unmingled satisfaction, perhaps for the reason that they are too severely true. Critics of that nation have complained of want of novelty in his life of Voltaire ; but they do not say whether they expected him to discover new facts in the history of one who spent all his life in the daylight, or whether they wished him to exert his inventive genius in giving a charm to biographical writing. Others have quarrelled with his portrait of Rousseau, as it would seem, because he does not represent that mean-spirited creature as a great philanthropist and benefactor of mankind. But if any one rejoices in filth, and is disposed to make declamation pass for philanthropy, he will find that the eyes of the world are wide open, and splendid shillings, if counterfeit, will be left on the hands that receive them. Meantime, Lord Brougham has been attacked by English critics, one or two of whom he has paid back with a compliment which will not make them impatient for another. In their desire to show off his ignorance and errors, they have made an unseemly exposure of their own. But on the whole, as his language is somewhat lofty, and as no man living has collected a richer variety of enemies than he, it is not strange if some should take this indirect way to resent those wrongs which otherwise they would have no means of avenging.

The greatest fault in this writer's portrait-painting proceeds from an occasional waywardness and haste, which lead him into views and representations which his slower judgment would have disapproved. We need not go far for an illustration of the truth of this remark ; there is the case of Dr. Johnson, to whom he seems disposed to render justice, though with the same uncertainty with which an eel may be supposed to look upon the movements of a whale. There is a passage of his history in which he ascribes to him motives and feelings

which, when examined, seem absurdly untrue. Thus, when the widow of his friend Thrale married Piozzi, the Doctor, like every body else at the time, considered it an injudicious and discreditable connection ; though, with the single exception of the word "ignominious," which he applies to it, there is nothing indicating excitement of feeling ; and it should be remembered that this word, which sounds so formidable, was but one of the ponderous missiles which he was accustomed to employ. Lord Brougham professes himself unable to see why it was not a very tolerable match, and thinks that Johnson's opposition to it must have arisen from an attachment to her on his own part. Now, if this was so, all the world must have been smitten with her charms, for there was a perfect unanimity of opinion as to the course which she pursued ; and as Lord Brougham evidently knows nothing more than others about Piozzi's character and standing, his conjectures will not outweigh the judgment which they had better opportunities of forming. As to the Doctor's affection, we speak with diffidence, having had very little experience in these affairs of the heart ; but it does not seem to us that at the age of seventy-five he would be transported with the tender passion ; nor that, with one foot in the grave, he would have engaged in a love-chase with any brilliant promise of success. His Lordship makes himself merry with the aristocratic feeling of these humble persons, who considered her marriage with Piozzi as a degradation ; and, sure enough, it is ridiculous for one earthly potsherd to look down upon another, which happens to be an inch or two lower in the dust. But such is the way of the world ; it is universal, although it be not a true nor wise one ; and well as he discourses on the subject, theoretically considered, we strongly apprehend, that, if the case should be his own, and a daughter of his house should marry a foreign adventurer, he would set up an outcry of wrath and vexation that might be heard across the deep.

We do not think that this writer, in his estimate of Johnson, makes sufficient allowance for the effect of the disease which hung like a millstone round his neck through all his mortal existence, — a disease which brings with it every form of gloom and irritability, and which, in his case, was aggravated by the loneliness in which he lived ; for it is remarkable, that, with his wonderful power of conversation, his society

should have been so little sought ; though, indeed, if the circle in which he moved had been ever so extensive and inspiring, it could not have afforded him the relief and comfort of a home. And yet his Lordship has had, as he says, unusual advantages for observing this fearful complaint, of seeing the paralyzing influence which it exerts upon the mind and the will, and the deadly aversion which it gives to those active efforts in which the only remedy can be found. This disorder was deeply engrained in Johnson's constitution ; it brought with it a sense of ever-present misery, and oppressed him with dark forebodings ; he evidently feared the time when the intellect would sink under it, leaving him a miserable ruin. Had physical education been understood in his day, he might possibly have been relieved by attention to diet and exercise, which no one then seemed to suspect had any connection with health or the want of it. One brave effort of that kind he made, in giving up the stimulating drinks of all kinds to which he had resorted for relief, — an abstinence in which he persevered to the last ; but generally, in this instance, as in that of Collins and Cowper, the malady seems to have been treated as a visitation of God, with which there was no such thing as contending. When one thinks of his long struggle with poverty, — of his dining behind a screen at Cave's, because too meanly dressed to appear at that great man's table, — of his supporting life for a long time on less than sixpence a day, — of his occasional enjoyment of conversation with men like Burke, which, when it was over, left him in solitude and sorrow, — of the plaintive manner in which he would entreat others to sit up with him, that he might escape as long as possible the terrors of the night, — it gives us a view of his condition, which, one would think, would excuse many of those petulant expressions that appear numerous because Boswell has faithfully recorded them, and has not always stated that it was his own folly which brought down the shower-bath of compliments upon his head. We learn from Miss Reynolds, who was the Griffith among his chroniclers, that he gave the impression of a man of unhewn manners, but of a kind and affectionate heart. And while we do not undervalue that grace of life in which he was so sadly wanting, it is but right to remember his active and self-denying charity ; it is but right to ask of those who censure him, if they would be ready to receive and support two helpless

and unattractive women, together with a poor physician, whose practice, unprofitable to himself, was probably far more so to his victims, — forming a community in which a favor done to one gave a pang to the rest, and where he himself found so little comfort, that he dreaded to enter his own door, but would not dislodge them, because they could have no home but for him. Truly, if it was required of those who censure Johnson to exercise equal generosity, the voices of condemnation would be few and small.

While Lord Brougham, as it seems to us, hardly does justice to the great moralist, presenting a view of him which is deficient in harmony and wholeness, and made up of parts not always consistent with each other, the shade of Boswell would be beside itself with exultation to find his own opinion of his own merits confirmed by so competent a judge; for assuredly the Auchinleck patrician never dreamed that his connection with Johnson would suggest to any human mind the recollection of the intercourse of Plato and Xenophon with Socrates. His Lordship praises not only his tact, cleverness, and skill, but his admirable good-humor, his strict love of truth, his high and generous principle, his kindness to his friends, and his well-meant, but sometimes grotesque devotion, and says that his book, once taken up, is the most difficult of all others to lay down. Certainly, no man of really intellectual taste ever joins in the contempt which is poured on Boswell's name; nor, on the other hand, will many be ready to subscribe to such extensive praise as this. The truth is, that his contemporaries were as much at a loss to know what place to assign him, as men of the present day. Lord Stowell, when pressed on the subject, could only say that he was universally welcome as a "jolly fellow." It was his pleasure to parade those weaknesses which most men keep to themselves, and as he kept his banner of folly perpetually flying, they did no justice to the merits which he possessed in no small degree. What but a strong admiration of intellectual power could have induced him to lead the life which he did? And it shows how oddly our notions of high and low are perverted, that so many wonder at his submitting to the caprice of Johnson, while it is considered perfectly natural that such a person as Miss Burney should feel herself honored by the trust of preparing snuff for the queen.

We have no disposition to find fault with Lord Brougham's estimate of Johnson's literary merits; and what he says of the style of the great moralist is altogether discriminating and true. To Johnson's poetry he assigns a rank perhaps too high, if it be regarded as poetry; but when we regard it as eloquent and powerful declamation, like that of Juvenal, against the vices and follies of the times, it certainly exhibits a striking union of deep feeling with majesty and might. He loved the regular cadences of verse, which he is said to have read in a very impressive way; and we see, in fact, in his prose, that measured step and those balanced periods which would seem wearily formal and mechanical in any other, but which affect us differently in his case, because they are the natural expression of his mind. Some of his writings Lord Brougham characterizes as dull and flimsy, in which he has reference principally to the Rambler and Idler, and seems to us to express a hasty and ill-considered opinion. Dull the Rambler may be, but flimsy it is not; — it is dull to us because it was an ephemeral publication, which found readers and satisfied them in the day for which it was intended; and, if it has lost its attraction, it is in the same predicament with the Spectator, which no one now thinks of sitting down to devour. That it was not wholly speculative and unpractical appears from the circumstance pointed out by Lord Brougham himself, that Johnson, in some of these light periodicals, has an able argument against imprisonment for debt and capital punishment, thus anticipating by three quarters of a century questions of great interest, which his own age cared little for, but which have become subjects of vast importance at the present day.

We fully accede to the justice of the opinion which pronounces the Lives of the Poets the best of Johnson's works. Some of these biographies are spoken of with contempt, for their prejudice and narrowness, by those who have never read them. Lord Brougham thinks the life of Milton, for example, does not deserve the censure usually cast upon it; and any one can see, that, while Johnson had no sympathy with Milton's politics, and was unable to appreciate the peculiar beauties of Lycidas, he assigns to the Paradise Lost a place among the highest efforts of the human mind. The life of Savage is here spoken of as overpraised, and that of Swift as most objectionable; while it is admitted that Johnson may have

been so severe on the Dean of St. Patrick's because he was so untrue to the sacred profession, which, with his tastes and principles, he ought never to have assumed. As to Johnson's prejudices, whatever they were, they never worked in darkness ; he always fearlessly avowed them ; while his clear-headed sagacity, his sharp critical discernment, his manly indignation at every thing unworthy, his occasionally profound discussions, and pointed and glittering remarks, giving life to the narrative which generally flows full with thought, and, among other attractions, his occasional solemnity and tenderness of feeling, — these various merits are united in a work which will never lose its charm for intellectual readers so long as our language endures.

But Dr. Johnson's works of various kinds, excellent and instructive as they are, will be more or less esteemed as the literary fashion changes ; always sure, however, of readers of the higher order, however neglected by the light and trifling generation who disdain all things but new. If they were lost and forgotten, his fame would rest securely on his conversation as Boswell has recorded it, which is unrivalled for its point, brilliancy, and strength ; it is here that his clear and powerful mind makes the richest display of its activity, and the vast variety of its resources. It goes straight as a cannon-ball to the heart of every subject ; with intuitive discernment he sees the matter at once in all its bearings ; no mysticism nor illusion can stand for a moment before him ; but so far from giving a cold dissection of the question presented, his views are made interesting by the finest possible illustrations, and that quick sarcasm and playful humor, always at perfect command, in which he was never exceeded. We do not well understand on what authority Lord Brougham undertakes to place Swift before him. The Dean's range was limited, he says, but within it he must have been very great. It is true that he had that strong common sense and wit which are among the chief elements of success ; but we do not know that he had the overflowing abundance and easy command of his resources which conversation requires. Addison, too, he says, has left a great reputation of this kind, and Bolingbroke's superiority to all others cannot be doubted. But it seems to us, that he might as well exalt the social powers of Adam and Eve, who may have been great in conversation, for aught we know, though

the existing records of it are quite too few to sustain a confident opinion.

When Lord Brougham speaks of Johnson's conversation as no conversation in any proper sense of the word, as destitute of all free interchange of thought, and allowing no free discussion of sentiments and opinions, he is evidently misled by Boswell's record, for that worthy did not care to set down any thing but what Johnson said; the remarks of others were introduced only when they served as suggestions for his own. It would have been inhuman to require of him to treasure up all the lifeless and indifferent things which were said, merely for the sake of keeping the entireness of the conversation. And yet the prominence which is thus given to the remarks of Johnson makes them appear oracular and dictatorial, as if to hear what he would say was the only object and concern of the whole party. Now Boswell had this feeling, — that it was the province of all others to listen, and Johnson's alone to speak; but others doubtless viewed the matter in a different light; and these were like all other conversations, in which each one took his share, while Johnson bore the most distinguished part, — as indeed he would, were he living in any circle of the present day. Let the attempt be made to record the sayings of any other master of conversation, — Sir James Mackintosh, for example, — and one easily sees that in these social efforts Johnson has no brother near his throne.

Though Lord Brougham, in his particular criticisms on Dr. Johnson's mind and character, is not always entirely just, his summary of the whole is given in terms to which no objection can be made. He says, that those who saw him but once or twice formed an erroneous estimate of his temper, which was rather kindly and sociable, and not at all sullen or morose; he allows that Johnson, to the last, had nothing of that severity and querulousness which the old are so apt to feel. He admits that he was friendly, actively so, in the highest degree, — that he was even imprudently charitable, that he was strictly and always just, that his love of truth was wonderful, in matters both small and great, and that his habitual piety, his sense of his own unworthiness, and his generally blameless life entitled him to a place among the good and great, while he showed his right appreciation of this world's honors by attaching more importance to his worth than to his fame. Certainly this is high praise, and such as few can ever

deserve. But we do not see in this writer the hearty sympathy with which Carlyle, for example, enters into the struggles and sorrows of "brave old Samuel," admires the heroism and manly independence of his bearing, and does not upbraid him with the coarseness of his manners, out of respect for the firm energy with which, through his dreary voyage of life, he forced his strained and shattered vessel, "built in the eclipse," through the dark and resisting sea.

Next in order is Adam Smith, who is represented in Croker's Boswell, the main characteristic of which is a brave neglect of dates and all kinds of precision, as having come in conflict with Johnson, when the latter was on his Northern tour. It is said that the subject of difference was Smith's account of Hume's last sickness; that Johnson, with his usual benignity, told Smith that he lied, and that he of the Moral Sentiments, in return, applied to the moralist a term which properly belongs to younger branches of the canine race, and is not often, we believe, used in the best society with respect to them, — though of this we speak doubtfully, having no means in our solitary attic of knowing what refinements may have been introduced by the elegant literature of the day. It is a pity to disturb the story of this classical communion; but as Johnson was in Scotland in 1773, and Hume died in 1776, it was certainly premature in the Doctor to take offence three years before offence was given. In fact, this slight anachronism brings the authenticity of the whole account into serious question; not, however, to the disparagement of Sir Walter Scott, whom Lord Brougham is inclined to blame for it. He indeed reported it to Croker; but he said distinctly that he had it from Professor John Millar, to whom, therefore, the responsibility belongs. It was no doubt an imaginative picture of what the meeting of these two great men, if they came together, was likely to have been, dealing with the future as Mr. Landor brings up the voices of the past.

Not much is known of the early days of Adam Smith, save that he was stolen by gypsies in his childhood, but soon happily rescued, and that his delicate health in youth drove him to the usual resource of books and study. Having obtained an exhibition for Baliol College, he spent seven years at Oxford, but afterwards retained very little reverence and affection for that time-honored institution. Of the enlargement of mind which then distinguished it some judg-

ment may be formed from the fact that he was sharply reprimanded for reading Hume's Treatise of Human Nature, and the ray of light which was struggling in at the keyhole was extinguished by taking such works away. At the age of twenty-nine, he filled the chair of Moral Philosophy in the University of Glasgow, a place for which he was admirably suited by his power of communication as well as by the habits of his mind, as he spoke with great fluency when once engaged in his subject, and was listened to with the enthusiasm which his ability, accompanied by a popular manner, might be expected to inspire. It is much to be regretted, that his lectures were destroyed by his own hand before he died. The course of Natural Theology was one which would have great interest for readers of the present day ; and such was the variety of suggestion always flowing from his active and fertile mind, that every part must have contained much to interest and instruct mankind.

It was in 1759 that Adam Smith published his Theory of Moral Sentiments, a work so eloquent and interesting that it could not fail to meet with immediate and general success. This was the case in Great Britain, though, as Grimm tells us, it failed entirely in Paris, a region where moral sentiments are generally in but little demand. It is true that the leading principle of the work, resolving all moral approbation into sympathy, is quite too narrow to be true, as would be felt at once by any thoughtful reader ; but considered as a treatise on sympathy, or a view of some aspects of human nature, seen with searching discrimination, and presented in a rich and fascinating style, it would not be easy to say too much in its praise. One effect of the fame of this work was to recommend him to Charles Townshend, who had married the Duchess of Buccleuch, and who employed him to accompany the young duke, her son, upon his travels. This gave him an opportunity of forming an acquaintance with the eminent men upon the continent, and ultimately led to his appointment as a revenue officer, one of those splendid rewards of intellectual greatness which are held forth as a bounty to such efforts in England, and of late in this country. There, the iron-headed wolves who rob and murder in the service of the state are heaped with estates, titles, and orders, while such men as Burns are made excisemen at the rate of seventy pounds a year. Here, men of fine talent and

manly understanding may peradventure have a place in the custom-house, while all rich pastures are carefully reserved for the worthless cattle who move in the droves of party.

There was another less questionable advantage which Dr. Smith secured by means of his residence abroad ; this was the acquaintance of distinguished men, particularly in France, where he found those whose tastes and investigations were similar to his own. Among these was Quesnay, of whom we hear in Marmontel's Memoirs, who had acquired a great reputation by his writings on political economy, a science which had attracted attention, in its various parts, from the middle of the last century, and which he was endeavouring to reduce to a systematic and practical form. Though the public at large were unable to comprehend the point and value of Quesnay's suggestions, he was admired by such men as Condorcet, Turgot, and the elder Mirabeau, "the crabbed old friend of man." Dr. Smith had such an opinion of his ability and excellence, that he would have dedicated the Wealth of Nations to him, if Quesnay had lived to receive the attention. He was not sufficiently master of the French language to speak it fluently ; but he was able to communicate with such men as this, though not to chatter with the apes and peacocks of fashionable circles, a privation, however, which he bore with great fortitude.

About a dozen years after this European tour, appeared the celebrated Inquiry into the Nature and Causes of the Wealth of Nations, a work which is the surest foundation of his fame ; for, although it was anticipated in its doctrines by the French and Italian philosophers, it was so marked, as Hume said, by depth, solidity, acuteness, and power of illustration, that it placed him at the head of all who had attended to this great subject, not even excepting the historian himself, whose own essays upon these questions possessed all the merits which he delighted to ascribe to those of his friend. It is not to be understood that Dr. Smith's views were borrowed ; his way was to elaborate those truths for himself, in the solitude and silence of his own mind. If he was indebted to any one, it was probably to Hume, whose essays may have been the means of turning his attention to these inquiries. In the year when those remarkable essays were published, he began to lecture on political economy in Glasgow ; and from the character of his intellectual life, we may readily

infer that his views were original in himself, though others may at the same time have reached conclusions resembling his own.

It was shortly after the publication of this great work that he received the appointment of commissioner of the customs; a compliment about as adequate to his merits and claims as if Le Verrier, in acknowledgment of his late scientific exploit, should be appointed to superintend a church-clock in his native city. It gave him a subsistence, indeed, but the duties of the office were incessant and vexatious, — peculiarly unsuited to one who was remarkable for his absence of mind, an infirmity carried so far that he would often talk in company, perfectly unconscious of their presence, and in some instances he would enlighten those about him as to his opinion of their merits, disclosing much more than they delighted to know. He moved through the streets with his hands behind him and his head in the air, wholly unconscious of any obstructions that might be in his way. On one occasion, he overturned the stall of a fiery old woman, who, finding him perfectly unmoved by her tempest of salutations, caught him by his garment, saying, — "Speak to me, or I shall die." It is rather singular, that, with these habits, he could accomplish any thing in the way of official duty; and the beauty and fitness of such rewards of intellectual greatness were manifested in the necessity which it brought with it, of suspending those labors of the mind which, though they would not answer for the custom-house, might have enlightened and blessed the world. Rich and active as his mind was, the preparation of his great works required great expense of labor and time. His habit of composition, too, was laborious and slow; it never became easier by practice, but, as he told Mr. Stewart not long before his death, he always wrote with the same difficulty as at first; or, perhaps we should say, he spoke; for, instead of writing with his own hand, he employed an amanuensis, to whom he dictated as he walked about the room. He was unfortunately fastidious in his judgment of his own works; he had eighteen folio volumes of his own writing, which he ordered to be destroyed before his death. His friends promised that it should be done; but he was not satisfied till the sacrifice was actually made, and the labor of so many years was reduced to dust and ashes. He said that he meant to have done more, and there were materials in his manuscripts

out of which he could have made much ; but he had not time for it, and all was lost to the world. Will such governments as that of England ever become sufficiently enlightened to withdraw some portion of the immense amount now spent in prizes for bloodshed, and appropriate it to the support of those who, in a day of higher civilization, will be at once the glory and the shame of their country ? a country which knows its true interest and honor no better than to lavish dukedoms and princely fortunes on Marlborough and Wellington, while these men, in every respect of mind and character immeasurably above mere soldiers, are thought highly blessed to receive from it enough to keep body and soul together in the dreary winter of their days.

Nothing can be more attractive than the account which Lord Brougham gives of Smith's disposition ; his benevolence was often carried beyond his means, and always delicate in its regard to the feelings of others. His principles of integrity were firm and high. The thoughtfulness of study, the demands of ill health, had no tendency to make him selfish, and the approaches of age did not chill the warmth of his affections. His mother lived with him till her death, in 1784 ; and after her death, his cousin, Miss Douglas, took charge of his family for the four succeeding years. Her decease, in 1788, deprived him of most of the comforts of his hospitable home ; but he lingered on with broken health and spirits, though with an equal mind, till 1790, when a painful disorder brought him down to the grave. A few days before he died, several distinguished friends who were accustomed to sup with him on Sunday were with him ; when, finding himself unable to go with them to the table, he said, — " I believe we must adjourn this meeting to some other place " ; after which they never met again. His complaints were of the kind which are brought on by over-exertion of the brain and the inactivity of a literary life. At one time he believed he had found a panacea for his diseases in tar-water, which was recommended by so great an authority as Berkeley, and was hailed with as much enthusiasm as sundry other nostrums, each of which works miracles for the time, though unfortunately its wonders and glories are too good to last. The history of all such inventions and discoveries is written in two passages of his letters. In one he says, — " Tar-water is a remedy in vogue here for almost all diseases ; it has perfectly cured me of an

inveterate scurvy and shaking in the head." But not long after this happy restoration, he says, that he has had those complaints as long as he remembers any thing, and "the tar-water has not removed them."

The letter of Adam Smith in which he describes the closing life of Hume has been the subject of much remark, not very complimentary in its tone; for in former days, many, who manifested no other interest in Christianity, were furious against unbelievers, and nothing could be more unscrupulous than the manner in which they abused those sinners, by way of giving them a taste of the religion of love. Few men have ever received so much of this friendly attention as Hume; his crime seemed to be, that he was not so wicked as, in their opinion, an infidel ought to be. Of this offence he was certainly guilty; and so odious did it make him, that it required some courage in the good-natured Boswell, even under Johnson's broadside, to tell him that "he was better than his books," — a eulogy which, proceeding from such a quarter, might, one would think, have turned his brain for ever. Now, though religionists at the time had no patience with his serenity and cheerfulness, still, if he possessed that equanimity in his closing hour, there was no good reason why his friend should not mention it even in words of praise. It is true, he had no right understanding of the religious relations in which he stood; but this should be dealt with as a misfortune, rather than as one of the seven deadly sins. Those who press their censures beyond the bounds of justice always throw the general sympathy on the opposite side. What Dr. Smith's religious opinions were, it is not easy to say; there are none of his writings in which he has disclosed them. Lord Brougham thinks that there are allusions enough to a Divine Providence and the hopes of a future state to remove all doubts on the subject; but if he was alienated from Christianity, and we have some fears that he was, it was probably owing in part to the abuse which Christians, so called, had heaped without measure on his friend.

The approach of Lavoisier, who comes next in order or disorder, whichever it may be, excites Lord Brougham to a strain of condemnation for which he took the pitch in his former volume; not that the French chemist was not great, and in many respects good; but on account of his propensity

to appropriate the discoveries of others, as if every thing which came to light in the domain of his favorite science must necessarily be his own. He was born in a condition of life which makes his devotion to science very creditable to him ; being the son of a farmer-general, a kind of official who enjoyed great opportunities for gathering riches, and was usually not backward to improve them. The son had a certainty of succeeding to the fortune and post of his father, when that worthy should go to answer for the use of his wealth and the manner in which he had made it. Of course he enjoyed the best means of education which France afforded ; studying astronomy with La Caille, botany with Jussieu, and chemistry with Rouelle. He gained several prizes for his success in classical pursuits ; but his mind was bent in another direction. When he was twenty-one years of age, a prize was offered by M. de Sartine, the well known chief of police in Paris, for information as to the most efficient, readiest, and cheapest means of lighting a city. The prize was divided among three other claimants, but Lavoisier's paper was so highly appreciated that it was printed and honorably mentioned, and a gold medal was publicly presented to him by order of the king. At first he seemed inclined to devote himself to geology, and had collected materials for a work on the revolutions of the globe ; but recent discoveries in chemistry arrested his attention, and he first presented himself as a candidate for its honors, in an analysis of Gypsum. In this, together with much that was original and valuable, he is said to have taken credit, in substance, for what had been ascertained by others before him, thus giving an early indication of that unscrupulousness for which his Lordship pours a vial of wrath upon his head. The times afforded strong temptation to such a taste, and easy means of indulging it. The scientific world were dazzled by the successes of Black, Cavendish, and Priestley. Lavoisier filled his house with the best instruments, and kept it open to all who were interested in those studies. Having men of science always about him, with whom he discussed all subjects to which his attention was directed, it was natural that he should take advantage of their suggestions, and that, when travelling over the same path of experiment in which others had gone before, he should not always remember the extent of his obligations. Besides, it should be remembered that the same discovery or invention

is sometimes made at the same time, by those who could have had no possible communication with each other. But after every explanation that can be made, we fear there is no denying the charge, that he was quite willing to "gather where he had not strewed"; a strange and suicidal propensity, unaccountable in one whose own merits were so distinguished, and which, after a moment's poor gratification of vanity, must evidently lead to a most unenviable fame.

Such was his activity of mind, that he was constantly turning aside from his chosen path of science, to engage in what is now the province of the civil engineer. After writing on the best means of supplying Paris with water, he entered into an examination of Stahl's theory, which was, that the union of phlogiston with the bases of the metals was the cause of their ductility and lustre, and that the evolution of that substance was the cause of their becoming earths or calces. From various experiments, he came to the conclusion, that the union of air with the metal was the cause of calcination, — a valuable discovery, and fatal, of course, to Stahl's theory, though it did not proceed so far as to ascertain what gas was thus absorbed, which ought to have led him to a knowledge of the composition of atmospheric air. This and the discovery of oxygen, two years after, laid the foundation of Priestley's fame. But Lavoisier did claim to have been acquainted with oxygen; if so, he kept it to himself in a manner not common in the scientific world; for Priestley's discovery must have been known to him in 1774, and in the many papers which he published between 1772 and 1780, no allusion is made to any similar claim of his own. But in 1782, somewhat late in the day, it suddenly dawned upon his memory that he had made the same discovery about the same time with Priestley; not stating that the way in which he discovered it was by communication from Priestley himself, who was very indifferent as to this kind of credit, and, contenting himself with his successes, did not care who appropriated the fame.

The discovery of the composition of water afforded another temptation to Lavoisier to claim a share of the renown which belonged to others. Mr. Watt had arrived at the suggestion that water was not a simple element; Mr. Cavendish had performed those experiments by which the fact was clearly established. In 1783, Sir Charles Blagden visited Paris,

and, as he himself declares, gave an account of Cavendish's experiments to a company where Lavoisier was present, and evidently very much to the surprise of the French chemist, who could not be convinced, except by a trial, that two gases could be converted into water. But afterwards it seems that he had forgotten his surprise on that occasion, and believed himself to have been all the while familiar with the great fact which was so new to all the rest of the world. So, too, in his papers on the subject of the gases and the nature of heat, Lavoisier contrives to avoid all mention of Black, the unquestionable discoverer of latent heat, who had lectured on the subject for years ; and he leaves on the minds of readers who did not know better the impression that all these triumphs of science were his own. At the same time that he was carefully suppressing all mention of Dr. Black's name, he wrote some flattering letters to the great Scotch chemist, in which he professed great admiration for his talents, and a desire to be an humble disciple of such a master. Dr. Black was surprised at this course of conduct, and treated the verbal homage that was thus paid him with very little regard ; but in his lectures, as Lord Brougham, who was one of his audience, testifies, he spoke with the greatest respect of the scientific character of Lavoisier, and of his powers of generalization with particular admiration, cheerfully admitting him to a share in the great discovery of the composition of water, and never intimating a complaint of the injurious course of conduct toward him which there was no denying that Lavoisier had pursued.

It is a relief to turn from these defacing stains on so great a name to other passages of his history, which can be remembered with entire satisfaction. Besides his geological attempts already mentioned, which have lost all their interest in the wonderful disclosures afterwards made in that branch of science, he took some part, as has been usual in France, in public affairs ; not, however, as a politician, but simply to aid the government in any department where his service was required. At the instance of Turgot, he made great improvements in the manufacture of gunpowder, which, to be sure, is but a doubtful blessing to the human race ; in order to amend the system of taxation, he made a most valuable report on the wealth and productions of the country ; being appointed a commissioner of the treasury, he introduced

clear daylight into a dark and complicated system; in fact, there was no reform or improvement which the government attempted to make, without asking the aid and feeling the value of his great and various ability. In private life, he engaged in experimental farming, extending to the peasantry on his estate a kind and generous care; while his rich house in Paris was always open to strangers, and young men of straitened means were sure of finding a liberal and courteous friend. But when the Revolution came, with its wild excesses, the eminence which his talents and virtues gave him exposed him to the jealousy and hatred of the wretches who were thrown up into power. That strange frenzy swept away the boundary which had formerly seemed to separate the races of man and devil, and for a time seemed to establish the identity of the two. The charge against him was that of having used pernicious articles in the adulteration of tobacco; but as his wealth was his real crime, it was evident that his doom was sealed. Hearing of the order for his arrest, he succeeded in escaping; but fearing lest his escape might be injurious to some of his friends, with singular generosity he returned to prison with the rest. By a retrospective law, he was condemned for treason. M. Hallé had the courage to read a defence before that villanous Revolutionay Tribunal, in which he recounted Lavoisier's discoveries and services; but though Carnot and Fourcroy, who knew how to appreciate his worth better than the brutes with whom they were associated, were members of the Tribunal, and might have interposed without danger to themselves, not another voice rose up in his favor in all that wilderness of sin.

Thus Lavoisier perished, in the fifty-first year of his age, his miserable fate covering his country with disgrace, as his talents had thrown more glory upon it than a million of successful wars. When sentenced to die, he requested a short reprieve to finish some experiments which he was then conducting in the prison; but his request was refused, as might have been expected from those with whom he had to do. His widow, a woman of unusual talent and information, survived him, and afterwards married Count Rumford, whom she also outlived. Such was the recompense of one who greatly extended the bounds of his favorite science, and to whom it owes some of its most important discoveries. He relieved it from the bondage of prejudice and error that weighed it

down for a long time ; he stood almost alone in his country, maintaining those truths which few beside him had sagacity to understand, but which are now universally received and acknowledged by all the civilized world.

With one of those tremendous strides, which remind us of the expression "*sic itur ad astra*," Lord Brougham passes to the Englishman Gibbon, if English he may be called, who prided himself on writing French like a native, and whose joy it was to spend so many of his days at a distance from his own land. Gibbon was one of those who have lightened the labor of biographers by giving some sketch of his own life and mind. There is some danger of partiality in these accounts, and they cannot always be implicitly trusted ; not from any disposition to mislead on the part of the writers, but from that over-exaltation with which poor human nature contemplates its own perfections, and the Christian tenderness which it extends to its own sins. Still, it is interesting to see how such men stood with themselves, and their self-estimation, whether high or low, is always one of the chief elements from which an estimate of character is made up. In the case of Gibbon, there was no struggle with difficult circumstances, no various adventure, nothing of that incident which gives life to the story. Though not rich, he was well provided for ; he had the full command of his time and motions ; he had the most desirable social resources at all times within his reach. But with that spirit which seems inseparable from the human heart, we find him lamenting that he had not embraced the lucrative profession of law or trade, or even "the fat slumbers of the church," though it is not probable that he would have succeeded in either of the former ; and as to "fat slumbers," we imagine it would have been difficult to find the happy individual who enjoyed more of them in life than he. The health of the great historian was very delicate in his childhood, and he therefore did not enjoy the advantage of much discipline or instruction. Fortunately for him, he was under the care of an aunt, a woman of good taste and judgment, who directed his inclination for reading, which was very strong, and which turned itself most passionately to history, the natural resource of the young reader in that day, when a swarm of novels as worthless as the writers of them had not yet come up into every corner of people's houses, forming one of the chief pests of the age. He

read such works, however, more thoroughly than is common with the young. For example, when engaged with Howell's History of the World, he studied the geography of the Byzantine period, which was contained in the volume that fell into his hands, examining also the chronological systems which had reference to the subject; thus unconsciously preparing for the work which he was afterwards to do. He was hardly fifteen when he entered the University of Oxford, — a place which has a great and venerable name, but which, according to Gibbon and Adam Smith, offered greater advantages to winebibbers and sinners than to those who wanted education without maturity of mind or force of character to work it out for themselves. The result with him was, that he had read three or four plays of Terence after fourteen months' instruction; his habits were irregular and expensive; no care was given to his religious and moral instruction. Under the influence of a friend who had become a Catholic, he was converted to that form of Christianity, much to the annoyance of his father, whose notions on the subject were not the most enlarged, and who could devise no better way to reclaim him than to put him under the influence of Mallet, the poet, whose chief accomplishment for the trust appears to have been, that he had no regard for Christianity whatever, — as if a person could be reclaimed from what was thought excess on one side, by the winning exhibition of far coarser excess on the other.

Finding that this beautiful experiment did not succeed, his father sent him to Lausanne, where he was put under the care of a pious and sensible Protestant divine, who soon gained an influence with him and brought him back from the Roman fold, which was not then beset with converts, as it is in the present day. The probability is, that there was no depth in his feeling on either side; and it may have been because he found himself so cheered and welcomed on these several occasions, and was so complimented for his religious principles and feelings when he was not conscious of having any, that he afterwards held Christianity in so very light esteem. Meantime, he was faithfully and diligently employed in study, paying attention not only to French literature, with which he was familiar, but securing those treasures of classical learning which he afterwards used to so great advantage. The monotony of his retired life was varied by an affair of the

heart with the daughter of a pastor, — the same lady afterwards known as the wife of Neckar and mother of Madame de Staël. He resorted to the desperate measure of throwing himself on his knees before her, — a most unguarded act, since he could not rise of himself by reason of his weight, and she was not able, if disposed, to lift him; so that it was not till the servants came in, that he was released from his unhappy posture, and enabled to depart in peace.

When he returned from abroad, he was kindly received by his father, who had married a second wife; a person who became to Gibbon a kind and faithful friend. A military taste infested the country at that time, and people the most unfit for such extravagances hurried away from their harmless employments to share the excitement of war at a comfortable distance from its dangers. Gibbon, among others, was glorified with the rank of captain in the regiment of which his father was major; but he found no enjoyment in what he called his military life; he complained of the loss of time which it occasioned, and the rude companionship to which it exposed him; it was altogether unsuited to his taste, which did not fit him even for literary warfare, save when there was no enemy arrayed against him, — as when he published his work on the study of literature, in which he vindicates, as he says, his favorite, though who had attacked it or thrown any reproach upon it since the Battle of the Books, it was not easy to tell. His essay, being written in French, was not read at all in England; abroad, it excited some attention from the singularity of French correctly written by a foreigner. He apologized for what seemed like an affectation, by saying that he had hopes of some diplomatic appointment, which it might help to secure him; but it was probably more from display than any other reason that he undertook to "babble the dialect of France." There are very few who are acquainted with a foreign language, who can resist the temptation to flourish it in the eyes and ears of men.

The natural bent of Gibbon's mind inclined him strongly to historical investigations, and while engaged in the bloodless campaigns of the militia, he had been revolving various subjects in his mind, such as the expedition of Charles the Eighth into Italy, the wars of the English barons, and the short and brilliant lives of the Black Prince, of Sir Philip Sidney, and Montrose. He had almost determined to en-

gage in a biography of Raleigh, and read with deep interest all the records of his romantic and adventurous life. But among so many fine subjects, he was perplexed with the variety and number; and it was not till he had made a visit to Rome that his mind took fast hold of any one. There, in October, 1764, as he sat musing in the ruins of the Capitol, he heard the barefooted friars singing vespers in the Temple of Jupiter, — a sound which, as one might have supposed, brought up affecting and powerful associations of the changes and revolutions that had passed over the Eternal City, and which was itself a sufficient illustration of the decline and fall of the glory that had passed away. But the mere passing thought was not sufficient to inspire him; it was not till he felt the want of steady and systematic employment to keep his mind in tune and to prevent the exertion of its self-tormenting power, that he was able to nerve himself for the great enterprise before him. He found that nothing is more afflicting than the literary leisure which intellectual men so earnestly desire. It was once stated in a Western print, that "the operation of the 'Relief laws' had been found very burdensome"; and so in life, relieve a man from the obligation to labor with his mind or hands, and he can hardly bear the weight of existence; if he is not under any such necessity, he must supply the want of it for himself; and this was done by Gibbon, with equal wisdom and success.

His great work was commenced in 1772, with diligent and efficient preparation. He appears to have been aware that his weak point would be the style, and so anxious was he to guard from failure in this respect, that the first chapter was written three times, and the next two twice over, before they gave him satisfaction. But even then he was too easily satisfied; for after all, he never gained the power of melting down his various materials into a harmonious, consistent, and flowing story. There are constant intimations of what the reader has no means of knowing, awkward and squinting allusions to facts and incidents which are behind the scenes, and a way of introducing subjects indirectly and by implication, which, if produced at all, should come full before us in the march of the history, each in its place and order. Many sentences seem intended for riddles to try the ingenuity of the reader; over others we ponder quite as long as is worth while to make sure that we understand them, — a natural and rea-

sonable desire, in which we are sometimes disappointed after all. And yet we must allow, that, while his manner of writing is neither easy nor graceful, it is more in keeping with his subject than it would be with any other, resembling the lordly march of a Roman emperor in his flowing purple, stately and majestic, though restricting the free movements of the form. But while it had some obvious defects, its merits were superlatively great ; the two great historians of the time delighted to honor it, — Hume with friendly and sympathizing interest, Robertson with gentlemanly praise. Moreover, it had the honor of being dedicated to a royal duke, and history has recorded the exclamation of distaste which fell from the Mæcenas, when he saw the historian heaving in sight with "his great square book." Thus heralded, the work was received with great applause ; while Hume's history was left on the bookseller's shelves, the first edition of this was sold almost in a day ; it was found in the studies of the learned, and in the saloons of fashion. One can hardly tell how it happened that such a work, with all its great merit, should have gained favor with those who had no taste for the delightful narrative of Hume. But the voice of applause was not the only sound which the author heard on this occasion. The church militant, always sufficiently warlike for a religion of peace, was at this time up in arms. Various divines, with Bishop Watson at their head, assailed him for the unfairness and malignant spirit of those parts in which Christianity is mentioned, and confronted him with charges which he was not able to disprove. When they accused him of incorrect statement and false quotation, he was prepared to meet them ; his regard to his character as a historian was enough to save him from those errors and crimes. But he could not deny that he wrote in the character of a Christian, with an evident design to throw contempt on the religion ; that he intimated, in language sharp and sneering, what he dared not openly advance ; that he made his history a means of gratifying a spiteful and resentful feeling, which he seemed to want courage to avow ; and that, under some strange perversion of feeling, he seemed to enjoy and defend the persecution of the early martyrs, making light of their patient fortitude, and justifying the oppressor's crimes. It is not easy to explain how this venomous feeling against the religion originated in his breast. It does not seem so much like a doubt of its truth

and divinity, as an aversion to the name. But he finds his retribution now; his credit as a historian is far lower than if he had come out with an open declaration of his unbelief; and, instead of exciting admiration by his vast power of irony, he gives the impression of something unsound in his heart.

In the two years between the publication of the first and the commencement of the second volume, he employed himself in his attendance as a member of parliament, and in a visit to his friends, the Neckars, in Paris, where his familiarity with the French language made him generally welcome. Hume, who was a favorite there, was laughed at for his ignorance of French and his awkward simplicity of manners. Gibbon appears to have been more respected than beloved. In parliament, he gained credit by drawing up a memorial in defence of the British government against the French claims, in 1778. For this he was rewarded with the sinecure place of Lord of Trade, which he held till the board was abolished, in 1784, when, finding his income unequal to the expense of living in London, he determined to spend the rest of his days at Lausanne. He longed to take a part in the debates of parliament, but as often as he thought of the horrors of a failure he shrank back with dismay. He was not aware how many empty vessels in all public bodies make the welkin ring with their abundance and endlessness of sound. Extemporaneous speaking in its ordinary forms is easily acquired, — too easily, indeed, for the comfort and respectability of our halls of state. Even now the silent members are the chief ornaments of such places, and the country would not lament if a prevailing lock-jaw should suppress the eloquence of many who might as well be still.

After the completion of his second and third volumes, which, as he was well aware, were not received as warmly as the first, not, however, on account of the matter or style, but simply because the great majority of readers have no delight in books that are long, he was in doubt whether to proceed, or to close the history with the fall of the Western Empire. But the same necessity which urged him to begin required him to persevere; indeed, it was more difficult, when once accustomed to the routine, to sink back into listless repose. He therefore kept on, and nearly completed his fourth volume before leaving England, after narrowly escaping a controversy

with Dr. Priestley, to which he was earnestly invited by that excellent but somewhat warlike divine. He was prepared to hear his treatment of Christianity condemned, and was not surprised when the censure came, though rather stunned by its depth and loudness ; but he does not seem to have been in the least aware that the indecency of his notes would be matter of reproach. One can hardly conceive what his habits of thought must have been, to see nothing objectionable in his account of Theodora, for example. Even when Porson thundered out his anathema, Gibbon seemed more disposed to smile at such a person officiating in the capacity of moralist, than to resent, or even to feel, the reproach. The only excuse he thinks it necessary to make is that the narrative is what it should be, and only the notes are licentious ; whereas it is evident that this very consciousness, and the thin veil of another language, only serve to excite attention which the reader without them never would have thought of giving. It implies an enlightened knowledge of human nature, like that of one who should inclose what he wished to conceal in a thin covering, writing on it a request to the public that no one would look in.

The history was completed in 1787, and most readers are familiar with the striking description of his feelings as he wrote the closing words in a summer-house in his garden, at the hour of midnight, when the air was mild, the sky serene, and the moonlight sweetly reflected from the waters. His first thought was that of joy at recovering his freedom, and perhaps establishing his fame. But on reflection, he felt that he had parted with an old and agreeable companion, which had been a source of high and intellectual interest for years, and that, however the history might endure, the days of the writer were wasting to their close. The question of the duration of the history was soon decided. Every intelligent reader felt that only a most uncommon sagacity could have seen through the confusion of the chaotic variety of his materials, estimating their claims and merits, and their often obscure relations with each other. So far from complaining of any want of clearness in the narrative, the wonder is, that he should ever have been able to subdue them into tolerable harmony and order. He seems never to have been weary of searching into the endless range of subjects presented, balancing authorities and determining their accuracy with a

precision and faithfulness which few will venture to impeach. Guizot, himself a great authority, admires this power of judicious discrimination; and every one is struck with his watchful penetration, his painstaking industry, and the rich abundance of learning sprinkled over the work almost to profusion. In these respects he is as much superior to Hume as that great historian excelled him in the easy grace with which he tells his story; and the result is, that, while Hume is no authority, the verdict of Gibbon is almost decisive in every historical question which he ever undertook to explore.

Though the cold sarcasm which runs through Gibbon's history gives an unpleasant impression of the man, he appears to have been kind and affectionate in his intercourse with his friends, steady and faithful in his attachments, and manly and honorable in all the relations of life. No human being could well be less attractive in the outward man. His head enormously large, with no elevation of feature, his mouth a round orifice directly in the centre, his form heavy and unmanageable, partly with corpulence, but still more by a fearful rupture, descending to his knees, but which he seemed unconscious that any one ever saw, and which he never mentioned either to his physician or his attendant till it had brought him nearly to the grave. With all these impediments to personal display, he appears to have taken pains and pride in dress. Colman describes him in company, with a suit of flowered velvet, together with a bag and sword, while Dr. Johnson sat opposite in his coarse black stockings and raiment of rusty brown. This, however, may have been nothing more than the full dress of gentlemen, while the foppery of the great moralist was excessive on the opposite side. His conversation is said to have been of a very high order, though somewhat formal and labored; his remarks appeared as if studied, and even his wit had the air of careful preparation; but he was ready in argument, full of information, and pleasant in manner, though not exempt from affectation. He had the oppressive consciousness of a great reputation to sustain, which is never favorable to the true social manner, nor indeed to the best display of the powers. Madame du Deffand believed him to be very learned, but was not sure that he was very clever; while Suard speaks of his conversation as full and animated. On the whole, he appears to have borne in social life and conversation a part not unequal to his literary name.

It is honorable to Gibbon that he was able to secure and retain so many friends, among whom the most confidential was Lord Sheffield, a man of sense and honor, whose infirmity was, that he could not refrain from writing pamphlets which Lord Brougham pronounces unreadably dry. When in England, Gibbon was domesticated in his house, and he with his family made visits to the historian at Lausanne. When his Lordship suffered under the loss of his wife, the heaviest of domestic sorrows, he at once, though disabled by infirmity, set out on a long, painful, and dangerous journey, to comfort his mourning friend. He was not at the time aware that he was returning to die in his native land. But soon after his return, he found it necessary to consult physicians, who relieved him for the time by a surgical operation; but the difficulty returned, and a second operation was more painful and less beneficial than the first. The evening before he died, he was conversing with his friends about the probable duration of his life, which he fixed at ten, and possibly twenty, years. That night he was taken more ill, and shortly after noon on the next day he expired.

The transition from Gibbon to Sir Joseph Banks bears some resemblance to a decline and fall; and yet the latter was useful and distinguished in his day and generation, though his renown will not be likely to sail far beyond it. Very great credit is due to those who, having the means of living in luxury and self-indulgence, rise above the temptations of their position, and feel so strong a determination toward the walks of science, that they cannot be content to spend life in lazy epicureanism, or an empty fashionable display. Even if they do not make any great discoveries, nor extend the boundaries of science, themselves, their aid and influence are of service to those who do; and under their circumstances, to possess such a taste implies a certain degree of superiority, which entitles them to a place in the general estimation far higher than that of intelligent and cultivated persons who live entirely for themselves. He certainly is no common man who loves knowledge for its own sake, looking to no other recompense than the enjoyment of the pursuit, delighting in his own intimacy with nature, and contentedly leaving it to others to write their names where they will shine in the eyes of men.

Not much is known of the history of his childhood, save that he was born with the prospect of wealth, his family

being ancient and respectable, and having recruited their means by one of those marriages with an heiress which city and country so often arrange, to their mutual profit and satisfaction. He went early to a public school, where he manifested kindness and good-nature, together with an extreme aversion to all sorts of study, — the latter being an encouraging promise in which those schools are apt to abound. As the prevailing idea is, that rich youths have no more occasion to study than the prosperous have need to pray, he was not much afflicted with discipline and instruction which he did not welcome. But, in his fourteenth year, his own impulse did for him what education would not have effected to the end of time ; for, walking one evening among flowers, the question started up in his mind, why he should be drilled in dead languages which his soul abhorred, while the book of nature with its expressive language and beautiful illustrations lay unread, beneath his feet. At least, such was the substance of his meditations ; for we would not give the impression, that he, whose life was plain English prose, ever stated the subject to himself in any poetical form. He reduced this thought to action by employing women to gather plants, and paying druggists, at the rate of sixpence a fact, for all the information which they afforded him. He thus formed a collection of plants, and at the same time gathered insects for his cabinet ; while Greek and Latin could not boast that he ever paid them any very flattering regard. There is some reason, too, to fear that he never cultivated the other studies which must be learned in youth, if ever ; it is said that he never was in the good graces of the Muse of spelling, and that the mutual indifference lasted till his dying day.

The same taste continued when he went to Oxford, in his eighteenth year ; but he found that the chair of botany was held by one of those eminently useful professors whose duty it is to give no lectures. Happily this learned doctor was not jealous of his prerogative, and, at Banks's request, graciously consented that a lecturer should be employed, and paid by those whom he instructed. As Oxford could not supply a competent person, one was imported from Cambridge, and he proved well qualified to inspire enthusiasm for the science which he taught. As his pupils did not regard prosody as the chief end of man, they were not greatly respected in the University. " Banks knows nothing of

Greek," was the sentence of his condemnation; but there were occasions which showed that a knowledge of things might be useful, even though it did not compare in importance with the knowledge of words; so that he and others like him gained some consideration, scholars though they might not be.

When Sir Joseph Banks became of age, he was put in possession of a large estate, his father having died three years before. He had no ambition to enter parliament, neither was he attracted by fashionable circles; but as soon as the opportunity came, he took a voyage to Newfoundland, returning by the way of Lisbon, which served as a preparation for the enterprises which were soon to be undertaken on a more extended scale. The Earl of Bute, whom it is so customary to abuse that one can hardly think of any good thing coming out of the Nazareth of his administration, was desirous, for the sake of knowledge, not of conquest, to gain information respecting the islands in the Pacific, then just discovered. There was also an astronomical object to be gained by observing the transit of Venus, Dr. Halley having shown what an exact measure of the sun's parallax that phenomenon would afford. This had been attempted in 1761, when the observers were disappointed by the unfavorable state of the weather; but a second transit was to take place in 1769, and the various governments of Europe were anxious to secure the honor of aiding the cause of science; —well for them, if they could always content themselves with so harmless and useful an ambition!

This was precisely the enterprise in which Banks was desirous to engage; not so much with a view to astronomy, as for the opportunity to study natural history in new regions which such an expedition would afford. He offered his services, which were accepted, and made his preparations on a liberal and extensive scale, engaging Dr. Solander, a favorite pupil of Linnæus, to accompany him, together with a number of draughtsmen. The charge of the expedition was given to Captain Cook, a self-made man, who had shown great capacity on other occasions, having risen by his own merit from the condition of apprentice in a collier to the command of a ship of war. The Endeavour sailed in 1768, and the first land they touched at was Terra del Fuego, where they came near closing their labors in a wintry grave. In an attempt to ascend the mountains, three of their at-

tendants perished from the severity of the cold ; and Dr. Solander, though accustomed to severe exposure in high northern latitudes, and so well aware of the danger of sleeping that he was perpetually warning his companions, insisted on being suffered to lie down, and was rescued only by the strength and determination of his younger friend. Sir Joseph Banks often described this desire to sleep as irresistible ; it seemed the greatest suffering to keep awake and active, and a luxury to lie down, though they were well aware that they should never rise on earth again. After they reached the Sandwich Islands, he soon established a great influence over the islanders by his commanding presence, his kindness of manner, and his resolute firmness of purpose. When the quadrant was stolen, he alone was able to recover it, though the loss would have defeated the whole object of the expedition. During the voyage in quest of the Southern continent, which had long been supposed to exist as a balance to the northern polar regions, they were exposed to great danger, both from shipwreck and disease ; but when they at last returned in safety, their adventures excited the highest interest, and the contributions to science, which Banks had been the means of securing, gained him, from all who could estimate such services, unbounded gratitude and applause.

After a similar expedition to Iceland, Sir Joseph Banks established himself in London, and when Sir John Pringle resigned, was elected President of the Royal Society. But he soon found that the South Sea islanders were less savage than men of science once arrayed in parties ; for when he attempted to restrict the freedom with which the secretaries admitted their own friends and favorites, with a generous disregard to all manner of qualifications, those potentates vigorously resisted the attempt to deprive them of their powers and glories. Dr. Horsley, a divine well known for his intolerance, who appears to have considered himself a high-priest in the temple of science, chose to lead the opposition, under the pretext of zeal in favor of mathematical science, which it was very liberal in him to uphold upon so slight an acquaintance as he had with it, according to Lord Brougham. Dr. Hutton, an eminent mathematician, then residing at Woolwich, was the secretary for foreign correspondence; and as the revenue of the office was but twenty pounds, he spent more than his salary in hiring a place in London for the

performance of his duties. As some complaint had been made of his conduct, and it seemed proper that such an officer should reside in London, a law to that effect was passed which induced him to resign. Some of his friends resented what they thought injurious treatment; and there followed a war in the camp, for the ostensible purpose of avenging Dr. Hutton's wrongs, but really to place Dr. Horsley in the chair, which he was equally unfit and ambitious to fill. The contest was long and bitter; but the victory inclined to the side of Sir Joseph Banks, and his Lordship considers it matter of sufficient congratulation, that it settled the pretensions of the restless divine, and secured the office, with its influence, in the hands of one who had held it with integrity and honor, showing the greatest kindness to all men of science, and lending his money and credit without reserve, whenever any private service could be done, or any public object answered.

When the tempest had blown over, carrying with it the cloud-compeller, Dr. Horsley, who had been the means of raising it, Sir Joseph Banks kept peaceful possession of his throne, with much enjoyment to himself and equal benefit to the scientific world. He wrote and published nothing of any importance, conscious that his strength did not lie in that direction. But he had influence with George the Third, though always independent in his political action, — influence which he exerted in favor of the great objects which he had at heart. During the war at the close of the last century, there were many opportunities to render service to scientific men. It was owing to him that the English government issued orders in favor of the unfortunate La Perouse; when D'Entrecasteaux was sent in search of him, and Billardière's collections were captured and brought to England, he had them restored to the owner without opening, that no one might use the information which they contained. On ten several occasions, he procured the restoration of collections addressed to the Jardin des Plantes, which had fallen into possession of the English cruisers. He gave most liberal aid and sympathy to foreigners outcast from their home; and when the vile and childish tyranny of Napoleon detained so many English travellers in France, he procured an order for the release of men of science, the benefit of which he and his colleagues in Paris extended to many who had never known

any thing of the charm and blessing of science, except on that occasion. It is well known that our countryman Ledyard, when in trouble, drew a bill on Sir Joseph, which was readily honored. But it is needless to give examples of that open-hearted public spirit which no one ever denied. He pursued the same honorable course to the end of his long life, which was terminated by the gout, at the age of seventy-eight years. His history was uneventful, but as no satisfactory attempt to write it had ever been made, Lord Brougham was right in undertaking it, and assigning to him the rank and the applause which he deserves.

There is not much in Sir Joseph Banks to suggest the idea of D'Alembert, who comes next in succession ; nor did their provinces of scientific action lie, as Mrs. Malaprop says, contagious to each other. But Lord Brougham appears to have taken the latter as an example of the peace of mind and repose of the passions which a life devoted to the severer sciences tends, more than any other, to secure. Adam Smith has pointed out their happy exemption from those disturbing forces which perpetually affect the serenity of artists and literary men, and, indeed, of all who are dependent on the public taste either for subsistence or applause. The difficulties which the mathematician contends with are of a kind which it is inspiring to encounter, and glorious to overcome ; he stands in calm reliance on his own powers ; no doubt or self-distrust oppresses him ; fully persuaded that his results are established by arguments that cannot be shaken, he knows that no light suggestion, no wanton ridicule, and not even the most bitter resistance, can prevent their making their way, and he submits them with comparative unconcern to the judgment of mankind. His pursuits also furnish a subject of never-failing interest, which always engages his thoughts, but is never painfully exciting ; and as vacancy of mind occasions much of the restless irritability of life, the mathematician is thus spared the vexation of spirit which troubles other men. In days of heaviness and sorrow, he can more readily turn from his grief in this peaceful direction than in any other ; so that whoever gives himself in good faith to these studies has certainly chosen a good part, so far as happiness is concerned. But there is no Arcadia in this lower world ; men of science, like the men of Loo Choo, will be found, if examined nearly, to have their

jealousies and wars ; their swords are not yet beaten into ploughshares, for some sort of controversy with pens or swords seems inseparable from human nature. Even the religious penitent, as soon as he has professed himself a follower of the Prince of Peace, will fasten tooth and nail upon his neighbour for believing a little more or less than he.

D'Alembert made his first appearance in the world as a foundling, exposed by his mother in a winter night, but rescued, when almost dead, by the humanity of strangers. His father was M. Destouches, a poet and commissary of artillery, who soon came forward and made provision for his support. His mother was Madame de Tencin, so well known to the readers of Marmontel, who represents her as the witty and accomplished centre of a brilliant circle. When he afterwards became distinguished, she was desirous to have him come and live with her, and be acknowledged as her son, which would not have injured her reputation in the Paris of that day. But he declined the honor, having already had enough of her maternal affection ; and for forty years he lived in the cottage of the poor woman who had rescued him from the fate which his mother's love assigned him. When his health compelled him to leave those humble lodgings, he continued to supply her wants from his own narrow income till she died. His whole conduct in that relation was humane, affectionate, and honorable in the highest degree.

At the age of twelve, he was sent to a Jansenist college, where his early promise was discovered, and attempts were made to enlist his feelings in the feud between his instructers and the Jesuits; they hoped, doubtless, that another Pascal would rise up to throw the great weight of his character and talents on their side. But D'Alembert, though he went so far as to write a commentary on the Epistle to the Romans, was too much engaged by what the pious fathers called, in Fénélon's case, "the devilish attractions of geometry." When he left them, he devoted himself entirely to those studies. In order to increase his small income, he made some attempts to study a profession ; but in whatever direction he forced his mind, it was always springing back, like the bended bow, to his favorite pursuits. In this he was not encouraged certainly by his good old nurse, who used to say to him in sorrow, — "O, you will never be any thing more

than a philosopher ! and what is a philosopher ? a foolish body, who wearies his life out to be talked of after he is dead !" But he found his studies a great source of satisfaction, apart from any such vision of posthumous renown. He awoke, he says, every morning, with a feeling of gladness in his heart, as he thought of the investigation in which he was employed the day before, and which he was again to pursue. In the evening he sometimes went to the theatre ; but when there, what he enjoyed most was thinking of the next day's labors. Though he was a philosopher, without question, according to the original sense of the word, there was nothing which gave him less concern than the manner in which he should be talked of, either living or dead.

Talked of, however, he was destined to be. A paper which he offered to the Academy of Sciences attracted their favorable attention, and in 1741 he was admitted a member, at the age of twenty-four, younger than any other who had received that honor, except the celebrated Clairaut. Two years after, D'Alembert justified this high compliment by his Traité de Dynamique, which at once established his reputation. For some years he was engaged in following out his principles in their various and extensive applications, till, in 1752, he published an essay on a new theory of the resistance of fluids, which was the subject that principally engaged his attention for many years. Meantime, by way of interlude, he had submitted a memoir on the general theory of the winds, which was crowned by the Royal Academy of Berlin. As his fame extended, his enjoyment of life was less secure, this being one of the severe penalties which men pay for renown. He became somewhat jealous of every invasion of his rights and honors, to which he had been rather indifferent before. Lord Brougham accounts for these feelings, which were not according to his habits or his nature, by ascribing them to the influence of the literary factions and social parties with which he had become connected, as an Encyclopedist, with Diderot, Holbach, and Voltaire, to whom repose of spirit was as much unknown as peace to the wicked ; but a more general explanation of it may be found in the general tendencies of human nature. Men become avaricious of praise as readily as of money ; and as one who comes across our promising speculations in business is re-

garded with feelings not entirely benignant, our charities wax cold toward those who interfere with the ingathering of our harvest of applause.

It would have been well for D'Alembert, if nothing had ever drawn him out from the circle in which he moved in his earlier days; for up to the age of thirty-five his wants were few, his enjoyments simple, his spirit unruffled, and his renown as a man of science fast extending. But when the famous Encyclopædia was established, he became joint editor with Diderot, and supplied many of the most striking portions. His preliminary discourse, on the distribution and progress of the sciences, was greatly admired in its time; but Lord Brougham regards it with little favor. Still, the severity of his censure is rather disarmed by the admission, that Bacon had fallen into the same errors before. When the work, to which this discourse was an introduction, appeared, the church and the government were filled with mutual alarm. The great body of literary men grew jealous of those who thus threatened to eclipse them; the fashionable circles, which exert so much influence in Paris, took sides in the matter, and it seemed as if Æolus had let loose the winds to fan the flame which threatened to consume the wights whose freedom of speech, or rather whose known opinions, had kindled it. There are some who melt away under the influence of this kind of heat; others, on the contrary, are hardened into petrifactions; but as D'Alembert was not of this hardy sort, and was disgusted in the extreme with the new state of things, he took occasion, when the government prohibited the work in France, to withdraw from the editorial charge, leaving it in the hands of Diderot, who better loved the sweet music of angry speech, and was perfectly willing to finish his rough journey alone. Having his attention thus directed to literature, D'Alembert wrote several works on various subjects; one of which, On the Intercourse of Literary Men with the Great, had the effect to change the style in which works were dedicated, which, both in France and England, till a late period, instead of being offered with manly independence, were submitted with the tone in which the veteran beggar acknowledges the donation of sixpence, — praying immortal blessings upon the Samaritan's head.

In 1752, the king of Prussia invited him to reside in Berlin, with liberal appointments and a salary of five hundred

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pounds a year; which offer D'Alembert declined, though his income was but about seventy pounds. His determination was to keep his independence and freedom; and his moderation was worthy of praise, though it should be stated that Frederic's promises to pay were at a considerable discount, particularly with those victims who had once tasted his bounty, and could not be hired to expose themselves to the same blessing again. He received, some years after, a more tempting proposal from Catharine of Russia, to undertake the education of her son, with a salary of four thousand pounds. The profligate old woman was willing to pay liberally for the instruction of her boy. But whether he foresaw the impediments in the way of educating a young emperor without brains, where the teacher might be expected to do what nature had found beyond her, or whether he was too much attached to the social atmosphere of Paris to be willing, on any terms, to leave it, he wisely determined to be his own master; that service, unlike the other, being one which he could renounce at will.

His attachment to Mademoiselle de l'Espinasse is a curious passage in his history. She was a young person of romantic character and brilliant talents, who lived with Madame du Deffand, as a companion, with a salary of next to nothing a year, in consideration of which, she was to bear the intolerable temper of her patroness, and to read her to sleep in the morning; for she rose when the sun set, and went to sleep when he rose, so that the two luminaries were seldom seen above the horizon together. The attendant found but one comfort in her life, which was to receive D'Alembert, and one or two other friends, before the old lady appeared in the eastern sky. Unhappily the patroness discovered the proceeding, and falling into a passion with her morning star, dismissed it from her heaven. The young lady's friends procured her a residence and a small pension; and D'Alembert having been taken dangerously sick, she nursed him with the greatest kindness and care. As they were thus thrown together, he continued to reside with her through the twelve remaining years of her life. She, being susceptible in her disposition, was meantime sending her affections abroad; she forced them, so it would seem, at the same time on Guibert, a French officer, and Mora, a young Spanish grandee. But though she had thus two, if not three, strings to her bow, she

was put out of tune by the failure of one; for on the death of Mora, she took his loss so much to heart, that she began to decline, and two years after she died. Now D'Alembert had gone regularly every morning to the post-office, to get her letters from the young Spaniard; at her instigation, he had obtained from a celebrated French physician a medical opinion that the air of Paris was good for him, in order that his relations might consent to his return to France, from which they had recalled him; but after her decease, we find him bitterly complaining of his discovering that her affections were not his own, and asking, with some simplicity, what security he could have for believing that she had ever loved him. His uncertainty was a distress, no doubt; but it resembled that of another unfortunate hypochondriac, who, waking one morning with a grievous colic, said that "it was just as like as not that he had had it all night," a reflection which added tenfold to the bitterness of his woe.

Lord Brougham so much laments the desertion of D'Alembert from science, that he is not inclined to allow him much merit in his literary career. He says that he came to it without the right preparation, not rich in classical attainments, nor indeed in any kind of learning, unacquainted with the principles of criticism, and deficient also in correctness and simplicity of taste. But his style was eminently simple; and as the style is an expression of the character of the mind, it can hardly be that he was viciously defective in those respects, though he may have been misled by partiality or prejudice in some of his literary opinions. But the great difficulty with him was his excessive admiration of Voltaire, a man so distinguished by his variety of talent that it was impossible he should excel in all. It was bad enough in him to place Corneille and Racine far below the footstool of Voltaire; but so far did he carry his reverence, that he appears to have been more delighted with Voltaire's approbation of his mathematical works than that of seven men who were able to understand them. Such deference to such a genius was very apt to betray.

In private life, D'Alembert appears to have been always amiable and everywhere welcome. He came into society with the unconscious freedom of a child, never oppressed by the weight of his reputation, not concerned what impression he made, but always speaking from the overflow of his mind

and the dictation of his heart. There never was a trace of reserve, suspicion, or pride about him ; sometimes he was gently satirical, but never bitter. He entered with all his heart into the enjoyment of the hour, and, like every such person, exerted a sunny influence round him, keeping all in good-humor with him and with themselves. But he had other recommendations of a higher order. As soon as his income rose above poverty, half of it was spent in acts of charity and kindness ; and in every way in his power he served those who needed or deserved his aid. To aristocratic influence he did not pay much regard, but merit was sure of his respect. Thus, the celebrated Laplace, when a young man, came to Paris, bringing letters to him from divers magnates in his native city. Finding that these were not attended to, the young student wrote him a letter on the principles of mechanics, which received immediate attention, and in the course of the week obtained for him a professorship in the military school.

This great man died at the age of sixty-seven ; and after his death it was discovered that his sympathies on the subject of religion had taken the side of unbelievers. While he lived, he had avoided the subject, and never wrote any thing in reference to it which could give offence or pain ; but in communicating with Frederic and Voltaire, their selfish and sneering natures appear to have overborne the moderation and kindness of his own. As for Frederic, it is some comfort to think that he was not a Christian, since Christianity cannot be made responsible for the stony hardness of his heart ; and even Voltaire, though there was much of a redeeming nature about him, was a sort of person whom Christianity might be well content to disown. But it is unfortunate that D'Alembert, with his kind heart and genial nature, should have mistaken the Christianity of Christians for that of the gospel, and thus have rejected a religion which he was never fortunate enough to know. And yet, as Lord Brougham suggests, there is great excuse for those who formed their impressions of the religion of Jesus from what they saw in the church ; it was no wonder that their minds and hearts rose up against it ; but had they endeavoured to inform themselves on the subject, they would have seen that the sentence which the gospel pronounced against it was even severer than theirs.

We need say no more of these portraits, which are paint-

ed with a bold and confident, but of course an able, hand. They are instructive and entertaining, and the sooner the rest follow, the more welcome they will be. Considering his Lordship's mathematical tastes and talent, it might have been well to have devoted himself exclusively to men of science ; yet few will be inclined to complain that his range was more extended.

Art. III. — 1. *La Divine Comédie avant Dante.* Par M. Charles Labitte. [La Revue des Deux Mondes. Septembre, 1842.] Paris.

2. *Études sur les Sources Poétiques de la Divine Comédie.* Par A. J. Ozanam. Paris : Lecoffre & C^nie. 1845.

The object of these two interesting essays is to show the sources whence Dante drew his poetic inspiration. Such an undertaking would have excited general disapprobation some forty or fifty years ago, and the two learned persons whose works we have before us would have been accused of wishing to depreciate the genius of the great Florentine poet. No such feeling is now entertained ; literary criticism having made so much progress of late years, we are all convinced, that to subject the works of men of genius to such an analysis is not to diminish their glory, but rather to add to it, inasmuch as it shows their superiority to their predecessors. In the proper sense of the word, it is not given to man to create ; God alone possesses this power. The man of genius, like the architect who in executing the plan he has conceived makes use of the rough stone, may collect and arrange those materials which he finds dispersed in the world, but he can never give life to that which is not. His task is to put order in the place of disorder, to give light to that which was veiled in darkness. Thus it is with Dante. He found the materials which he used for the composition of his immortal poem, he collected them, and gave them the unity and harmony which the man of genius alone can impart to his works. To require that he should lead us through the three regions of eternal life, without following any other light than that of his own genius, without having gathered any of

the flowers which bloom so profusely through the works of the ancients, without any precedents to justify the bold imaginings of his Muse, and without having profited by those legends so frequent in the poetic and imaginative religion of the Middle Ages, is to ask more than man can give.

On studying with attention the Divina Commedia, it is impossible not to see that Dante was indebted to his predecessors and contemporaries for some of the greatest beauties of his poem. The treasures of antiquity, as well as those of Christianity, were made to contribute to the formation of

> "the sacred work that made
> Both heaven and earth copartners in the toil," * —

a work which, after a lapse of five hundred years, still excites the admiration of all, of the Protestant as well as the Catholic, and even of those who are, in general, averse to meditating upon death and eternity, the two great subjects which Dante sang.

We may trace in the Divina Commedia three distinct sources of inspiration;— the writings of the ancients, the poetic visions of the Middle Ages, and external circumstances, including the works of art which in Dante's time were so plentifully scattered throughout Europe. We shall endeavour to examine successively how far Dante was indebted to each of these sources. To those who, from their admiration for the great poet, or from their taste for literary antiquities in general, may feel interested in this subject, we recommend the perusal of the two works now under review. They are, we believe, with the exception of an article in the Edinburgh Review for September, 1818, written by Ugo Foscolo, the only attempts which have as yet been made to elucidate a subject of so much interest to the literary world.

The first source from which sprung the Divina Commedia is to be found in the works of antiquity. At all times the imaginations of the Greeks were accustomed to visions of things beyond this world. Homer had led Ulysses into the realms of Pluto; Euripides, in the Alcestis and the Hercules Furens, had represented his heroes descending into Hades; Sophocles had shown the son of Jupiter and Alcmene carrying off

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* "Il poema sacro
Al quale ha posto mano e cielo e terra." — *Paradiso*, Cant. XXV.

Cerberus. Similar marvellous narratives formed the subjects of two tragedies of Æschylus, the Psychagogia and the Adventures of Sisyphus, both unfortunately lost to us. These fables were well adapted to please the imaginative inhabitants of Greece, who were always inclined to look beyond this world for that retribution which cannot be found in our present state of existence.

But we must not seek in the works of the Greek poets for any thing beyond fine descriptions and poetical images of a future state. We must not look for those pure and spiritual delineations of eternal life which Plato alone had dimly conceived before they were fully brought to light by divine revelation. The Greek poets, in so frequently laying the scene of dramatic and epic action in another world, have merely shown that this was a favorite subject with the people for whom they wrote. Plato has done more; he has led us still farther into the kingdom of Death. He has shown, with a sense of justice which had never before been witnessed in pagan antiquity, the punishments and rewards reserved for those who have left this world. In the narrative of Her, an Armenian soldier, Plato has given a description of the invisible world.* This soldier, says Plato, was killed in battle. Ten days after his death, his body was found on the field in a perfect state of preservation. It was placed on a funeral pile to be burned, when life returned, and Her rose to relate to the bystanders what he had seen.

"As soon as my soul had left the body," said he, "I arrived, together with a great number of other souls, at a most wonderful place. In the ground were two openings, close together, and in the heavens were two other openings, which corresponded with those in the earth. Between these two regions were seated the Judges. As soon as they had passed sentence on a soul, they ordered it, if it was one of the just, to take the road up to heaven, which was to the right; they had previously placed on its breast a label inscribed with the judgment which had been pronounced in its favor. If, on the contrary, it was the soul of one condemned, it was ordered to turn to the left, and to enter one of the openings in the ground; each carried on its back an inscription enumerating all the wicked actions it had committed during its life. When I presented myself, the judges decreed that I should return to the

* *The Republic.* Book X.

world to relate what I had seen, and ordered me to hear and to notice every thing that should take place."

Her then describes the manner in which the souls were punished or rewarded. His narrative does not at all resemble the descriptions of the infernal regions so common among the poets of antiquity. There is something in it more elevated, more pure, more terrible ; it seems to be the first step towards that doctrine which, a few centuries later, regenerated the world. We must not say that Plato placed unlimited trust in such narratives ; but he knew the vast importance of these symbolic representations of moral truths. In his Phædo, he has said, — " To maintain that all these things are as I relate them would not be possible for a man of sense ; but whether all I have said about the souls and the place of their abode is true or not, if the soul is really immortal, it seems to me that it may be believed without danger."

Five centuries after Plato, we find a similar narrative in a work of Plutarch : *De his qui a numine serò puniuntur.* Thespesius of Cilicia returns to the world after his death, and relates what he had seen. " He had lived," says Plutarch, " in the indulgence of sensual pleasures. His vision of eternity sanctified and purified him."

The Romans, whose literature is, after all, but an admirable imitation of that of Greece, the reflection of a brilliant light, naturally transferred to their works the taste of the former for the marvellous. Cicero, in the last book of his Republic, has given us the Dream of Scipio, which, in the work of the Roman philosopher, takes the place of Plato's Vision of Her. Scipio the younger, in a dream, imagined that his ancestor, Scipio Africanus, appeared to him, and, after pointing out to him the brilliant career which awaited him, prepared him for his destiny by explaining to him the economy of the system of the universe. Transported to the top of a celestial temple, Scipio, in the midst of the souls which are wandering along the milky way, listens to the seven notes of the eternal music of the spheres. He gazes upon the stars which surround him, and contemplates with awe the immense spaces in which they are suspended ; and when at last he discovers our little world, and the small space which the Roman empire occupies, he turns away to hide his shame. Struck by the admirable spectacle which he has

witnessed, he vows to rise above this world, and to aspire with all his power to this supreme felicity. In this admirable fragment, Cicero has collected all his doctrines on God, on nature, and on man.

But the images of a world of spirits are still more vivid in another and more popular work, Virgil's Æneid. In the sixth book of this poem, the Roman poet has given an epitome of the whole religious system of his country. He has shown the origin and destiny of the soul, and has combined the philosophical doctrines of his times with all the pomp and majesty of the Greek mythology. In fact, he may be said to have opened the road to the infernal regions; for all his imitators faithfully crowd after him, and follow him to the cavern of the terrible sibyl. The descent to the regions of death and darkness becomes an easy undertaking, — *facilis descensus Averno.* Ovid leads Orpheus and Juno to them; Silius Italicus shows Scipio visiting Avernus; Statius has given no less than three descriptions of the infernal regions; and Valerius Flaccus and Claudian have followed the common example. The dramatists are not in this respect outdone by the epic poets. It is remarkable, also, that in the fights of the gladiators a figure bearing the attributes of Pluto, with a hammer in his hand, came into the arena to take away the bodies of the dead. The poets of the time of the decline of the Roman empire treat these popular descriptions, and the belief of the multitude, with the greatest contempt. Seneca says, that they are nothing but words devoid of sense.* In the eyes of Juvenal, they are fables to be believed only by "children too young to pay at the public baths."†

Dante, it is probable, was only indirectly indebted to the Greeks for the general conception or the details of his poem, for it is still a question how far he was acquainted with the Greek language; but to the Romans he certainly owed much. He tells us, that, after the death of Beatrice, he sought for consolation in the works of Cicero.‡ He then read the *Somnium Scipionis*, and, like the great Roman general, overpowered by the admirable vision there related, he determined to rise above the world, and to concentrate all his thoughts on

* "Rumores vacui, verbaque inania." — *Troad*, Act II.

† "Nec pueri credunt, nisi qui nondum ære lavantur." — Juv., Sat. II., 152.

‡ *Convito*, 11, 13.

the mysteries of another life. But to Virgil he was particularly indebted. There is ample evidence of this in the first canto of the Inferno, for there he has himself said, in speaking to Virgil: — "Thou art my master and my guide, thou art he from whom I took the beautiful style which has done me so much honor."* The part which he has ascribed, in his poem, to the great Latin poet shows how well he must have been acquainted with the Æneid. In his eyes, as in those of most men of the Middle Ages, Virgil was the representative of the religious belief of the ancients, in its purest form. He had, as it was then believed, prophesied in one of his Eclogues the advent of Christ. As we have already said, he did not, in the sixth book of the Æneid, follow exclusively the precepts of any one school of philosophy. Whilst he professed the pure and spiritual doctrines of Plato, he did not express any contempt for the mysteries of Eleusis, or the poetic conceptions of the Pythagoreans. These considerations had given rise during the Middle Ages to a peculiar veneration for the name of Virgil. By the people he was considered as a magician; by the men of learning, as a prophet. On the subject of his life and death the most curious legends were in circulation. He figured in the old Mysteries, and there is even an old Spanish ballad entitled Vergilios. It is not surprising, then, that Dante should have chosen him for his guide during the first part of his supernatural initiation in the mysteries of eternity. He was probably acquainted, also, with a number of the minor Latin poets; for, notwithstanding the religious zeal of these times, and the treasures of learning and eloquence which Christianity had given to the world, the cultivation of Greek and Roman letters was never entirely abandoned. In 1325, we find a master of grammar, named Vital, employed in the University of Bologna, at a fixed stipend, to comment upon the works of Cicero and of Ovid. In the monasteries, the passion for antiquity was carried to such an extent, that, even as early as the eleventh century, a German monk complains bitterly of the great abuses to which this taste for Juvenal and Horace might give rise, and accuses himself of having given too

* "Tu se' lo mio maestro e 'l mio autore,
Tu se' solo colui da cu' io tolsi
Lo bello stile, che m' ha fatto onore."
Inferno, Canto I., 85 – 88.

much time to the reading of Lucan. But, as M. Ozanam very justly observes, it is in Latin and in making use of the same measure as these poets, that this monk expresses his complaints and regrets.

Such are the sources, in the ancient literature of the Greeks and the Romans, to which Dante is chiefly indebted. If we now turn to the literature of the East for descriptions of another world, we shall find an abundance of curious and instructive material. But it must be remarked, that the Jewish and Hindoo writers can have exercised on Dante's poem but an indirect and rather vague influence, and that it is only when we consider them as one more link of that chain which unites the inspiration of the Florentine poet with those traditions which have occupied and interested the human race at all times, that they can be studied in connection with the Divina Commedia. A rapid analysis of these works will show what were the notions of these people on the subject of a future state.

Although full of the most poetic images, the Hebrew Scriptures contain little or nothing on this topic. There is no complete description of hell to be found, and the few expressions which are used to designate it convey but a vague idea to the mind of the reader. Even the visions of Elias, of Ezekiel, or of Enoch, do not give any details respecting it. In the Hindoo literature, on the contrary, there is much on the subject. In the Maha-Barata, we find the description of the journey of Ardjuna to the heaven of India. In the Atharva-Veda, that most ancient of poems, we see the young Brahmin Tadjkita sent by his father to the king of Death, from whose kingdom no living man ever returned. The king, touched by the obedience of Tadjkita, sends him back to earth, after having granted him three gifts, which he may choose as he likes. After he has asked for two, which are granted, the conversation between them continues thus. Tadkjita says, — "This is my third request; among those who discuss these matters, there are many contradictions. Some say there is nothing beyond this world, and that, when the body perishes, nothing remains; others think that the soul is distinct from the body, and that, when the body dies, the soul enters another world, where it is treated according as it has merited. I therefore wish that you should instruct me, in order that I may learn which

of these opinions is true." The king of Death replied, — "On this subject the gods themselves are in doubt; it is a subtile matter which escapes the powers of the intelligence." Tadjkita said, — "O King! this is my great desire, and I have no other desire stronger than this." The king of Death replied, — "Ask me to grant you a great number of children, and that they may live a long time, each one living to the age of a hundred years; ask me to give you the world and all its riches; ask me to grant you a long life, or any thing else you like; only do not ask me to answer that one question, — What happens after death? For none of those who are dead ever return to the world to tell this to the living." Tadjkita rejoined, — "You say, Ask me to grant you a long life. But if in the end I must die, what shall I gain by living many years? Keep therefore for yourself the world and its riches, and a long life. I have but one wish; that is, that you should instruct me. I ask this because I live in the world, and because I fear death and old age. I ask you to teach me something which shall prevent my fearing either old age or death." The king, touched by the earnestness of his request, informs him of the state of the soul after death, and sends him back to the world with the certainty of a future existence.*

Similar scenes are to be found in some of the songs of the Edda. In the Vafthrudnis-mal, the giant Vafthrudnir informs Odin of what he has seen in the Valhalla, and in the darker regions of death.† In the Vegtams-quida, Odin mounts his horse, Sleipner, and descends into the infernal regions, there to consult the spirit of a prophetess respecting the fate of Balder, the youngest and the fairest of the human race.‡ Thus we find analogous ideas on the subject of a future state in the literature of all nations, even of those the most remotely connected. This is not surprising, when we reflect that the earliest application which was made of poetry was to religious subjects. Quintilian tells us, that poetry was destined to preserve sacred doctrines, to express the decrees of the oracles, and to animate devotion. Thus the common origin

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*Oupnek 'hat. Vol. II. 37.

† For an analysis of this part of the Vafthrudnis-mal, see Wheaton's History of the Northmen, p. 68.

‡ See a translation in verse of this Saga, in Spenser's Miscellaneous Poetry, Vol. I., p. 50.

of all poetry explains the singular resemblances we find between the Hindoo and Scandinavian literatures, resemblances which would otherwise be inexplicable.

We have seen how far the ancients succeeded in penetrating the mysteries of our spiritual nature and future destiny. We have witnessed the isolated attempts of poets and philosophers, and the combined efforts of whole nations, to explain what is to be the state of the soul after death. How vague and unsatisfactory are the results of these undertakings! But life and immortality were brought to light by the gospel, and what had been the subject of the doubtful meditations of men of science since the beginning of the world was made evident to the followers of the new religion. Still, as a society of men cannot exist without some kind of poetry to gratify their imaginations, the New Testament soon became the source of poetic inspiration. All the narratives, which in the sacred books had been designedly left unfinished, were soon completed, according to the taste of the early ages of our era. We need mention but one example of this, that of the legends relative to the Virgin Mary. The mother of the Saviour is mentioned but once in the New Testament after the death of her son, because at the foot of his cross all the interest she inspired vanishes; her sacred character disappears, she is no longer superior to any other woman. The legendary spirit, however, which at so early a period sprung out of the new faith, did not respect the silence of Scripture on this subject. A narrative of the life and death of the Virgin was invented; the popular belief penetrated into the church; and even at the present day, all Roman Catholics celebrate the 15th of August as the day of the ascension of the Virgin. The multitude had free access to the sanctuary; consequently the sanctuary was not always respected. The mysteries of another life had been laid open to all men; they no longer feared to gaze upon those secret regions where retribution awaits those who have left this life. Our Saviour and his apostles had never attempted to give any description of heaven or of hell; the poetic and zealous spirit of the new Christians did not hesitate to supply this omission. Hence the vast number of legends and visions which pervade the literature of the Middle Ages, and which were not destined to receive a definitive and permanent form until Dante combined them in his immortal work, and gave to them the sanction of genius. We

shall endeavour to show how much influence they exercised on Dante's invention, to give a general idea of the nature of these legends, and to analyze as rapidly as possible some of those which may prove the most illustrative of our subject.

Among the legends of the Middle Ages, it is necessary to distinguish those which belonged in common to all nations from those which seem to have been the property of some particular race. In the collection of poetic traditions entitled *Legenda Aurea*, published during the thirteenth century, by Giacopo de Varaggio, we find many legends that were popular throughout all Europe. Such are the narratives of the visions of St. Carpus and St. Christina, which were in circulation during the first centuries of our era. We are struck by the mildness of spirit which pervades these early legends. But if it is remembered, that, when these legends were composed, Origen was teaching that all the sufferings of hell are but expiatory, and inculcating the doctrine of the final redemption of mankind, we shall not be surprised at this.

The most striking of the legends given by Giacopo de Varaggio is that referring to the descent of Christ into hell. This legend was taken from the apocryphal Gospel of Nicodemus. The narrative commences on the day of the resurrection of the Lord. While the Jewish priests are in deliberation, two men, Lucius and Carinus, risen from the dead, are introduced into the synagogue. They relate, that, as they were in darkness with the patriarchs, a brilliant light suddenly appeared, and the father of all men, Adam, was filled with joy, and exclaimed, — "This is the light of the Author of all things, who promised to send us his light." And Isaiah said, — "This light is that of the Son of God, of which I prophesied that the people which was walking in darkness should see the splendor." And Satan, the Prince of death, said to Hell, — "Be prepared to receive Jesus, who prided himself on being the Son of God, and who is but a man who fears to die ; for he said, 'My soul is sorrowful even unto death.' I have tempted him, I have excited the people against him, and prepared his cross ; the moment is at hand when I shall bring him prisoner to this place." And Hell answered and said, — "Is it the same Jesus who ordered Lazarus to rise from the dead ?" "It is he," replied Satan. "Then," cried Hell, "I beseech thee, by my power and thy own, not to bring him here ; for when I

heard his voice, I trembled and could not hold Lazarus, who suddenly escaped and rose in the air, like an eagle." But while Hell was thus speaking, a voice like thunder was heard to say, — "Princes, open your gates, your eternal gates, and let the King of Glory enter." At the sound of this voice, the demons shut the gates of bronze with iron bars. But David, on seeing them, said, — "I prophesied that he would break the gates of bronze." And the voice was again heard to say, — "Open your gates, and let the King of Glory enter." Hell then said, — "Who is this King of Glory?" And Daniel answered, — "The Lord strong and powerful, the Lord of Hosts; it is he who is called the King of Glory." At that moment, the King of Glory himself appeared, and, taking Adam by the hand, said to him, — "Peace be with thee, and all those of thy race who shall be just." And the Lord left Hell, and all those who were just followed him. The archangel Michael opens the gates of paradise to the multitude. There appears a man bearing on his shoulder the sign of the cross; this man was the thief who was crucified with Christ, and to whom our Saviour had predicted that he should be that day in paradise with him.*

Here ends this curious legend, which, if it had but little authority in the eyes of the theologian, has at least been a source to which Milton and Klopstock did not disdain to look for poetical descriptions. Another curious legend, among those which belonged in common to all the nations of Europe, is that of the vision of the three monks, Sergius, Theophilus, and Hyginus. They wished to discover the spot where heaven and earth touch each other; that is to say, the terrestrial paradise. After having travelled through India and Persia, they arrived in a most delightful country, where seemed to reign an eternal spring. They here found a fawn and a dove, who led them through hell, — where they heard cries of "Mercy! mercy!" and a formidable voice saying, "This is the place of punishment!" — into the blessed regions where the just enjoy the perpetual contemplation of God. After having thus visited all the mysteries of eternity, they returned to their convent, but other monks had taken their place. They saw their own names nearly effaced on the list of persons who had previously inhabited the convent;

* Legenda Aurea, *De Resurrectione Domini.*

seven centuries had elapsed since they had left it.* This legend, says M. Labitte, shows "something of the stories of the Golden Age, mingled with the splendors of the Arabian Nights, and the aspirations of an ascetic life." These two fictions are among the most important of those in general circulation. We have now to consider those which differ from each other according to the peculiar genius, or the degree of civilization, of the people among whom they had their origin. Each of the great nations of Europe had its own cyclus of legends, as it had its own laws, and its peculiar manners and customs.

In Germany, religious visions are found in greater number than in any other region; and they bear a character of severity and terror which seldom belongs, at least in the same degree, to the legendary poetry of other nations. It was natural that it should be so in the land where the Catholic faith had encountered the greatest difficulty in taking root. It was deemed necessary to use terror as a means of conviction with a barbarous people, who lived in an open state of polygamy as late as the eleventh century, and whose emperors made the most corrupt use of ecclesiastical patronage.

The monk Othlo mentions no less than seven visions of the punishments reserved for the wicked.† He also relates the curious adventure of a knight named Vollark. As he was going to a nuptial festivity with some of his friends, he lost his way in a forest. Presently a knight dressed in black accosted him, and offered him shelter for the night. Vollark accepted the invitation, and entered the castle of his host. The tables were covered with gold, silver, and precious stones, and around them were seated the most hideous figures. This sight filled Vollark with astonishment and fear. "Al these riches," said his host, "are those taken by men from their churches; they work for me." The poor knight then remembered that his host had called himself *Nithard*, that is to say, the Evil One; but as Vollark lived in the fear of God, Nithard had no power over him, and he was enabled to return to his companions.

One of the most remarkable among the German visions is

* Manuscript in the Royal Library of Paris, fifteenth century, No. 7762.

† Othlonis monachi Ratisbonensis *Liber Visionum tum suarum tum aliarum.*

that of Wettin, monk of the monastery of Reichenau.* Two days before his death, Wettin was transported in spirit, and conducted by his guardian angel through the three abodes of immortal life. He there saw the condemned given up to the most dreadful punishments, rolled in torrents of fire, buried in coffins of lead, and surrounded by clouds of smoke. Among those who were condemned to suffer he recognized many priests and monks.† He ascended the mountain of purgatory, where bishops who had been remiss in the discharge of their duties, and rapacious noblemen and princes, were condemned to expiate their sins. Among the latter, he saw Charlemagne punished for incontinence. At last, he entered heaven, and, having passed through the midst of the holy martyrs and virgins, he arrived at the throne of God, who promised him eternal life on condition that he should return to the world to relate what he had seen. In the vision of St. Anscharius, we find, in the description of paradise, much of the spirituality which pervades the narrative of Dante. "He saw neither sun nor moon, nor the heavens nor earth, for every thing there was incorporeal."‡ In the visions mentioned by St. Boniface,§ the founder of the church in Germany, one is struck by the gentleness of spirit which seems to have dictated them; still, the principal aim of the legends of Germany, as already said, was to strike terror into the heart of the believer.

The same gloomy and severe character is stamped upon many of the French legends. The French, who had derived many of their manners and customs from their neighbours the Germans, preserved them down to a very late period. We find a manifesto of the thirteenth century, in which the Sicilians complain of the barbarism of the French, because, instead of taking their instruction from Italy, they sought on the other side of the Rhine for their laws and customs.‖ At the period of the decline of the Carlovingians, the French legends were particularly

* *Acta Sanctorum Ordinis S. Benedicti*, IV., pars 2, p. 268.

† Compare these punishments with those described by Dante in his Inferno, Canto XI.

‡ *Vita S. Anscharii*, auctore Remberto. "Sol vero nec luna necquaquam lucebant ibi, nec cœlum ac terra ibidem visa sunt, nam cuncta erant *incorporea*."

§ *S. Bonifacii Epistolæ.*

‖ Vide Amari, *Storia del Vespro Siciliano.*

fearful. The descent into hell of a woman named Frothilda is recorded. She there foresaw the exile of Louis d'Outremer, and the consequent disturbances which were to spread grief and sorrow throughout the kingdom.* Berthold visits the abode of the damned, and there sees Charles the Bald, an archbishop, and several priests, punished for their crimes.† Andrade is present at the council of God, and hears him ask the angels what is the cause of all the wickedness which exists on earth; he is told that it is the fault of the bad kings who reign in the world. "But who are these kings? for I know them not." The emperor Louis and his son Lotharius then appear, and God tells them that they must obey the church, if they wish to preserve their crowns.‡ One of the most celebrated French legends is that of the vision of Charles the Bald. One night, he saw before him a figure dressed in white, which placed in his hand the end of a thread that seemed to be all of fire, and ordered him to follow it. He thus enters the infernal labyrinth, where he witnesses the punishment of bishops who had misused the authority given to them by their clerical character; passing through the midst of molten lead, he hears dreadful lamentations, and distinguishes these words:—"The punishment of the great is great." In purgatory, he sees his father, Louis, plunged in a caldron of boiling water. At last, the heavens open, and his grandfather Lothaire appears, and predicts to him the fall of his race and his own abdication.§ In these legends we are particularly struck by the courage with which the vices and crimes of the great were attacked by their contemporaries; they formed the morality of history. But this opposition to the encroachments or abuse of power not only existed in the legends of France; it passed into the church, and mass was said against tyrants, *missa contra tyrannos.*

In England and Ireland, we find two very celebrated legends, the Purgatory of St. Patrick, and the Vision of St. Tundale. The first mentioned was one of the most popular legends of the Middle Ages. It was well known in France, and was translated both into Italian and Spanish.‖ An

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* Ampère, *Histoire Littéraire de France*, Tom. III., p. 283.
† Ibid., Tom. III., p. 117.
‡ Ibid., Tom. III., p. 119.
§ Ibid., Tom. III., p. 120.
‖ Calderon adapted this legend to the stage, and as late as 1764 we find

English knight is the hero of this legend. He undertakes to visit purgatory, and for this purpose enters a cavern in an island of lake Dungal, which had formerly been opened to St. Patrick. Hence the legend is called the Purgatory of St. Patrick. The terrible threats of the demons who strive to prevent him from entering do not intimidate him; he continues to advance, and sees the condemned suffering the most horrible punishments. Some of them are crucified, or devoured by serpents; others, quite naked, are exposed to the cold winds of winter. Among those thus tortured he recognizes many of his friends and companions. At last, he comes to a narrow bridge thrown over the abyss; as he approaches, it grows wider, and he is enabled to pass. He then enters the garden of Eden, peopled by those who are not sufficiently pure to enter the kingdom of God, and lastly he sees the glory of the Lord in all its effulgence. Then he returns to the world, where he lives a better life than he had previously done.

The vision of St. Tundale, and that of the Northumbrian, Drithelm, are very similar to that of St. Patrick, and we shall therefore not attempt to analyze them.* The legend of St. Brendan deserves, however, to be noticed. It is one of the most curious of all the legends of the Middle Ages. St. Brendan had left the island of Erin in search of the land promised to those who should lead a holy life. After having seen the island called the Paradise of Birds, — the abode of those half-fallen angels who neither took part with Satan nor resisted his audacious undertaking, — he discovers hell, whose volcanic summit rises above the ocean. He here sees Judas, who betrayed the Lord, and to whom in his infinite mercy Christ has granted one day of respite from his sufferings. At last, he discovers the terrestrial paradise that he was looking for, and then returns to his country. Dante was unquestionably acquainted with this legend, for among all the poetic effusions of the Middle Ages not one was better known. It was popular as late as the sixteenth century, for at the time of Luther many rich men were

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the ballad of *La Cuera de San Patricio* published at Madrid. There is on this subject a learned essay in English by Mr. Wright.

* See the Vision of St. Tundale, published by Mr. Turnbull, Edinburgh, 1843; and that of Drithelm, in Bede, *Hist. Eccles.*, Lib. V., c. 13.

ruined by the immense sums of money they expended in order to discover the unknown country of St. Brendan. This apocryphal land also figures in a diplomatic negotiation between Spain and Portugal ; and in 1721, we find a ship sailing from Spain in the direction of the Canary Islands, in search of this fabulous island.*

There are but few religious legends to be found in the annals of Spain. The romantic and chivalric ballads so popular in that country excluded all other poetry. The Cid had too much to do on earth to be able to visit the mysteries of another world ; and it is worthy of remark, that, instead of transporting him to heaven, as other poets have done with their heroes, Sepulveda, in one of his ballads, represents St. Peter visiting him thirty days before his death, in order to prepare him for his end.

In the cursory view we have taken of the different legends of European nations on the subject of another world, we have now reached the country of Dante, and, as might be supposed, we find traditions which must have exercised a still greater influence on his poem. He was acquainted with the poetic legends of other nations from the books which he read, or from the narratives of travellers who had visited the different countries of Europe. He found those of his native land at every step. During the Middle Ages, Italy may be said to have been itself a legend. If he opened a book which was in every one's hand, the Fioretti di San Francesco, he must have seen some of those touching stories which were related of the holy man ; he must have become acquainted with that charming legend of three thieves who came one day to the monastery of Monte Casale. The porter had refused to open the gate to them ; St. Francis ordered him to go and look after them, and when he should have found them to ask their pardon, and to offer them bread and wine, at the same time recommending them to reform and to lead in future a more holy life. The porter obeyed, and the thieves were so much touched, that they began to reflect on the sinful life they had hitherto led, and went immediately to ask pardon of St. Francis. He received them, and shortly after they took

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* M. Labitte supposes that this legend may have indirectly inspired Columbus, and that in the unknown land of St. Brendan, whilst Dante sought for his invisible world, Columbus looked for the New World.

orders. Two of them soon died, and their souls went to heaven; the third survived, and, after doing penance for fifteen years, he one night had a vision. He fancied that he was transported to the top of a high mountain, to the brink of a precipice which filled his soul with terror. The angel who led the way threw him into the abyss, and, following him, ordered him to rise and to come with him. They traversed a long valley, filled with sharp-pointed stones, at the end of which a troop of horrible demons seized upon him, and threw him into a blazing furnace. When he had got out of the furnace, he came to a narrow and slippery bridge, under which was rolling a torrent full of scorpions and serpents. In the middle of the bridge, the angel rose in the air and alighted on a mountain. The good thief, on finding himself thus alone, was filled with terror, and, not knowing what to do, he recommended himself to God; he presently began to feel wings growing on his shoulders, and, without waiting for them to have attained their full growth, he sought to fly. Twice he fell, but at the third attempt he succeeded in rejoining his companion. At this moment, St. Francis, who had died a short time previous, appeared to him, and introduced him into a magnificent palace situated on the mountain, where, having shown him all the treasures it contained, he ordered him to return for seven days to earth. The good thief then awoke; seven days after this vision, he died.*

When Dante visited the convent of Benedictine monks at Florence, he must have found in their library the celebrated vision of Alberic, who, having passed through purgatory, finds himself before the dread tribunal where the human race is finally judged. A sinner was awaiting his sentence; his crimes were inscribed in a book by the angel of vengeance. But in the latter days of his life, the sinner had shed one tear of repentance; it had been gathered up by the angel of mercy, who lets it fall on the book, and it effaces all trace of what was written there.†

But it was not only in the legendary and poetic traditions of his country that Dante found those doubts and elevated

* *Fioretti di San Francesco*, cap. 25.

† This legend was written by the monks of Monte Casale, and published for the first time by Mr. Cancellieri, at Rome, in 1818. It reminds one of the beautiful passage of Sterne, where the recording angel washes out the oath of Uncle Toby with a tear.

speculations respecting the particulars of another life, which agitated the Middle Ages. In one of the sermons of Gregory the Seventh, which Dante was doubtless acquainted with, there is a remarkable passage concerning the sufferings which await the sinner in another world. When, in the little town of Arezzo, Gregory, then only cardinal, preached this sermon, he was not preoccupied with any poetic thought; his aim was only to convince his auditory that neither prince nor baron could, with impunity, touch the possessions of the church. In order to attain his object, he recounted the following fiction in his sermon. A holy man who had descended into hell had there seen a ladder standing in the midst of the flames and fire of everlasting justice. All the men who belonged to the family of a certain German baron, who had usurped the domains of the church of Metz, were condemned to come on this ladder after their death. The latest comer placed himself on the uppermost step of the ladder, and those who had preceded him descended a step, so that one after the other they were plunged into the horrible abyss.

In the chronicle of Malaspina, Dante no doubt read the adventure of the Marquis Hugues of Brandenburg, who, having followed the Emperor Otto the Third to Italy, got lost, by the visitation of God, in a forest, in the neighbourhood of Florence, and there discovered a forge, in which several men seemed to be at work. But he soon saw that the workmen were quite black, and that, instead of iron, they were beating human beings on the anvil. He was told that these were condemned souls, and that his would be treated in the same manner, if he did not repent. On hearing this, the Marquis recommended himself to the Holy Virgin, and after his return to Germany, he sold all his property in order to found seven new monasteries.*

The Dialogues of St. Gregory the Great, however, was the classical book of Italian legendary literature; but it would detain us too long to analyze all the legends in it, and others which were in circulation in Italy. Those that we have mentioned suffice to show the spirit of the religious poetry of that country. They are full of that energy so natural to Italian poetry of all ages, but at the same time a spirit of mildness pervades them, which is not to be found in the

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* Ricordano Malaspina, *Istoria*, c. 48.

legends of Germany or of France. The higher degree of civilization of Italy, and the vast authority which the Catholic faith had in that land, naturally imparted more of the mild and humble spirit of the gospel to its poetry. The visions of paradise are more numerous than in the more barbarous countries of the North, and it may safely be said that such legends as that of Alberic could have been found in no other country than Italy.

We have now seen how much the works of the ancients and those of the Middle Ages contributed towards the formation of the Divina Commedia. But there remains yet another source from which Dante may have drawn much of his inspiration. During those ages when the Roman Catholic faith prevailed universally, the mysteries of a future state were not only celebrated by poets and men of letters; they were sculptured by the great artists of the time. The cathedrals which then rose up, as if by magic, in all parts of Europe, were filled with images of another world. It is impossible that Dante should have entered any of the churches of Pisa or Rome without being powerfully impressed by all that surrounded him. On the doors of the church of Santa Maria di Orvieto, he must have seen the bas-reliefs sculptured by Nicholas of Pisa, aided by some German workmen, in which the artist had represented the last judgment, the joys of paradise, and the tortures of hell. It was very common thus to represent on the exterior of great religious monuments the visions of a future state; it seemed as if the artist wished the passer-by to be struck by the spectacle of the sufferings which awaited him if he erred from the right path in this world, and thus to induce him to enter the church, there to prostrate himself before the altar, and humbly to acknowledge his frailty. If he actually entered, another spectacle immediately caught his eye; consolation seemed to surround him on all sides. On the stained glass of the windows, he discovered the holy virgins who had suffered martyrdom; and above the organ he saw the rose, which generally represented the nine choruses of angels surrounding the throne of God.*

* It was, no doubt, in visiting some church that Dante conceived the idea of representing heaven in the form of a rose, on the leaves of which were seated the blessed.

"In forma dunque di candida rosa
Mi si mostrava la milizia santa,
Che nel suo sangue Cristo fece sposa."

Paradiso, Canto XXXI.

But the imaginative people of those times would not have been satisfied to behold these supernatural images merely carved in stone or marble. They wished to see them animated, and a soul breathed into them. Hence those Mysteries in which the legends of the wise and foolish virgins, or the history of the Virgin, were performed. A Mystery representing the infernal regions was acted at Florence in 1304, at the foot of the bridge *alla Carraia*. Demons were seen persecuting the condemned. The number of persons assembled on the bridge caused it to give way, and a great many were drowned. "Thus," says Villani, "what was announced as a mere amusement became a reality, and many persons actually went to visit the invisible world." *

The subject that Dante chose was, as we have seen, far from being original. Like all men of genius, he understood, that, to be illustrious, it is not necessary to work with materials which have never before been used, but that the only subjects worthy the meditations and the labors of a great mind are those which have at all times agitated the human heart, and filled it with the strongest emotions. The materials of the Divina Commedia were everywhere to be found. Dante was surrounded by images which awakened and kept alive in him the habit of meditating on these awful subjects. The prophecies and visions of futurity were scattered throughout Europe; they only required that a master mind should appear, capable of embodying them in one great poem. Dante appeared; from his very youth he had deeply meditated the problem of human destiny, and in the life of an exile, where he had learnt "how salt is the bread of others, and how hard the road is going up and down the stairs of others," he acquired that strength of character and power of thought which adversity alone can give, and without which even the man of genius cannot bring forth all that his intelligence conceives. Nothing was wanting but to decide upon the moment when he should commence his great undertaking. This moment was at hand.

On the 21st of February, 1300, Boniface the Eighth pub-

* Villani, *Storia*. Dante was already banished from his native land when this Mystery was performed. It is nevertheless probable, that this tragical event may have had some influence on his ardent imagination, and some persons have even gone so far as to suppose that this Mystery first gave rise to his immortal poem.

lished a bull, granting plenary indulgence to all those who should visit the tombs of the blessed apostles St. Peter and St. Paul during a fortnight. The capital of the Christian world was thronged with strangers from all parts of Europe. Not less than two millions of persons are said to have visited Rome during this period. Among the strangers who then went to that city were two Florentines, both of whom were forcibly struck by this extraordinary spectacle. One of them was Giovanni Villani, who there first conceived the plan of his great historical work;* the other was Dante,† who, amazed and confounded at the sight of this vast multitude crowding round the tombs of the two great apostles, to seek for the pardon of their sins, then resolved to put in execution the plan he had so long meditated. He felt how much he required the pardon of his own faults, for he too "had lost the straight path." He resolved to repent, and to make known his repentance to the world; he determined to write the Divina Commedia. Thus, having for years studied the works of the ancients and the poetic legends of his own times, having long meditated upon the mysteries of eternal life, a single event sufficed to induce him to commence his immortal task. The death of Beatrice had first given him the idea of describing the terrors and felicities of another world; the Jubilee of 1300 filled his soul with that ardent faith and spirit of penitence so necessary for the execution of this design. Thus it is with the man of genius; events which to ordinary minds bear no peculiar stamp impress his imagination; and things, which seem in general to be of no importance, receive from him a life which they did not before possess. Michel Angelo could shape the rude stone into a Venus or an Apollo; Dante could compose the Divina Commedia out of the discordant materials which he collected, and make the world forget the sources from which he had gathered them, till the curious researches of a later generation should again rescue them from oblivion.

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* *Storia Fiorentina.*

† There can be no doubt that Dante was at Rome at this time. We know that he was several times intrusted with diplomatic missions to the papal court, and many passages of his poem prove that he was an eyewitness of the imposing spectacle of the Jubilee.

ART. IV. — *The Life and Letters of Thomas à Becket, now first gathered from the Contemporary Historians.* By the REV. J. A. GILES, D. C. L., late Fellow of Corpus Christi College, Oxford. London: Whittaker & Co. 1846. 2 vols. 8vo.

THERE are three great names in the history of the twelfth century, — Abelard, St. Bernard, and Thomas à Becket. Two of these were entered in the same year on the Calendar of Saints. But this is almost the only coincidence between their lives or characters. The ascetic enthusiast, Bernard, had little in common with the splendid dignitary of the English court and church. Both were, indeed, great sufferers; but the heroic "passion" of the English saint has eclipsed the daily martyrdom of the recluse in the "valley of wormwood."

Thomas à Becket was a man of no vulgar qualities. The remarkable combination of an iron will with the most supple versatility, of towering arrogance with companionable grace, of courtly diplomacy with rugged violence, required no less than the friendship and the hatred of a king to afford it full scope. Exile, martyrdom, and canonization enlarged the circle of his influence, and domesticated his name in every cottage of England. Translation and jubilee, miracle and pilgrimage,* kept fresh the godly savor of his memory; and though the dearest saint of the English people could not preserve his too precious shrine nor his canonized bones from England's most brutal despot, the furrowed floor of his cathedral yet records the devotion of kneeling thousands, and his tenure of renown cannot quite expire, till the Canterbury Tales shall cease to be read.

A character of this stamp, with history and tradition,

* In the year 1220, the famous Stephen Langton, Archbishop of Canterbury, removed the body of Becket and placed it in a splendid shrine. This was called the "Translation of the Martyr." Not only did the 7th of July, the day on which it took place, become a holyday, but every fiftieth year a jubilee was held for fifteen days together, and indulgence was granted to all the pilgrims to the shrine. From the record of the sixth jubilee it appears, that about one hundred thousand strangers came to visit the tomb. The ornaments of the shrine were of immense value; "gold," according to Erasmus, "being the least precious thing." The cupidity of Henry the Eighth did not overlook this prize; in 1538, it was plundered by his agent, Cromwell, and the martyr's bones were burnt.

legend and anecdote, clustering about it, was eminently fitted to shine in the Middle Ages. In periods of transition, while institutions are yet in infancy or in embryo, and the jarring elements of society have not merged their independent action in general harmony, the main subjects of history are necessarily the words and deeds of men. Abstract ideas and systems have not yet come to birth. History itself is little more than a series of episodes and scenes, suggestive, indeed, of much reflection, but chiefly personal in their interest and picturesque in their dress, and hardly capable of being marshalled into the philosophical arrangements of later times. Principles and powers being thus incarnated and personified, the importance of individuals becomes very great; and there is danger, — a danger, indeed, which more or less attends all history, — that they will be invested with the dignity of the cause or order which they represent. And yet, he who stands for an age must be, if not a great, at least a considerable, man. Becket would have been a remarkable personage at any time; but we doubt whether he could have played in the sixteenth or eighteenth century so distinguished a part as he did in the twelfth. A personal quarrel between a prelate and a king, on vital points of ecclesiastical discipline and civil right, would now be centuries out of time. The struggle would be between the institutions of church and state. History would array the two interests or parties against each other, and relate the vicissitudes, and note the issue, of the conflict. Of the individuals engaged in the controversy it would make small account. It is this tendency of modern history to become the history of civilization, which makes biography and romance so necessary as its complement. We want something to awaken and keep alive our sympathy with the great actors on the great stage of affairs. We hurry from the torrid zone of arid abstractions, and plunge into the more temperate native air of humanity. The history of the Middle Ages, on the contrary, is itself in great part biography, and many of its materials have the air of romance. The Merovingian Times, of Thierry, for instance, one reads like a novel; and but for the author's careful citation of his authorities, we should be sometimes tempted to suspect him of drawing upon his imagination. Still, the essential distinction between history and biography does not wholly disappear in the case of such men as Becket, and the other leading persons of

those distant days. History, though it opens, does not exhaust, their biography. And where, as in Becket's case, we have copious personal notices, there is something to be gleaned after the best reapers.

The character of the great chancellor and archbishop has, of course, been often brought up for judgment. But the most discordant verdicts have been returned. Not long after his death, the question was discussed in the schools of Paris, "Whether Thomas à Becket was saved or damned." The controversy has been kept up, not only by ecclesiastical, but by civil, historians. Lord Lyttleton, for example, can hardly pardon the intruder, whose shadow so often strikes across the path of his royal hero. Dr. Lingard feels a natural sympathy for a suffering brother. Thierry rejoices in the tilt between men whom he chooses to regard as the champions of two hostile races. Michelet wastes no love on the Norman Henry, and leans with a hospitable French politeness to the side of the guest of King Louis. But Becket has been strangely neglected by biographers, though not, surely, for the want of adequate materials. Above a score of narratives of his life and passion appeared shortly after his death, several of which were composed by his friends and dependents. Some of these are still extant, in manuscript or in print. There are, besides, three valuable collections of letters, written by Becket himself, by his friend John of Salisbury, the first scholar of his age, and by his steady foe, Gilbert Foliot, Bishop of London, a man of no contemptible powers.

Becket has suffered somewhat from the company he has kept. The Lives of the Saints were in good repute, so long as the saints themselves were in vogue. The gift of working miracles being inherent in their bones, a new edition of wonders became from time to time necessary, to keep up with the age. But when beatified dust became cheap, and calendared names a byword and a reproach, this sort of reading went out of fashion. The name of saint would not go half so far to recommend a book as that of sinner. But all saints are not alike, any more than all sinners. The life of a great and good man is instructive and interesting, though he be a saint. We much need a few good biographies of those men who owed their place in the calendar not merely to Roman policy, but to their great gifts and shining virtues. To plod through

the year, as Alban Butler has done, in order to impound every stray saint, would be a most thankless task; but it would be difficult to name a more admirable subject than the life of St. Bernard, or of St. Dominic.

The saint, however, was the least part of Becket. Miracles and virtues were the normal requisites for canonization; and a rigorous inquiry was instituted on both points, as to the claim of a candidate for the highest honor the church could bestow. Martyrdom, indeed, if suffered solely for the cause of Christ, afforded a sufficient presumption of virtue. "The cause of Christ" was a phrase which, in the hands of plenipotentiary interpreters, was likely to be conveniently malleable. There was a postern-gate to the calendar, which was opened by a golden key. We do not mean to deny the policy of the elevation of Thomas à Becket, but there is room to doubt if, without the convenient title of martyrdom, his virtues would have earned it for him. Nor would we insinuate, that in his case the dignity of saint was bought; for the court of Rome needed no great bribe to sharpen its clear perception of the vast advantages to be gained from the measure.

But the present generation cares little about Becket's claim to be considered as a saint; the interest we now take in his life and character arises chiefly from their Protean variety. He figures in every shape. From the accountant, we follow him through the successive stages of scholar, diplomatist, divine, judge, statesman, courtier, warrior, hierarch, exile, and martyr, up to the posthumous eminence of saint. How so promising a case as this has escaped the hero-mongers, we have often wondered; the more, as his career was not without its dubious passages. To a class of writers, who find in every divergence of practice from profession only fresh evidence of a higher law of consistency, of which these aberrations are the effect, there are tempting opportunities in Becket's life. We cannot call him a bad man. He was certainly no hypocrite in the worst sense, perhaps in any sense; and yet, without the aid of a comfortable theory, it is troublesome to get over one or two of his actions. We are sure, at all events, that it must be easier to bring him out of the fire unsinged, than to whitewash the soul of Mirabeau, or to swallow the cant of Cromwell. To make him a hero, you will need but a drop of that elixir which has virtue enough to prove the scribes and Pharisees no hypocrites, and

to convict the father of lies himself of hatred to his own offspring.

The work of Dr. Giles, which stands at the head of our article, professes to be "gathered from the contemporary historians." It accordingly bears the character of a compilation or collection, and does not pretend to be a finished work of art. It is cumulative, rather than constructive, in its execution. The author has not aimed at success in that most difficult part of a biographer's task, which is wholly posterior to the collection of materials; we mean, what the French call the *rédaction*. To combine and group one's materials so skilfully as to present a full portrait of a great man of former times, and to define his comparative brightness among the other luminaries of his age, is one of the rarest, as it is one of the highest, of literary achievements. Dr. Giles is fully aware of the "patchwork nature" of his work, and humbly disclaims more than the name of a faithful compiler or epitomist. His modesty, we think, need not have asked so little. Yet when he hopes that he has succeeded in giving us "a portrait of the great man whose life is the subject of the narrative," we should rather say, that he has done a great deal to smooth the way for a more ambitious attempt by another. An inventory of mouth, nose, and eyes is no portrait; nor is even such a description of a thief as would betray him to a sharp police-man a portrait. We find in Dr. Giles's work enough to recognize Becket by; but much more is wanting to present him in all his lineaments to the imagination. We have certainly no wish to detract from our author's real merit. He has shown great diligence in searching out, among the English and Continental collections, all manuscripts and notices of manuscripts relating to his subject. He has taken great pains to translate from the Latin the narratives and letters which compose the bulk of his book, and, to the best of our judgment, with general correctness; though not always with perfect accuracy or the utmost simplicity, and with an occasional fastidiousness quite fragrant of the delicacy of a boarding-school. Though we do not wish to contest his profession of an entire love of truth, his book betrays his cloth, and an unconscious leaning to the side of the churchman, martyr, and saint is quite apparent. His remarks, too, though often judicious and instructive, are sometimes tinctured with that professional instinct to "im-

prove" an event, which is called "preaching." Yet, on the whole, the work is well arranged, and is a valuable contribution to historical and biographical literature. We hope that some one will take these scattered rays and collect them into a focus. The epistolary collections above named, which Dr. Giles is about to republish, and to which we hope he will add the letters of Peter of Blois, will be of great assistance to the future biographer of Becket. Our purpose, at present, in a very cursory review of the leading incidents in the life of this extraordinary man, is chiefly to indicate the richness of a mine which has been less explored by the biographer and the dramatist than it merits.

The life of Thomas à Becket may be divided into three parts, — the first period ending with his elevation to the chancellorship, — the second, with his election to the primacy, — and the last, with his death; though the biography of every saint has also a sort of *post mortem* chapter, to record his miracles, his honors, and his receipts. His parents, Gilbert and Matilda by name, have been raised to a distinction which the worthy pair could never have dreamed of. But they were needed to shore up a theory. There was some ground for supposing Gilbert to be a Saxon, and Matilda a Saracen or Syrian. Such data needed only the aid of a fertile brain, to be made to bear much fruit. From his father's race, it seems, Thomas à Becket inherited a necessary hostility to the Norman Henry, and from his Saracen mother, an impetuous temper. His Saxon birth, it is said, made him the man of the people; his infidel origin made him odious in the eyes of supplanted ecclesiastics, who were as tenacious of Christian as of Norman blood. Granting for a moment the hybrid origin of our hero, it will account but poorly for his quarrel with his master, who, though untainted by Eastern parentage, had more of other blood than of Norman in the mixed current that flowed in his veins. As to Oriental impetuosity, the anger of Henry was a tempest; and if violence comes from the maternal side, his mother was half Norman and half Saxon.

But, after all, Becket's Saxon descent is questionable. There is some positive evidence to the contrary. Fitzstephen, his friend and biographer, expressly calls his father Gilbert "a Norman by origin" (*ortu Normannus*); and another of Dr. Giles's authorities reckons Gilbert and his wife (whom, however, he calls Rose) among the emigrants

from Rouen to London. The termination in *et* is indicative of French nativity ; and though Thierry regards the name of Becket as only Beck with an affix, the town of Bec in Normandy is perhaps as good evidence of foreign extraction.* The best evidence for Becket's Saxon blood is found in a letter, quoted by Lyttleton, in which he says that his father and ancestors had been citizens of London. But emigration from Normandy to England had begun at least as far back as the time of Edward the Confessor. In fact, there was even then a rage at court for Norman words and fashions. Gilbert must have been a man of some consideration, if, as we are informed, he was sheriff (*vicecomes*) of London.

The history of Matilda, our saint's mother, is one of the prettiest legends which have come down to us from the Middle Ages. According to the story, she was the daughter of a Saracen or Turkish chief, named Amurath. She fell

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* The first few lines of Thierry's ninth book, in which he introduces Becket, are an ingenious piece of mosaic.

" Among the throng of Englishmen who, for want of the means of subsistence, attached themselves to the rich Normans, in the capacity of esquires and attendants (*gens de service*), was, in the time of King Henry the First, a man of London, called by the historians Gilbert Becket. It appears that his true name was Beck, and that the Normans, among whom he lived, added to it a familiar diminutive and made it Becket, as the Saxons in the first years of the twelfth century called it Beckie. Gilbert Beckie or Becket followed his lord of foreign race to the crusade, and went to seek his fortune in the kingdom of Jerusalem."

No authority is adduced to prove that Gilbert was ever a dependent on a Norman lord. On the contrary, nearly all the testimony in the case goes to show that he enjoyed an easy competence. Brompton is cited in attestation of his Saxon birth. His words are, — " *Anglicus et Londoniarum incola civitatis.*" One would infer, that this was the chronicler's assertion ; whereas it is Gilbert's supposed answer to a supposed question put to him by a Saracen maiden, into whose father's hands he is supposed to have fallen. But if the words indicate the chronicler's opinion, the adjective *Anglicus* is an answer to an inquiry about Gilbert's country, and proves nothing as to his race. The other authority, the Vita Quadripartita, we have not been able to consult. The passage, however, agrees with Brompton, as Dr. Giles quotes the same words from the Quadripartite Compilation. The conjecture about the diminutive is supported by two lines from two old ballads, in one of which " Young Beckie," and in the other " Young Beichan," are named. One of these ballads is downright Scotch, and the other is sprinkled with Scotch words. We are bound to infer, therefore, according to Thierry's reasoning, that " Annie " proves the Saxon origin of Ann, and " Susie," which actually occurs in one of the ballads, a similar fact as to Susan, though both are Scripture names. The " lord of foreign race " seems to be a sheer invention. The legend which relates the journey of Gilbert to the Holy Land, so far from attaching him to the person of a superior, declares that he took a serving-man named Richard with him.

in love with Gilbert Becket, who, on his way to the Holy Sepulchre, had been captured by her father and reduced to slavery. The slave, however, having gained the favor of the parent, unknowingly stole away also the heart of the child. The heart-sick maiden, unlike patience on a monument, told her love, and offered to become a Christian, if he would pledge himself to take her to wife. He seems to have been more anxious himself to join the company of believers than to have her do so ; for, on the first opportunity, he made his escape by night to Christian territory, without taking leave of Amurath or his daughter. The candid damsel followed. Finding in the land of the Christians a ship about to transport some merchants, who knew her language, to England, she embarked with them, and on her arrival set out at once for the metropolis, whither she found her way by repeating her only English word, "London, London." After straying awhile about the streets, the laughing-stock of the crowd, she was recognized by Gilbert's serving-man, Richard, who had accompanied his master to the Holy Land. The judicious Gilbert, not deeming it wise to take her to his own house, placed her with a widow, who lived hard by, and went to take ghostly counsel of six bishops, who happened to be in session at St. Paul's. They saw the hand of God in this thing, and advised him to marry the girl, if she would be baptized. To this she assented, still insisting on matrimony as the *quid pro quo*. The rite was performed, and the pair were married. The next morning, our whimsical husband was seized with a violent desire to revisit Palestine. But he was unwilling to leave his young wife alone in a land of strangers. His uneasiness aroused her curiosity, and she soon drew from him the secret. Like a true heroine, as she was, she besought him to obey his conscience. Leaving Richard behind, he set out for the Holy Land, where he made a short stay of three years and a half. When he returned, he found in his house a beautiful boy, who called him father, and himself Thomas Becket. So endeth the tale of the loves of Gilbert and Matilda.

Of this pleasant bit of romance, Dr. Giles seriously remarks, — "There seems no reason to doubt the facts which it relates." We think, on the contrary, that it has more than one internal mark of improbability. What Fitzstephen says, and omits to say, is strong evidence against it. He simply

reports, that "Becket's father and mother were both citizens of the middle class." *

It was impossible, of course, that so illustrious a saint should come into the world without some precious scraps of ante-natal history. His mother's dreams and visions are recorded with laughable minuteness. The sagacious midwife, when she lifted in her arms the new-born babe, exclaimed, — "I have raised from the ground a future archbishop." But she seems to have kept the secret very well. His mother is said to have brought him up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. She was wont, it is related, to use

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* According to Thierry, who cites Brompton, the girl found her way to Becket's house by crying, "Gilbert, Gilbert"; no very likely means, in a city of forty or fifty thousand inhabitants, of finding the dwelling of an individual. In Dr. Giles's account, this part of the anecdote does not appear, and we cannot find it in Twysden's edition of Brompton. The ballads to which we alluded in a former note afford but slight presumption of the truth of the legend on which they are founded. One of them places the scene of Becket's adventure in France, where he falls in love with the king's daughter, "Burd Isbel" by name. He is thrown into prison, but is released by the princess, who had stolen the key. She found the captive in sad plight, —

"For the mice but and the bald rattons
Had eaten his yellow hair."

But she soon set him to rights; for

"She's gotten him a shaver for his beard,
A comber till his hair;
Five hundred pound in his pocket,
To spend, and nae to spare."

The story ends, as in duty bound, with Isbel's going to seek Beckie, and marrying him. The other ballad is more to the purpose, though sufficiently grotesque. The description of the heroine begins thus: —

"The Moor he had but ae daughter,
Her name was called Susie Pye."

Her love is dashed with a mercenary touch: —

"'O have ye any lands,' she said,
'Or castles in your own countrie,
That ye could give to a lady fair,
From prison strong to set you free?'"

Susie Pye, after liberating her lover, and waiting as long as she could, "set her foot on good shipboard," and arrived in London just as Gilbert had taken another bride. But the news of her arrival changed all that. With surprisingly agile affection, he ran down to meet her: — "Of fifteen steps he made but three." The "forenoon bride" was sent home again, and, after kissing Susie's "red rosy lips" and calling her "jewel," —

"He's ta'en her by the milk-white hand,
And led her to yon fountain-stane;
He's changed her name from Susie Pye,
And he's called her his bonny love, Lady Jane."

him in a very whimsical way, as the measure of her charity to the poor. She would occasionally weigh "the future archbishop," putting into the opposite scale bread, meat, and clothing enough to balance the boy, all of which were given to the poor. The recipients of this eccentric bounty might, with peculiar fitness, address him in the Oriental form of salutation, — "May your shadow never be less!" He spent the years, we are told, of his infancy, childhood, and youth, in the frugality of his father's house, and in frequenting the schools of the city. But it appears that "he was destined from his infancy to the spiritual warfare, and his parents took measures accordingly to give him a liberal education." He was committed to the charge of Prior Robert, to be educated in the religious house of the canons of Merton. An attractive and probably flattering portrait of the youth represents him as "modest and agreeable in speech, tall and elegant in person, easily led by good example, prudent beyond his years, combining the personal beauty of youth with the gravity of a more advanced age." Of his progress in learning we hear little. He seems, however, at a very early period, to have acquired that taste for hawking which he turned to good account in his subsequent career as a courtier. On one occasion, he came near losing his life in attempting to save a drowning falcon, — an opportunity sure to be improved by his biographers for interpolating a miracle.

But the homely instruction of a monastic school was not thought enough for so promising a youth, and when he had grown nearly to man's estate, he was sent to Paris. Here he had every facility for laying the foundation of those courtly accomplishments which were to grace the high station he was destined to occupy. Among these, doubtless, was the use of "French of Paris," the choicest dialect of a Norman court. The schools of Paris were at this time in high repute. The name of Abelard was not forgotten there, and crowds of scholars from every part of Europe flocked to hear the lectures of his pupils and successors. We are not told whether Becket exhausted all the learning of the *trivium* and *quadrivium*. But we may conjecture that the young aspirant found much to study in the manners of the diverse races which came under his notice in that great metropolis. He returned to England when he had nearly attained his majority. The times were stormy; and for a while he was

content with the office of clerk to the sheriffs of London. He may have acquired in this employment much of that knowledge of business for which he was afterward so eminent. We next find him domesticated with one Osbern, a rich relative of his, in the character of manager of his finances and companion of his sports. His time was divided between this gentleman's country residence, where he had every opportunity to follow his favorite pursuits of hunting and hawking, and his father's house. His studies seem to have been thrown overboard.

But he was at length fortunate enough to attract the notice of two clerical guests at his father's house, who insisted on introducing him at the court of Theobald, Archbishop of Canterbury. Here Thomas at last found himself in a congenial atmosphere. This court formed the head-quarters of the learned men of the day, most of whom were of the ecclesiastical order. Becket, feeling his inferiority to many of the scholars about him, devoted himself with great assiduity to his studies, and especially to the canon and civil law, the most useful sciences to a candidate for secular or ecclesiastical preferment. The court of Canterbury rivalled in splendor, and surpassed in refinement, that of the monarch. The young Londoner was here quite at home. He seems to have been endowed by nature with a graceful and winning address, which his experience abroad had probably perfected. This happy gift, set off as it was by untiring diligence and stanch fidelity, soon attracted the notice and won the favor of the primate. The only obstacle to the progress of Becket was the enmity of Roger Dupont, who held a high place in Theobald's esteem. This hostility, the cause of which does not clearly appear, twice caused his disgrace. He had, however, secured a friend in Archdeacon Walter, Theobald's brother ; and by his intercession recovered his position. Desirous of perfecting himself in his studies, he now obtained leave of his patron to travel, and studied civil law for a year at Bologna, its fountain-head, and at Auxerre in Burgundy. He had already received several preferments from the archbishop. A mission to Rome having become necessary, on an affair of great importance and delicacy, Theobald, in whose favor Becket was now firmly established, and who had discerned his rare talents for diplomacy, determined to intrust him with the business. He discharged this commission with uncommon skill and success ; and

by the proficiency which he showed at this time, and on other occasions, in the arts of negotiation, gained the good-will of the pontiff and his court.* His old enemy, Roger, having been promoted to the see of York, the primate conferred on Becket, now about thirty-three years old, the archdeaconry of Canterbury, an office of considerable income, and next in dignity to the bishoprics and abbacies. The list of benefices already enjoyed by him was increased by new preferments, which the ambitious ecclesiastic seems to have accepted without scruple.

But now a higher dignity awaited him. The death of Stephen, in the year 1154, was followed by the undisputed accession of Henry the Second. The state of England at this time was lamentable in the extreme. A long civil war had desolated the country, and almost brutalized its inhabitants. Bands of foreign mercenaries had deprived many of the native English of their estates, and turned towns and villages into encampments. Turbulent barons, strong in the castles which bristled over the land, led a predatory and lawless life. The spirit of order had been almost extinguished by twenty years of riot and rapine.† Nobles and prelates, during the contest for the throne, had become familiar with perjury and rebellion. The only hope of the exhausted, bleeding people was in their young prince, who had already given promise of a glorious future. By his marriage with Eleonore of Guienne, the repudiated queen of Louis the Seventh of France, he had acquired her large domains, and by an act of perjury he had deprived his younger brother of his rich patrimony. From Flanders to the Pyrenees, over more than two thirds of France, his sway was firmly established. Well might the French king tremble, when he received the homage of this dangerous vassal for these immense fiefs. The people had begun to sigh for a strong government, and they had reason to expect it from the young prince.

Every thing, however, depended on Henry's choice of ministers. The clergy were deeply interested in the matter,

* Dr. Giles cites Fitzstephen as his authority, but omits to translate *aliquotiens*. The original is, — "*Mittebat eum aliquotiens Romam pro negotiis ecclesiæ Anglorum.*" The imperfect, too, is significant, and leads one to infer that he was more than once despatched upon such an embassy.

† Dr. Giles calls it a *ten* years' war. But he appears to rely on Fitzstephen for the description, who uses the word *vicennalis*. Stephen usurped the throne in 1135.

for they had much to fear from the vigorous and vehement spirit of the king, if not controlled by suitable advisers. Accordingly, Archbishop Theobald, and Henry, Bishop of Winchester, the king-maker of his day, a busy and timeserving, but very able, prelate, with the aid of Arnulf, Bishop of Lisieux, a dexterous manager, formed the project of elevating Thomas à Becket to the place of chancellor, hoping that his agreeable manners and distinguished parts would enable him to curb, if not to govern, a monarch so well fitted to relish the one and appreciate the other. Becket seems to have been introduced at court very soon after the coronation, and though the custody of the great seal was not immediately committed to him, it is probable, and in fact his contemporaries assure us, that the speedy reformation which was effected in the state of the country was in no small measure owing to his counsels. The mercenaries were compelled to disgorge their prey, and quit the soil of England.* The baronial castles were dismantled, and the crown regained its supremacy. Robbery and beggary were succeeded by honest and gainful industry, and, in the words of Fitzstephen, the realm of England was renewed like an opening spring.† The inauguration of Becket as chancellor took place in the year 1155, when he was about thirty-eight years old, and the king about twenty-two. The chancellorship was in those days always held by an ecclesiastic, and was regarded as a stepping-stone to a bishopric or archbishopric. Becket seems at once to have gained an almost absolute influence over the young monarch, which fully justified the expectations of his friends. He was now in his prime.

"His countenance was mild and beautiful; he was full of stature" (six feet two inches in height, according to another account); "with a nose elevated and slightly aquiline; in his senses and physical perceptions he was most acute; his language was refined and eloquent, his intellect subtle, and his mind cast in a noble mould. His conduct, amiable towards all men, ex-

* Fitzstephen says,—"*Willielmus de Ipra, violentus incubator Cantiæ, cum lacrymis emigravit*"; that is, "William of Ypres, the violent Kent squatter, left the country with tears."

† Fitzstephen's words are,—"*Regnum Angliæ, tanquam ver novum, renovatur*"; which Dr. Giles renders, "England seemed to enjoy a *second* spring." He must have forgotten the words with which Virgil opens the subject of his first Georgic,—

> "Vere novo, gelidus canis quum montibus humor
> Liquitur," etc.

hibited singular sympathy towards the poor and oppressed, whilst to the proud he was hostile and unbending. He was of a lively and witty disposition, cautious alike of being deceived or of deceiving others."

"He was humble," we are told again, "to the humble, but to the proud he was stern and haughty"; and Virgil's line is applied to him, —

"Parcere subjectis et debellare superbos."

He was very popular among all classes, except, perhaps, the nobles, who were nevertheless fain to play the parasite to their master's master, and were eager to procure places for their sons in his household. He lived in a style of magnificence which threw the pomp of royalty into the shade; and the king is said to have sometimes complained to him that he had emptied his court.

"The house and table of the chancellor were common to all of every rank who came to the king's court and needed hospitality; whether they were honorable men in reality, or at least appeared to be such. He never dined without the company of earls and barons, whom he had invited.

"He ordered his hall to be strewed every day with fresh straw and hay in winter, and with fresh rushes or green branches in summer, that the numerous knights, for whom the benches were insufficient, might find the area clean and neat for their reception, and that their valuable clothes and beautiful shirts might not contract injury from its being dirty. His board shone with vessels of gold and silver, and abounded with rich dishes and precious liquors, so that whatever objects of consumption, either for eating or drinking, were recommended by their rarity, no price was great enough to deter his agents from purchasing them."

The monarch seems, however, to have so thoroughly identified himself with his favorite, that he looked upon his princely ostentation and brilliant retinue as an offshoot of his own splendor.

An intimacy had indeed sprung up between the king and his chancellor, almost without parallel in the frigid experience of courts. Becket was not only Henry's prime-minister, but his companion and confidant. "Never were two men more friendly, and of one mind, since Christian times began." They played together, hunted together, joked together, and dined together. Becket was an old adept at hawking, and knew something about hounds. At chess, too,

he was no mean hand. Their jokes were sometimes of a practical kind. On one of their rides, the king insisted on stripping the shoulders of his chancellor of a new cape of scarlet and gray, to give it to a ragged pauper whom they had met in the road. After a stout struggle, the courtier, as in duty bound, gave up the cape, for which, we learn, "the poor man thanked God, and was much pleased." The servant whom the mighty sovereign of so many realms delighted to honor became famous abroad. The scions of foreign nobility graced his house; and once, when he lay sick at Rouen, the king of France accompanied his cousin of England on a visit to him. He became the mediator through whom unfortunate persons, who had incurred the wrath of their fiery young master, sought for pardon and restoration. His friends basked with him in the sunshine; his old teacher, Prior Robert, became his confessor, and Merton had solid reason to boast of the gratitude of her distinguished son. He aspired to the fame of a Mæcenas; and at his suggestion the king recalled from France many English monks and scholars, and honored them with lucrative appointments.

We have already alluded to Becket's success in one or more diplomatic missions to the Papal court. A brilliant occasion now arose for an exercise of his talents in this way. A match had been projected between Prince Henry of England and the Princess Margaret of France. The little puppets who were to make believe matrimony had, of course, the least part in the business. It was all kindly arranged between their disinterested parents. Overtures having been made to the French king, the two sovereigns had an interview on the borders of Normandy. But a question of dowry was involved in the case; and it became necessary, in the course of the negotiation, to despatch an envoy to Paris. Becket's high place in Henry's favor, as well as his eminent diplomatic qualifications, pointed him out as the most fitting person for this charge. He accordingly received the appointment, and executed the embassy in a style of magnificence to which we can hardly find a parallel in the annals of the most splendid courts. His more than royal progress through the intermediate towns and villages struck the beholders with amazement.

"In his entry into the French villages and castles, first went the footmen (*garciones pedites*), about two hundred and fifty in

number, going six or ten together, and sometimes more, singing some song or other, after the fashion of their country. At some interval followed the dogs in couples, and harriers fastened by thongs, with their keepers and attendants. At a little distance followed the sumpter-horses, with their grooms riding on them, with their knees placed on the haunches of the horses. Some of the French came out of their houses at the noise, as they passed, and asked who it was, whose family was it that was passing. They received for reply, that it was the chancellor of the king of England, going on an embassy to their lord, the king of France. The French said,—'What a remarkable man the king of England must be, if such a great man as this is his chancellor!' After these came the squires, carrying the shields of the knights, and leading their chargers; then came other squires, then young men, then the falconers, with the birds on their wrists, and after them the butlers, the masters, and attendants of the chancellor's house, then the knights and clerks, all riding two and two together; lastly came the chancellor, and about him some of his particular friends."

On his arrival at the French capital, he was received with all the elegance of Parisian hospitality; but he was not to be outdone in Gallic arts even on Gallic ground. He eluded a royal proclamation, forbidding the sale of any article of provisions to the English legation, by sending agents in disguise to forestall the neighbouring markets, and thus collecting a three days' supply for a thousand men. A hundred shillings, the price paid for a single dish of eels, was commemorated by a proverb in England. With politic profusion, just before his departure, he distributed among the principal men of Paris, not even forgetting the doctors of the schools, the vast store of plate, costly clothing, and other valuables, which he had brought with him.

This dazzling display, and the still more dazzling munificence of his gifts, produced their due effect; and when united with the fascination of the ambassador's manners and his persuasive tongue, they enabled him to complete successfully the difficult and delicate territorial arrangements, growing out of the new connection between the royal families.

But the tie so recently formed was not strong enough to bear the strain of clashing interests and rival claims.* In

* Dr. Giles seems to place the embassy to Paris after the war in Aquitaine. But the true chronology, we believe, is against him.

1159, Henry, in right of his wife, laid claim to the earldom of Toulouse, and besieged its capital. This war opened a new career to the versatile and accomplished Becket. He was already illustrious in all the arts of peace, and was not unwilling to show the haughty barons of England and France that he could equal them at their own weapons. He therefore made his appearance at the siege, with a train of seven hundred knights of his own household. It happened that the French king, who had espoused the cause of his brother-in-law, the Earl of Aquitaine, in whose territory Toulouse was situated, imprudently threw himself, with a small body of men, into the city. Henry was strongly urged by the chancellor to press the siege vigorously, and secure the person of Louis. But the monarch seems to have been either more chivalrous or more prudent than his counsellor. He refused to do such violence to his liege lord, fearing, perhaps, the effect of so pernicious an example on his own numerous feudatories. The sequel of the chancellor's history affords a strange commentary on this affair ; for the favor of the French king, in Becket's hour of need, was his only shelter from the vengeance of his offended master. Henry, returning to England, left the prosecution of the war to the Earl of Essex and the chancellor. This new-fledged warrior, besides other successes, took three castles before deemed impregnable. At a subsequent period of the war, he maintained, in addition to his household knights, twelve hundred others, and four thousand men besides, at an enormous expense. His troops, with their lord at their head, gained high honor ; and the chancellor himself, " though a clerk," in a personal encounter, charged and unhorsed a valiant French knight.

With all this brilliant success, the young leader, we may suppose, was not so much engrossed with his new profession, as to be indifferent to a compliment which was paid him about this time by the greatest scholar of his day. John of Salisbury dedicated to him, in a poetical inscription which yet remains, his elaborate work, entitled, " Polycraticus, sive de Nugis Curialium." We shall hear more of this personage anon.

Becket's reputation did not come out of these wars unscathed. The somewhat unseemly union of the archdeacon and the soldier was not overlooked. But his chief offence consisted in advising, or not opposing, the imposition of a

scutage on the nobles and clergy, to defray the expenses of the war. This impost was a commutation of the old military service, and on the whole, perhaps, a wise measure. The clergy, however, murmured at it, as an encroachment upon their rights ; and Foliot, Bishop of London, no friendly censor to be sure, accuses the minister of having plunged the sword of state into the bosom of the church. The charge would be hardly worthy of notice, if Becket had not soon after shown himself so high-toned an asserter of church prerogatives.

The reader of history is naturally led to ask, What were the private life and character of this ostentatious minister ? He must have been exposed to temptations of various kinds. His royal companion was a true branch of the Conqueror's stock, whose violent passions, whether of love or hatred, were not always content with lawful means of gratification. We are told that the king was continually laying snares for his favorite's virtue ; but that the chastity of the latter was above impeachment. He is said, also, to have been temperate in the midst of luxurious hospitality. We may believe all this, especially as the multiplicity of his occupations and cares must have left him little time for the vices of a court. That he connived at many of the king's acts, or at least passed them over in silence, is likely enough. The ministers of kings are seldom expected to be their monitors. He is said, indeed, to have received many presents from a lady who held a more flattering than honorable place in the affections of her sovereign. This, too, proves only the desire of a frail woman to obviate the possible opposition of a man powerful enough to loosen her frail tenure of her lover's preference. He seems to have practised those mortifications on which the ancient church laid such emphasis. He used to bare his back to the scourge, and he kept the last days of Lent with an exemplary degree of austerity.

But whence did he derive the means to support his gigantic splendor ? The answer is, that the archdeaconry and the various livings which he held, together with the emoluments of the chancellorship, and the government of the Tower of London, besides his manors and other possessions, must have yielded him a large income. It is impossible to measure the extent of the royal bounty to so honored a servant. If the king's treasury did contribute its share to keep up the princely pomp of the chancellor, there is no proof of embezzle-

ment or peculation on his part, unless we so consider the charges afterwards brought against him by the king. Of vain and wasteful profusion he cannot be acquitted. A true Christian would have despised the treasures which must have been wrung, first or last, from the temporal or spiritual sufferings of the poor. But Becket, thus far, was a very imperfect pattern of a good Christian. He was emphatically a worldly and ambitious man; and it may fairly be doubted, if any mortal in Europe, when he returned from his French campaign, could have dreamed that the name of Thomas à Becket would so soon be added to the Roman calendar.*

Before he retired from that stage on which he had played so leading a part, he received another mark of his master's confidence. Henry, while absent on the Continent, employed him to procure from the English barons an oath of allegiance to his son, Prince Henry. Becket, as governor and guardian of the prince, an office with which he had recently been honored, was a very proper person to undertake this commission; and he executed it with his usual dexterity and success.

We have now reached the close of the second period of Becket's life. We have dwelt at such length on the earlier part of his career, because this is the least known. The remaining period, though by far the most eventful, we must despatch in a more cursory manner. This is the more easily done, as this portion occupies a prominent place in every history of the twelfth century. While the master and his servant were of one accord, the former, as representative of his realm, absorbed the latter. But when a change of circumstances had set them at odds, each began to play his own part; and the greater man claims the greater share of history. Though we are now on ground often trodden, it may not be uninteresting to take a hasty review of the peri-

* It will not do, of course, to try a character of the twelfth century by the standards of the nineteenth. Hawking and hunting archdeacons were no prodigy, if we may judge by a bull of Alexander the Third, issued in 1182, the object of which was to exempt the clergy of Berkshire from furnishing their archdeacon with a present of hawks and hounds. But the scandal of these indulgences was not altogether overlooked. Peter of Blois, in two of his letters, berates a bishop and an archdeacon for their love of hunting. Military clergymen and prelates, though in much worse odor, were not without precedent. Becket himself, however, at a later period, looked back on his gay chancellorship with shame and contrition.

od which remains, paying less regard to the absolute and intrinsic importance of events than to the illustration they afford of individual character.

In April, 1161, the life of the venerable Archbishop Theobald was brought to a close. In anticipation of his expected death, public conjecture had doubtless fixed on his successor. The passage from the chancellorship to prelacy was a beaten road. But if we are to believe one or two anecdotes which have been preserved, Becket himself, foreseeing an unavoidable collision with the king, was not ambitious of the distinction. So easily forged tributes to his sagacity and moderation are a little suspicious. Be that as it may, King Henry had fixed upon his worldly courtier to be the head of the Anglican church. After the lapse of a year, he sent Becket from Normandy into England to prepare the way for his own election. But difficulties intervened. The bishops and monks were, it is supposed, as on other occasions, at issue upon their respective rights. Some opposition, too, was made to the king's wishes, led, probably, by Gilbert Foliot, then Bishop of Hereford. Royal influence, and perhaps menaces, finally prevailed ; Foliot withdrew his objections, and Becket was solemnly chosen. Prince Henry, now nine years old, who had recently been acknowledged as the future successor of the king, was present at the ceremony, and, in connection with the great justiciary of the realm, at the request of Henry of Winchester, delivered over the primate elect to the church, free from all suit and accusation on any past matter whatsoever. On Whitsunday of the year 1162, Archdeacon Thomas à Becket received priest's orders ; and on the following Sunday, he was consecrated archbishop by Henry of Winchester, amid a brilliant concourse of nobles and prelates, and with the acclamations of an immense multitude of the common people. Messengers, among whom was the archbishop's intimate friend, John of Salisbury, were despatched to Pope Alexander, then in France, to demand of him the *pallium*, or pall, which was regarded as the " mystic badge " of the office. The Papal court very readily granted the request ; the pall was deposited on the high altar of the church of Canterbury, where it was assumed by Becket, who took at the same time the solemn oath usual on such occasions. He was now in

the forty-fourth year of his age ; his royal master had not yet reached the age of thirty.

Much has been said of the sudden and total revolution that took place in the archbishop's way of life. Thierry tells us, that "he cast off his rich garments, unfurnished his sumptuous mansion, broke with his noble guests, and made friendship with the poor, with beggars, and with the Saxons. It was for these only that his feasting-hall was open and his money lavished." But there seems to be more of fancy than fact in this description. We are told, indeed, that he wore sackcloth, and even put on a garment covered with vermin ; that in his cell he washed the feet of thirteen beggars daily ; that his diet was most abstemious, and the like. But we find little proof that he cast off his noble guests, or courted the Saxon race. Indeed, Dr. Giles, who quotes Mr. Froude at length on this point, takes great pains to show that the splendor of the archiepiscopal palace did not suffer in his hands ; that his too great devotion to legal rather than spiritual studies drew on him the censure of John of Salisbury ; and that the change in his life was not greater than the transition from civil to ecclesiastical eminence required. In the anxiety of some persons to acquit the prelate of hypocrisy, they are obliged to question his sanctity. And, in fact, it is difficult to believe that a man who afterwards fought so stoutly for the rights of the church would have shorn her highest office of that splendid hospitality which, in the eyes even of the Saxon multitude, was not without its effect. That he at once cast off the levities of a courtier, and the gayeties of the boon companion of a young and merry king, is not unlikely ; and history is full of instances to show that the violence of the plunge into asceticism is in proportion to the previous worldliness of the character. A man begins to see the error of his ways ; but his heart, long steeped in irreligion and ungodliness, cannot keep pace with his desire to amend. Impatient of the slow process of conversion, he rushes into external acts of penance and mortification, hoping to impose on his uneasy conscience by the exhibition of the fruits of that righteousness to which he has not yet attained. But "nemo repente venit *sanctissimus*," any more than "*turpissimus*," as Becket's history is sufficient to show.

Almost the first act of the new archbishop was to resign the great seal, — a proceeding which evidently surprised and of-

fended the king. Henry, as it seems, had intended that Becket should hold both offices. Are we to suppose that the king had been deceived by him? The see of Canterbury had been vacant for a year. It is difficult to suppose, that the succession was not a frequent subject of conference and discussion between the king and his chancellor. And when it appeared that Becket was the monarch's candidate, we must suspect that he had been guilty of falsehood or disingenuous silence, if the king remained ignorant of his purpose to resign his civil dignity. Henry, who well knew the conflicting claims of church and state, and knew equally well that Becket as a foe would be most formidable, would hardly have raised him to an almost regal elevation without some assurance of his own safety. This king was not a blind adorer of favorites. He did not, we may be sure, insist on Becket's appointment, till he had satisfied himself of his future course. We cannot help thinking it more likely that Becket deceived the king, than that the king, in the most important act of his reign, took no heed to his steps. It does not help the case to say, that the resignation was an afterthought; if so, the new dignity was the proper one to be relinquished.

Henry was determined to have a Roland for an Oliver, and demanded of Becket the resignation of his archdeaconry. After a long delay, the archbishop made this concession, which would have come with a better grace at an earlier period. The new position of Becket, almost an independent one, was well fitted to bring out in high relief the bold and imperious features of his character. From this time, he seems to have discarded the prudence which he must have possessed as a statesman and diplomatist. One of his first measures was an attempt to resume certain grants of church lands made by his predecessors, on the ground that these were in violation of the essential inalienability of church property. On this plea, he required the powerful Earl of Clare to do him homage for a certain domain. The legality of the claim we need not consider; its imprudence was unquestionable. Knights and barons could ill brook the interference of an upstart priest; and the affronted earl had an avenue to the king's ear in a beautiful sister, whose charms had touched his susceptible heart. But the cloud as yet was no bigger than a man's hand. The sun shone bright over head; and when the archbishop met the king at Southampton, on his return to

his English dominions, the two friends, forgetful of every cause of doubt or coldness, rushed into each other's arms. During the several days which they passed together, the concord between them was so great, that the archbishop's enemies did not dare to wag a tongue against him.

Alexander, who was recognized as Pope by the kings of England and France, about this time called a general council at Tours. Becket, of course, as primate of England, would not fail to attend. Before his departure, he resigned his young charge, Prince Henry, into his father's hands. After spending a few days with the king, at Rumnel, in Kent, he passed over into Flanders. Not only in the dominions of Henry, but in those of foreign powers, he was received with unbounded demonstrations of courtesy and respect. Princes, nobles, and peasants flocked to meet him, and his journey resembled a triumphal progress. On his approach to Tours, the Pope's court was nearly deserted; the cardinals left the city to welcome him; and when he was presented, the audience-chamber was so thronged, that the pontiff was obliged to retire to another apartment. The archbishop was regarded as the chief member of the council, and procured the ratification of many privileges belonging to his church.

The storm was now gathering, which was soon to burst on the primate's head. If the king and the archbishop were to come into collision with each other, it was clear enough that their intractable temper and almost equally independent position would lead to irreconcilable enmity. The history of the decline and fall of friendship is always a miserable, too often a pitiful, one. In this case, the occasions of the rupture were petty enough at the outset. The first blow which the king received was in a tender part. Becket resisted an attempt to divert certain perquisites from the sheriffs to the royal treasury. The violence of both parties augured ill for the continuance of peace between them. The king swore, as usual, "by God's eyes," and the head of the English church stooped to echo the oath. Henry consented to waive the point. Becket's next offence was the excommunication of a tenant-in-chief of the crown, without previous notice to the king. The latter demanded the absolution of his vassal; Becket delayed, the king grew angry, and the archbishop at length yielded, but with so ill a grace that he got no thanks for it. The primate had the further boldness to press the

king to fill up two vacant bishoprics, the revenues of which had, during the vacancy, accrued to the exchequer. Henry complied, but did not forget or forgive the insolence of such a demand. But the immediate occasion of their famous quarrel was a question of jurisdiction.

No government is well administered, and least of all a monarchy, in which a conflict of jurisdictions is tolerated. The history of feudal anarchy is a perpetual commentary on this proposition, and the long struggle between the throne and the altar is a bitter demonstration of its truth. In England, the feudal distemper appeared in a mild type, and a race of strong-headed and stout-hearted kings saved the realm from dismemberment. But the arrogance of the clergy was less easily repressed. Before William the Conqueror, the bishop had been content to sit with the sheriff or alderman in the county court, to try such secular and spiritual causes as might be offered. But the clergy, to whom William felt much indebted for his success in the Conquest, persuaded him to divide this joint jurisdiction, and leave the clerks to be tried by their own order. A privilege of this sort was not suffered to rust by disuse. The lawyers of that day were mostly clerks, bred of course not to the common, but to the canon and civil, law. "*Nullus clericus*," says Matthew Paris, under the reign of William Rufus, "*nisi causidicus*." The ecclesiastical court absorbed a large class of causes which had but a very remote affinity to spiritual concerns, and the person of a clerk was sacred from the touch of a lay officer. The meanest priest, guilty, perhaps, of atrocious crimes, was passed over to the bishop, and, though liable to be degraded, imprisoned, and even branded, was exempt from the fearful penalties of mutilation and death to which the lay offender was exposed. So late as the reign of Henry the Eighth, Pope Leo the Tenth found it necessary to issue a bull, prohibiting the taking of orders merely to elude the secular arm. The sovereign would naturally behold with jealousy this serious encroachment of a power which seemed to cut off a branch of his prerogative. Common sense demanded why, of two murderers, the layman should be taken, and the clerk left. The bishop, however, had a word to say for himself; waiving for a moment the divine right of exemption from temporal jurisdiction, he could urge, with some show of reason, that the canon law was more perfect than the com-

mon law, that the king's way of dealing out justice was wild and barbarous, and that the ecclesiastical court was a house of refuge from wolfish judges and savage torturers. Early in his reign, Henry the Second had had a dispute with Archbishop Theobald, about a delinquent clerk, whose case he claimed for his own court. But his attention being drawn to continental affairs, the matter was dropped. In Becket's time, however, when other cases occurred, the king resolved to press his demands. Becket refused to recede from the rights and dignities of the church, and on this issue they met.

The parties in this contest were not so unequally matched as might at first appear. Henry Plantagenet could easily have crushed Thomas à Becket, if that had been all. But Becket was the champion of the rights or claims of the church. At this time, the church was the only compact and well organized body in Christendom. With its veins and fibres stretching among and under the other institutions of society, it could thrill all Europe with a single impulse. It had more than once armed the Western world against the Eastern. It had reduced the heir of Charlemagne's imperial crown to the condition of a naked and shivering penitent, while none of the vultures or eagles of Europe moved the wing or peeped. It held the balance of power between rival potentates, and juggled them off against each other. It had all the learning of Europe on its side, when learning was a miracle in the eyes of ignorant generations. It had a common voice in that Roman language which it had inherited. It had built on the code of Justinian another system of law of universal application. Its servants and agents had the ear of kings, who were forced by self-interest to employ them in the weightiest affairs. Its adroit husbandry of the terrors of death and the treasures of retribution gave it an authority over the consciences of the great, which often thwarted the boldest usurpations and palsied the stoutest will. The dying church-robber laid his ill-gotten wealth at its feet, and begged it to mutter a few masses for his miserable soul. The cormorant baron feared to sack those sanctuaries whose hospitable walls might one day receive his sin-worn body and be to him the gate of heaven. The wealth of the church was prodigious ; and if the king put forth his hand to take a crumb from the heap, it raised the cry of sacrilege and profanity. While emperors were starving for want of money, it

scraped together Peter's pence from every nook in Christendom. If a presumptuous ruler ventured to try conclusions with it, he found his court scattered, like a fairy revel, by the thunders of excommunication. If he persisted, his kingdom was laid under an interdict. The sound of the church-going bell ceased ; the mourner was forbidden to lay his kinsman in holy ground ; the body of the Lord was no longer broken for the people ; and the betrothed dared not complete a contract which no man of God stood nigh to bless. Popular superstition was loyalty to the church. That other loyalty, the reverence for law, which is the cement of modern societies, was hardly known ; for law as yet could barely go alone. Opinion was the great lever of the church, a lever strong enough even then to heave the throne.

Such was the strength of the church ; but she had also her weakness. The " least erected spirit " had crawled into the consistory. John of Salisbury complains to his patron, that "Rome was never proof against bribes." The anomalous character, also, of the Papal government impaired the majesty of the Papal office. The successor of St. Peter might be turned adrift by a vile Roman mob. The twelfth century, too, was the harvest time of antipopes. No less than eight appeared in that period. To supplant a rival, pontiffs stooped to buy the favor of powerful princes by positive concessions or permissive silence. It would not do for Alexander to provoke too far the anger of Henry of England, while his own chair was tottering under the rude arm of Barbarossa. The head of the church, too, was jealous of the bishops. He feared to strengthen their hands overmuch, lest they should wax fat and kick. He was not reluctant to keep in motion an under-current of jealousy and insubordination, to remind them of their dependence on Rome. The sovereign, by virtue of his station, could forbid ecclesiastics to leave his kingdom, and blockade the ports, alike to keep in the runaways and keep out all messengers from the Pope. By dividing the spiritual house against itself, he also gained time, and occasionally his point.

Such was the machinery which both parties could bring to bear. One other circumstance, which increased the power of Becket, must not be overlooked. King Louis was the natural and predestinated foe of Henry. Patched-up truces and peace-making marriages did not rid the French soil of

the overgrown dominion of the Plantagenet; nor had the French king forgotten with what indecent haste his former queen had posted to his rival's bed, and taken with her the sunny realm of southern France. He was a faithful servant of the church, and came, it is said, very near being canonized. His high-spirited wife used to call him a monk. His sympathies, then, by a double tie, would be with Becket.

Henry, baffled in his first efforts, resolved to plant a thorn in Becket's side. The newly elected abbot of St. Augustine's proved refractory; the king supported him, and the archbishop could not prevail on the Pope to interfere. This, however, was a mere flourish to what was to come. Having assembled a council of prelates and barons at Westminster, in October, 1163, the king made a formal demand, that convicted clerks should be degraded and delivered to the king's officers to receive such further punishment as the case might require. The bishops were at first disposed to yield; but were at length shamed into resistance by the archbishop's remonstrances. Being asked by the king, if they would observe his royal customs, or, as another account has it, the customs of his ancestors, they replied, Becket taking the lead, — "We will, in all things, *saving always our own order.*" The king broke out into a furious passion, and left the council. The bishops, frightened at what they had done, kept aloof from the primate, and would give him no comfort. But he remained firm, saying, — "If an angel come from heaven and counsel me to this act, let him be anathema." The next morning, the king sent to him to demand the surrender of the castle and honors which he had held while chancellor, and had not yet given up. In this strait, he wrote to the Pope a plaintive letter, to beseech his interposition. It arrived at an unfortunate moment. Alexander had just heard bad news from Italy and Germany, and dared not lift a finger in Becket's behalf. He was very liberal, however, of barren praise, and had daily prayers offered up for him at three monasteries.

From another quarter Becket received more encouraging assurances. The rupture between him and the king had been watched with great interest in France; and King Louis pledged himself, if ever Becket should visit his dominions, to receive him as a brother-sovereign. Count Philip of Flanders also offered to furnish ships to transport him to

the Continent. Meanwhile, an ominous movement had been made at home. Arnulf of Lisieux had given the king the insidious advice to detach some of the bishops from Becket's party. The counsel was followed, and three bishops, two of whom were already engaged in a controversy with the primate about their respective rights, came into the king's measures. The archbishop was now beset on all sides, not only by the king's emissaries, but by letters from the Pope, who sent a special agent to persuade him to compliance. At length he gave way, after receiving repeated assurances of the honest intentions of the king. He had an audience of his sovereign at Windsor, and promised to assent to his royal constitutions and dignities, without the objectionable reservation. The king took it kindly, but required a public renewal of this promise.

A council was accordingly held at Clarendon castle, in January, 1164, and continued three days. Henry had determined to make clean work. Nearly two days were devoted to "an examination and revision of part of the customs, liberties, and dignities of the ancestors of King Henry the Second." An instrument was drawn up containing the sixteen articles known in history as the "Constitutions of Clarendon." It was a direct attack on the privileges, dignities, and rights of the church. Being declaratory in its character, it could only recite and ratify old usages, which are in fact the substance of the common law. The church, too, had its old usages, which had been practised with more uniformity and steadiness than those for which the king contended. When, therefore, on the third day, the archbishop was desired by the king to set his seal to these articles, he declared, by God Almighty, that no seal of his should ever be set to such constitutions as those. A scene of great confusion seems to have followed. The barons stormed, and Becket's friends expostulated; at length he yielded. Whether he signed the articles is doubtful. That he swore to obey them is probable; that he assented to them is certain. Foliot accuses him of saying aloud to the bishops, that it was God's will that he should perjure himself. At all events, the constitutions were passed, and became the law of the land.*

* We agree with Jeremy Collier (*Eccles. Hist.*, I., 374) in his opinion. Dr. Giles (Vol. I., 230) takes a different view. He says, — "The consent to these ordinances, which had been extracted from the archbishop, was ex-

The archbishop rode off from Clarendon with his clerks, in a state of extreme dejection, deploring with sighs and tears his own hard fate and that of the church.

This is one of the dark passages in Becket's life. He is not to be blamed for refusing at first to agree to the new ordinances, for there is every reason to suppose that the king exacted more than the archbishop could have anticipated. The odious articles went far beyond the mere question of criminal jurisdiction. They stripped the ecclesiastical court of its control over other matters of moment. They forbade the clergy to appeal to the Pope, or to leave the realm without the king's consent. Becket could not be expected to concede tamely what the stiff old Anselm, and even the mild Theobald, had vehemently denounced and resisted. But it is difficult to excuse his final hypocritical assent to the constitutions. He meant to break his word. His subsequent proceedings betray no regret for the breach of faith, but only for the previous assent. He lost no time in apprising the Pope of what had been done, put himself under penance, and for forty days suspended his ministrations at the altar. At length, having received absolution from the pontiff, he demanded an audience of the king, which was refused. He next made two attempts to cross over into France, which were defeated by contrary winds. This violation of the new constitutions of course exasperated the king. Nevertheless, an interview took place between them

torted, was verbal, and consequently incomplete. As the head of the English church, he represented the English people, the third estate in the constitution. The king and nobles were agreed, but the consent of the church, which was superior to both, was wanting, or was gained by threats, and, as we have seen, had not been ratified either by the seal of the archbishop, or by the confirmation of the sovereign pontiff." We wish that Dr. Giles had informed us where he learned that the English church represented the English people or the third estate. What did it represent after the people had a house of commons, and the spiritual magnates sat in the house of lords? Some of those bishops of Norman blood, who were so proud of their race, would have deemed it a jest, and a sorry one, to call them the representatives of the third estate. If the head of the English church was, as Dr. Giles seems to think, a coördinate sovereign of the realm, it was high time to dethrone him. The distinction between a verbal and a written assent is mere quibbling. We own that the menaces addressed to the bishops formed a strong point; but whether they were stringent enough to invalidate their oaths is very doubtful. Foliot, in one of his letters, censures Becket for giving way. Becket himself justified his course by the unlawfulness of the promise; not, we believe, on the plea of compulsion.

at Woodstock. Henry remarked to Becket, — "So, my lord, you wish to leave my kingdom. I suppose it is not large enough to hold both you and me." They parted without anger, and without compromise.

Meanwhile, the king had petitioned the Pope to enjoin the obedience of the English prelates to the constitutions. He refused; but, not to break with the king, granted a legatine commission to the Archbishop of York, one of Becket's enemies. In the spring of 1164, the death of the Antipope Octavian took place; an event not likely to further Henry's plans. The summer was passed in negotiation between the king, the Pope, and the archbishop. But Henry, weary of this long-drawn delay, and bent on crushing the refractory primate, assembled a council at Northampton, in October. At this council Becket was arraigned on a most contemptible charge of treason, and condemned to suffer confiscation of all his goods. Old Henry of Winchester, sorely against his will, was forced to pronounce this harsh sentence. His persecutor, not content with this, next called him to answer for the proceeds of the church offices which had been vacant while he was chancellor. In vain did he plead the solemn release which he had received on the day of his consecration. The tide had set strongly against him. The barons, regarding him as a fallen man, withdrew their wonted courtesies. Not a few of the bishops had grown lukewarm, and some pressed him to resign his office. For four days, without flinching, he faced the malice of false friends and cruel foes. A violent disorder, brought on probably by anxiety and fatigue, confined him for a day to his bed. The next morning, having somewhat recovered his strength, and taking with him a portion of the consecrated wafer as a talisman, he entered the castle-hall, bearing his official cross, and with the words, "My cross is the sign of peace; the king's sword is an instrument of war," took his seat. The king's justiciary came to pass judgment upon him. But the archbishop, rising hastily, refused to hear the judgment, and having placed himself and his church under the protection of the apostolic see, and summoned the bishops before that tribunal, turned, amidst the scoffs of the crowd, to leave the hall. We hardly know a finer scene for the painter or dramatist, than when he turned upon the king's natural brother, who had called him traitor, with the exclamation, — "If it were not for

my sacred office, my sword should answer that foul speech." Leaving the town, he passed to the monastery where he lodged, attended by a "glorious procession," as he styled it, of the poor, whom he invited to sup with him. After supper, he conferred with the few knights and clerks who had not abandoned him, on his future measures. One of them was despatched to Canterbury, to collect as much money as possible. In company with three others, Becket took horse, in the midst of a dark and rainy night, and rode fifty miles before dawn. Passing in disguise from place to place, after eight days, he reached the coast of Kent; and at length, on the 2d of November, the twentieth day after his departure from Northampton, he crossed over in an open boat, in tempestuous weather, to the coast of Flanders. He was not yet out of danger. The lord of the district in which he had landed had an old grudge against him, and would gladly have arrested him. Becket, also, had nearly betrayed himself to a party of young men, by a too sportsman-like interest in a falcon which one of them bore on his wrist. He was saved by the ready tact of one of his companions. At Gravelines, again, his "great stature, high forehead, fine hands, and noble bearing, and the easy liberality with which he gave the most delicate bits of his supper to the children," excited the suspicions of his landlord. But the publican, though he had taken counsel of his better half, kept the secret like a good Christian, and contented himself with thanking the saints for the honor of entertaining such a man. Becket lost no time in pushing on towards the French king's dominions, where he had reason to expect a favorable reception.

In the mean time, the king had sent envoys to the king of France and the Pope. When Henry's letter was produced, in which he stigmatized "the late Archbishop of Canterbury" as a traitor and a fugitive, King Louis declared, with some warmth, that, if he knew where he was to be found, he and his whole court would go out to meet him. Becket, on his part, having arrived at Soissons, in France, sent forward two of his company to watch the movements of Henry's emissaries. They were received by Louis with great cordiality. On the next morning, he solemnly granted protection to the archbishop, proclaiming at the same time, that it was one of the *royal dignities* of France to protect fugitives. The agents of both parties soon reached Sens, in Champagne, where the

Papal court was then held. The king's messengers had but a cold audience of the Pope and cardinals. Foliot, of London, was thrown into confusion by a sharp rebuke from the pontiff. Hilary, of Chichester, broke down in his Latin, and was laughed at. The plain English of the Earl of Arundel did not help their cause. The Pope refused to act till the archbishop had been heard in his own behalf.

Louis, being informed of Becket's arrival at Soissons, went thither to welcome him, and proceeded immediately to his hotel. The interview between these illustrious personages was an extremely cordial one. The king, having heard Becket's narrative of the recent events, gave orders that he should be liberally supplied with funds from the royal treasury; an offer which for the present he declined. He accepted more readily a noble escort of three hundred horsemen, at whose head he set out for Sens, and had the satisfaction of affording the English envoys, who passed them on the opposite bank of a river on their way home, an opportunity to witness the state, with which that "traitor and fugitive, the late Archbishop of Canterbury," travelled to the Papal court. Becket was received at Sens with great honor, and seated at the Pope's right hand. At his first audience, he presented a roll containing the Clarendon Constitutions, that the court might see what laws the church was called upon to receive. This was a dexterous stroke, and took effect. The Pope, indeed, rebuked the archbishop for his too easy compliance, but was willing to take his sufferings as an ample atonement. On the next day, Becket, after an affecting speech which moved his hearers to tears, took off his ring and placed it in the Pope's hand, in token of his resignation of an office to which he had been uncanonically elected by the influence of the crown. Certain of the cardinals were willing, for the sake of peace, to take him at his word. But the Pope would hear of no such thing, and immediately reappointed him. Becket knew his man, or he would never have ventured on a step for which Henry would have fallen down and worshipped him.

Becket's long exile of six years had now commenced. At the suggestion of the Pope, he established himself at the Cistercian monastery of Pontigny, where he at first endeavoured to conform to the strict rules of that severe order. But the mantle of Saint Bernard was too narrow for the shoul-

ders of the splendid metropolitan. The violent attempts of the novice to mortify the flesh brought on a serious malady, which drove him back to a more rational and comfortable regimen.

A temper so irascible as Henry's did not brook patiently the utter failure of the embassy to the Papal court. His measures were prompt and thorough. Not content with confiscating the archbishop's property, and placing the church of Canterbury in the custody of Randolf de Broc, Becket's ferocious enemy, he banished from his dominions the relations, clerks, and domestics of the primate, adding the barbarous exaction of an oath, that they would immediately show themselves to their exiled lord. By this brutal edict, four hundred helpless and unoffending beings, men, women, and children, were thrown, with every aggravation of misery, on an unknown coast. Those who survived the perils of want, weariness, infancy, and age were hospitably received after their hard journey by the French king and the Empress Matilda, who did not approve of the extreme measures of her arbitrary son. But these indirect attacks, though they might annoy and grieve "the traitor," as Henry called him, did not unhouse him.

At length, after Becket had passed two years in his secluded abode, the vigilant malice of his enemy devised a means of effecting his removal. In September, 1166, the general chapter of the Cistercians received a significant hint, that, if they cared for the houses or lands which they held in the territories of the king of England, they would find it well to speed the departure of their guest. A second significant hint apprised Becket of the fact that he had worn out his welcome. "The Lord," said he, "who feeds the birds of the air, and clothes the lilies, will provide for me and my fellow-exiles." One of his clerks was despatched to the king of France to acquaint him with the news. Louis immediately offered the archbishop the choice of any place in his dominions for his residence, and a liberal pension from the royal treasury. He selected the monastery of St. Columba, within a short distance of the city of Sens, and there continued to reside until his departure for England.

We need not enter into a detailed account of the events which occurred during Becket's exile. It would only be a monotonous chronicle of plots and counterplots, menaces and

excuses, persecutions and negotiations. Becket had to do with three courts, — that of King Henry, of King Louis, and of Pope Alexander. Several of his suffragans, led by the Bishop of London, and backed by the Archbishop of York, abetted the king and his measures. Not daring, however, to engage in open hostility with the apostolic see, they were forced, whenever the entreaties of Becket extorted the Pope's permission to proceed against them, either to succumb for a while, or to neutralize the archbishop's acts by a counter appeal to the court of Rome. Henry himself was afraid to come to a formal rupture with the Pope, who might, by a well-timed sentence of excommunication, unchain upon him at once the enemies from whom he had most to fear. But he kept a sharp eye on the signs of the times ; and by judiciously playing upon the Pope's dread of a pretender to his chair, and occasionally palsying the spiritual arm by an operation on the temporal palm, succeeded in holding his enemy at bay, though he could not prevail upon the pontiff to depose or desert him. King Louis continued to the last, with but one brief exception, the fast friend and generous protector of the fugitive. His generosity, it must be confessed, cost him little, followed at the heels, as it ever was, by that faithful monitor, policy. During the entire period of Becket's exile, it was almost invariably the interest of Louis to foment a quarrel which weakened the hands of his great rival. It was equally his interest to preserve the reputation which he had acquired of being the devoted servant of the church.

It will readily be conceived that Becket, with all these parties to manage, was not idle. The Pope was to be spurred, the bishops to be badgered, the king to be lectured. The voluminous correspondence, of which so large a portion is extracted in the work before us, affords full proof of his indefatigable activity. Though these letters turn for the most part upon the great controversy which had already engaged the attention of Europe, they are full of anecdotes and characteristic traits which are highly interesting. We cannot help extracting the following testimony, seven centuries old, to the attractions and perils of the capital of France.

"THE ABBOT OF ST. REMY TO JOHN OF SALISBURY.

"Truly, my dear fellow, you have fixed upon a most agreeable place of exile: all kinds of pleasures, however vain, abound

in Paris; rich entertainments and choice wines, such as you cannot get at home, and the most charming society. But all this is nothing new: did you ever know a man who did not like Paris? it is a most delightful place, a perfect garden of pleasure. However, many a true word is spoken in jest. O Paris, what a place art thou to beguile and fascinate! what snares hast thou to catch people with! what enticements dost thou hold out to draw men into temptation! what shafts dost thou launch forth to pierce the hearts of the foolish! And my own John thinks so, too, and so he has made Paris the place of his exile! I hope he may find it insufferable in good earnest, and get back home again, as soon as possible, to his own country!" — Vol. I., p. 202.

We must also quote another passage, on account of its striking eloquence. The refractory bishops, in 1169, were getting up an appeal to Rome as a counterblast to some of Becket's measures. When Henry of Winchester was cited to Northampton to join in the deliberations of his colleagues, he replied: —

"The law of God prescribes, that, when a man is summoned before a superior judge, he cannot appeal to an inferior. For this reason it is, that I, who am sinking under disease and old age, and have received a summons from the Almighty, am incapacitated from preferring an appeal to an earthly tribunal." — Vol. II., p. 190.

It is impossible to follow Becket through his years of exile, without admiring his inflexible constancy. It must be allowed that it sometimes degenerated into obstinacy; and it is difficult to excuse the pertinacity with which, after all material obstacles had been removed, he broke off a negotiation for peace, because the king would not give him the kiss of friendship. The fluctuating policy of the court of Rome was a sore trial to such a spirit. The Pope and his legates must have wondered at some of his salutations: — "Health, and firmness of mind to resist the cruelty of princes." "Health, and courage to resist the insolence of princes." Though his hopes sometimes gave way, his resolution was not shaken. In the same letter which bears the gloomy superscription, — "To the half of my soul, health, as to myself; yea, more; for to myself there is no health," — he speaks thus of the compromising legates: — "They may strain till they burst themselves, but they shall never, by Christ's grace, make me deviate from the path of justice, or from the great cause of

liberating the church." And when, at last, he had grown utterly weary of the time-serving delays which had frittered away the best years of his life, he did not sink under the sickness of hope deferred, but gathered up his broken fortunes, and went home to die, Archbishop of Canterbury once more. There was, indeed, an inborn and essential dignity about this man, which, though it was sometimes crossed and marred by the outbreaks of an impetuous temper, nothing could destroy. Hear how he answers the taunts of Foliot: — "You say that the king raised me to honor from a mean estate. I am, indeed, not sprung from royal ancestors; but I would rather be the man to whom nobility of mind gives the advantages of birth, than one in whom a noble ancestry degenerates."

He was often forced to expostulate, but his expostulations were manly; and when he gave vent to his grief, the woes of the church lent a majesty to his own. It cannot be denied that his stern and even violent purposes sometimes required the curbing hand of the Pope, and drew forth the warnings of his best friends. His warmest advocate must regret his frequent want of gentleness and humility. But it must be remembered, that the provocation he had received was great, that he had been unused to contradiction, and that he had identified the cause of the church with his own. The cause of Christ would undoubtedly have lost nothing by a more Christlike way of defending it; but an ardent man is especially apt, in a religious controversy, to take his own temper for granted, and deem himself authorized to fight with such weapons as nature has given him. The sense of injury, the study of revenge, the love of victory, the emulation of his predecessors, had undoubtedly leavened his zeal for the church; but that he felt himself to be the champion of her liberties must, we think, be conceded. We cannot subject such characters to a chemical analysis, and assign to each element its specific proportion. The ingredients of the compound are perpetually varying in their proportions, and what is hypocrisy to-day may be fanaticism to-morrow. One thing, however, is certain; — natures of the highest order never perplex the mind in this way; the transparent simplicity of virtue will always justify itself. In a word, Becket's character was marked by many of the traits of that of Gregory the Seventh, and must be judged by similar rules.

We return to the narrative. During the first five years of Becket's exile, every attempt at a reconciliation had proved abortive. So long as each party retained his distrust of the other, the best devised scheme of peace proved of course utterly fruitless. While Henry promised, with a reservation of the honor of his kingdom, and Becket, with that of his God or his own order, it was evident that a solid cement of amity was yet wanting. Early in 1170, however, matters approached a crisis. The king had determined to associate his son Henry with himself in the sovereignty of his dominions. Preparations were accordingly made for the coronation of the young prince. But it was an ancient prerogative of the Archbishop of Canterbury to crown the English kings. The present incumbent was as little likely to yield this privilege to another, as the king was to allow him to exercise it. On this occasion, the Pope was true to his servant. The Archbishop of York and the other bishops received a mandate from the apostolic see, forbidding them to assist at the ceremony of coronation. But in spite of this, the deed was done; and no reparation for the wounded honor of the church remained, but to let loose upon the head of the impenitent aggressor the terrors of an interdict. Even Henry's bold spirit quailed at this dreaded name. It would be an invitation to the French king to fall upon his continental territories, and to his English subjects to cast him off as the rejected of the Lord. He could no longer hope for the countenance of ecclesiastics who still professed obedience to the head of the Church. In order to avert the threatened blow, he promised once more to make peace with the archbishop. An interview took place at Freitval, on the confines of the duchy of Maine, at which, by the help of a little prudent silence on the one hand, and some concessions on the other, a degree of progress seemed to be made towards a genuine peace.

Becket now made preparations for his return to England; not forgetting to send over a store of good French wines for his Canterbury cellars. But his usual untoward luck followed him. By the king's half-faced fellowship, and the malice of his persecutors in England, various impediments were thrown in his way. The agents whom he had sent over warned him not to return to England till he was on better terms with the king. Becket knew what risk he ran in making the attempt.

He wrote to the Pope,—"We believe we shall return to England, but whether for peace or suffering we know not." He complained to Henry of the infamous conduct of Randolf de Broc, who had threatened to take away his life before he had eaten a whole loaf in England; but he declared his resolution to serve his church at the peril of his life. Before setting sail, he had two more interviews with the king, who commissioned the Dean of Salisbury to escort him over to England. They parted for the last time as friends; but Becket's confidence in the king must have been very imperfect, or he could not have compared a remark made by him to "what the Devil said to Jesus Christ." He could not refrain from sending over the Pope's letters of excommunication and suspension against the refractory bishops, a measure which was sure to exasperate his enemies and again alienate the king.

In spite of the warnings which reached him from England, he set sail from Flanders early in December. "Look, my lord," said one of his clerks, "there is England." "You are very eager to go," he replied; "but before we have been there forty days, you will wish yourselves anywhere else." The party landed at Sandwich, in Becket's own see. The cross of Canterbury on the prow of the vessel soon drew the people of the town to the water's edge to welcome the returning exile. On the next day, he continued his journey to Canterbury, and every parish poured out its delighted multitude to meet him. The people threw down their garments in the way, the church-bells were rung, and the air resounded with songs of joy. The glad tidings spread like wildfire; and when he reached his own city, the exuberant gratulations of his flock could not be kept within bounds. The long-bereaved cathedral was decked out with the ensigns of gladness. Hymns of thanksgiving went up in the churches, and the trumpet sounded in every hall. Becket preached once more in his own church, but there was an ominous significance in the text, — "Here we have no continuing city, but seek one to come."

After eight days, he went to London, to pay a visit to the young king. He was received everywhere on his road with the most enthusiastic welcome. As he drew nigh to the city, a procession of three thousand poor scholars and clerks attached to the churches of London came out to meet him,

singing Te Deum.* Multitudes of men and women crowded around him to bless God for his return. Yet the king not only refused to see him, but sent him an order to return to his diocese. He obeyed, but unhappily took an escort of five lances, which gave occasion to a report that he was making military expeditions through the country. Christmas was now come. The archbishop preached on that day from the words, "On earth peace, good-will towards men," which, oddly enough, was a favorite text with him. Some of his clerks happening to make mention of St. Elphage, the martyr of Canterbury, the archbishop remarked, — "We may perhaps have another before long."

The excommunicated bishops, meanwhile, had sent to him to demand absolution. The terms on which he was willing to grant it might have been complied with, but for the interference of the Archbishop of York, who had only been suspended. "My coffers," he said, "still contain eight thousand pounds, thank God! and I will spend every farthing of it in beating down Thomas's insolence." Abandoning, therefore, all thoughts of peace, the bishops hastened into Normandy to join the king. The news of Becket's proceedings had gone before them. The king was in just the humor to lend a ready ear to their complaints. One of them, while he declined to counsel his Majesty, artfully added, — "So long as Thomas lives, you will never enjoy one day's tranquillity." This was enough to bring on one of Henry's wildest fits of rage. With flashing eyes and a disordered countenance, he exclaimed, — "A curse light upon all the false varlets that I have maintained, who have left me so long exposed to this insolence from a priest, and have not attempted to relieve me of him!" † Four of these varlets took him at his word, and posted to the coast with all speed.

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* Dr. Giles (Vol. II., p. 302) adds this note: — "This was when the population of London was about 300,000; at present there are nearly 2,000,000 of people in London; are there 3,000 scholars?" We will not presume to answer this sapient question. But we wonder on what authority he relies for his statistics. Peter of Blois, a contemporary of Becket, sets down the population of London at 40,000. This may be too low. If Dr. Giles adopts Fitzstephen's assertion, that the militia of the city amounted to 60,000 foot and 20,000 horse, a palpably extravagant one, he must reckon the total population at half a million at least.

† This was not the only occasion on which Henry had suffered such expressions to escape from him. Three years before, he had called his nobles "a set of traitors, who had not zeal nor courage enough to rid him from the molestations of one man."

The king called a council of barons, and laid before them the conduct of the archbishop. One of these rude advisers spoke very plainly of a halter and the gallows. Another darkly alluded to a pope who had been murdered for his insolence. It was resolved that men should immediately be sent to arrest Thomas. But the four knights had the start. They had arrived, on the 28th of December, at Saltwood castle, the residence of Becket's inveterate enemy, Randolf de Broc. Having spent the night in arranging their plans, they set out the next day with a train of twelve attendants for Canterbury, and immediately on their arrival proceeded to the palace of the archbishop. They entered the palace-hall, and having sent word to the archbishop that they wished to see him, were admitted to an inner chamber, to which he had retired with his clerks after finishing the afternoon meal. They seated themselves without saluting him; and when he greeted them, returned his salutation with abuse. At length, Fitz-Urse, their leader, told him that he brought him a message from the king, to the effect that he should leave his dominions with every thing belonging to him. Becket replied, — "No one shall again see the ocean between me and my church; I did not come back to run away again." Passionate words passed on both sides, and the knights left him with scoffs and threats. The archbishop followed them to the door, with the words, — "Here shall you find me; here will I await you."

The murderers, having armed themselves, soon returned; but finding the doors barred, they went round by a private entrance, and began to hack down a wooden partition which was in their way. The monks, hearing the noise of the axes, urged the archbishop to pass into the church. He refused, until he learned that vespers were about to be chanted; and even then lingered, as if afraid that he should miss the crown of martyrdom, if he took shelter under the sacred roof. The ruffians followed, and entered the church; for the archbishop would not allow the doors to be bolted. He might easily have fled, as several of his clerks had already done. But his choice was made. It was evening, and the knights, not knowing in what part of the church he was, cried out, — "Where is Thomas à Becket, traitor to the king and kingdom?" No reply being made, they called out, — "Where is the archbishop?" At these words, he came down the steps

which led to the altar, and answered, — "Here I am; no traitor to the king, but a priest of the Lord; what do you want of me?" — and walked towards the altar of the Virgin. Following him, they exclaimed, — "Absolve those whom you have excommunicated." He replied, — "The Pope has excommunicated them; and I will not absolve them." "Then you shall die, as you deserve." "I am ready to die for the Lord; but do no injury to any of these, whether clerks or laymen." After having tried in vain to drag him from the church, Fitz-Urse, provoked by a sharp retort, waved his sword over Becket, as he commended himself to God and the Virgin, and dealt him a mortal blow on the head. His accomplices, following up the stroke, soon completed the work. A fifth associate, named Robert de Broc, who had been excommunicated but a few days before, placed his foot upon the neck of the martyr, and mangled the body in a shocking manner.

Such was the "Passion of St. Thomas of Canterbury." The assassins now left the church, crying, as they went, — "For the king! For the king!" They did not forget, in their zeal for the king, to rifle the archbishop's palace and stables of all they could lay their hands on.

Meanwhile, the fatal news had spread through the city, and the people crowded in great numbers to the church. The poor pensioners of the archbishop's bounty threw themselves on his mangled body, and kissed his hands and feet. Some brought phials, and filled them with his holy blood. Others tore their garments and bathed the shreds in it. The monks kept watch that night around the body. The next morning, they were driven by the threats of the De Brocs to hurry the burial, for fear that the corpse would be seized and thrown to the dogs. With maimed and hasty rites they placed the body of their murdered father in the crypt of the cathedral, in a tomb in which never man had been laid. For a while they kept the place concealed with great care, till the fame of the martyr made it a holy and a precious spot.

The report of this horrible tragedy reached full soon the ears of King Henry, and was received with undisguised dismay. He put on sackcloth, and shut himself up for three days in his chamber, where he would take no food. Sometimes he would burst into loud lamentations, and then sink into a stupor of grief. He might well be confounded. For,

even if he had had no immediate hand in Becket's death, he knew that the world would not hold him guiltless, and he could not deny that his intemperate passion had been the occasion of the impious deed. It was something to have to face the curses and contempt of Christendom. It was more, to a prince of Henry's character, to find himself exposed in a tenfold degree to all the evils which he had feared from his enemy while he was yet living. The dead martyr was a far more formidable foe than the live archbishop. Only one course was now open to the king. He must make his peace, at every sacrifice, with the church. Humiliating, indeed, it must have been for this proud monarch to purchase the forbearance of the Papal court by the abandonment of those very constitutions which he had so stoutly and angrily maintained during an harassing struggle of six years. But he was reduced to it. Within six months after Becket's death, he took a solemn oath before the legates of the Pope, that he had never commanded or wished that Becket should be put to death, and that, when he heard of the murder, he rather grieved than rejoiced. He also swore to renounce the unlawful statutes of Clarendon, to make full restitution to the church of Canterbury, to send a company of knights to the Holy Land, and, if need were, to undertake a crusade in person against the infidels in Spain. The bystanders were doubtless highly edified by the meek demeanour of this mighty king. The cardinals, when they heard him say, "My lords the legates, I am wholly in your hands, and shall do whatever you tell; I will go to Rome, to Jerusalem, or to Saint Jago, if you wish it," were probably too polite to remind him of a complimentary remark of his, some three or four years before, — "I hope to God I may never set eyes again on a cardinal."

The pious contemporaries of Becket dwell with much complacency on the miserable fate of his assassins. They set out, as the story goes, for the Holy Land; and all, within the space of three years, "most miraculously and undoubtedly" perished. The worthy chroniclers, however, deserve credit for a charitable acknowledgment of their "real and fruitful penitence."

For a year after Becket's death, the Canterbury cathedral was left defiled and neglected. No service was celebrated at the altar, and no care was taken to efface the marks of

the murder, or to cleanse the church from the dust of the thousands of feet by which it was visited. That portion of the consecrated edifice in which the archbishop was slain is called to this day "the Martyrdom"; and a semicircular projection at the upper end of the building is known by the name of "Becket's Crown." The miracles of the new martyr soon began to be noised abroad; the blind received their sight, the maimed were made whole again, and even the dead were raised. The court of Rome soon became sensible of the expediency of giving Saint Elphage a companion in the calendar. A bull of canonization was accordingly issued in 1173, rather more than two years after the martyrdom, and Thomas à Becket rose at once to the first rank among the English saints.

Dark days, meanwhile, fell upon King Henry. The coronation of his son, that measure on which he had set his heart, puffed up the mind of the prince and made him his father's rival. Family quarrels and parricidal wars seem to have been the destiny of the Norman race of kings. Henry's last days were embittered by the rebellion of his sons; and it was almost in the act of cursing one of them that he breathed his last. He had, however, long before, made his peace with the martyr. It must have been with a strange conflict of emotions that he presented himself barefooted at the shrine of Saint Thomas, and offered his back to the scourges of the monks. The pious credulity of the age acknowledged, in the signal victory which his army that day gained over the Scots, the seal of reconciliation.

Thus ended one of the most remarkable controversies in the history of Europe. The church was indeed victorious, but Becket was the Curtius who threw himself into the gulf to secure that victory. Henry lost the day, because the time was not ripe for his purposes. So long as the Pope was acknowledged as the head of the church, the strife, however adjusted in this instance, must have recurred. If Henry had conquered in this struggle, it would not have rescued his son John from the grasp of Innocent the Third. Henry was right in theory, but Becket, though wrong in the abstract, was practically right. The state still needed the church, and was too weak to declare its independence; nor was it till after the lapse of three centuries and a half, that a king of England dared, by subjecting the church to the throne, to make all rivalry between them impossible.

ART. V. — *Memoirs of the Administrations of Washington and John Adams, edited from the Papers of Oliver Wolcott, Secretary of the Treasury.* By GEORGE GIBBS. New York: Printed for the Subscribers. 1846. 2 vols. 8vo.

THIS work is a valuable contribution to the early political history of the United States, and we have finished the perusal of it with no ordinary degree of satisfaction. In regard either to the able and distinguished statesman whose biography it includes, or to the more general view it exhibits of the administrations of which he was a member, it must be considered as one of the most interesting works of an interesting class.

Oliver Wolcott was an admirable specimen of the New England character, such a character, indeed, as you do not often find out of New England. There is little violation of modesty in saying this, as it was not marked by any of the higher traits of genius. Sagacious, prudent, industrious, temperate and frugal, enterprising and persevering, he added to these national characteristics the personal and hereditary qualities of honesty, independence, modesty, and firmness, with purity and simplicity of manners, and great amiability of temper; and, as if to give zest to the whole, and to show the difference between him and the other members of his family, his character was marked by a slight touch of eccentricity. His grandfather, Roger Wolcott, was descended from one of the Pilgrim fathers of New England, and was distinguished in the colony both for his civil and military services. His father, Oliver, — a name doubtless given in honor of "Old Noll," — served as a captain in the provincial forces of New York, in defence of the northern frontier against the French and Indians. He continued in the army from 1747 to the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle. He then studied medicine, and settled at Litchfield, in Connecticut, at that period "on the outskirts of New England civilization"; and by his practice, aided by the cultivation of a small farm, was enabled to marry and to rear a family, of whom the future secretary of the treasury was the first-born.

The younger Oliver Wolcott was born at Litchfield, in 1760, and acquired the rudiments of his education at the

common school of that town. In the intervals of his attendance at school, he was employed in looking after the cattle, and in the other usual occupations upon the farm. At the age of fourteen, he entered Yale College, and had for his classmates *Joel* Barlow, *Uriah* Tracy, *Zephaniah* Swift, and *Noah* Webster. The last mentioned of these village prophets and patriarchs tells us that Wolcott "was a good scholar, though not brilliant, frank and faithful in his friendships, and generous to the extent of his means"; and that "he possessed the firmness and strong reasoning powers of the Wolcott family, but with some eccentricities in his reasoning."

While he was pursuing his studies at Yale, his father, who had served in several civil offices in Connecticut, and had risen to be a general in the militia, was elected a delegate to the Continental Congress, and in that capacity signed the Declaration of Independence. He remained in Congress till the end of the war, was then made a commissioner of Indian affairs under the government of the Confederation, and after the year 1786 was annually elected lieutenant-governor of Connecticut, until 1796, when he was chosen governor, which office he held till his death, at the close of the following year. General Wolcott seems to have possessed a full measure of the qualities ascribed to his family, and his letters contained in the present publication convey a very favorable impression both of his head and heart, and do equal honor to the writer and his son, to whom they were addressed.

To return to the latter; in April, 1777, while at Litchfield on a visit to his mother, his father being absent, attending Congress, news arrived of the march of the enemy to Danbury. The young collegian was summoned to repair to the rendezvous of the militia of the neighbourhood. His mother armed him, furnished his knapsack with provisions and a blanket, and dismissed him with the charge "to conduct himself like a good soldier." The party to which he was attached had several skirmishes with the enemy during their retreat, in all of which he participated. The next year he took his first degree at Yale, and immediately commenced the study of the law at Litchfield, under Tapping Reeve, well known as the founder and head of a private law-school of great celebrity. After the destruction of Fairfield and

Norwalk, in 1779, our young soldier attended his father, as a volunteer aid, to the coast, and at the close of the expedition was offered a commission in the Continental service. This he declined, having already made some progress in his professional studies; but he accepted an appointment at Litchfield, in the quartermaster's department, which did not materially interfere with their farther pursuit.

In January, 1781, he came of age, and was admitted to the bar. He removed shortly afterwards to Hartford, having left home with three dollars in his pocket; this circumstance accounts for his acceptance, immediately on his arrival, of a clerkship in one of the public offices, with a salary of fifty cents a day. His diligence in this station attracted the notice of the General Assembly, who, the next year, promoted him to a higher post, as member of the central board of accounts. Here his activity and usefulness were such as to procure his further advancement to be comptroller, when that office was substituted for the board of accounts.

This early attainment of an honorable and responsible situation in public life introduced him to the society of the principal men of his own State, and to the acquaintance of many eminent men out of it. It led eventually to his appointments in the treasury of the United States, upon its organization under the present constitution, — first as auditor, afterwards as comptroller, and finally as head of the department. The first of these offices he owed to the suggestion and influence of Jeremiah Wadsworth; the second and third, to the recommendation of Alexander Hamilton; but neither of them to his own solicitation.

So well did Mr. Wolcott fulfil the expectations of his friends as secretary of the treasury, to which he succeeded upon the resignation of Hamilton, that he was continued in it by Mr. Adams, although known to agree in opinion with Pickering and McHenry, who were dismissed for their adherence to Hamilton in his preference of General Pinckney to Mr. Adams as a candidate for the presidency. Nor did he quit the cabinet until the second nomination of Mr. Adams, when he considered it indelicate longer to remain in it.

At this period, his whole fortune consisted of about three hundred dollars in cash, and a farm of about twenty acres upon Connecticut river, to which he retired. And yet, this man, whose conduct had been sifted again and again by his

political adversaries in Congress, and as often found unimpeachable, like that of Hamilton, his predecessor, and Pickering and McHenry, his former colleagues, was libelled by the scurrilous newspapers of the party in opposition, as having enriched himself by the plunder of the public. Hamilton, it is well known, was compelled to return to the practice of his profession for support, and left little else for his children than the inheritance of his name; Pickering was driven to the backwoods of Pennsylvania in search of a maintenance in the settlement of wild lands; and McHenry, who had previously possessed some property, spent a large portion of it in the service of the public. But not one of them was so wise in his generation as the men of this our world. They made no "friends of the mammon of unrighteousness," they neither entered office in search of "spoils," nor carried any with them out of it.

We shall not be guilty of so much injustice towards them, as to compare them in other respects with their successors; we shall draw no parallel between the party to which they belonged, and that which now conducts the national government. Indeed, it seems to us almost a profanation to apply the term "party," with its modern associations, to the Federalists of the school of Washington and Hamilton. The name was given to them because they were the authors and advocates of the Federal Constitution; while that of Anti-federalists was given to the party who opposed the adoption of this instrument. The leaders of the former had borne conspicuous parts either in the cabinet or the field during the war of the Revolution. They had labored zealously to procure the adoption of the new system; and as their claims to public confidence rested on their public services, their efforts were successful. With Washington at their head, they had encountered the anarchy which succeeded the war with the same indomitable resolution and favorable result with which they had combated the enemy from without. Hence the evils springing from the conflicting views and interests of the several States, and from the feebleness of the Confederation, were rapidly disappearing under the corrective influence of the government which had superseded it.

The union being thus happily cemented by bringing its discordant materials into harmony with each other, the administration of the new government passed, almost as a mat-

ter of course, into the hands of its friends. But the vigilance and activity of its enemies, with the augmentation of their numbers from the dissatisfaction of some of the Federalists with the official arrangements and other early measures of the administration, gave to the opposition a majority in the popular branch of the new Congress. Much of the discontent had arisen from offended State pride, and from the disappointment of individuals, who, knowing that their personal consequence depended upon the power and influence of their respective States, were unwilling to transfer so large a portion of sovereign authority to the government of the Union. As they had obtained no part in the administration, they were the more disposed to regard it in the light of a foreign power, and as a substitute for the paramount jurisdiction formerly exercised by Great Britain. There were a few among them who had earned some distinction in the Revolution ; most of these had formed a part of the opposition which existed in the old Congress, and in some of the States during the war. That opposition, it will be remembered, had been directed against the authority and measures of General Washington and his friends, and was mixed up with the private cabals, in Congress and in the army, against the commander-in-chief. As a general rule, however, the men whose counsels and valor achieved the national independence were ranged on the side of the Federal Constitution, and now rallied in support of Washington's administration.

The following extract from a letter written by the elder Wolcott to his son, in 1793, gives a lively view of some of the benefits conferred by the new government upon the country, and shows of what materials the opposition to Washington's administration was then chiefly composed. The sentiments and opinions expressed do honor alike to the moral sense of the writer, and to his political sagacity.

"I have examined the statement of the Secretary of the Treasury which you sent me, and although I am not able to judge of this business in the detail, yet the energetic reasons which he has assigned for his own conduct cannot, I believe, fail of making the most convincing impressions, and fix his adversaries in a state of despondence. I never had the least doubt, both as to the abilities and rectitude of Mr. Hamilton. Indeed, a man must be uncommonly stupid, not to know that the national fiscal department must be conducted not only with regard to every species of prop-

erty within the United States, but to the whole system of commerce, and whatever has the name of property, which can have any connection with this country. The man who can take so comprehensive a view, unaided by any former national experience, as to be able to establish a system of public credit, after it was by abuse of all public faith and confidence nearly annihilated, so as within the short term of four years fully to restore and establish it upon a stable basis, and by his provident care to guard against all contingencies which might do it an injury, and by the same operation raise a people from the most torpid indolence and despondency, to a state of the most vigorous enterprise, industry, and cheerfulness, and increase the value of property within the same period one third more than it before was (which I believe has been the case within this State, notwithstanding our vast emigrations), — he who can effect all this, without imposing a sensible burden upon any one, or deranging one useful occupation or business, must possess talents and industry and a species of intuition, which will ever insure him respect and the highest esteem from all but such only as are infected by that basest and vilest of human affections, envy. In this State I never heard any one speak of Mr. Hamilton but in terms of respect, and the same of the officers of his department. I shall furnish a number of gentlemen in this part of the State with the reading of the fiscal statement which you sent me; for, although we are very quiet and confiding in the rectitude of the national administration, yet there are some who wish to have it otherwise (or I am mistaken), if they dare make the attempt; — at present, they dare not.

"I have observed that gentlemen who have been for some time in Philadelphia seem to have very disagreeable apprehensions lest there should be some subversion of the national government. This I can more easily account for, as I never was six months in Philadelphia during the war, but what I had different apprehensions, and those very disagreeable ones, relative to the state of the Union, from what I had upon my return there after a few months' absence; and I always found that to be the case in regard to every other member of Congress. Indeed, if they had not been frequently supplied with fresh hands, the condition of the members would have been intolerable. You will always judge right, if you believe that the vast body of the people who live north and back of that place are of emphatically different character from those who compose that factious, ignorant, and turbulent town. I believe that there is not one in fifty in New England but what will support the present government (in which computation I include Vermont, and also reckon Parson Niles and some hysterical politicians in Boston), and I believe that there is

not more than one in twenty north of the Delaware ; Maryland, if I mistake not, will do the same. If, at any future period, our southern friends shall incline to dissolve the Union, they must count upon the Potomac and the Ohio as the line of division. This part of the Union will not adopt the French ideas of jurisprudence. I believe before the year 1800, Congress will be very willing to go to Conogochegue, or any other place, so that they can leave Philadelphia ; not but that one half of the bustle and turbulence of that town is a mere matter of affectation and pride, and more owing to habitual security than any serious wish to obtain what they seem to aim at.

" The French are in a state of extreme delirium and extreme wretchedness. They will suffer all the miseries which war can inflict, and in its consequences, probably, famine and the pestilence. The avowed designs of the late European congress to give France a king will occasion serious reflection in the minds of millions of the Old World. The combination of kings to maintain despotism through Europe is a question which will, within no distant period, be further discussed in the Old World." — Vol. I., pp. 101, 102.

When the beneficial operation of the new government in the hands of the Federalists had become manifest, their adversaries, conscious of the odium attached to the name of " Antifederalists," endeavoured to substitute for it that of " Republicans," which, when the French Revolution broke out, they again exchanged for that of " Democrats," and attempted, in further imitation of the French Jacobins, to fix the name of " Aristocrats " upon the Federalists. But as the people of the New England States were confessedly the most democratic, and those of Virginia and the other Antifederal States of the South undeniably the most aristocratic, portions of the union, this attempt failed. Their next effort was to render the name of Federalist odious, and in this they succeeded. But the means to which they had recourse would have proved quite insufficient, had they not been aided by a division among the Federalists themselves. Some of the remarks of Mr. Gibbs upon the position of the Federalists at this period are so just and striking, that we will place them before our readers.

" The period during which the Federalists held the ascendency in the administration of the national government was one of no ordinary trial. The system itself was a novelty, founded in the midst of dissentient opinions, and established in the face of power-

ful opposition; its parts were to be adjusted and arranged, its proper attributes and limits settled and defined, the relations of the individual members with the whole to be harmonized, and the great and complicated machine to be set in motion. Besides the necessity of thus creating from a mass of disorganized materials the framework of society itself, and of establishing the details of its functions; of devising a system of finance, by which, from a family of states hitherto unused to any general and common system, revenues should be raised, bearing equally upon all, revenues capable of meeting debts of extraordinary magnitude for a people of limited numbers, whose resources had never been developed, and who were already exhausted by a long war; of adopting plans of state policy under novel circumstances and relations, expansive as the growth of the nation, and to be permanent as its existence; of embodying laws; of rebuilding commerce from its wrecks, and calling forth arts and manufactures where they had been unknown; there were other obstacles in their path. Almost coeval with its birth commenced a war, which, in extent, magnitude, and objects, was the most gigantic in the history of bloodshed. Institutions hoary with age and venerable from their sanctity; empires which had seemed as permanent as the existence of man; despotisms whose iron grasp had for centuries stifled the very breathings of liberty; laws, and usages stronger than laws, which for good or evil had moulded men after their own fashion; priestcrafts and castes, obeyed by prescription, were at once swept away before the whirlwind of revolution. The effects of this convulsion had not been confined to the shores of Europe or the east; they had extended to America also. Here, meanwhile, the same opposition which had exerted itself against the formation of a government was continued against its operation. It was with mutiny in the crew that the Federalists had to steer the ship of state through the dangers of an unexplored ocean, in this the most tremendous storm which ever devastated the civilized world. Every measure which might tend to a development of the power of the general government was resisted. Every embarrassment was thrown in the way of its action. The impatience which naturally arises from new burdens was taken advantage of, though their object was to pay the price of freedom itself. Sedition was stirred up to resist them. Falsehood and misrepresentation were employed; distrust excited against tried and firm patriots. The personal popularity of demagogues was used to ruin men whose purity would not permit them to court the passions of the multitude. Alien influence was sought out to thwart or to govern the citizen. The national feeling in favor of republicanism, on the one hand, and

national detestation of monarchy, on the other, were invoked to render odious an administration which refused to sacrifice the peace of their own to the interests or the ambition of a foreign land; the dread of war with France was held up as a bugbear to the timid, the fear of subjection to Britain as a spectre to the patriot. Public gratitude and popular hatred were alike aroused and called to aid.

"There was undoubtedly an exciting influence, which rendered the attacks of the opposition upon the government more potent than they otherwise might have been, arising from the character of the people themselves. The sagacity of the Anti-federal leaders fully saw and appreciated the fact so truly expressed by Mr. Cabot, 'that the sentiments of the people were essentially democratic, the constitution of the government was only republican.' The distinction was a vital one. There existed undoubtedly then, as perhaps to a more general though not more aggravated degree there exists now, a disposition to set up popular will above the laws made by the representatives of the people, to create as it were a law paramount to the fundamental laws of the land, a law uncertain, intangible, depending upon fluctuating and excited passions, and whose being is alike without authority or responsibility. This ultra-democratic tendency had been firmly and consistently resisted by the Federal party; it had been as sedulously cultivated by their enemies. It was the fulcrum upon which rested the lever which was to overthrow the original system of American policy.

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"The ground on which the opposition succeeded in putting the contest was undoubtedly the strongest they could have taken. There is that in the character of the democratic theory which recommends it to the imagination of many classes. Not the poorer class alone, who expect in its prevalence greater advantages to themselves, or at least greater control over the rich, — not the demagogue only, who hopes in its success the gratification of a selfish ambition, — but men of a higher order, both of intellect and of character, rank among its disciples. The visionary, who looks for truth in abstractions instead of experience, — the philanthropist, dreaming of the perfections of his race, — often, too, the patriot, in his indignation at the tyranny of the few, seeking a refuge for liberty in an opposite and as dangerous extreme; are its advocates and adherents."—Vol. II., pp. 503–507.

For obvious reasons, we cannot trace the history of those dissensions in the administration party which did more than the malice of their opponents to ruin the Federalist cause.

Mr. Adams succeeded to the presidency, but did not command in full measure the esteem and confidence of the very persons who had elected him. He soon found that the opinions of Hamilton had more weight with them than his own, and that even the members of his own cabinet, whom he had continued in office after Washington's resignation, sought counsel and direction from this master-spirit of the Federalist party. Prompt, decided, and even imperious in disposition, he resolved to be the sole guide of the policy of his own administration, or at any rate to choose his own counsellors. The breach between him and Hamilton grew wider every day, and their mutual jealousy was inflamed by the exasperating language used by their respective adherents. The quarrel came at last to a head, through a determination which the president formed, early in 1799, without consulting the heads of department, or even intimating his intention to them, to send a third embassy to France, in the hope of conciliating that power, and averting the danger of an open war between the two countries, which had long seemed imminent. Most of the Federalists viewed this step with extreme disapprobation, considering it as ill-timed and humiliating to the United States, after the gross contumely and contemptuous disregard of the laws of nations with which the French Directory had received the two preceding embassies. They believed that no honorable peace could be made with France under its feeble and distracted government, and that any treaty which might be framed would only give serious umbrage to Great Britain, expose our growing commerce to new and more serious hazards, and open the way for a wider diffusion of French Jacobinical principles in America. Three members of the cabinet, at least, Pickering, McHenry, and Wolcott, viewed the mission as impolitic and unwise. Among a large and influential portion of the Federalists, with Hamilton at their head, it was so strongly condemned, that every one foresaw at the time that there could be no zealous and united effort of the party in the ensuing election of a president. Mr. Adams was again nominated, but all the forces could not be rallied to his support.

The following remarks of Mr. Gibbs, upon a great loss which the country suffered at this time, seem to be perfectly true and very happily expressed.

"At this moment WASHINGTON died. At no period of his long

and useful life had the weight of his name and character been more wanted; never could his loss have been a greater public affliction. While he remained, the Federalists knew that they had yet a rallying-point round which they could gather; a leader whose firmness was unshaken, and upon whose wisdom they could always implicitly rely. His death hushed for a moment even the violence of the political storm, but they felt in that pause that the sheet-anchor of the ship of state had parted its fastenings. Those who have followed the early history of this country must have seen, and seen with pain, how much of its safety, how much of its virtue, depended upon the influence of a single name, on the popularity of a single individual. Disguise it as we may, the fate of the constitutional government would have been more than doubtful, had its infancy been committed to the care of another; and there is too much reason to believe, that, even after his immediate guardianship had ceased, his earlier death would have involved its destruction also." — Vol. II., p. 10.

Subsequent events contributed nothing to heal these internal wounds of the party. The president refused to make Hamilton general-in-chief of the army after the death of Washington, to whom he had been second in command. Two of the recusant secretaries were dismissed from office, and Wolcott, the only remaining one, soon afterwards resigned. The Federalists still had a majority in Congress, but were paralyzed in action by a want of union in their ranks, and a feeling of depression generally prevailed. Hamilton endeavoured to restore harmony by advising the party to give an equal vote to their second candidate, General Pinckney, and thus allow the House of Representatives to choose between him and Mr. Adams. With this view, he prepared, and printed for private circulation, his celebrated "Letter concerning the Public Conduct and Character of John Adams." A copy of this pamphlet was surreptitiously obtained and made public, and the breach became wider than ever. The natural result followed this open dissension in the party at such a critical moment. Jefferson and Burr were elected over Adams and Pinckney; but these two had an equal number of votes, and it remained for the Representatives to decide between them. The Federalists then committed their last blunder by strenuously attempting, in opposition to the urgent advice of Hamilton, to elect Burr instead of Jefferson to the office of president. They failed, and the reins of power fell from their hands, never to be resumed. The name of the

great party which framed, adopted, and carried into effect the constitution of this country, which had Washington for its head, and the fathers of the Revolution for its counsellors, has become, in the mouths of a great part of the people of the United States, a byword and a reproach. It has been dead for a quarter of a century, but the time has not yet arrived for writing its epitaph.

The most interesting and valuable portion of Mr. Gibbs's work is the correspondence of which it principally consists. Besides the letters of Wolcott himself, it comprises those addressed to him by Washington, Adams, Hamilton, Cabot, Ames, Ellsworth, King, Pickering, McHenry, Trumbull, Goodhue, Hillhouse, Sedgwick, Goodrich, and other conspicuous members of the Federal party, during the period of its ascendency, and its decline and fall. The most attractive, perhaps, is the correspondence between Mr. Wolcott and his father, and other members of his family; and none certainly exhibit his private and domestic life in a more favorable light than his letters to his wife. Upon reviewing the whole correspondence, the reader will not fail to remark, what might indeed have been predicted from the characters of the men, that it tends to exalt them in public opinion as much as the publication of Mr. Jefferson's letters has exposed and degraded him. We confess we were nearly as much surprised as gratified to find in the letters of Hamilton so full a refutation of the calumnies and vituperation of which that great man was so frequently the object. We regret that our limits forbid our transcribing several of these *in extenso*, — more especially as they give so favorable an impression of the wisdom and honesty of his career as a statesman, and of the amiability and disinterestedness of his character as a man.

He it was whom the leaders of the opposite party accused of devotion to Great Britain, of hostility to France, and of attachment to monarchical principles. Yet when the British government, while the ratification of Mr. Jay's treaty was pending, issued an order in council prohibiting neutral vessels from carrying provisions into France, Hamilton endeavoured to prevent the ratification until the order was rescinded; and even if the order should be rescinded, he recommended that a remonstrance should accompany it, as a protest against the principle assumed in the order.

"I incline very much to the opinion that this will be the proper

course of conduct in reference to the order to seize our vessels with provisions, viz.: to send to our agent the treaty ratified, as advised by the Senate, with this instruction, — that, if the order for seizing provisions is in force when he receives it, he is to inform the British minister that he has the treaty ratified, but that he is instructed not to exchange the ratification till that order is rescinded, since the United States cannot even give an implied sanction to the principle. At the same time a remonstrance ought to go from this country, well considered and well digested, even to a word, to be delivered against the principle of the order. My reasons for this opinion are summarily these:

"1. That in fact we are too much interested in the exemption of provisions from seizure to give even an implied sanction to the contrary pretension.

"2. That the exchange of ratifications, pending such an order, would give color to an abusive construction of the eighteenth article of the treaty, as though it admitted of the seizure of provisions.

"3. That this would give cause of umbrage to France, because it would be more than merely to refrain from resisting by force an innovation injurious to her, but it would be to give a sanction to it in the midst of a war.

"4. It would be thus construed in our country, and would destroy confidence in the government.

"5. It would be scarcely reputable to a nation to conclude a treaty with a power to heal past controversies, at the very moment of a new and existing violation of its rights. Yours truly,

A. Hamilton.

"If an order had existed and has been rescinded, the remonstrance ought still to be presented after the exchange of ratifications, as a protest against the principle, &c." — Vol. I., pp. 223, 224.

When the English minister complained of an article in one of our Indian treaties, as repugnant to certain stipulations entered into by the Indians with his government respecting their trade, Hamilton declared the ministry of Great Britain to be "as great fools as our Jacobins."* When the British men-of-war began impressing our seamen, Hamilton expressed to the Federal government his hopes that "a very serious remonstrance had long since gone against the wanton" practice; and added, that in his opinion it would "be an error to be too tame with that overbearing cabinet."† On this subject,

* Vol. I., p. 329. † Ibid., p. 330.

indeed, it is evident that he felt more keenly than his accusers; for when the French envoy, Adet, reproached our government for submitting to the searching of our vessels by British cruisers for seamen, and his interference had been repelled by the secretary of state, Hamilton wrote to Wolcott that he did not think "the position assumed by Mr. Pickering true, — that France had no right to interfere. I am of opinion, that, whenever a neutral power suffers liberties to be taken with it by a belligerent one, which turn to the detriment of the other belligerent party, as the acquiring strength by impressing seamen, there is good ground of inquiry, demanding candid explanation." * When, under the administration of the elder Adams, the aggressions of France upon our commerce had induced the president, with a view of recommending retaliatory measures, to convene Congress at an extraordinary session, Hamilton, in his celebrated letter on the conduct of Mr. Adams, proves, by appealing to his own conduct at the time, in reference to our difficulties with France, that he was more anxious to put an end to them than any member of the administration. He states, that, "after the rejection of Mr. Pickering by the government of France, immediately after the instalment of Mr. Adams as president, and long before the measure was taken, I urged a member of Congress,† then high in the confidence of the president, to propose to him the immediate appointment of three commissioners, of whom Mr. Jefferson or Mr. Madison should be one, to make another attempt to negotiate." ‡ And in corroboration of this, we find he expresses to Wolcott his sentiments on this subject at large.

"Every one who can properly appreciate the situation of our affairs at this moment, in all the extent of possible circumstances, must be extremely anxious for a course of conduct in our government which will unite the utmost prudence with energy. It has been a considerable time my wish that a commission extraordinary § should be constituted to go to France, to *explain*, *demand*, *negotiate*, &c. I was particularly anxious that the first measure of the present president's administration should have been that, but it has not happened. I now continue to wish earnestly that

* Vol. I., p. 393.
† Uriah Tracy, a Senator from Connecticut.
‡ See Vol. I., p. 483.
§ In the margin is written, "Madison, Pinckney, Cabot."

the same measure may go into effect, and that the meeting of the Senate may be accelerated for that purpose. Without opening a new channel of negotiation, it seems to me the door of accommodation is shut, and rupture will follow, if not prevented by a general peace. Who, indeed, can be certain that a general pacification of Europe may not leave us alone to receive the law from France? Will it be wise to omit any thing to parry, if possible, these great risks? Perhaps the Directory have declared that they will not receive a minister till their grievances shall have been redressed! This can hardly mean more than that they will not receive a residing minister. It cannot mean that they will not hear an extraordinary messenger, who may even be sent to know what will satisfy. Suppose they do. It will still be well to convince the people that the government has done all in its power, and that the Directory are unreasonable.

"But the enemies of the government call for the measure. To me this is a very strong reason for pursuing it. It will meet them on their own ground, and disarm them of the plea that something has been omitted.

"I ought, my good friend, to apprise you, for you may learn it from no other, that a suspicion begins to dawn among the friends of the government that the actual administration (ministers) is not averse from war with France. How very important to obviate this!"—Vol. I., pp. 484, 485.

In a subsequent letter, he says,—"We ought to do every thing to avoid rupture without unworthy sacrifices, and to keep in view the primary object, union at home. No measure can tend more to this than an extraordinary mission. And it is certain, that, to fulfil these ends, it ought to embrace a character in whom France and the opposition have full credit." He was nevertheless "clearly of opinion, that the president should come forward to Congress in a manly tone, and that Congress should adopt vigorous defensive measures."* Again, after the meeting of Congress, he observes of the incipient measures,—"I like very well the course of Executive conduct in regard to the controversy with France, and I like the answer of the Senate to the president's speech; but I confess I have not been well satisfied with the answer reported to the House. It contains too many hard expressions; and hard words are very rarely useful in public proceedings. Mr. Jay and other friends here [New York] have been struck in the same manner with myself."†

* See Vol. I., pp. 489, 490.

† Ibid., pp. 543, 544.

These letters, and the sentiments of the writer expressed in them, were doubtless unknown to the leaders of the opposition. That Mr. Jefferson and his satellites should have charged him with little short of a treasonable attachment to Great Britain, and, as a consequence of it, with an inveterate hostility to France, is therefore not to be wondered at; we remember the tactics to which parties too frequently resort.

So, too, in the succeeding year, when the seditious conduct of certain partisans of the opposition was brought by the president to the notice of Congress, who were induced to legislate against it, we find Hamilton, the imputed advocate of arbitrary power, declaring that there were provisions in the bill, which, according to a cursory view, appeared to be highly exceptionable, and such as more than any thing else might endanger civil war.

"I hope sincerely the thing may not be hurried through. LET US NOT ESTABLISH TYRANNY. Energy is a very different thing from violence. If we make no false step, we shall be essentially united; but if we push things to an extreme, we shall then give to faction body and solidity." — Vol. II., p. 68.

He was charged, too, with hostility to State rights; but, a subject materially affecting them, he declares himself in language which we earnestly recommend to the consideration of our present ruling powers. "The idea," he says, "of the late president's [Washington's] administration, of considering the governor of each State as the first general of the militia, and its immediate organ in acting upon the militia, was wisely considered, and in my opinion wisely adopted, and well to be adhered to." *

But enough; these instances are sufficient for our purpose, and, one would suppose, sufficient to have silenced his accusers for ever. Their malice pursued him to the grave; and although the person by whom he met his death ceased to utter these slanders for a season, they were afterwards revived in the miserable party controversies of a later day. Is it too much to hope that they now may be permitted to sleep for ever?

When the presidential election of 1800 had resulted in an

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* Vol. II., p. 229.

equal vote for Jefferson and Burr, the personal interference and influence of Hamilton, it is well known, were exerted on the side of the former, and there can no longer remain a doubt, that they settled the question in his favor. Hamilton acted on this occasion, as on all others, with a single eye to what he deemed the honor and welfare of his country, regardless of his own private interests, predilections, or enmities, or those of his friends. From the moment of his meeting Mr. Jefferson in the cabinet of General Washington, the latter had been compelled to feel, and eventually to yield to, the superiority of his rival, towards whom he thenceforward cherished a bitter personal as well as political animosity. Hamilton, on his part, did not take pains to conceal his repugnance to the principles and character of Jefferson. He looked upon him as a visionary, but dangerous, theorist in morals and politics, as a dabbler in literature and science, and a hypocrite in every thing but religion, which, as a disciple of the school of Voltaire, he had affected to ridicule, with the malice, but not the wit, of his master. The two men were, in fact, as much opposed to each other in their private characters and opinions as in their public principles and conduct. But the one brooded in secret over his resentments, while the other, with the frankness of a soldier, as well as the native candor of the man, on all proper occasions avowed his sentiments, without any other restraints than those imposed by delicacy and honor. He carried, indeed, his heart in his hand, and it is not surprising that foul birds should have pecked at it. His character, however, has survived the calumnies of his enemies, many of whom professed to have buried their resentment in his untimely grave ; but whether actuated by sincere veneration of the deceased, or by hostility to his murderer, is known only to the searcher of all hearts. But as the malicious attacks of his enemies could make no impression injurious to the character of Hamilton, so neither could their eulogies add one jot or tittle to his fame. So rich a combination of excellence, both of head and heart, of intellectual, moral, and social qualities, of various talents and knowledge, of native genius and practical ability, of private integrity and public virtue, has seldom appeared in any age or country. True it is, he had his faults, for he was a man ; but considered as a statesman and a patriot, we ne'er shall look upon his like again.

Contrasted with Burr, his character appears in a somewhat different, but still more striking and favorable, light. Their relative position and feelings were widely different from those of Hamilton and Jefferson. Although, from dislike or suspicion of Burr, Hamilton had always avoided an intimacy with him, they had been fellow-soldiers in the Revolution, and fellow-citizens both before and afterwards. They were members of the same profession, and practised for many years at the same bar. In their mutual intercourse, they had always treated each other with the courtesy of gentlemen ; nor were they ever known to have a personal difference before that leading to the fatal rencontre between them. And what was the origin of that lamentable catastrophe, but the preference given to Jefferson by Hamilton in the contested election of 1800, — a preference given to one whom he knew to be his enemy, over one whom he regarded merely as a political opponent, and did not suspect of personal ill-will towards him ? Yet, when the question between Burr and Jefferson was pending in Congress, Hamilton interfered zealously and openly in favor of the latter, and unquestionably determined the choice of the House of Representatives. To this interference Jefferson owed his election, Hamilton his death ; and through this singular fatality was the life of this great and good man sacrificed by his magnanimity towards an inveterate enemy, and by a devotion to the welfare of his country superior to all private and personal impulses of interest or passion.

We cannot close our remarks upon this valuable contribution to our political history, without expressing our thanks to the editor for the gratification its perusal has afforded us, and for the obligation he has conferred on every friend of sound principles and enlightened policy by its publication. The monument he has erected to departed Federalism will serve not only to perpetuate the honors due to its memory, and to that of his relative among the rest of its worthiest disciples, but, by inscribing his own name on the pedestal, to identify his reputation with theirs. May it prove also a beacon to guide his contemporaries in the only path that leads public men to honorable distinction, and their country to true glory !

ART. VI. — *A Universal and Critical Dictionary of the English Language ; to which are added Walker's Key to the Pronunciation of Classical and Scripture Proper Names, much enlarged and improved ; and a Pronouncing Vocabulary of Modern Geographical Names.* By JOSEPH E. WORCESTER. Boston: Wilkins, Carter, & Co. Imperial 8vo. pp. 955.

AT the beginning of the present century, a proposition for the publication of an American dictionary of the English language would have excited great amazement. The projecting of such a work, as a rival of the dictionaries of Johnson and Walker, would have caused great merriment among the scholars of England ; and any expectation cherished among us of superseding these authorities by a standard American dictionary would have been ridiculed by them, as a puerile attempt to embalm the American language with all its provincial peculiarities. Something of distrust, too, would have prevailed among the best scholars of the United States, who regarded English classical works as a part of their inheritance, and as models of style. It was not to be feared, indeed, that the diversity between England and the United States, in regard either to the written or spoken language, would ever become so remarkable as that between Spain and Portugal. The advancement of learning among us was so considerable, that such an apprehension would have been unreasonable. But fears not altogether groundless were entertained, both by American and English scholars, lest by inattention, or indifference, or a false notion of independence, there should be such a departure in the United States from English usage, either by the creation of new words, or by the use of words in new senses, or by combinations of words in violation of established idiom, as to produce great inconvenience in the intercourse between the parent country and the young confederacy, and a prejudice against us injurious to the growth of our literary reputation.

So early as 1789, Dr. Franklin, in a letter addressed to Noah Webster, cited several unauthorized words and phrases which had crept into our written language and parliamentary speeches, and advised him, in his future works for the cultivation of the English language, *to set a discountenancing mark*

upon such of them as were not required by the peculiar circumstances of our political institutions and local customs. Among the words strangely perverted, not only from the etymological, but from the secondary or metaphoric, signification, he instanced the word *improve*, as a verb denoting use or occupancy, applied both to persons and things. This was an old perversion of the word in New England, in its application to persons. It was thus used in the colonial laws of New Haven, about the middle of the seventeenth century. It was ordered, that the magistrates or other suitable officers should see that parents and masters provided means for teaching their children and apprentices "to read the Scriptures and other good and profitable printed books in the English tongue, by *improving* schoolmasters or other helps." Similar examples might be multiplied. At a later period, the word was applied to the use or occupancy of houses and lands. Such a use of the word was common at the beginning of the present century; but we do not remember to have seen or heard it in this sense for many years.

Mr. Webster, no doubt, received the caution of Dr. Franklin with respect; but he was ever apt to touch with a lenient hand the trespasses of his countrymen against the established usages of standard English writers. In his large dictionary, he gives, as the sixth and last meaning of the verb *improve*, "to use, to occupy"; as in the example, — "The house or farm is now improved by an industrious tenant." But in the peculiar New England use of the word, it mattered not whether the tenant were industrious or slothful, careful or wasteful. The word *industrious*, in the example, so qualifies the character of the tenant, as to countenance the legitimate meaning of the verb; namely, *bettering* the premises. We do not suppose that Mr. Webster aimed to procure favor for the word, in its perverted sense, by stealth; although, by his remark subjoined to the example, he does not *set a discountenancing mark* upon it. "This application," he says, "is *perhaps* peculiar to some parts of the United States. It, however, deviates little from that in some of the foregoing definitions."

Among the literary gentlemen of Boston and Cambridge there arose, near the beginning of the present century, a vigilance for the preservation of the English language in its purity, which deserves to be kept in remembrance, as a part

of the literary history of the country. Several of them united in forming an association for literary intercourse, and for conducting a periodical and miscellaneous journal, which they entitled The Monthly Anthology. Among the associates were John S. Gardiner, William Emerson, John T. Kirkland, William Tudor, Arthur M. Walter, Joseph S. Buckminster, Samuel C. Thacher, and others, some of whom still survive. All here named, except Dr. Gardiner, who was educated in England, and those not named, with two or three exceptions, received their discipline in English composition at Harvard College, under the rigid inspection of Dr. Pearson, an exact grammatical and logical critic. What they had well begun they pursued with ardor. Many of them were eminent scholars, and widely conversant with the Greek and Latin, as well as the English, classics. In their associated authority they visited with severe criticism contemporaneous publications of professional and literary men, not overlooking single occasional sermons, and orations delivered before large assemblies on national festive days, and before literary and charitable associations. In this way their critical commentaries reached a large portion of our educated men, who were thus put upon their guard with a degree of strictness corresponding to that exercised by the sentinels.

Contemporaneously with the endeavours of the associated conductors of the Anthology, in the capital of New England, to preserve the purity of the English language, we were admonished, in a manner sometimes friendly and sometimes supercilious, of our degeneracy in the use of our mother tongue, by writers in the British journals. In whatever spirit the admonitions were administered, their operation was salutary in the end. If the authors of them were hypercritical, we had scholars who were competent to expose their exaggerations. If they drew general conclusions from few examples, we were able to show the fallacy of their inferences.

The Edinburgh Review, in the period of its youth (October, 1804), took notice of Marshall's and Ramsay's Lives of Washington. The reviewers said, — "We have found *a great many words and phrases* which English criticism refuses to acknowledge." To show that they were not influenced by jealousy or pride, they added generous and enlarged wishes and anticipations in regard to the prosperity and glory of the United States, to the triumphs

therein of the English language, and to the alliance of interest and affection between the two countries. "But," they said, "if the men of birth and education in that other England, which they are building up in the west, will not diligently study the great authors who purified and fixed the language of our common forefathers, we must soon lose the only badge that is still worn of our consanguinity."

For several succeeding years, we continued to receive warning and advice from writers in various British periodical publications, in relation to the purity and integrity of our common language. The American works which gave occasion to their remarks were few in number. Marshall's, Ramsay's, and Bancroft's biographies of Washington, Pinckney's Travels through France, and Stoddard's Sketches of Louisiana, were among the prominent books that fell under their notice.

The British Critic (1808), in a review of Marshall, says, — "We have often discovered, in the writings of Americans, deviations from the purity of the English idiom, which we have been more disposed to censure than to wonder at. The common speech of the United States has departed very considerably from the standard adopted in England. Mr. Marshall deviates occasionally, but not grossly." In the same work, two years later, the reviewers of Bancroft's Life of Washington say, — "We observe with regret rather than with astonishment the introduction of several new words, or old words in a new sense; a deviation from the rules of the English language, which, if it continues to be practised by good writers in America, will introduce confusion into the medium of intercourse, and render it a subject of regret that the people should not have an entirely separate language."

The Critical Review (1807), speaks more disparagingly of Marshall's style than does the British Critic, saying, that "it *abounds* with many of those idioms which prevail on the other side of the Atlantic."

The Annual Review (1808), after commenting upon the faults of Marshall, concludes with a harsh, indiscriminate censure of the American writers, spiced with a sly sarcasm for the benefit of the *Yankee nation*. "We have been more particular," say the reviewers, "in noticing the faults of Mr. Marshall's language, because we are not at all certain that the Americans do not consider them as beauties; and because

we wish, if possible, to stem that torrent of barbarous phraseology, with which the American writers threaten to destroy the purity of the English language."

All these things, and more like them, were written before the sarcastic question, "Who reads an American book?" was propounded. How far the critics were conscious of magnifying the danger which seemed to threaten the purity of the English language, as written and spoken in the United States, and whether they did not affect a good deal, in respect to the extent of the fears which they expressed lest its identity with genuine English should be lost or destroyed, we will not undertake to decide. Nor is it of any importance that we should. There is no reason to think that they combined for the purpose of exciting a causeless alarm. In regard to danger there was no question. It had already begun; and the true question was about the degree, and how it was to be arrested. It was a matter of mutual interest; and if some of us were too sensitive under rebuke, for the moment, we were wise enough afterwards to con it in private, and not subject ourselves to its repetition.

On the other hand, the English critics knew, that, while we were daily feasting on the classic productions of our fatherland, we were also advancing in literature, in the arts and sciences, and in a more critical study and careful use of the common language. After all, they must have been aware that occasional deviations from the English standard would occur, entitled, if they were not wilful, to as much indulgence as was claimed by Beattie, Campbell, and Burke, for their national peculiarities in the use of words and phrases.

To show the true state of the case in regard to departure from English usage in the written and spoken language of our countrymen, that eminent scholar, the late John Pickering, after making the subject a diligent study among his other various avocations, communicated to the American Academy of Arts and Sciences the result of his investigations, which was inserted in its Memoirs in 1815. In the following year he published the communication in a separate volume, "with corrections and additions." The book is entitled, — "A Vocabulary, or Collection of Words and Phrases, which have been supposed to be peculiar to the United States of America: to which is prefixed an Essay on the Present State of the English Language in the United States."

In his preface to the Vocabulary, Mr. Pickering says, — "I began the practice of occasionally noting *Americanisms* and expressions of doubtful authority, for my own use, during my residence in London ; which was from the close of the year 1799 to the autumn of 1801." At the beginning of this period, he was twenty-three years old, and had already gained the well deserved reputation of a distinguished classical scholar. It was not until several years after his return from London, that he formed the plan of his Vocabulary. But the materials which he had preserved, his extensive reading, and his habits of observation, together with his critical accuracy and literary ardor, lead us to believe that his Vocabulary is as comprehensive, in respect to the words and phrases then supposed to be peculiar to the United States, as could be expected in a first attempt to collect them. The work was very useful, not only by enabling our writers and public speakers to correct errors of language already existing, but by exciting such attention to the subject as to prevent the accumulation of local peculiarities. These effects were very manifest. At the same time, it was gratifying to find, that the charges made against us, in regard to our abuses of the English language, were greatly exaggerated.

A period of one generation has passed since this Vocabulary was published, and we have now carefully examined it. The examination has led to some facts relating to the history of the English language during this period, which appear to us worthy of being recorded.

The whole number of new words, single and compounded, of American origin, contained in the Vocabulary, is about eighty ; certainly less than a hundred, including the *cant* and *vulgar* words, not used by good writers in grave discourse. Of these, a few are words contained in English dictionaries, but not used by British writers. Several are such as had been used by a single American writer ; namely, *alienism*, *Americanize*, *anxietude*, &c., which have not been adopted. Joel Barlow was probably the greatest offender of this kind. Another considerable portion consists of words analogically formed, which do not endanger the purity of language, and may be used or avoided according to the taste of the writer or speaker. Of this class are *accountability*, *christianization*, *constitutional*, *noticeable*, *profanity*, *educational*. Our political and religious institutions, and peculiar local customs

and usages, have given rise to a considerable number of such words. Of the remaining supposed new words, being, for the most part, old words revived, or verbs made from nouns without any change of form, — a process admitting, indeed, an indefinite addition to the English vocabulary, — the number censured as Americanisms is not large. The most remarkable fact concerning Mr. Pickering's Vocabulary is, that the very *Americanisms* which were most ridiculed, loathed, and scorned by British critics, at the time of its publication, and for several preceding years, have, with few exceptions, been adopted by them, and been fairly incorporated into the English language; and this, too, after they had been so stigmatized and branded by these critics as vile intruders, that we, from very shame, had shunned them as unworthy of admission into good company. The following verbs, for example, particularly those in Italics, would not have been viewed by a British critic five-and-thirty years ago, without a sneer: — *advocate*, *base* and *bottom* (in the sense of *found*, as "based or bottomed upon solid principles"), debark, derange, *immigrate*, *progress*, *test*. In the English Monthly Review, about that time, the following sentence is cited from "A Political Sketch of America," intended to ridicule the style of our writers: — "Were it not for my *destitution* of leisure, which obliges me to hasten to the *occlusion* of these pages, as I *progress*, I should *bottom* my assertion on instances from authors of the first *grade*; but were I to render my sketch *lengthy*, I should *illy* answer my purpose." By such a foolish juxtaposition of words it is easy to ridicule the style of any author. Of the seven words censured in this paltry attempt to be witty, only two deserve condemnation when properly associated with other words. *Destitution* is not a bad word, and it may as lawfully be used now as it was long since by Hooker and Taylor. We should prefer the Saxon *want* in most cases. *Destitution*, however, has a more restricted meaning, as it implies personal, absolute poverty. To time, or leisure, which is common to all persons, it is not properly applicable. *Occlusion*, which is a mere dictionary word, was retained by Johnson without being illustrated by any examples of its use. We know not of any American authority for its use, except that of Thomas Jefferson, who, in the year 1802, spoke of "*the occlusion* of the port of New Orleans by the Spaniards." We doubt whether any other respecta-

ble writer in the United States used it afterwards without a sneer, from which the wisdom and dignity of the author could not secure him. *Progress* and *bottom* as verbs, *grade*, and *lengthy*, have gained full admission into the English vocabulary. *Illy*, the use of which is not unexampled in England, and was formerly common in the United States, is now universally discarded by good writers.

New words have been introduced more sparingly by American than by English writers and public speakers. While we are able to vindicate ourselves against the charge of corrupting the language to any considerable extent in this particular, we must plead guilty to the charge of perverting the true sense of several words, and of departing, in some instances, from established English idioms. But in these respects we have not proved incorrigible, and the charge can no longer be sustained against our best writers and public speakers, to an alarming degree. More parliamentary corruptions of speech, of recent origin, can be traced to British statesmen than to those of our country; such, for instance, as *reliable*, *industrial*, *feature* — as applied to the several details of a bill. And, in general, the well educated men of England have multiplied words borrowed from foreign terms, or regularly formed from radical words in their own language, to a much greater extent than men of the same class in the United States.*

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* Our readers may like to have a sample of the neologisms recently introduced into our language by writers of good authority, or in periodical works of high repute, in England. Opening Mr. Worcester's dictionary at random, and turning over but few pages, we have found the following words which are given with the authorities annexed. Not one of them is to be found in Todd's edition of Johnson.

Guardianize, Quarterly Review; *gullible*, W. Scott; *gustatory*, Edinburgh Review; *gutturality*, Seward; *gyral*, Ed Review; *hagiocracy*, Eclectic Review; *hagiology*, Chas. Butler; *half-hearted*, Southey; *hallucinatory*, Ed. Review; *hang*, [a steep declivity,] Loudon; *harassment*, Ec. Review; *hardish*, Scott; *harlequinade*, Ed. Review; *heathendom*, Ed. Review; *heathery*, Quar. Review; *Hellenization*, Athenæum; *hemorrhagic*, Monthly Review; *heptarch*, J. M. Good; *heraldical*, Gent. Magazine; *heraldically*, Quar. Review; *herder*, [herdsman,] Monthly Review; *hereditability*, Sir E. Brydges; *hero-errant*, Quar. Review; *heroicalness*, Scott; *heroicness*, Montague; *hesitative*, Smart; *hierocracy*, Southey; *hierolatry*, Coleridge; *Hispanicism*, Ed. Review; *honorific*, For Quar. Review; *horizontality*, Philosophical Journal; *horrify*, Eclectic Review; *dietist*, Quar. Review; *dilative*, Coleridge; *diplomate*, West Review.

The list might be indefinitely extended; but we have given enough to account for the tender anxiety with which our critical brethren across the water watch over the purity of the English language.

Still, we are willing to acknowledge all the faults that are proved against us, and all that can be detected of which we are not aware. We would much rather correct than defend what is wrong. If we are in the habit of saying, we *admire* to do or have a thing, or go to a place; that we *calculate* to perform an act; that our neighbour *conducts* ill; if a clerk *notifies* persons to meet, instead of notifying a meeting to the persons; if the members of a school-committee, in a thinly peopled village, fix upon a spot for a school-house that will best *convene* the inhabitants; all we can say is, let us break off such habits of speaking, and use words in their true meaning. Faults like these are for the most part confined to the illiterate, or indulged in by those who, though better informed, adapt themselves, in their colloquial phraseology, to the people with whom they associate on terms of equality.

So far as we can judge of the present state of the English language in the United States, we can see no reason why a man of liberal education and competent abilities, who has applied himself diligently to the critical study of the English language, and is furnished with the proper helps for his work, may not challenge the confidence of the reading public by as fair a title as if he were born and educated in England. There is a common literature in the two countries. We can command all the standard works of English authors in the arts, sciences, and polite literature, and are able to appreciate, according to their value, all their philological labors.

Mr. Worcester's Universal Dictionary demands respectful examination, on account of his previous valuable labors in lexicography, and of its importance as a work more comprehensive in its vocabulary than any preceding English dictionary. And here it is due to the author, and to the public, that we should state, in a few words, the advantages under which he has prepared this elaborate work.

It is now about twenty years since his services were procured, on account of his well known diligence, fidelity, and exactness in literary labors, as the editor of a dictionary entitled "Johnson's English Dictionary, as improved by Todd and abridged by Chalmers; with Walker's Pronouncing Dictionary combined; to which is added Walker's Key to the Classical Pronunciation of Greek, Latin, and Scripture Proper Names." The plan of this compilation was fixed before the work was begun. The dictionary was published in the year 1828.

Several slender attempts had been made, by different authors, to supply the deficiencies of Johnson's vocabulary, before the publication of Todd's first edition (1814), which contains above fourteen thousand words more than are found in Johnson's abridgment. From this edition of Todd the abridgment of Chalmers was made. But the second edition of Todd (February, 1827) was received here in season for the insertion of the additional words it contained — amounting to about a thousand — in Mr. Worcester's Appendix. This great increase of words, formed, at the time of Todd's labors, a far more extensive English vocabulary than any that had preceded it. Still, it does not appear that the author prided himself so much upon the number of words he added, as upon the sources from which he derived them. He cited nearly eight hundred authors as authorities for the various words with which his dictionary was enriched, and thus showed an extent of reading and research greatly to his praise. "I might have omitted," he says, "some citations from modern writers. But the canons yet remain to be promulged, by which the extremes of opposite tastes are to be settled. The precise time at which antiquity is to be regarded as a rule is not yet determined. The standard 'one inclines to remove to the distance of a century and a half; another may, with as good reason, fix it three centuries backwards; and another six.'" In Mr. Todd's long catalogue of authorities, we trace a succession from Chaucer down to the contemporaries of the lexicographer. Much, however, he thought remained to be accomplished, not only in regard to the vocabulary, but in the selection of examples, in etymology, in definition, and in orthography, in order to make "a beautiful whole, a standard of pure and exact phraseology"; a work requiring, in his opinion, a division of labor among industrious and learned men.

Mr. Worcester inserted the words from Walker's dictionary which were not contained in Chalmers; and when he perceived defects in Chalmers, which it was important to supply, in respect to etymology, definitions, or critical remarks, he inserted from Johnson or Todd the necessary additional matter. The most laborious and responsible part of the editor's work was that of applying Walker's principles of pronunciation to the fifteen thousand words in Todd's dictionary, which are not found in Walker's. After acquaint-

ing himself thoroughly with these principles, as he manifestly did, the labor of applying them to most of the new words was, in a manner, mechanical, requiring only careful attention. But, as he justly remarked in his Preface, "a considerable number of the additional words, some of them words now out of use, others local or provincial, and rarely found in books, and others from foreign languages, and not Anglicized, presented more or less difficulty. Respecting those words with regard to which Walker's method failed to furnish him with a guide, the Editor has availed himself of such other aids as he could obtain; but some words he has left unpronounced, and with respect to some to which he has added the pronunciation, he may have fallen into error."

One other important portion of Mr. Worcester's labor in editing Todd's Johnson deserves notice, as a part of his preparation of materials for future use in a dictionary upon his own plan; namely, the addition of other authorities in words of doubtful pronunciation, where orthoëpists differ. Walker in such cases made liberal use of those who preceded him. In regard to words variously pronounced, he says, — "The only method of knowing the extent of custom in these cases seems to be the inspection of those dictionaries which professedly treat of pronunciation. An exhibition of the opinion of orthoëpists about the sound of words always appeared to me a very rational method of determining what is called custom. This method I have adopted." Mr. Worcester pursued the method still farther, and applied it particularly to the words respecting which Walker had failed to exhibit the difference between his own pronunciation and that of other dictionaries. In addition to the works cited by Walker, Mr. Worcester made use of Perry's "Synonymous, Etymological, and Pronouncing Dictionary," which was published in 1805, the year before the last edition of Walker that was revised by himself was printed. To this edition of Perry's work it does not appear that Walker referred in any instance. It differs in the pronunciation of many words from Perry's "Royal Standard English Dictionary," and agrees frequently with Walker, where the other differs from him.

We may as well remark here, that Mr. Worcester, in his "Universal and Critical Dictionary," has adhered to the same plan of citing authorities differing from his own notation, under increased advantages; because, as he remarks, "most

of the works which are made use of as authorities have been published since his time." These are the dictionaries of Enfield, Jameson, Knowles, Smart, Reid, and Webster, besides Perry's, the title of which has already been given. We may here add, as our belief, that Mr. Worcester possesses a more numerous and valuable collection of books relating to English lexicography than any other individual in the United States ; perhaps we might say, than any public library.

Before Mr. Worcester had completed his edition of the abridgment of Todd's Johnson, and while the work was in progress, he formed the plan of his "Comprehensive Pronouncing and Explanatory Dictionary." But he was destined again to engage in a work of severe, servile labor, before advancing far in that of which he was the sole projector. He was induced to undertake an abridgment of Dr. Webster's quarto dictionary, published in 1828, according to the principles and rules prescribed by the author. It was an undertaking of great delicacy, and was attended with much perplexity, from circumstances on which, we suppose, it would not become us to make any comments. He persevered, however, and accomplished the work of abridgment, if not to his own satisfaction or that of the author, in a manner which received the approbation of the author's best friends. This work was published in 1829.

Mr. Worcester's "Comprehensive Pronouncing and Explanatory Dictionary of the English Language, with Pronouncing Vocabularies of Classical and Scripture Proper Names," was published in 1830. It is a convenient manual in regard to its size, and answers truly to its title. It attracted immediate notice, and was received with remarkable favor. No English dictionary since its publication has, we believe, been so extensively used as a manual, or so much relied upon as an authority. Besides the native men of learning in the United States who pronounced a decided judgment in its favor, it was spoken of in terms of strong approbation by an English classical scholar, a learned physician, and the author of a valuable "Medical Dictionary," — Professor Dunglison, of the University of Virginia. He said, soon after its appearance, — "I can, without hesitation, award to this dictionary the merit of being best adapted to the end in view of any I have examined. It is, in other words, the best portable pronouncing and explanatory dictionary that I have seen, and as such is deserving of very extensive circulation."

We are told by Mr. Worcester, in the Preface to his Universal Dictionary, that, after he began his preparation for the smaller work, of which we have just spoken, he "adopted the practice of recording all the English words which he met with, used by respectable authors, and not found in Todd's edition of Johnson's Dictionary." Such was his careful observation in the course of his wide reading, that his record grew with great rapidity. He found his collection of words constantly accumulating, and after a while determined to prepare "a new and larger dictionary." Continuing the practice of noting new words until he had prepared his Universal Dictionary for the press, and through the progress of printing it, we may well suppose that he has nearly exhausted the unregistered stock. But we doubt not that he has already met with words not a few, which are not inserted in his vocabulary. It is but a few hours since we saw a newspaper paragraph concerning the saving of manuscript records, relating to the history of Georgia, from the wreck of a vessel in which they were shipped from Liverpool; of which records the writer says, — "They were sent in their wet and *sobby* condition to New York." Todd and Worcester have, "sob, *v. a.* to soak; to sop [a cant word]," but have not this derivative.

Scripturality and *unscripturality* occur in a letter of Samuel Davidson, dated Lancashire Independent College, giving his reasons for withdrawing from the "Evangelical Alliance" lately formed at London. *Respelling* we find in Mr. Worcester's Introduction to his Dictionary. We have now said enough concerning Mr. Worcester's preparations for his Universal Dictionary to show that the work contains the results of long-continued and painstaking study. He has a right to consider it, in terms less reserved than those he employs, as a new dictionary.

"The Dictionary of Johnson," he says, "as corrected and enlarged by Todd, and Walker's Critical Pronouncing Dictionary, have been made, in some degree, the basis of the present work; but the words found in those dictionaries have been revised with much labor and care in relation to their orthography, pronunciation, etymology, definition, &c.; and a great part of them, especially such as relate to the arts and sciences, have been defined entirely anew.

"To the words found in Todd's edition of Johnson's Dictionary

nearly twenty-seven thousand more have been added, and for all these authorities are given, except a few, such as the participial adjectives *amusing*, *entertaining*, *established*, &c. All the verbs of the language that are often met with, both regular and irregular, are conjugated ; and the preterits and perfect participles of the irregular verbs are inserted separately, in their alphabetical places; but of the regular verbs, the present and perfect participles are not inserted as separate articles. If this had been done, as it has been in several other dictionaries [Webster's, for example], it would have added upwards of ten thousand more articles to the vocabulary."

The words added by Mr. Worcester, and not found in Todd's Johnson, are denoted by an asterisk. Besides those gathered from his miscellaneous reading and from English dictionaries, he has taken the technical and scientific terms from various scientific works, dictionaries of arts and sciences, and encyclopædias. For authorities, he says, "in many instances, the names of English authors have been chosen in preference to the names of American authors of equal or even higher respectability ; inasmuch as it is satisfactory to many readers to know, in relation to a new, uncommon, or doubtful word, that it is not peculiar to American writers." At the same time he has not inserted indiscriminately all the words that he has found in English writers, even of those held in good repute ; and to many that he has inserted he has annexed some term of disapprobation. Still, his vocabulary is doubtless more comprehensive than that which is contained in all the dictionaries of the English language collectively. It is an encyclopædia of words.

The time has gone by for discussing the propriety of introducing technical words into a dictionary of the English language. Dr. George Campbell, author of the Philosophy of Rhetoric, a penetrating philosophical critic, maintained the opinion that technical words are not to be considered as part of a language, and that they are not entitled, in general, to admission into a dictionary claiming the character of a standard. The explanation of such words must therefore be sought for in cyclopædias and dictionaries of arts and sciences. Campbell, it may be, was led to adopt the opinion he entertained by finding how little had been done in regard to the insertion and explanation of these words in the general dictionaries of the English language. Johnson, however, seems to have admitted the propriety of inserting them. From books of science

and technical dictionaries he professed to have collected such as he could find, and to have admitted others, sometimes with hesitation, on the authority of a single writer. But what he accomplished in this particular is now of little value. Technical and scientific terms have, since his time, become very numerous ; and many things pertaining to the arts and sciences have, for the benefit of general readers, become so *popularized* (if we may use this word, admitted by Mr. Worcester on the authority of the Edinburgh Review), that an explanation of such words has become important, and is no longer a question of expediency.

Words which English authors had introduced in consequence, as Dr. Johnson said, of " their knowledge of foreign languages, or ignorance of their own," he inserted as he chanced to meet them, but commonly, as he remarked, " to censure them, and to warn others against the folly of naturalizing useless foreigners to the injury of the natives." Compounded or double words he introduced sparingly ; and words formed according to uniform analogy he noted as they casually occurred, but did not search for them, " because, their relation to the primitive being always the same, their signification cannot be mistaken."

Here is a wide field, which was but little explored by Dr. Johnson, and has been constantly becoming more fruitful. We can fix no limits to its productiveness. Every thing in this world is, indeed, finite ; but when we look at the ever increasing number of abstract nouns ending in *ness* and *ity*, of adjectives ending in *al*, *ive*, *able*, and *ible*, and of adverbs in *ly*, all of which are among the most common derivative formations, we can see no end to the increase. We here exemplify the expansion of the English vocabulary in some of these derivative formations, without seeking for remarkable instances : —

Convention : conventional, conventionalism, conventionalist, conventionality, conventionally, conventioner, conventionist.

Contemporary : contemporariness, contemporaneous, contemporaneousness, contemporaneously, contemporaneity.

Contempt : contemptible, contemptibility, contemptibleness, contemptibly.

Rely : reliable, reliability.

PERISH : perishable, perishability, perishableness, perishment.

EDUCATE : education, educational, educationist, educator, educable, educability.

IMPUGN : impugner, impugnable, impugnment.

ONTOLOGY : ontologist, ontologic, ontological, ontologically.

From these eight primitive words we here find thirty-five derivatives, and of this number twenty-three are inserted by Mr. Worcester, which are not found in Todd's Johnson, or, as we suppose, in any other English dictionary. They take their place, however, on the authority of learned and respectable writers.

To this source of accession to the "World of English Words," as Edward Phillips, nearly two centuries ago, entitled his dictionary, in which terms of Astrology, Magic, Heraldry, Mythology, and Hawking, "hard words" from other languages, proper names, and other matters, were mingled in strange juxtaposition, we may add the constant improvements, discoveries, and inventions in the arts and sciences; the vast extension of the commerce of Great Britain and the United States with other nations; the increasing personal intercourse of the inhabitants of those countries with the people of the continent of Europe; the consequent interchange of customs, fashion, and literature; and the journals and itineraries which record whatever is peculiar to the countries visited by English and American travellers; — and it may be that a few years only will pass, before we shall have a vocabulary of a hundred thousand words, instead of seventy or eighty thousand. And there is no occasion for much alarm at such a prospect. The multiplication of words has hitherto produced no distraction among writers and public speakers of literary taste and acquirements, nor will it hereafter. Now and then, a useless word of recent origin or recent revival will enjoy its brief period of fashion, until men of taste, sickened by the sound, as it is constantly uttered by lips that use or abuse it, will reject it with disgust.

While Mr. Worcester has included in his vocabulary most of the words he has found in the productions of respectable writers, on some of which, however, he *sets a discountenancing mark*, we do not find that he has excluded any which have heretofore been admitted into dictionaries, and are en-

titled to respect. He does not belong to the corps of militant etymologists, who war against custom, which establishes the laws of language. On the contrary, he pays due fealty to these laws, and gives no countenance to a revolutionary spirit. We have discovered no instance in which he has changed the orthography of a word to make it conform to an assumed theory. In these respects, he has, wherever we have traced him, shown that fidelity to our language as he found it, which makes him worthy of entire confidence.

Dictionaries are made not so much for the learned as for the learner and the general reader. We cannot but think, that whatever is done by a lexicographer to disturb what is settled by common practice and consent is unwise and pedantic. For instance, we have long been in possession of the word *systematize*, which happened to be formed immediately from the Greek substantive ending in *alpha*, instead of the Anglicized substantive *system*. In like manner we have *dogmatize* and *stigmatize* from the Greek termination of *dogma* and *stigma*. Dr. Webster chose to derive from *system* the verb *systemize*, which he inserted without any comment, and excluded *systematize*. But he inserted *systematic*, *systematical*, and *systematically*. Why should he not have boldly carried out his process, and have given us *systemic*, *systemical*, and *systemically*? We hold a critic who thus tampers with our vocabulary guilty of culpable oversight, or of a high philological misdemeanour. Again, the word *sovereign* is always spelled in one and the same way by educated people; but Dr. Webster says, —"We retain this barbarous orthography from the Norman *souvereign*. The true spelling would be *suveran*. *Fr. souverain*, &c." Accordingly, he inserted *suveran* in its alphabetical place, as the approved orthography, and illustrated its use with the word preserved in the same form. The only comment he makes is, —"The barbarous Norman word *souvereign* seems to be formed of L. *super* and *regnum*; a strange blunder." The adoption of such etymological vagaries into the body of a dictionary entirely destroys its usefulness as a work of reference. Though they may be comparatively few in number, the book ceases to be trustworthy in any case; for the inquirer can never be sure but that the particular word he is searching for is one of those over which the lexicographer has exercised his usurped authority.

As an introduction to his dictionary, Mr. Worcester has prefixed several brief essays, clear and succinct in style, and at the same time sufficiently comprehensive, on the following subjects :—1. Principles of Pronunciation ; 2. Orthography ; 3. English Grammar ; 4. Origin, Formation, and Etymology of the English Language ; 5. Archaisms, Provincialisms, and Americanisms ; 6. History of English Lexicography.

In treating of pronunciation, Mr. Worcester begins with that *crux criticorum*, as every author of a pronouncing dictionary must feel it to be, the key to the vowel sounds, denoted by certain marks or figures to be annexed to the vowels in all the words in the vocabulary. It is doubtless difficult for any orthoëpist fully to satisfy himself in this matter, and it is very certain he cannot perfectly convey his own ideas of all the minute distinctions of sound to other persons. The inconstancy of our vowel sounds, and the great diversity that in many words exists between the orthography and the pronunciation, render it difficult to apply, to its full extent, a system of notation by arbitrary marks. English, says La Harpe, would be half French, were it not for its "*inconceivable prononciation.*" "The extreme viciousness of the English pronunciation seems to be in conflict with the articulation of the human voice." This is more vivacious than philosophical. Our pronunciation cannot appear more vicious to Frenchmen, or to conflict more with natural articulation, than theirs does to us.

We will not undertake to say how the present race of critics in France speak of the irregularities of their own language ; but one of the French Encyclopedists drew a picture of the contrariety between its orthography and its pronunciation, which we should consider greatly exaggerated as a picture of the English language.

"It has happened," he says, "by the alterations which rapidly succeed each other in pronunciation, and by the corrections which are slowly introduced in writing, that the pronunciation and writing do not correspond. And though societies of men of letters have been charged with the business of reducing them to rules, so as to harmonize together, they are still found to be at an inconceivable distance from each other ; so that two things, which in their origin were imagined faithfully to represent one another, differ not much less than the portraits of the same person at very distant periods of his life. In fine, the disagreement has become

so excessive, that no one dares to attempt a remedy. We pronounce one language; we write another; and being accustomed, during the remainder of life, to the inconsistencies which have caused us so many tears in childhood, if we should renounce our bad orthography for one nearer to the pronunciation, we should not be able to recognize our spoken language under the new combination of characters."

Mr. Worcester's key to the sounds of the vowels exhibits a more minute analysis than that of Walker. This is a dry subject for commentary, and ours shall be very brief.

Walker's Key represents but four sounds of the letter *a*; namely, the long slender English sound, as in *fate*; the long Italian, as in *far*; the broad German, as in *fall*; and the short Italian, as in *fat*. To these Mr. Worcester adds *a* long before *r*, as heard in *fare*, *rare*, *pair*, and *bear*. It may not be amiss to remark, that *bear* has an anomalous pronunciation. We have the same sound in *pear*, *swear*, *wear*, and perhaps a few other words of the same class, which do not occur to us. But the common sound of *ea* before *r*, is that which is familiar to us in *clear*, *dear*, *drear*, *fear*, *gear*, &c. But words having the same form as *fare* and *pair* have uniformly, if we mistake not, the same sound of *a* that is denoted by these words. For want of marking this variety in the sound of *a*, Walker has sometimes given to words of this form the long sound of *a* in *hate*, and sometimes that of *a* in *hat*, where neither represents the true sound, and consequently the reader is liable to be misled. It is not probable that Walker pronounced the word *rare* with the long slender English sound of *a* in *fate*; but his notation so teaches. Nor do we believe that he considered this sound as applied to the *a* in *parent* any thing more than an approximation. Unfortunately, some persons, who have looked for perfection in his representation of vowel sounds, have acquired the habit of an affected pronunciation of this word, and others of the same class, such as *apparent*, *care*, *careful*, *fare*, *farewell*.

It cannot be doubted that Walker, who had analyzed very carefully the vowel sounds as affected by the consonants, perceived the peculiarity of sound occasioned by *r* following the vowel, in examples like those we have cited; although we do not find it remarked upon in his critical examination of the power of the letters. Mr. Worcester has done good

service in this addition to the key of the vowel. The propriety of the other addition to his key, that of *a* intermediate, having neither the short sound, as in *fat*, nor the Italian, as in *far*, we think is apparent. This sound is denoted in the key by the arbitrary vowel mark on the words *fast*, *branch*, *grasp*, and *grass*. To the vowel in these words, and others of the same class, Walker gives the short sound. The Italian sound of *a* in such words, which we generally hear from those who have bestowed little care upon pronunciation, it appears to us, approaches nearer to the true sound than that which is noted by Walker.

To the letter *e* Walker gives in his table of vowel sounds only the common long and short sounds, as in *me* and *met*. Mr. Worcester adds *e*, like *a* in *rare*, exemplified in *heir*, *there*, *where*. Here, again, the imperfection of Walker's notation appears. For the purpose of indicating the sound of the vowel, he spells these words with *a* long, as in *fate ;* and the last of them, in the following awkward manner, — *hware* and *hware-az*. He probably never distorted his mouth so as to pronounce them according to this orthography. Another addition in Mr. Worcester's key to the same letter is what he calls the short and obtuse sound, as in *her*, *herd*, *fern*, *fervid*. Some of these, also, for the sake of indicating the true sound, Walker was obliged to spell with a different vowel. Thus *her* is directed to be pronounced *hur*, like *u* in *tub*. But we cannot come at this sound with the vowel before *r*, except by the help of another syllable, as in *hur-ry*. Whether we gain any thing by such a process, every one can judge. It is pretty certain, however, that no orthoëpist has skill enough to lead one astray in pronouncing the word. Not exactly thus is it with *herd*, to which Walker gives the short vowel sound, like *e* in *met*. It is possible, by very labored self-training, to give to this word the strange and indescribable sound which we have heard in the utterance of *earth*, *erth*, with short *e*, — a sound so difficult, that Walker proposed it with many grains of allowance, and for the sake of guarding against "a coarse, vulgar pronunciation, as if written *urth*. There is, indeed," he says, "but a delicate difference between this and the true sound, but quite sufficient to distinguish a common from a polite speaker."

Thus it appears, that Walker's table of sounds, in regard as well to the letter *e* as to the letter *a*, is not sufficiently

complete to indicate all the legitimate sounds, and that he was obliged to recur to indirect methods to supply what was wanting.

To the letter *i* Walker assigns only one long and one short sound. Mr. Worcester adds the sound of long *e*, as in *machine*, *police*, *mien*, *marine*. Words in which *i* has this sound are not very numerous. They are derived generally from modern European languages, most of them from the French, and retain the foreign sound of the vowel. He also adds what he denominates the short and obtuse sound, as in *fir*, *sir*, *bird*, *virtue*. This sound, we believe, is confined to the vowel as followed by the letter *r*, and does not extend to a great number of words. The larger part, we think, are words compounded of *circum*, and other words derived from the Latin ; being generally, also, Latin compounds with *circum* already formed in this language, and merely changed to English forms.

To the sounds of *o* noted in Walker's table Mr. Worcester adds *o* like short *u ;* as in *son*, *done*, &c. The former, having assigned no such sound to *o* in his key, was obliged to exemplify it in the words in which it is found by substituting short *u*, in spelling them according to their true sound.

To the letter *u* Mr. Worcester adds to the sounds exemplified in Walker's table the short and obtuse sound, as in *fur*, *turn*, &c., the vowel being followed by *r*. All the words of this class, by Walker's notation, are pronounced with *u* as in *tub*, a sound that does not agree with *fur*. Mr. Worcester adds also the sound of *u* in *rule*, *rude*, *true*, a class of words in which the vowel is preceded by *r*, giving it the sound of *o* in *move*. Between this sound and the common long sound of *u* there is, as Walker says in another case, "but a delicate difference." As we commonly pronounce the long *u* in *tune*, *tube*, and *lute*, we perceive little difference between these words and *rule*, *true*, &c. But as the sound of *u* long is modified by the initial consonants in *cube*, *mule*, and *pure*, which last word differs very perceptibly in sound from *poor*, the ground of Mr. Worcester's distinction is obvious. Walker was aware of the difference, and spells *rule*, and other words with *r* preceding the vowel, with *oo*, in order to exemplify the true pronunciation.

In Walker's table *y* is wholly overlooked. Mr. Worcester notes it long, as in *style*, short in *symbol*, short and obtuse in *myrtle*.

Having followed Mr. Worcester through his key to the vowel sounds, and taken some pains to examine its application to many words in the dictionary, we are able to speak with confidence concerning his system. It is a great improvement upon that of Walker, whose pronouncing dictionary has long been regarded as the standard in the United States. We think this is shown by the cursory remarks we have made in comparing the two systems. Walker's is evidently defective, and Worcester's appears to us to be as comprehensive as the nature of the subject permits it to become. In consequence of the completeness of his system, he applies the marks of the vowels in the key directly to the words in the dictionary in their true orthography, and is seldom obliged to have recourse to Walker's awkward method of spelling words in an altered orthography, merely to exemplify the pronunciation.

We have spoken thus far of the most determinate vowel sounds. In monosyllables, in the accented syllables of other words, and generally in the syllables upon which the secondary accent falls, the sound of the vowels is so distinct that their power can be marked with such exactness as to be readily comprehended. But in familiar, audible reading and recitation, in animated public speaking, and especially in free conversation, syllables are continually occurring, in which the sounds of the vowels are so indistinct, that it is impossible to settle them by the appropriate varieties of long and short sounds indicated in a key by figures or arbitrary marks. Even in regard to grave and solemn discourse, this cannot be done, in very many cases, without supposing great restraint and extreme stiffness on the part of the public reader or speaker. Walker, attempting to denote the sounds of the vowels heard so imperfectly by the distinct long and short sounds comprised in his table, instead of guiding us to the true pronunciation, makes it more uncertain than if it were left to accident. Indeed, in a great portion of unaccented syllables, the natural, we might almost say the unavoidable, pronunciation is such as to produce uniformity; and in proportion to the strength of the accented syllables, uniformity in the unaccented is more sure to follow. If, therefore, it were not for the appearance of acknowledging his system of notation of vowel sounds to be defective, the orthoëpist might as well leave the unaccented syllables generally to the natural play of

the organs of speech, without any key to the vowel sounds ; for it is impossible to note the degrees of obscurity, as they are variously affected by position, and by connection with different consonants.

In addition to the well defined vowels in his key, Mr. Worcester adds to each a mark for its obscure sound. This, with due limitations, is an improvement upon Walker, since it truly acknowledges that to be obscure which he vainly attempts to make clear. Still, we think Mr. Worcester may have extended this convenient notation too far, especially in regard to initial and final unaccented syllables. Take, for instance, the first syllables of the following words beginnin with *a*, and pronounced with the consonant after it : — *abhor*, *abjure*, *ablution*, *accuse*, *accustom*, *advance*, *admit*, *alternative*. In deliberate speaking, we should say that the short sound of *a* in these words is distinctly heard. Systems of notation of sounds are made for those who sound all the syllables, except those in regard to which custom has already decided otherwise. If there is any truth in Voltaire's saying, — even after making all due allowance for the exaggeration, — that the English eat up half their words, it becomes those who respect their language to save as many as they can from being devoured. There are degrees of the obscure vowel sounds, which of course cannot be marked by separate notation. Thus, in the word *alternative*, cited above, if *a* in the first syllable is obscure, it is much more obscure in the penult. In final unaccented syllables, it is generally too obscure to be noted with the common short sound. Thus, in *palace*, it departs widely from this a sound and is usually pronounced *pal-is ; menace*, *men-is*. Followed by some of the other consonants, it has a sound like short *u ;* as *medial*, *seaman*, *pedlar*, *compass*. In polysyllables, its sound is generally very obscure in the penult or antepenult, without the accent ; as in *sanatory*, *temporary*.

In the beginning of a word, *e*, forming a syllable by itself, has the long sound, as *eclipse*, *elect ;* when it takes a consonant, it has the short sound, as *efface*, *employ*, *enjoy*, *erratic*, *exact*. In the last syllable it is short and obscure, as *chicken*, *kindred*, *kindness*. All these examples of the letter *e*, in the unaccented syllables, are noted by Mr. Worcester as obscure. The words chosen in the key to exemplify this obscure sound are *brier*, *fuel*, *celery*. But these sounds are

not alike. In *brier*, the sound is that of *e* in *her*, deprived of the accent; in *celery* the penult is *e* long and obscure; in *fuel* it is short and more obscure, and according to the common pronunciation sounds like *i* short.

The next vowel, *i* obscure, is exemplified in the key by *elixir*, *ruin*, *logic*, *ability*. In the last syllable of *elixir* we have the sound of *i* in *sir*; in *ruin* and *logic*, of short *i* in *pin*; and in the penult of *ability*, *i* obscure, approaching as near to its short sound as to any other.

Actor, *confess*, *felony*, represent in the key the obscure sound of *o*. In *actor* the vowel has no type in the key, to which it answers. This word, and many others ending in *or*, have the same sound of *o* before *r*, as *e*, *i*, and *u* have before the same letter; as *her*, *fir*, *fur*; and *actor* can be pronounced in no other way, except like *o* in *nor*, which is contrary to established usage. In *confess* we have the short *o* obscure, and in *felony* the long.

As examples of *u* obscure, we find in the key *sulphur*, *murmur*, each of which has the sound of the vowel, in the last syllable, the same as that in *fur*; and *deputy*, in which it is long, as in *pure*.

For the obscure sound of *y* we have *truly*, *envy*, *martyr*, as examples. The *y* final, as it seems to us, retains its short sound, the same as that of *i* short, which is in a measure checked for want of a consonant to rest upon. In plurals, as in *abilities*, the sound of the vowel is prolonged, and is evidently the short sound, as in *his*. We find that we agree with two out of the six orthoëpists most frequently quoted by Mr. Worcester; namely, Sheridan and Jones, who represent the pronunciation of ability thus, — a-bĭl-ў-tў. Walker spells the word, in order to indicate the pronunciation, a-bil-ē-tē. And here we are reminded of a remark, which has occurred to us frequently as one that ought to be made, that, wherever short or obscure *i* occurs in the penult or antepenult of polysyllabic words, Walker gives it the power of *e* long: — thus, bu'-tē-ful, ser-ku'-ē-tus, des'-pē-ka-ble, ed'-ē-tur, de'-ē-fi, fe-lis'-ē-tē, &c. This spelling of words a second time, with strange and sometimes ludicrous combinations of letters, is an awkward business; but since we have begun to meddle with it, we will try our hand, and see whether we are able to compile, from the letters of our alphabet, an orthography which more truly represents the pronunciation of these

words ; for it is certain that no Englishman ever pronounced them according to Walker's notation. In attempting this, we chiefly regard the true accent, and the power of the letter *i*, which Walker represents by ē. Thus, beau′-tif-ful, des′-pik-a-ble, cir-cu′-it-ous, ed′-it-ur, de′-if-fy, fe-lis′-it-ty, as here spelled and divided, seem to give the true sound of *i* short. In a matter so subtile, we would avoid dogmatism ; but it appears to us that in these, and in very numerous words like them, the true sound becomes obscured only by the rapid utterance of the syllable in question, and the want of vocal stress occasioned by the absence of accent.

The great variety in the notation of unaccented vowels among the authors of pronouncing dictionaries shows how futile it is, in many, if not in most, cases of this kind, to fix, by artificial methods, that in which they all agree in practice ; and of which custom, and the modes of articulation that are natural, or appear so from habit, have so established the pronunciation, that we can seldom deviate far, even by accident, if we agree in accentuation. To this agreement there are few exceptions. Mr. Worcester seems to have come pretty much to the same conclusion. After exhibiting a table of words to which he adds the pronunciation of Sheridan, Walker, Jones, Jameson, Knowles, and Smart, a curious piece of patchwork, we do not wonder that he determined to abandon them all, and to place the vowels of unaccented syllables in one category of obscure sounds. Having determined to do this, he did it with the same consistency which is a distinguishing excellence manifested in all the departments of his dictionary.

After presenting the table of words variously pronounced by the distinguished orthoëpists above named, Mr. Worcester remarks, that "they agree with respect to two of the most important points in the pronunciation of words ; namely, the syllable on which the accent is to be placed, and the quantity of the vowel in the accented syllable. Though, with regard to the mode of representing the pronunciation of most of the words, there is considerable diversity, yet it is doubtless true, that the pronunciation intended to be expressed differs, in reality, much less than it would seem to do ; and that, in numerous instances, these orthoëpists agreed much better in their practice than in their mode of indicating it."

If, however, Mr. Worcester had chosen to apply to the

unaccented syllables generally his system of notation, which is much more comprehensive than Walker's, or any other that we have seen, containing all the legitimate vowel sounds, he would, if he had failed to satisfy himself, have succeeded far better than his predecessors in accomplishing the undertaking. Walker, in this particular, may often lead astray those who trust to his guidance without exercising their own judgment. Mr. Worcester, in the same particular, not professing to be an infallible guide, leaves what is necessarily obscure to be learned by imitation and experience.

Orthography, according to the full grammatical import of the word, should correspond exactly to pronunciation. That it falls far short of this in the English language is well known, and is lamented by all who have given any attention to the subject; but it is now the sole duty of lexicographers and good writers to preserve the orthography as it is, in all cases where it is established by general usage, and in case of diversity to regard analogy; and to be consistent, so far as they are not overruled by custom, with their own principles. No dictation on this subject, which aims at radical changes, can succeed. We can make no essential alterations in order to adapt orthography to the true sounds, which of themselves are not in all cases fixed by custom, but on the contrary are still fluctuating from accident or diversity of taste. London, says Mr. Worcester, the great metropolis of English literature, has incomparably greater influence than any other city in giving law to pronunciation. But in that great Babel, the concert must be very imperfect. The court, parliament, *coteries* of the fashionable and of the literate, though in some respects independent, yet acting upon each other indirectly, tend to produce diversity and change. It was in the early part of the last century, during the last days of Queen Anne, or soon after, that Swift said, — "In London, they clip their words after one manner about the court, another in the city, and a third in the suburbs; all which, reduced to writing, would entirely confound orthography." The great object should now be to hold fast what we have gained.

It was a favorite notion of Dr. Webster, that "such gradual changes should be made in orthography, as shall accommodate the written to the spoken language, when they do not violate established principles, and especially when they purify words from corruptions, improve the regular

analogies of a language, and illustrate etymology." This he said when he published his Compendious Dictionary, in 1806. In his quarto dictionary (1828), he made some changes, and suggested many others ; but in general to little purpose. He went far enough to create distrust, without effecting much as a reformer. Whoever has the curiosity to see wherein he made improvements, and in how many instances he failed in regard to consistency with his own principles, may be gratified by examining a review of this dictionary by Lyman Cobb (1831). It exhibits the proofs of the most thorough examination into a minute subject that we have ever met with. We trust that it has been in the hands of the learned editor who is about to publish a revised edition of the dictionary. *Fas est et ab hoste doceri.*

Mr. Worcester has made no arbitrary changes in the orthography. In regard to words of various or doubtful orthography, which are few compared with the whole number, he has taken into account the manner in which they are affected by etymology, analogy, the authority of dictionaries, and general usage, before forming his judgment. So far as we have been able to examine the vocabulary, we find that he has preserved great consistency in the orthography of words that fall into the same class in their respective formations. In his introductory essay on orthography, he has inserted a list of about fourteen hundred words, which are variously spelt. A considerable portion consists of such as are not in common use. Of such as are in daily use, — *daily*, *dayly*, is one of them, — the difference consists, in many words, in the first syllable being either *em* or *im* ; as *empower*, *impower* ; *en* or *in* ; *enquire*, *inquire* ; and in the commutation of *c* and *s*, and of *s* and *z*, in the final syllables and the derivative formations from them. The list is of frightful length, when first looked upon ; but when examined, the alarm diminishes, and the tendency, we think, is rather towards uniformity than increasing variety.

Whoever has felt the pains and pleasures of severe study must look with admiration upon the indefatigable etymologist, who devotes his days and nights to hunting up the pedigree of a word in an unbroken line from this age back to the time of Moses. " I am no herald to inquire of men's pedigrees, it sufficeth me that I know their virtues " ; so wrote a distinguished English patriot nearly two centuries ago. It is so with the bulk of readers. They care not for the lineal succes-

sion of their words ; they wish to know their virtues, and how they are used ; and a few illustrations taken from good writers are of more value to them than all the speculations of the learned philologists who hunt them in the dark through all their peregrinations.

We cannot read without commiseration, mingled with respect, the account which the learned Noah Webster gave of his toils in the study of etymology. The pursuit seems, in his case, for a long time to have amounted almost to a proof of monomania, which caused him to throw aside the vast pile of philological stores he had accumulated, as if they were nothing worth. Soon after he published his Compendious Dictionary (1806), he began to make preparations for a larger work. He commenced writing it, and went through two letters of the alphabet, before he found out that his work was labor lost. He began to be conscious of his ignorance of the origin of words, on which Bailey and Johnson, Junius and Skinner, had shed no light. He then put himself to the rack, and submitted to self-torture paralleled only in the example of the most distinguished saints of the Romish church in the Dark Ages. He thus describes the process : — " Laying aside my manuscripts, and all books treating of language, except lexicons and dictionaries, I endeavoured, by a diligent comparison of words having the same or cognate radical letters, in about twenty languages, to obtain a more correct knowledge of the primary sense of original words, of the affinities between the English and many other languages, and thus to enable myself to trace words to their source." But, alas ! here were three or four years lost ; and not only so, but he was obliged to begin, as Quintilian says of those taught in the ancient arts by incompetent masters, with the harder part ; that is, by unlearning what was faultily acquired. He went back, he says, to the first rudiments of a branch of erudition, which he had before cultivated, as he had supposed, with success. Ten years more were spent in comparing the radical words ; and after completing the task, he says, — " The result has been to open what are to me new views of language, and to unfold what appear to be the genuine principles on which these languages are constructed." Happy is the man who feels, after approaching so near to martyrdom, that he has gained so rich a reward of his persevering labors.

Richardson is an etymological antiquary of a different

sort. He goes back to the earliest remains of English writers, of whom Robert of Gloucester, who lived in the time of Henry the Second, and wrote in the latter part of the twelfth century, is the most remote. Next come Gower and Wiclif, about the middle of the fourteenth century. From these he traced down such words as he could find, in their primitive, derivative, and altered forms, to the present time, aiming to give an historical view of their radical, consequential, and metaphorical senses.

Mr. Worcester has generally omitted the Saxon etymons in the etymological department of his dictionary, and noted only those derived from other northern dialects, and in general all of strictly foreign origin, from the ancient and modern languages. Of technical and scientific words, derived in great part from the Greek, he commonly gives the original, whether simple or compound. Among the omissions in this particular we notice *æsthetics*. He gives the original of *dynamics*, and the compound *hydrodynamics*, but omits that of *aerodynamics* and *dynameter*. Of the compounds, *aerostatics*, *aerolite*, and *lithoxyle* are omitted. The original words in these examples are indeed all Greek, which the learned can supply, and which the mere English reader does not want. The clear definitions given by Mr. Worcester of these and other scientific words are all that the common reader needs. Still, we should have been pleased to see the original etymons inserted.

Besides the new words introduced into his dictionary, with their pronunciation and exact definitions, Mr. Worcester has carefully revised the definitions in the vocabulary of his own edition of Todd's Johnson, and many of them, particularly the technical and scientific terms, have been defined anew. So far as we have been able to examine the definitions in different parts of the vocabulary, we have found them very exact and intelligible, and those pertaining to the arts and sciences are exceedingly valuable. Of words that are used in a sense or idiom peculiar to the United States, not very numerous, Mr. Worcester, so far as we have looked for them, has barely stated the peculiarity, and has not given them notes of approbation or of apology, or of a claim to a meaning that approximates to that which is sanctioned by general usage.

For no inconsiderable period of coming time, this dictionary,

carefully and judiciously elaborated by the author, and in the mechanical execution and the revision of the press remarkably correct, even as to the minute diacritical marks, cannot fail to be received with wide acceptance. Mr. Worcester is already known and valued as the author of the Comprehensive Dictionary, published sixteen years ago, a convenient manual, approved by all who have used or examined it. A large portion of the intermediate time has been devoted by him to preparation for this larger work, which is far more complete than any other of the kind ; and although, in the progress of the arts and sciences, of invention, and it may be, of intellectual philosophy, it is doubtless destined at some time beyond our ken to be superseded, we may confidently predict that it will survive one generation.

ART. VII. — *Urania, a Rhymed Lesson, pronounced before the Mercantile Library Association, October* 14, 1846. By OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES. Second Edition. Boston : W. D. Ticknor & Co. 8vo. pp. 32.

THIS is the modest and rather enigmatical title of a very lively and beautiful poem. The public have anticipated our favorable verdict upon it ; though less than three months have elapsed since its delivery, it has already passed to a second edition. It may have attained a third for aught that we know, as the first issue was exhausted almost as soon as it was announced. In these prosaic times, when quite good poetry is absolutely a drug in the market, and fugitive rhymes are so very fugitive that they are forgotten about as quickly as they are uttered, that a poet should so speedily acquire and retain the ear of the public is an indication either of remarkable ability, or of still more remarkable good fortune. In the present state of the reading world, immediate popularity, we believe, is no bad proof of the excellence of poetry, though it would certainly be a very insufficient test of merit in the case of philosophy or science. He who sings for the public, and cannot find a grateful audience, would do better to keep his music to himself. If the multitude neglect him, it is pretty

good proof that he ought to be neglected. He may become fashionable with a certain class, the idol of a particular school, the bard of a clique or a coterie ; but he is no true poet, unless he can excite the imaginations and move the feelings of all men. It is his business to strike chords which find a response in every bosom, to present analogies which are perceptible to every mind, to command the passions which are the universal attribute of human nature. If his verse needs explanation or comment, if one must be educated before he can understand it, or go through a particular training before he can appreciate it, the busy world will pass it by, and will lose very little by its neglect.

Of course, we exclude the cases of factitious and short-lived popularity, where an audience is gained by an appeal to casual associations or temporary prejudices, or perhaps by the arts of a mountebank. The favor of the public, which is at once the test and the reward of excellence, cannot be acquired by humoring the weakness or flattering the prejudices of the multitude. These peccant humors are transitory in their very nature ; and when they die out, the good-will which was conciliated only by attention to them must also disappear. To found one's claim to notice upón these momentary follies or excitements is as much a violation of the catholic character of true poetry, as to write in a manner which can be understood and relished only by a few persons of unusual learning and abilities, or of peculiar tastes. Aristocratic and gentlemanly poetry is the least endurable of all fashionable follies. The euphuisms of Queen Elizabeth's time, the rhymed tragedies imitated from the French after the Restoration, the Della Cruscan school of the last century, and the forced raptures and mystical babblings of sundry inspired bards in our own day are among the choicest fruits of this narrow and exclusive spirit. They are received with great clapping of hands by the " select few " ; but the people stare and ignore them altogether.

Poetry was eminently popular in its origin. Wandering bards sang their metrical legends and hymns in honor of the gods at great public festivals, or at solemn entertainments held by chiefs and kings. The earliest poetry of almost every nation in Europe is in the form of songs and ballads, many of which embody the historical traditions of the country, or give expression to the religious ideas of the people. These rude

verses were sung in every hut, and by the groups around the watchfires in every warlike expedition. They were preserved only in the memory, but there they found a safe resting-place, and were handed down uninjured from father to son, through many successive generations. They had more influence than laws or governments in forming the customs and determining the characters of a whole people. Their peculiar charms, their simplicity and directness, their force and pathos, can be appreciated even now by any taste that is not morbidly refined. It is more than probable that rhyme, assonance, and metre were first contrived as aids to the memory, or as a system of mnemonics, before writing was invented or introduced, and while poetry, religious dogmas, and laws existed only as they were remembered by the multitude. The drama, too, the second great source of poetry, was contrived for the entertainment of the great body of the people, and was carefully adapted to their tastes. Vast crowds filled those immense amphitheatres which no roof could cover, and pronounced judgment from which there was no appeal on the merits of poet and player both. The same plays, which now tax the learning and the patience of the most accomplished scholars, were once the daily entertainment of the populace of Athens.

The progress of civilization and refinement changes all this, and poetry, which was designed to be the daily food of the multitude, becomes the exclusive prerogative of the few. And just in proportion as its audience is diminished and its scope narrowed, its simplicity, vigor, and freshness begin to pass away. It lapses into spasmodic and unnatural effort, feeble imitation, or sickly refinement. It glitters with cold conceits, is varnished over with tame elegance, and chastened into a languid conformity with rules. False sentiment, vagaries in taste, and absurdities in speculation are faults to which classes and small circles of men are prone ; they gain no foothold in the intellect of a whole people. There is a corrective power in numbers ; when several thousand children sing in unison, as at the yearly meeting in St. Paul's cathedral, the discords are all absorbed in the flood of sound, and the effect upon the ear is that of perfect accord. So in matters of taste and opinion ; opposite errors balance each other, and the resultant is more likely to lie in the true direction than either of the component forces. Plain good sense, an ear for

the harmony of numbers, excitable feelings, and a tolerably quick perception of analogies are among the ordinary endowments of our common nature ; and these are all the qualifications in his hearers which a poet ought to require. If he goes farther, and presupposes in them a considerable amount of learning, or a power of following metaphysical refinements and the nicest subtilties of thought and expression, he must not complain if the wearied listeners gradually lose patience and leave him alone. We have no regard for the common complaint, that a certain poet is unduly neglected, or his works censured without just cause, merely because the public will not embrace his theory, and look at them from his point of view. It is not the world's business to satisfy the poet's requisitions ; it is his duty to conform to theirs. If he will address himself to tastes and opinions which are held only by a few, he must not grumble if those few compose the whole circle of his admirers. His province is to appeal chiefly to the imagination and the passions, and these are strongest where the reasoning powers are least cultivated ; they exist in the highest vigor, and are manifested with the least restraint, in the very multitude whose verdict he is seeking to avoid or set aside.

We are not aiming at paradox, or endeavouring to sanction an appeal from the opinion of the judicious few to the arbitrary judgments of the mob. In all cases which depend on an induction from facts or a comparison of instances, or wherever the reasoning faculty is concerned, the opinion of the multitude, as such, is not worth a straw ; we look not to the quantity, but to the quality, of the voices rendered in judgment. But a relish for the beauties of poetry is an intuitive perception, and is most likely to be true and just when expressed with the least study or hesitation. It does not admit of analysis, and if we must make an effort before it can be obtained, or must go back to argument in order to justify it, it is most probably perverted and wrong.

One of the latest stages in the decline of poetry is the formation of a number of distinct schools, and the multiplication of mannerisms. Even now, the establishment of what may be called the Wordsworthian school augurs no good for the future. It is a great triumph, indeed, for a poet to have formed the very taste by which his works are judged ; but that taste is more likely to be correct which does not require to be *formed* at all, which needs no study, theorizing, or

laborious cultivation, but springs up spontaneously whenever the right chord is struck. A particular school is always animated and kept together by a spirit of exclusiveness ; it will tolerate no excellence out of its own bounds. If Mr. Wordsworth and his disciples are right to the full extent of their theory, more than half of our English poets must come down from their pride of place, and be content to be ranked with the writers of prose. If the many feeble, tame, and creeping passages of the Excursion are not merely to be defended as breathing-places in a long poem, but to be held up as models for imitation, then the popular taste, which admires the awful sublimities of Milton, the exquisite finish of Goldsmith, or the magnificent lyrics of Campbell, is all wrong. Things so utterly dissimilar cannot be ranked together merely as different kinds of excellence ; if the one is beauty, the other is deformity. The judgment of the multitude is never warped by communion with the bigoted partialities of these poetical sects ; it is more catholic, and for the same reason more natural and true. The people have neither time nor inclination to be initiated into the mysteries of a fraternity ; they will not study the new code of laws, but will adhere steadfastly to the ancient customs of the realm of poesy.

The conclusion of the whole matter is, that a neglected poet has no right to murmur ; if he has failed to please, after a trial of reasonable length, the fault is his own. To impart pleasure, not to instruct, is the great object of poetry ; if he has not succeeded in doing this, it is a sign that he has missed his vocation. Of course, we are now speaking of the reception of a poet's works, and not of the treatment which he has met in person. Milton, and many others, have had good cause to complain that they had fallen on evil days and evil tongues ; but what they have lost in one capacity they were sure to gain in another. Justice is infallibly rendered in the long run to the poet, though it is often denied to the man.

Dr. Holmes will not object to our doctrine, if he judges only from his own experience. Though he has published very little, he is one of the most popular of American poets, and the corollary from our theorem is, that he deserves all his reputation. Some may object, that much of his popularity is to be ascribed to the exuberance of his wit, in which he easily surpasses all his contemporaries excepting Hood. To this we answer, that wit may justly be considered as one

of the brightest ornaments of poetry ; and in his case, as well as in that of his English predecessor to whom we have just alluded, it is by no means unattended by the higher and more characteristic excellences of his profession. His fancy teems with bright and appropriate images, and these are woven into his plan usually with exquisite finish and grace. His artistic merits are very great ; his versification is never slovenly, nor his diction meagre or coarse ; and many of his shorter pieces are inwrought with so much fire and imagination as to rank among our best lyrics.

This is high praise, and in order to justify it, we should find it necessary to quote rather from the volume of his collected poems, which was published here some years since, and afterwards republished in England, than from the brief "rhymed lesson," quite local and occasional in character, which is now before us. But we must not make citations from a work which is in the hands of nearly all our readers, while the choicer portions of it are as familiar to them as the songs of their childhood. Urania — a title which for some inexplicable reason he has chosen to annex to this later publication — has some striking faults ; but it has also characteristic passages enough to support our high estimate of the writer's powers. It is a mere medley of bright thoughts and laughing satire, with here and there a momentary expression of deep feeling, which betrays a spirit that may be touched to nobler issues. The poet glances about like a butterfly from one topic to another, hardly resting on any one long enough to obtain more than a sip of its honey. The versification is uniformly flowing and harmonious, and the lines are never bolstered out with feeble or unmeaning expressions. The following description of a Sabbath morning in the city, though it has so many local allusions that one who is not familiar with the streets and churches of Boston can see but in part its admirable adaptation to the scene, may still serve as a favorable specimen of the poem. We can quote only a portion of it.

"The air is hushed ; the street is holy ground ;
Hark ! The sweet bells renew their welcome sound ;
As one by one awakes each silent tongue,
It tells the turret whence its voice is flung.

"The Chapel, last of sublunary things
That shocks our echoes with the name of King's,

Whose bell, just glistening from the font and forge,
Rolled its proud requiem for the second George,
Solemn and swelling, as of old it rang,
Flings to the wind its deep, sonorous clang ; —
The simpler pile, that, mindful of the hour
When Howe's artillery shook its half-built tower,
Wears on its bosom, as a bride might do,
The iron breastpin which the ' Rebels ' threw,
Wakes the sharp echoes with the quivering thrill
Of keen vibrations, tremulous and shrill ; —
Aloft, suspended in the morning's fire,
Crash the vast cymbals from the Southern spire ; —
The Giant, standing by the elm-clad green,
His white lance lifted o'er the silent scene,
Whirling in air his brazen goblet round,
Swings from its brim the swollen floods of sound ; —
While, sad with memories of the olden time,
The Northern Minstrel pours her tender chime,
Faint, single tones, that spell their ancient song,
But tears still follow as they breathe along.

" Child of the soil, whom fortune sends to range
Where man and nature, faith and customs, change,
Borne in thy memory, each remembered tone
Mourns on the winds that sigh in every zone.
When Ceylon sweeps thee with her perfumed breeze
Through the warm billows of the Indian seas ;
When, ship and shadow blended both in one,
Flames o'er thy mast the equatorial sun,
From sparkling midnight to refulgent noon
Thy canvas swelling with the still monsoon ;
When through thy shrouds the wild tornado sings,
And thy poor seabird folds her tattered wings,
Oft will delusion o'er thy senses steal,
And airy echoes ring the Sabbath peal!
Then, dim with grateful tears, in long array
Rise the fair town, the island-studded bay,
Home, with its smiling board, its cheering fire,
The half-choked welcome of the expecting sire,
The mother's kiss, and, still if aught remain,
Our whispering hearts shall aid the silent strain.—
Ah, let the dreamer o'er the taffrail lean,
To muse unheeded, and to weep unseen ;
Fear not the tropic's dews, the evening's chills,
His heart lies warm among his triple hills ! "

pp. 12, 13.

These are vigorous and striking lines, which no living poet certainly need be ashamed to own. The deep and holy sentiment which pervades the latter portion of them may suffice to convince those of their error who have hitherto regarded Dr. Holmes only as a rhyming Momus. There are many felicities of expression in them which show great mastery of style, and perfect familiarity with the well of English undefiled. This, indeed, is one of the characteristic merits of our bard. His diction is uniformly terse, precise, and vigorous, never cheating the ear with sound that veils an ambiguity of meaning, nor violating by a hair's breadth the established usages of language. His words ring clear and shrill, like good coin tried on the counter. He has entire command of Anglo-Saxon phraseology, and the most familiar turns of speech, without ever sinking into baldness or vulgarity ; and he often adapts colloquial expressions to his purpose with a felicity of setting which reminds one of Dean Swift. To illustrate and confirm this praise, we quote from the lighter and more satirical portion of the poem. There is much good sense, as well as pungent wit, in the following passage, and no one will deny its applicability to the race of whom it is spoken.

" Be firm ! one constant element in luck
Is genuine, solid, old Teutonic pluck ;
See yon tall shaft ; it felt the earthquake's thrill,
Clung to its base, and greets the sunrise still.

" Stick to your aim ; the mongrel's hold will slip,
But only crowbars loose the bulldog's grip ;
Small as he looks, the jaw that never yields
Drags down the bellowing monarch of the fields !

" Yet in opinions look not always back ;
Your wake is nothing, mind the coming track ;
Leave what you 've done for what you have to do ;
Don't be " consistent," but be simply true.

" Don't catch the fidgets ; you have found your place
Just in the focus of a nervous race,
Fretful to change, and rabid to discuss,
Full of excitements, always in a fuss.
Think of the patriarchs ; then compare as men
These lean-cheeked maniacs of the tongue and pen !
Run, if you like, but try to keep your breath ;
Work like a man, but don't be worked to death ;

And with new notions, — let me change the rule, —
Don't strike the iron till it 's slightly cool.

" Choose well your *set;* our feeble nature seeks
The aid of clubs, the countenance of cliques ;
And with this object, settle first of all
Your weight of metal and your size of ball.
Track not the steps of such as hold you cheap, —
Too mean to prize, though good enough to keep.
The ' real, genuine, no-mistake Tom Thumbs '
Are little people fed on great men's crumbs.
Yet keep no followers of that hateful brood
That basely mingles with its wholesome food
The tumid reptile, which, the poet said,
Doth wear a precious jewel in his head.

" If the wild filly, ' Progress,' thou wouldst ride,
Have young companions ever at thy side ;
But, wouldst thou stride the stanch old mare, ' Success,'
Go with thine elders, though they please thee less."
pp. 17 – 19.

If we did not respect the author's privilege of copyright, we should end by transferring the whole poem to our pages. But we have quoted enough to excite the curiosity of our readers to see the remainder, and to give some idea of the variety and productiveness of the poet's resources. He has shown much versatility of power, and we hope, on greeting him again, to find that he has been wandering in some of the higher walks of poesy. Let him not seek excuse for keeping his wings folded, on the ground that his daily pursuits confine him to the prosaic side of life. He gives a laughing sketch, indeed, of the incongruity between the subjects of thought that are commended to him by his profession, and these furtive offerings to the Muse. But Æsculapius was the favorite son of Apollo, and the two deities were often worshipped at the same shrine. They will not quarrel with each other, if our author's homage is divided between them ; nor can he be said to abandon the healing art who worships also the god of the silver bow, the slayer of the Python, and the author of the oracular responses given at Delphi. There are golden hours of leisure even in the practice of a successful physician, and these at least may be consecrated to more ambitious uses.

ART. VIII. — *The Library of American Biography.* Conducted by JARED SPARKS. Vol. XXI. *The Life of Stephen Decatur, a Commodore in the Navy of the United States.* By ALEXANDER SLIDELL MACKENZIE, U. S. N. Boston: Little & Brown. 1846. 12mo. pp. 443.

MR. SPARKS's Library of American Biography, now extending to twenty-one volumes, is about the largest, as it is certainly one of the most valuable, of the collateral aids for the study of American history which have yet been published. We here use the word *history* in its broadest signification, including under it not merely the annals of political events, but the progress of science, invention, literature, and all the great interests of a country. The lives of forty-nine individuals have already been written for this Library, seventeen of whom belong to the Colonial period, eighteen to the history of the Revolution, and fourteen have earned a distinguished name by literary or scientific effort. Many of these lives are made up entirely from unpublished documents, manuscripts have been consulted in part for most of them, and the few that are founded entirely upon printed books present a summary of information so full, trustworthy, and compact, as materially to diminish the labor and research of the historical inquirer. Mr. Sparks is more thoroughly acquainted, perhaps, with the sources of American history than any other individual in the country, and he has used his advantages as an editor with remarkable skill and taste. The literary execution of these volumes is of a high character, several of the biographies being from the editor's own pen, and most of the others are by writers who had previously acquired an honorable name in the world of letters. For the American reader, particularly, the work abounds with interesting and instructive matter, and no library of any considerable extent on this side of the Atlantic can be deemed complete without it.

On a former occasion,* we gave a list of the persons whose biographies had then been inserted in the Library. To that catalogue may now be added the names of Roger Williams, Timothy Dwight, Count Pulaski, Count Rumford, General Z. M. Pike, Samuel Gorton, Dr. Ezra Stiles,

* See *N. A. Review* for January, 1845; page 247.

John Fitch, Anne Hutchinson, John Ribault, Sebastian Rale, Colonel William Palfrey, General Charles Lee, Governor Joseph Reed, Leonard Calvert, Samuel Ward, Thomas Posey, and General Greene; and the volume now before us contains a memoir of Stephen Decatur, written by Commander Mackenzie, the distinguished author of A Year in Spain. In the list of writers of the lives here mentioned, we find the names of the editor of the series, of Professors Renwick, Kingsley, Reed, and Gammell, Dr. W. B. Sprague, Dr. Convers Francis, J. G. Palfrey, Colonel Henry Whiting, Rev. George E. Ellis, Rev. G. W. Burnap, James Hall, J. M. Mackie, Charles Whittlesey, and George W. Greene. Most of these were already well known to the public in other departments of literary endeavour. There are materials enough for continuing this Library to at least twice its present length, and we hope the patience of the editor and the encouragement afforded by the public may suffice to give it this extension.

We come now to consider more particularly the contents of the last volume of the series. Commodore Decatur's name is much the brightest on our list of naval heroes. He was the *preux chevalier* of the service, a man without fear and without reproach, as much distinguished for high and chivalrous feeling as for an enterprising spirit and a romantic valor. In the story of the engagements before Tripoli, he appears more like a knight of the olden time fighting against the infidels than like a modern naval commander. His gallantry and personal prowess made him the boast of the navy, while through his amiable disposition and generous heart he became the idol of his subordinate officers and seamen. He won distinction very early, and every step in his subsequent career added to the purity and brightness of his fame. But from this high eulogy we must except the concluding act of his life, and several deeds of a similar character earlier in his career; he perished a victim to that miserable "code of honor," the prevalence of which, especially in the army and navy, still outrages every feeling of humanity, justice, and Christian duty. It is bitter for an American to reflect, that, on the tombs both of the greatest statesman and of the most illustrious naval commander whom this country has to boast of, the most appropriate inscription would be, — "Abner died as a fool dieth." No consideration of delicacy to the living

shall prevent us from coupling together the names of Burr and Barron as their slayers. If Hamilton had died in office, worn out by his extraordinary exertions there, as well as by the foul ingratitude of a majority of his countrymen, — if Decatur had fallen on the quarter-deck of his noble frigate just as the flag of her opponent was coming down, though the life of each had been shortened by several precious years, with what happier and prouder feelings could their eulogies be written!

The grandfather of Commodore Decatur was a lieutenant in the French navy, who, making a visit to this country for the sake of his health, became attached to a young lady at Newport, Rhode Island, and gave up his commission, his country, and his friends for the sake of marrying her. The happiness which he hoped to obtain through this great sacrifice was of short duration. He died young, leaving his widow and only son with very narrow means of support. The son, born in Newport in 1751, became a sailor, and obtained the command of a vessel almost as soon as he came of age. During the war of the Revolution, he commanded the Royal Louis, and afterwards the Fair American, both of which were privateers, and acquired much reputation and some profit by the capture of English ships. After the war, he entered the merchant service, and made frequent voyages to France as captain, and in part owner, of the vessel. He married while quite young, and his son, Stephen Decatur, was born at Sinepuxent, in Maryland, on the 5th of January, 1779. The family soon returned from this place to Philadelphia, having left the city only during the period of its occupation by the British army.

At an academy in Philadelphia Stephen received the usual education preparatory to an admission to college, and he afterwards spent a year in the Pennsylvania University. At school he was remembered as a frank and high-spirited lad, active and daring in disposition, well skilled in all the exercises and games of the play-ground, a leader in every boyish prank, and very prompt to requite an injury with a blow, whatever might be the size and strength of his antagonist. With such a temperament, he was not likely to make much progress in study, and he frankly confessed to his parents and schoolmates, that he was weary of thumbing grammars and dictionaries, and longed to be active in the business of the world. His time at the academy and college, however, was by no means

wasted. He learned quickly his assigned task, though he studied only from a sense of duty. He had conceived, almost from infancy, an extraordinary liking for the profession of his father and grandfather, and circumstances contributed to foster this inclination. When he was but eight years old, he was sent upon a voyage with his father for the benefit of his health, which was then delicate. Among his earliest recollections, therefore, were the fitful aspects of the sea, and the almost romantic excitement of a sailor's life. The favorite amusements of his leisure hours at school were boating, swimming, and fashioning miniature ships.

It is seldom worth while to oppose a boy's choice of a profession, fanciful though it may be, when it is manifested early and maintained with firmness. Decatur's parents attempted to curb his inclination, but with small success; his father had had ample experience of the hardships and dangers that attend a life on the ocean, and it was difficult for a mother's anxious tenderness to consent to the frequent and prolonged absence of her son from home. When his weariness of sedentary pursuits had risen to disgust, they yielded so far as to withdraw him from college, and place him in a counting-room, that he might prepare for mercantile life. This was one step gained by the boy, but it was insufficient for his desires. He was faithful to his employers, but the time left to his own disposal was diligently devoted to the study of mathematics, that he might qualify himself for command at sea. The only incidents worth remembering at this period in his career are, that he was chosen to make a journey for the purpose of selecting the keelpieces of the frigate United States, then building at Philadelphia, and that he was aboard of her when she was launched. So soon began his acquaintance with the gallant ship that was afterwards to bear his flag in one of the most brilliant naval actions of the last war with England.

The commencement of hostilities with France, in 1798, increased Stephen's eagerness to join the navy, and at last enabled him to gain the reluctant cousent of his parents to this change of pursuit. Measures were adopted for the increase of the naval force of the United States, and for this purpose it was necessary to obtain officers as well as seamen from the merchant service. The elder Decatur had served with distinction during the Revolutionary war, though in com-

mand only of private armed vessels ; so that the offer of his services to the government at this period was readily accepted. He received his commission as a post-captain in May of this year, was appointed to the command of the Delaware, a vessel of twenty guns, and in her he immediately put to sea. Very soon he had the good fortune to fall in with and capture the French privateer Le Croyable, of fourteen guns, which had already committed great depredations on our commerce, and with this prize he returned to Philadelphia. The effect of this successful cruise on the imagination of young Decatur, already long inflamed with the idea of naval adventure, may be easily imagined. " He had seen his father sail, and bring back in triumph the first of the enemy's cruisers that had been captured, and yet he had not accompanied him." His father was to sail again in July, still in command of the Delaware, accompanying the frigate United States, which was then ready for sea. The commander of the latter, Commodore Barry, becoming acquainted with the character and wishes of young Decatur, obtained a warrant for him without the knowledge of his parents ; and when Stephen showed this to his mother, and renewed his entreaties, she yielded. He joined the United States as midshipman, finding two of his schoolmates already on board, — the present Commodore Stewart, then fourth lieutenant, and Richard Somers, who had received a warrant just before him.

The insignificance of our naval force at this period made it seemingly very hazardous for the United States to begin hostilities with a power which had often contended with England for the empire of the seas. The politicians of that day had decided, in their wisdom, that a navy was a useless expense, and that the best mode of protecting our commerce, then insulted or plundered at will by both the European belligerents, was to retain our merchant-vessels safely in port. This bright idea was cherished by our leading statesmen for a long period, and produced at last those two remarkable experiments in the art of war, the gunboat system and the embargo. Our author gives the following account of the state of our navy at the close of the last century.

" We had at this time only three frigates, the Constitution, the United States, and the Constellation, together with a few small vessels for the protection of the revenue. Of our Revolutionary

navy nothing remained; the last ship left of it, the beautiful Alliance, which had been pronounced a perfect frigate by the high authority of French constructers and naval men, had been sold in 1785. In 1794, the spoliations of Algiers on our commerce, attended by the cruel enslavement of our seamen, had provoked an act of Congress 'to provide a naval armament,' authorizing the purchase or construction of four frigates of forty-four guns, and two of thirty-six, with the proviso, that, if peace with Algiers should be concluded before their completion, no further expenditure should be made. Before their completion, peace had been obtained by the payment of near a million of dollars in money and presents, among which was a fast-sailing frigate, which might hereafter be engaged in depredating on our commerce, and by stipulating to pay an annual tribute. The same sum would have completed the six frigates, and sent them forth to extort by force, at the cannon's mouth, what was granted to supplication and bribery.

"But the latter expedient was preferred; and peace being thus ingloriously obtained, President Washington in vain urged the completion of the frigates, which might have been placed in the water for half the cost of the treaty. Congress could only be induced to authorize the completion of two of the forty-four, and one of the thirty-six gun frigates, the most advanced, aided by the sale of the perishable part of the materials collected for the whole number. Even the preliminary resolution, 'that a naval force, adequate to the protection of the commerce of the United States against the Algerine corsairs, ought to be provided,' had passed by a majority of only two voices.

"It was urged, that the force was inadequate to the object; that older and more powerful nations bought the friendship of Algiers, and we might honorably imitate their example, or else subsidize some foreign naval power to protect us. These arguments, and the state of feeling that prompted them, are chiefly interesting now as affording a point of comparison, whereby to estimate our advancement in national spirit and pride; an advancement in no slight degree due to the character and deeds of the subject of this memoir. To the forbearance of the Congress of that day, in selling only three of the six frigates which had been commenced, instead of the whole number, we owe the existence of the Constitution, the United States, and the Constellation, with all their associations of glory." — pp. 19, 20.

Decatur continued in the frigate during nearly the whole of the war, but had no opportunity of distinguishing himself, except by activity and zeal in performing his ordinary duties,

and by the quick attainment of knowledge and skill in the several branches of his profession. These qualities led to his promotion to a lieutenancy, when he was but twenty years of age, and had served only one year as midshipman. At this early period, also, occurred the first of those actions to which we have already alluded as constituting the only stains on his otherwise bright career. We give the account in Mr. Mackenzie's own words, though we are sorry to quote language so evidently designed to palliate or excuse a wholly indefensible proceeding.

"Whilst the United States was undergoing repairs at Chester, Decatur, who was her fourth and junior lieutenant, was sent to Philadelphia to enter a new crew for her, the sailors being at that time entered but for a single year. Whilst engaged in this duty, some prime seamen, whom he had recruited, subsequently shipped on board of an Indiaman. Decatur took his shipping articles with him, and went on board of the Indiaman, to reclaim his men. The chief mate, being a very high-spirited young fellow, was much vexed at parting with seamen from whose services he had expected much assistance in the performance of his arduous duties on a long voyage. He lost his temper, and permitted himself to use insulting language towards Decatur, and the service in which he was engaged. Decatur kept his temper, refrained from altercation, carried off the men, and subsequently related to his father what had occurred.

"The elder Decatur, looking upon the affair as a military man, and in a view which custom and public opinion sanctioned, came to the conclusion, most painful to a father, that Stephen could not avoid calling the offender to an account. Stephen accordingly sent Somers to ask an apology for the unprovoked aggression. It was refused, and a challenge was sent and accepted.

"Meantime Decatur had finished recruiting, and returned to his ship, which, having been refitted, had dropped down to Newcastle, preparatory to sailing. The mate, too, deferring private business for the present, had gone on with his duties. His ship, being also ready for sea, came down to Newcastle, and anchored near the United States. The mate now came on board of the frigate, and, asking for Lieutenant Decatur, told him he was ready to accept his invitation. Decatur immediately accompanied him on shore, but mentioned to Lieutenant Stewart, before he left the ship, that, as he presumed the young man was not expert in the use of arms, although he had offered him an insult wholly unprovoked, he should carefully avoid taking his life, and would shoot him in the hip. They met, Somers being the friend of

Decatur. Decatur wounded the young man where he had proposed, and remained unhurt himself. The anecdote is chiefly interesting as showing, that, in this affair, in which he was the party aggrieved, and had sought redress with the advice of his father, he was influenced by the same merciful reluctance to take life in a private quarrel, which controlled him on another and more fatal occasion." — pp. 37 – 39.

This is horrible ; the father urges his youthful son to fight a duel, and the latter shows his " merciful reluctance to take life " by determining to shoot his adversary only in the hip, — this resolution itself, and the exact fulfilment of it, betraying long practice and much skill in the use of the weapon appropriated to these miserable encounters. He was " the party aggrieved," also ; that is, he was the challenger ; and his opponent, the young mate of a merchantman, had probably never before held a pistol. We are not told whether the latter was crippled or maimed for life by the magnanimity of his antagonist.

A change in the government of the French republic, which brought Bonaparte into power, led to the conclusion of a treaty with the United States, and extinguished for the present all Decatur's hopes of obtaining distinction in naval war. Congress hastened to carry into practice its system of economy by reducing the navy to a *minimum ;* all but thirteen of the ships were directed to be sold, and seven of these were dismantled. Most of the officers, also, were to be discharged, and the selection of those who were to be retained was a delicate and painful duty. Decatur remained as lieutenant, and his younger brother as midshipman ; but their father retired, again became engaged in commercial affairs, and continued in this pursuit for the rest of his life. He was a successful and respected merchant.

Our ships of war were hardly dismantled or sold, and the officers and crews discharged, before our government was again informed, through its relations with some of the Barbary powers, of the necessity of maintaining a navy. We had been content to pay tribute to these pirates for some years, thinking that the United States needed not to be ashamed of a policy which had been followed, for a long time, by the leading maritime powers of Europe. But the corsairs could not agree about the division of this black-mail among themselves ; each wished to enhance the price of his

magnanimous engagement not to plunder the commerce of the Christians. The Bashaw of Tripoli had duly received the stipulated tribute; but he complained that we had *given* him nothing, while his brother pirate at Algiers had received from us the present of a fine frigate. Another of his grievances was, that the Bey of Tunis had received nearly as much as himself, which was not granting to the worthy Bashaw that preëminence among pirates which he claimed, and to which, indeed, he was justly entitled. The American government continued to "speak him fair," but being a little apprehensive lest he should help himself to a few *presents* out of our commerce, they concluded to send an armed squadron to watch his motions. This was the more necessary, as their Highnesses of Tunis and Algiers, also, had similar grievances to be redressed, and had begun to hold menacing language towards the mutinous Christian powers. The frigates President, Philadelphia, and Essex, and the schooner Enterprise, were fitted out for the Mediterranean, under Commodore Dale; and Decatur joined the squadron as first lieutenant of the Essex, then commanded by Bainbridge.

"The orders, under which Commodore Dale acted, having been prepared in ignorance of the actual declaration of war against us by Tripoli, contemplated rather precautionary measures, in restraining her cruisers from putting to sea, and depredating on our commerce, than actual hostilities. Nothing beyond restraint, and the consequent protection of our trade, was effected by this squadron, except in a very brilliant action which took place off Malta, between the schooner Enterprise, of twelve light guns, commanded by Lieutenant Sterrett, and the Tripolitan ship Tripoli, of fourteen guns, commanded by Rais Mahomet Sous. The engagement, which the Tripoli began, lasted three hours, when the Tripoli struck, having lost her mizzen mast, and had twenty of her crew killed and thirty wounded. Lieutenant Sterrett, having no orders to make captures, threw all her guns and ammunition overboard, cut away her masts, and completely dismantled her, leaving her only one spar and a single sail to drift back to Tripoli, and bear to the Bashaw the message, that such treatment was the only tribute he would ever receive from Americans." — pp. 52, 53.

After this cruise, which continued about a year, Decatur allowed himself a respite of only two or three weeks, and

then rejoined the Mediterranean squadron as first lieutenant of the frigate New York, under Captain James Barron. The strength of the squadron was now considerably increased, and its commander had at last received orders which authorized more active proceedings against Tripoli. Decatur was eagerly looking forward to the beginning of hostilities as an opportunity of acquiring distinction; but before he could strike his first blow for his country, he was again involved, though not this time as a principal, in an "affair of honor," as it is called, the tragical issue of which obliged him to return home for a season. While the squadron was lying at Malta, Midshipman Bainbridge and one of his messmates visited the theatre, and met some British officers there, who seemed disposed to insult them. The remainder of the story may be given in Mr. Mackenzie's own words.

"One of them observed, in allusion to our war with Tripoli, which as yet had certainly not been conducted with special vigor, 'Those Yankees will never stand the smell of powder!' The young Americans went into the lobby to consult about the notice to be taken of this remark, which, whether intended or not to be heard by them, was most grating to their feelings. They were soon followed by the British officers, and, as they walked up and down the lobby, the individual who had made the offensive remark, walking in the contrary direction, ran rudely against Midshipman Bainbridge. The offence was repeated three several times. Convinced, at the third encounter, that the collision resulted from a fixed determination to insult him, Mr. Bainbridge knocked the offender down. The individual who had gone so far out of his way to insult an unoffending boy, and that boy a foreigner, enjoying the hospitalities of a country where the insulter was at home, proved to be no less a personage than the secretary of Sir Alexander Ball, the governor.

"He was a professed duellist, and had sought this occasion to practise his art, whilst he showed his mingled aversion and contempt for Americans, a fashionable feeling among the English of that day. A challenge from the duellist was received by Mr. Bainbridge on board the New York on the following morning. Bainbridge was equally unskilled in the use of the pistol and the code of duelling. He was about to accept the invitation, and make use of the agency of a friend as young and inexperienced as himself, when Decatur, being informed of the occurrence, sent for Bainbridge, telling him that his antagonist was a professed duellist, who meant to take his life, and would do it if they two boys went out together, and offered himself to act as his friend.

"Decatur now appeared and returned the answer to the challenge. As the friend of the challenged party, he selected pistols for the weapons, fixed the distance at four yards, and the word to be given, 'Take aim,' and to fire at the word 'Fire.' The second of the challenger objected to these terms, and proposed ten paces. He said to Decatur, 'This looks like murder, Sir.' Decatur replied, 'No, Sir; this looks like death, but not like murder. Your friend is a profound duellist; mine is wholly inexperienced. I am no duellist, but I am acquainted with the use of the pistol. If you insist upon ten paces, I will fight your friend at that distance.' The Englishman replied, 'We have no quarrel with you, Sir.' Decatur refusing to consent to any modification of his terms, unless he was substituted for Joseph Bainbridge, the parties met upon that footing. Decatur gave the word, 'Take aim,' and kept their pistols extended until he observed the hand of the Englishman to become unsteady. He then gave the word, 'Fire.' Bainbridge's ball passed through his adversary's hat. The Englishman, sure of his man at ten paces, missed Bainbridge entirely.

"Decatur now informed young Bainbridge, that he could not save his life unless he fired low. It was the business of the Englishman, who had given the first offence wholly without provocation, to offer atonement; but no such offer was made. The combatants were again placed face to face, the word given as before, and the Englishman fell mortally wounded below the eye." — pp. 56 – 58.

Sir Alexander Ball demanded that Bainbridge and Decatur should be given up, to be tried by the civil courts for violation of law; and we could wish that the request had been complied with. But the American commodore chose to evade it by sending both the officers home for a season.

Decatur was absent a little over four months, and then came back and took command of the schooner Enterprise. Soon after he returned, the frigate Philadelphia was captured by the Tripolitans, having grounded on a rock in their harbour, where she was exposed to an overwhelming force. This was a serious loss, diminishing the strength of Preble's squadron nearly one half, while the frigate in the hands of the enemy added much to the defences of their port. Decatur conceived the daring plan of recapturing the frigate in a night attack and either bringing her out of the harbour, or destroying her by fire. The commodore consented that he should make the attempt, and the prize ketch Intrepid was fitted out

for this purpose as a fire-ship, and placed under his command, with a crew of seventy volunteers. He was accompanied by the brig Siren, under his old friend Stewart, to pick up his boats and crew, in case he should find it necessary to fire the ketch as well as the frigate.

"In order to form a just estimate of the hazard of Decatur's proposed attack, it should be premised that the Philadelphia had forty guns mounted. These were double-shotted, and kept ready for firing. A full complement of men to serve her batteries was kept constantly on board of her. She was moored within half gun-shot of the Bashaw's castle, and the Molehead and Crown batteries, and within effective range of ten other batteries, the whole mounting together one hundred and fifteen guns of heavy calibre. Three Tripolitan cruisers, mounting together twenty-six guns, two galleys, and nineteen gunboats, lay between her and the shore, at distances from her of from two to three cables' length. All these vessels were in like manner fully manned and kept ready for an attack. Such were the formidable defences which protected the Philadelphia, when Decatur with his little ketch of sixty tons, mounting four small guns, and having a crew of seventy-five souls, undertook her capture and destruction." — p. 70.

The Intrepid entered the harbour at seven o'clock in the evening, under a very light wind, which gradually died away, so that it was nearly ten before the ketch came within hail of the frigate. Decatur's officers and crew had each an assigned station and service, to board with him, to guard the several decks of the frigate, to fire her in many places, or to remain in the ketch, and provide for retreat when the object was effected. As the Philadelphia began to loom up in the obscurity, under the faint beams of a crescent moon, the heart of every one of her assailants beat high with anxiety and excitement. Decatur stood at the helm, with the pilot and an Italian interpreter; the men were hidden under the bulwarks, and a few officers alone remained standing, to represent the crew. He had intended to run under the Philadelphia's bows, and to board over her forecastle; but the wind had entirely ceased, and the Intrepid was becalmed within a hundred yards of her prey.

"The moon, which still lingered above the horizon, enabled Decatur to see ten or twelve of the crew looking over her hammock-rail. Decatur was now hailed from the Philadelphia, and

ordered to keep off. The pilot, Catalano, as previously instructed by Decatur, promptly answered that they had lost their anchors in the late gale under Cape Mesurado. He asked to be permitted to run a warp to the frigate, and ride by her until anchors could be obtained from the shore.

"The Tripolitan captain, recognized by Catalano to be the interlocutor, asked what brig that was in the offing; for, notwithstanding their precautions, the Siren had been seen. Catalano, with great tact, replied, that it was the Transfer, a former British man-of-war, which had been purchased for the Tripolitans at Malta, and whose arrival at Tripoli was anxiously expected.

"During this conversation, the Intrepid's boat, which lay ready with a rope led from the bow of their vessel, shoved off; and, pulling to the fore chains of the Philadelphia, made the end fast to one of the ring-bolts of her fore chains. A boat from the Philadelphia brought a rope from the after part of the ship, and passed it into the Intrepid's boat, which returned with it on board. A few of the crew began to haul on the lines, and the Intrepid was drawn gradually towards the Philadelphia. Some distrust was now awakened among the Tripolitans in the boat which had brought the line. They raised the cry of 'Americanos,' and it was repeated in terror throughout the ship. The Intrepid was repeatedly ordered off, and Decatur observed them taking the tompions out of the guns in readiness to fire. The surprise was not therefore perfect; the alarm had been given, the real country, character, and intentions of the visiters recognized, and the struggle seemed likely to prove sanguinary.

"As the vessels came in contact, Decatur sprang at the main chains of the Philadelphia, calling out, 'Board!' He clambered over the channels and rail, and reached the enemy's deck, being preceded an instant by Midshipman Charles Morris, and followed in the next by Midshipman Laws; and quickly, in succession, as they could find space to ascend through the gangway, the ports, and over the rail, by all the officers and crew, to the number of sixty, the remainder having been detailed to guard the ketch. Whilst they were mustering upon the quarter deck, the crew of the Philadelphia had also got up from below, and collected in a confused mass on the forecastle and in the gangways. Decatur waited in silence until his followers had collected around him, when, forming a front with his men across the deck, and placing himself at their head, he rushed, sword in hand, upon the Tripolitans. There was a contest, but, as Decatur reported, 'a short' one. The resistance was soon overcome. Crowded together, and trampling upon each other in the disorderly attempt

to escape, the Tripolitans were either cut down or driven overboard, until not an enemy remained on the spar deck.

"The American officers and men, now separating according to their stations, quickly overcame all resistance below, cutting down or driving overboard whomsoever they encountered. Many of the Tripolitans escaped in a boat which lay alongside; some may have reached the neighbouring cruisers and gunboats; many found a watery grave. Five minutes sufficed to clear the ship of every enemy. At the end of that time, or a very little later, Decatur found himself on the quarter deck of the Philadelphia, in full possession of that ship, and destined to be her last, as his father had been her first, commander." — pp. 73 – 75.

No firearms were used, all was carried by the sword. But the noise of the scuffle, the clash of arms, and the shrieks of the wounded, were heard on shore and among the Tripolitan cruisers, which were at anchor within one or two cables' length of the frigate. The alarm thus given, it was evident that the huge ship could not be got under weigh before the fire of the whole armament in the harbour would be directed upon her. The combustibles were therefore handed up from the ketch, and the plan arranged for destroying the frigate was carried into effect.

"Soon the sharp crackling of the flames gave sure indication that the destroying element had in turn assumed its mastery over the devoted vessel, to give way to no new conqueror. Clouds of smoke and flashes of flame began to issue from the ports and mount the hatchways. Decatur now ordered his followers to return to the Intrepid. They descended quickly, yet without confusion, and without accident, accompanied by a wounded Tripolitan, whom humanity forbade them to abandon to the horrible fate which probably awaited many of his comrades concealed in the recesses of the vessel.

"When all were safely assembled on the deck of the Intrepid (for so admirably had the service been executed, that not a man was missing, and only one slightly wounded), Decatur gave the order to cut the fasts and shove off. The necessity for prompt obedience and exertion was urgent. The flames had now gained the lower rigging, and ascended to the tops; they darted furiously from the ports, flashing from the quarter gallery round the mizzen of the Intrepid, as her stern dropped clear of the ship. To estimate the perils of their position, it must be borne in mind that the fire had been communicated by these fearless men to the near neighbourhood of both magazines of the Philadelphia.

The Intrepid herself was a fire-ship, having been supplied with combustibles, a mass of which, ready to be converted into the means of destroying other vessels of the enemy, if the opportunity should offer, lay in barrels on her quarter deck, covered only with a tarpaulin.

"With destruction thus encompassing them within and without, Decatur and his brave followers were unmoved. Calmly they put forth the necessary exertion, breasted the Intrepid off with spars, and, pressing on their sweeps, caused her slowly to withdraw from the vicinity of the burning mass. A gentle breeze from the land came auspiciously at the same moment, and wafted the Intrepid beyond the reach of the flames, bearing with it, however, a shower of burning embers, fraught with danger to a vessel laden with combustibles, had not discipline, order, and calm self-possession been at hand for her protection. Soon this peril was also left behind, and Decatur and his followers were at a sufficient distance to contemplate securely the spectacle which the Philadelphia presented. Hull, spars, and rigging were now enveloped in flames. As the metal of her guns became heated, they were discharged in succession from both sides, serving as a brilliant salvo in honor of the victory, and not harmless for the Tripolitans, as her starboard battery was fired directly into the town.

"The town itself, the castles, the minarets of the mosques, and the shipping in the harbour were all brought into distinct view by the splendor of the conflagration. It served also to reveal to the enemy the cause of their disaster in the little Intrepid, as she slowly withdrew from the harbour. The shot of the shipping and castles fell thickly around her, throwing up columns of spray, which the brilliant light converted into a new ornament of the scene. Only one shot took effect, and that passed through her top-gallant sail. Three hearty American cheers were now given in mingled triumph and derision. Soon after, the boats of the Siren joined company, and assisted in towing the Intrepid out of the harbour." — pp. 77–79.

The effect of this daring exploit was at once to place the name of Decatur high upon the list of the most distinguished naval officers. His commodore immediately recommended him for instantaneous promotion to the rank of post-captain ; the government at home readily adopted the suggestion, and his commission was sent to him, dated on the day of the burning of the Philadelphia. His brother officers, seniors in command, who were passed over by this promotion, willingly acquiesced in it, and Congress passed a com-

plimentary resolution, ordering a sword to be presented to him. Before the news arrived in the Mediterranean of the honors thus heaped upon him, he had earned a fresh title to them by still more brilliant achievements in the harbour of Tripoli.

Commodore Preble had made preparations, though with a very insufficient force, to bombard the town, and to make a simultaneous attack with gunboats upon the Tripolitan flotilla, which could not be assailed by the larger vessels, as it was protected by reefs and shoals. Six of these boats, very defective in construction and equipment, had been borrowed for this purpose of the king of Naples. They were arranged in two divisions of three boats each, the first division being commanded by Somers, and the second by Decatur. The object of attack was a flotilla of nineteen gunboats, protected by a ten-gun brig, several armed schooners and galleys, and batteries on shore that mounted one hundred and fifteen heavy guns. There is hardly a record in naval history of an attack made with such disparity of force, and crowned with entire success. Each of Decatur's boats singled out an opponent, ran on board of her, and carried her after a desperate fight, hand to hand, with pikes and cutlasses. As Decatur was conveying his own prize out of the harbour, news was brought to him that his brother's boat had engaged and captured one of the largest of the enemy's squadron. She had struck, but as James Decatur was stepping on board to take possession, he was shot through the head by her commander. Grief and indignation urged Decatur to an imprudent and reckless attempt to obtain revenge. Leaving most of his crew in the prize, he pushed off in his own boat towards that of his brother's murderer, pursued her within the enemy's lines, ran on board, and jumped on her deck, followed only by one officer and nine men. This fearful inequality of numbers made the result of the conflict doubtful for twenty minutes; three of the Americans were already disabled by wounds.

"At length Decatur was able to single out the treacherous commander, conspicuous no less by gigantic size than by the ferocity with which he fought, and to meet him face to face. Decatur was armed with a cutlass, the Turk with a heavily ironed boarding-pike. As the latter made a thrust at Decatur, he struck it violently with his cutlass, in the hope of severing the

head; but his cutlass, coming in contact with the iron, broke at the hilt, and left him without a weapon. Many a brave man thus disarmed might have turned to seek another weapon. But Decatur stood his ground, and, attempting with his right arm to parry the next thrust of his antagonist, received the point of it in his arm and breast. Tearing the weapon from the wound, he succeeded, likewise, by a sudden jerk, in wresting it from the hands of his adversary, who immediately grappled him; and, after a fierce and prolonged struggle, both fell with violence on the deck, Decatur being uppermost. During this time, the crews, rushing to the aid of their respective commanders, joined in furious conflict round their persons. A Tripolitan officer, who had got behind Decatur, aimed an unseen blow at his head, which must have decided his fate, had not a young man by the name of Reuben James, who had lost the use of both arms by wounds, rushed in and intercepted the descending cimeter with his own head, thus rescuing his beloved commander by an act of heroic self-sacrifice which has never been surpassed.

"Just then the Tripolitan, exerting to the uttermost his superior strength, succeeded in turning Decatur, and, getting upon him, held him to the deck with an iron clutch of his left hand, whilst, thrusting his right beside him, he drew from his sash the shorter of two yataghans, which, for the very purpose of such close work, he carried in the same sheath. The moments of Decatur's existence seemed numbered; scarce an interval remained to breathe a prayer for mercy in another world; a second brother was about to perish beneath the rage of the fierce Tripolitan. But the cool courage and fertile resources of Decatur came to his rescue in this extremity. Disengaging his left hand, he caught the right of the Tripolitan, stayed the yataghan as it was about to drink his blood, and, thrusting his own right hand into his pantaloons' pocket, suceeeded in cocking a pistol which he had there, and, giving it the proper direction, fired. The Tripolitan relaxed his hold, and Decatur, disengaging himself from the heap of wounded and slain which the struggle had gathered around him, stood again that day a victor on the enemy's deck." —pp. 91–93.

We would gladly follow Commander Mackenzie's clear and spirited account of the other engagements before Tripoli, in which Decatur fully sustained his now brilliant reputation, and which finally compelled the Bashaw to make peace on reasonable terms. But we have said and quoted enough to show the character and merits of Decatur, and the attractiveness of this biography of him, which is a model of lively

narrative and vivid description. The remainder of the work, as it is mostly occupied with an account of some brilliant naval actions in the war of 1812, the story of which is already familiar to most American readers, may be passed over very hurriedly. The capture of the Macedonian and the loss of the President almost equally enhanced the reputation of Decatur, and showed that the glare of uninterrupted success was not necessary to the continuance of his popularity and fame.

In one respect, the successful issue of the Tripolitan war proved rather an injury than a benefit to the American navy. It encouraged the preposterous theory, that fortifications and gunboats were sufficient for coast defence, while cruising vessels were costly superfluities. The excitement of party politics first gave currency to this pernicious error, and Congress blindly followed it for several years. The consequence was, that, at the beginning of the last war with England, our naval force consisted of five frigates, two of which were unseaworthy, and a few smaller vessels. A law passed some time before had reduced the number of seamen on the peace establishment to what was hardly the complement of a single ship of the line. While the English fleets were sweeping the seas, the cabinet thought it imprudent for this petty force to venture out of harbour; though we cannot see why they dreaded the loss of an armament which they believed to be worthless. The spirited remonstrances of Captains Bainbridge and Stewart prevented this craven suggestion from going into effect; the ships were allowed to sail, and in less than six months the little navy had fought itself into a degree of popularity and renown which the politicians of no subsequent day have dared to attack.

Naval contests are the most brilliant and imposing of all the forms of war. They are attended with much of the pomp and circumstance of battle, with much that appeals strongly to the imagination, and kindles some of the most generous and noble feelings of our nature. We may raise the gorgeous curtain of victory, it is true, and see behind it enough of the sickening details of bloodshed and personal suffering to inspire a general detestation of warlike triumphs. But these are smaller, in proportion to the brilliancy of the result obtained, than the frightful consequences of a battle in which large armies are arrayed against each other; and they are ac-

companied by many circumstances that dignify and support the sufferers, and lessen the sense of bereavement to the survivors. Patriotic and chivalrous sentiments are more fully developed in the naval than the land service ; the inevitable horrors of a conflict are never aggravated by personal hate ; and the generous combatants themselves so willingly barter suffering and death for fame, that we are more inclined to congratulate than to pity them. The sailor identifies himself with his ship and his country, and exults so heartily in their triumph that he feels not his own wounds, and the near approach even of the king of terrors cannot appall him. And the fury of actual conflict is so quickly followed by the generous feeling of pity and respect for the vanquished, that the injury already done seems almost to have been involuntary ; the nobleness of the victor makes us forget the stain on the homicide. In several instances, as in that of the Hornet and the Peacock, some of the conquerors have sacrificed their own lives in the attempt to rescue a drowning enemy. The code of naval etiquette, both before and after the real engagement, preserves some of the noblest features of the institution of chivalry. We offer no apology for the horrors of war, however disguised ; but if the progress of civilization and Christianity cannot do away with them entirely, let us pray that they may be confined to the sea.

Commander Mackenzie's book is a fine specimen of naval biography, thoroughly imbued with the spirit of his calling. To our own seamen it must become what Southey's fascinating Life of Nelson has long been to the members of the British navy, the text-book of excellence in the service, the authentic and striking portrait of the favorite hero of the profession. Our author, indeed, has this advantage over Southey, that, while he writes with equal fluency and spirit, his long experience at sea, and his sympathy with a brother officer and sailor, give a precision and vivacity to his record of naval exploits which a landsman can never obtain. If he has fallen a little into the common error of excessive admiration of his subject, the judicious reader will easily make the necessary deductions from the eulogy, and pardon the natural and characteristic enthusiasm which sometimes distorts the writer's vision. This fault is most apparent in the too lenient notice that he takes of the great stain upon Decatur's life and character, to which we have already alluded. The prac-

tice of duelling is rebuked, it is true; but not in that earnest and indignant tone which we have now a right to expect, in the advanced state of public opinion on the subject, not merely from the professed moralist, but from every man of just and humane feelings. Decatur, above all men, could have afforded to despise and resist the common prejudice of his profession on this point. His reputation for personal courage stood so high, that any man who had dared to impugn it would have met only the derision of the community. But he had evidently a secret pride in his fame as a duellist, and he gave to the detestable practice the sanction of his name and example long after his influence was such, that, if properly exerted, he might have banished it from the service. Besides the instances already mentioned, in 1818, he acted as second to Commodore Perry in a duel, and in less than two years afterwards he threw away his own life in a similar encounter with Barron.

The story of Decatur's death is told in a plain and succinct manner, with little comment, the deficiency being supplied by the publication in the Appendix of the whole correspondence between the parties. These letters are quite long, and fully disclose the grounds of the fatal quarrel, and the manner in which it was brought to a crisis. We think they do honor to neither of the writers, or rather that they afford no palliation of their guilt. Decatur does not seem to desire a hostile meeting, but he maintains throughout a lofty and scornful manner which would have goaded almost any person into a frantic attempt to obtain revenge. Barron shuffles and negotiates in order to gain a few paltry advantages in the arrangements for the duel, and to throw off upon his opponent the responsibility of giving the challenge. He seems to desire an encounter, and still to shrink from it, so that the correspondence extends over a period of eight or nine months. Barron sought restitution of his rank in the navy after his suspension on account of the affair of the Chesapeake, and after his absence from this country during the whole of the war of 1812. Decatur was then one of the commissioners of the navy, and strenuously opposed granting the request, commenting very freely upon Barron's past conduct, but declaring that he did so from a sense of official duty, and without any feeling of personal enmity. After a long correspondence, reproachful on one side, and contemptuous on the

other, these expressions led to a duel, Barron giving the challenge. They met at Bladensburg, on the 22d of March, 1820, and both fell, severely wounded at the first fire. Decatur had again manifested his "merciful reluctance" to take life, by declaring that he would only wound his opponent in the hip; and again he kept his word. His own wound proved mortal, and he died a few hours afterwards, maintaining unbroken fortitude and composure to the last.

ART. IX. — *Hochelaga ; or England in the New World.* Edited by ELIOT WARBURTON, Esq., Author of The Crescent and the Cross. New York : Wiley & Putnam. 1846. 2 vols. 12mo.

WE find nothing very attractive or inviting in the title of the work before us. It professes to be the ancient name of Canada ; it may have been used by aboriginal historians, but the oldest inhabitant would probably be somewhat puzzled to hear of Hochelaga as the place of his birth, and modern ones have never heard it, unless their lines have fallen in latitudes very different from ours. The title of a book, like a lamp at the street-door, is expected to throw some light on what we are to enter ; if it cannot render this friendly service, it may as well be taken down. Even so do we say of this name, which, like a horn lantern, gives darkness rather than light. The author represents himself as a middle-aged person, well to do in the world. Perhaps he has reached that blissful elevation to which Gobbo aspired, when he should no longer acknowledge his friends, — "And if his name be George, I 'll call him Peter." But whatever satisfaction he may find in it, we would venture to assure him, if he were within the reach of our counsel, that no one will ever thank him for using a term that sounds poetical, in place of one that can be understood.

The book purports to have been written by one hand, and arranged and beautified by another ; and in this intimation there is nothing deceptive, though the traveller is doubtless somewhat younger than he professes to be. At least, middle-aged, corpulent gentlemen, of bachelor habits, are not the most likely

of the human race to be carried away by the charms of moose-hunting in an unsettled country. It seems very probable that an editor has applied his hand to it, which is not often done with much effort ; his solemn and deliberate speculations are not apt to chime well with the off-hand notes of the journal. The name of Eliot Warburton, who introduces it to the public, is familiar to our readers as the author of a work on the East, a sensible and labored effort, but not so animated and sprightly as a traveller's book should be. Nothing vexes a reader more, when he is expecting a description of things as they are, than to have the pedigree of every city and kingdom patiently set down, speculations on the past and future long drawn out, and volumes of information condensed to instruct him, when all his curiosity turns to the visible and present, and he would rather have ten words of fresh and clear description than acres of philosophical discussion of the same things as they were before the flood. There is something of this communicativeness in the work before us, particularly in the Canadian part. It reminds us of those kind-hearted but uninteresting members of society, who, when they hear a name, start off on a steeple-chase after the line and ancestry to which it belongs. Well written as many parts of these travels are, we lament this kind of heaviness, and are well content that our country, having no past behind it, cannot serve as a subject for such dissertations, but rejoices in a history clear and easily traced as the course of the St. Lawrence from Ontario to the sea.

The first part of this work is wholly given to Canada, its aspect, interests, and affairs ; and of these he speaks with English feeling certainly, but without drawing too jealous a contrast between them and those of the adjacent States. The friends of English authority in those regions have some right to complain of the meddling *Sympathizers* who tormented them a few years ago. They were made up in part of those birds of prey who have nothing to do but watch for the buffalo that may be hunted down. Finding that there was likely to be trouble and disaffection in Canada, they turned to it by natural instinct, like doves to their windows ; and, as one or two repudiating States impart the ill-savor of their names to the union, which loathes them as much as it is in nature to do, these untimely vagrants were considered as representing the feeling and fair fame of their country. By reversing the

cases, and imagining gentlemen of this same stamp to have visited us on similar errands, we can better understand how the loyal Canadians feel toward us. They cannot conceive why an executive, which talks of constitutional restraints, but seems always to do just what it pleases, could not, as it professed to desire, abate the nuisance that troubled them. They well knew what uproar would be made in our States, if British Americans should manifest a similar sympathy with us, and with what warmth of hospitality our people would chase them home, relieving them perhaps from the trouble of carrying their empty heads with them. It would not be surprising either, if the signs of the times should give them some uneasiness as to what course our government, in some future day, might think it expedient, or, what is the same thing, popular, to pursue. No one can calculate on the conscience of politicians, without looking to the weather-vane ; wherever the public feeling and fancy turn, they think it their unquestionable duty to go. The mother country has so often set the example of helping herself to any territory that happened to suit her taste, discoursing all the while most touchingly to other nations on the sin of covetousness and extortion, that her motherly influence has produced quite an effect on her daughter. She, too, is beginning to fix an avaricious and grasping eye on the estates of other people round her, and if they do not happen to be strong enough to keep them, she may very possibly follow the course of England in India, and consider all she can get as her own. The great Christian nations of the world could not protest against such proceedings with much effect, being all the while engaged in some not very honest sequestrations of their own. There is nothing in the prevailing theory of public morals to prevent such appropriations, save the chance of being successfully resisted ; of this, should an attempt be made on Canada, there might be some danger ; and as there is no great domestic interest to be favored by it, many years may elapse before our civil moralists make the discovery that British America is, without knowing it, a part of the United States, and as our fathers drave out the heathen, it is our duty to claim and inclose our own.

In connection with these apprehensions of future conflict with the American union, the author of this work indulges in some remarks, which, if he is a soldier, as he is said to be,

show a great superiority to the common tone of his brother officers, who are quite apt to exult in such prospects as delightful dreams of profit and honor to themselves, though they must necessarily bring distress and sorrow to great numbers of mankind. There is so much in military service to pervert the moral impressions, and to give names of duty and honor to enterprises which the conscience pronounces unjust and dishonorable, that it is almost a phenomenon to hear a military man speaking with a clear-sighted exemption from these prevailing delusions. He expresses the hope, that the English and American States on this continent may be rivals only in those arts of peace which tend to the benefit and blessing of mankind, and not in those works of death in which there can be no real victory nor gain, but where each injury which one nation does to another is a blow struck against its own welfare, since the real interests of all countries are inseparably one. Still more, he expresses a hope, that, in some day not distant, the stern and sad necessity of the sword may be everywhere done away. In this hope, or rather wish, we join him with all our hearts; but since this necessity is wholly of man's own making, and the human race are so ingenious and well trained in that sort of manufacture, we hardly expect to see the pruning-hook and ploughshare exalted above the sword and spear in the general estimation of mankind.

In passing from the British to the American States our author of course visited Niagara, and his account of that wonderful scene has much interest in it, because it is business-like and unpretending, and he does not labor to put into language what words have no power to tell. But he takes notice of some points in the scene which are little noticed by others, who have enriched the world with desperately fine descriptions; such as the cedars, so graceful in form and foliage, overhanging the cliffs and leaning to see the falling waters, and removing all traces of wildness from a view which would otherwise be as savage as it is grand. His experience accords with that of many others, that they could not awake to any full impression of the sublimity of the vision, till they had seen it and pondered it from Table Rock. For beauty is the prevailing spirit of the place; the American fall, the island which separates it from the great cataract, the woods, the rainbows, the colored waters, are all beautiful; indeed, the whole scene is as singularly beautiful as any thing on

earth can be. But one passage escapes him, which makes his correctness of taste a matter of doubt. He says of the cataract, that, when night came, — "It seemed reckless waste to keep it going still, while its glorious beauty was hidden from mortal view." Surely, to speak of it as a show got up to astonish the natives, and depending for its value upon the spectators it might gather, seems almost profane ; even the most careless intimation of this sort is not precisely the kind of thought which Niagara might be expected to inspire.

But as we have no room to travel with the author through all his course, we will confine our remarks to his tour in this country, which is but a short one, and yet is more to the purpose than the heavier works of mere professional writers. Flattering it is not ; but we do not complain, for it is not the business of a tourist to flatter. He is less influenced by his English feelings than some other travellers, and does not condemn the Americans, as they do, for not having been born and brought up on English ground, — a privilege which, if it be one, is obviously not always within their reach. On one subject, he exercised more valor than discretion ; when slavery was mentioned, he considered it the duty of an Englishman to bear witness against it, utterly, unconditionally, whether among friends or foes. Nothing can be objected, certainly, to the openness of this course, or to the truth and justness of his feeling ; we should be ready to accede to all that he would say ; the only point to which we should ask his attention is, what good the testimony of an Englishman can be likely to do. None of these philanthropic voices, now so officious in their humanities, were lifted up against the opium war, in which thousands of almost unresisting Chinese were slaughtered ; no conscience was troubled about the bloody proceedings in India ; nor does any one concern himself about the poor New Zealanders, whose fate it is to be hunted down. But when England comes to us with blood on her face and hands, and preaches somewhat pertly about our sins, with an amiable unconsciousness of her own, we cannot help thinking that she would not be the worse for "a cogfu' o' water," before she lectures her friends. Indeed, it may be doubted whether the instructions of wolves to their offspring on subjects of humanity and morals ever sink very deep into their youthful hearts. We

should be sorry to deprive her sons and daughters of the clear comfort which they take, in thus flourishing their consciences without any expense to themselves ; but as the power of reproof always depends very much on the quarter from which it comes, it will be some time before this English sensibility to all sins except their own will take effect on the American heart.

Our traveller, as he came through New York, was struck with the appearance of prosperity everywhere, the striking result and manifestation of what unfettered industry can do. At first, he was somewhat confounded by the incessant activity and bustle ; but he soon became infected by it, and dashed in and out of railroad-cars and stations with as much headlong precipitation as any Yankee of them all. Some things annoyed him, as well they might, though he says but little about them. The Hottentot fashion, for such it certainly is, in which meals are devoured at our public tables, is a remnant of barbarism, which it is impossible to deny, and foolish to defend. Instead of being angry when any one remarks upon its coarseness, the better way is to endeavour to correct it by precept, ridicule, and example ; not so much, however, to gain the applause of foreign travellers, as to save ourselves from dyspeptic visitations and untimely graves ; perhaps, too, to avoid a resemblance to him, not exemplary in this respect, who despatched an ox and picked his teeth with the horn. Still more idle is it to resent what foreigners say of our spitting, when, if all that is thus ejected in any given moment were collected into a single current, it would make another Yellowstone river. To be sure, we have not a monopoly of these luxuries ; other nations are about as much accustomed as we are to the use of tobacco, in some of its filthy varieties of form. But since their being as bad as we are does not make us any better, we may as well confess the sin and shame, and endeavour to save the rising generation from the infection of impure examples. In all this, we have spoken much more largely than he does of those offences against decency and good manners, which he could not but see, and with which he had a right to be disgusted. We trust that he is not one of those many Englishmen who, as they travel in our country, offend all civilized persons yet more, by an incessant and horrible profaneness, compared with which these transgressions against propriety

are few and small. It will not do for wretches who shock the ears of all round them by a villanous blasphemy, to complain that the society in which they travel wants an elegant and graceful tone; their notes collect about them other unclean birds of the same feather with their own, and instead of seeing the homes of America, they get their impressions from inmates of the stable and the bar. Admitting, to the full extent of truth, all that is charged upon us by English travellers, we see some explanation of their impressions in the tone of the select society into which habits of this kind would have a natural tendency to throw them.

But while this sensible and good-natured traveller, who is a person probably of a different stamp, says but little of offensive peculiarities which he encountered, and gives high praise to the American character in the main, he is discriminating in his perception both of defects and virtues; it is not that he does not see the one, but he more enjoys acknowledging the other. He says that we are absurdly jealous of the opinion of foreigners concerning our country, which is too generally true; we resent their observing the very things which we scold about from morning till night, as if we expected every one who visits our country to see it best by shutting his eyes. He says that we are touched in every thought and feeling by the passion for traffic; which, allowing for a figure of speech, is true. But we apprehend that people elsewhere have some little taste for money, and what money will buy, which is about the same; and this only proves that innumerable avenues to prosperity and gain are open in this country which are closed in most others, and not that the love of gold is peculiar to ourselves, and unknown in foreign lands. He says that we are jealous and boastful, which is also true; but not to such an extent as might be supposed by one who does not remember that flattery is here addressed to the sovereign people as it is elsewhere to the crowned head; and where a good price is paid for such articles, the market will always have a full supply.

As to the want of independence which is charged upon us, it is hard to say what it means. It is the common cant of parties, to say, that, if every one spoke his real convictions, his language would be the same as theirs. If it means that we surrender our right to form opinions, we answer that the dictation of party is not stronger here than in other lands; it

always seals up many lips and keeps many spirits in prison. But what misleads the Englishman is a natural reserve, which makes many of us slow to form a judgment, and slower still to express a judgment which we have had no means of forming. What nonsense to talk of the want of freedom of thought! When every thing, good or bad, wise or foolish, decent or depraved, is everywhere blurted out, in the house and by the way, from tongues, pulpits, and presses without number; when every head spins with confusion at the multitude of original ideas and suggestions which are constantly stuffed into its ears and eyes; when no harm awaits the man who comes forward with his parable, whether it be holy or profane, save that of not being listened to, — it passes one's patience to hear of the suppression of thought. We see many who produce their whims and fancies, both in politics and religion; and when the quiet common-sense of the land rejects them with coolness and indifference, sufficiently provoking to those who have them at heart, they ascribe it, not to their own ambitious folly, but to the want of independence in the public mind. Foreigners have struck into the same keynote, when they might see, that, even in the respect felt for every thing English, which is so common, there is an evident contempt of popularity. The love of the mother-land is not the passion which burns highest in the hearts of our people; and it is the one which, if individuals cared for popular favor, they would be most tempted to suppress.

Having freely stated what he conceives to be the weak points of the Americans, the writer goes on to admit that they are "brave, hospitable, and friendly; keen, intelligent, and energetic; patriotic, generous, and lovers of liberty"; — great and substantial virtues, which must, of course, in the present state of human nature, be balanced by a large proportion of shade. That his favorable verdict is not owing to his having met with nothing but sunshine is made clear by his account of an interview with a shoemaker in Saratoga, — a creature utterly unworthy of his useful profession, and who could only contribute to its success by furnishing bristles for waxed ends.

The name of Saratoga recalls the surrender of Burgoyne; and after saying that the ill success of that expedition was owing to the difficulties of the country, and the energy of its opposers, our author expresses some wonder that so little is

said of Gates in comparison with Washington, when this triumph had so great an effect on the future fortunes of the war. He appears not to know, that Gates was considered as having stepped in to receive the credit of a victory which Schuyler's previous arrangements had been the means of gaining ; and that his ill success on subsequent occasions tended to confirm the doubts of his ability which had been entertained before. But more than all, his hostility to Washington was enough to destroy all respect for him in the hearts of the American people. A fatal victory that over Burgoyne would have been, had it produced the effect which some few desired, of intrusting to Gates's feeble hands the conduct of the Revolutionary war. When we read the account of Burgoyne's march, and compare it with the scene of action, it is not quite clear why so much is said of the difficulties of the country. The region is level, the soil sandy, and the forest must always have been light. With the exception of the want of roads, which armies cannot expect to find Macadamized to their hands, there seems no particular obstacle in the region over which the English army passed. The weather, it is true, was unpropitious, supplies were not always forthcoming, and there probably was a depressing effect in the sense of loneliness, which even an army feels in the midst of dark forests, and in the heart of an enemy's country.

This traveller was very much impressed by the bustle and activity of New York, and particularly by the energy of self-restoring power with which it recovers from the effect of the great fires that at times have wasted it. He thinks, and doubtless he is right, that its variety and richness of resources will keep it, as it is now, the capital of the United States. If so, it is unfortunate that it should not be able to exert a greater and better influence on other parts of the land. But it has grown too fast to have the right foundation of moral principle and habit, which only can prevent great cities from being great evils. He was not much delighted with its prevailing aspect. In church-building, on which the appearance of any city so much depends, a better taste begins to prevail. Instead of new and unparalleled inventions, it is thought better to adopt the Gothic, a style which the crowd of associations it awakens, if nothing else, recommends for houses of worship, while the Grecian, which has nothing about it well suited for such a purpose, is rapidly passing away. From

what he witnessed at public houses, he did not infer that the young Americans were likely to be a church-going people ; out of four hundred visiters at the Astor House, not more than a dozen appeared to go to church anywhere. He should have remembered, that a stranger cannot here, as in England, hire a place in which to attend a single service, and that, in most of our city churches, a visiter in want of a seat is more likely to be invited out than in ; a sort of hospitality which none but persons of very peculiar tastes are ever solicitous to encounter. This is matter of reproach, which ought, if possible, to be done away with ; and there is no better appropriation of religious charity than to provide houses where the poor and the stranger may have the opportunity to attend to the first of human duties.

The author was better pleased with the outward aspect of Philadelphia, as more neat and pleasant, with several handsome public buildings, particularly the banks, those temples to a deity who is too much worshipped in all Christian lands. The Girard college, that monument of the folly of trying to do after death what one has not the heart to do while living, he thinks the finest building on the continent. It certainly answers well to the idea, as well as the plan, of the ancient temples, in which use of any kind was the last thing regarded. When the old banker was indulging his spite at the clergy by forbidding their entrance into the building, he little knew what sort of a privilege it was likely to be. Perhaps the best punishment for his narrowness would be to return to earth to enter it himself, to see how it conforms to his own minute directions, and to count the orphans who are likely to be the better for it ; according to Bossuet's celebrated suggestion, he would make haste back to his grave. But in Philadelphia, as in all our cities, we see that the warehouses and stores are the most satisfactory buildings, because they are not only ornamental, but have the crowning grace of being exactly suited to their purpose. In respect to mere public edifices, men are not so clear as to what they want, and therefore lie at the mercy of pretenders, who abuse their confidence, and play tricks of architecture which are enough to make the angels weep. How little they consult their own taste is painfully evident in many things. There is nothing, for example, that gives our villages so animated and pleasant an aspect as the white houses, when they are so relieved by their green

blinds and foliage as not to be chalky or glaring. But let some knowing one suggest that this is not in good taste, and people hasten to embellish the landscape with dwellings which, at a little distance, look like cakes of chocolate, or loaves of dyspepsia bread, and then feel perfectly satisfied that the work of beauty is done so that it never can be mended. Our fathers, with unambitious common-sense, built, not what they thought beautiful, but what they wanted, without respect to the eyes of others. Accordingly, as all unpretending things look well in their place, their steep roofs and high gables appear infinitely better than the hipped contrivances to catch the rain and snow which have superseded them, or than the Gothic wall, prevented by fear of the elements from running up into the battlement, which gives to that architecture so much of its effect. It is to be hoped, that, in time, we shall establish in our minds what is wanted in dwellings, churches, and all public buildings ; and thus we may secure for them the advantage of answering their purpose, which may be thought but a humble recommendation, but still is worth securing, since at present they have no recommendation at all.

The author remarks, though without severity, on the outbreaks of popular feeling which have given a name and not a praise to the city of brotherly love. It is in vain to deny that there exists, in many parts of the country, a disposition to take the law into the mob's own hands, which is manifested by persecuting Catholics or any other body of men who happen to be too weak to resist them, and thus to gratify those detestable passions which are so easily stirred in the human breast. There is enough right feeling, however, to make these things, like repudiation, infinitely disgraceful to the places where they can be done ; and some of our States and cities find, that a good name is easy to lose, but exceedingly difficult to regain. Still, the shameful meanness of repudiation and the high-handed villany of mobs are not so alarming as the manner, alluded to by our author, in which popular sympathy is suffered to interfere with the course of law. There have been cases of deliberate murder, which, whatever the provocation may have been, were still murder in the eye of God and the law, the perpetrators of which not only the blind and thoughtless multitude, but those who had sworn to administer the laws, even judges, have been found so basely

false to their trust, as to release in triumph; and the public feeling, so far from casting down such wretches from the high stations which they dishonored, has actually cheered them, as if for some upright and honorable deed. Though foreigners charge this upon us, it is not false; though some among us may stoutly deny it, it is still true; and as we must live under a government of law or none at all, if such tendencies are not resisted, it cannot be long before the foundations of all authority are torn away.

The city of Baltimore, when the author visited it, brought up in his mind recollections of the last war with England, and he indulges in a strain of remark which shows that he is in utter darkness as to the causes in which it originated. He seems to think that it was a piece of self-indulgence on our part to strike a blow at his country when it was busily engaged with other foes; and that, as soon as those other enemies had been dealt with, the United States at once became peaceful in their disposition, and were glad to lay down their arms. This view of the subject is novel and original; but to those who know any thing about the matter, it is needless to say that it is far to the north of true. The city of Washington he describes as an architectural joke; but it appears to have entertained him. He speaks of admiring the Capitol very much, without being troubled by its faults of execution; the statue of Washington he thought stiff and undignified in its bearing, but redeemed in part by the head. To show how much it is respected, he mentions that some person has written his name, John H. Brown, on the upper lip, after the manner of moustaches, placing himself where the world can determine the interesting question whether he is more knave or fool. With the electric telegraph he was particularly pleased. The arsenal and dock-yard there, as elsewhere, did not strike him with any feeling but respect for the manly bearing of the officers who showed them. When he waited on the president, the colored servant who ushered him in advised him to retain his umbrella, if he did not want somebody "to walk into it." He thought it might savor of disrespect to take it with him, and left it behind as he was entering the presentation-room, where he was followed by his guardian angel, who gave him the umbrella again, with some very serious advice against trusting it out of his own hands. Whether the counsel of the worthy African was founded on his

general acquaintance with human nature, or his particular experience of the corruption of courts, does not appear ; but it was no doubt wise and necessary, for, unless matters are greatly misrepresented, many things are walked into in Washington, as in all other courts, from which people of delicate conscience would be likely to walk away.

When the traveller arrived in Boston, the hotel was so full that he was obliged to put up with one of three beds in the same apartment ; but after receiving this taste of aboriginal habits, he was taken down into more comfortable quarters. In regard to the inn, he says, that there was a large drawing-room with a piano, and a gay circle was always to be found in it ; but that the smoking-room offered greater attractions to the gentlemen, and in it there was an enormous expenditure of saliva and cigars. No wonder that foreigner's nerves are tried by these filthy exhibitions ; we have never been able to understand why smoking should be allowed within the dwelling, where so many are disgusted and sickened by it, while it is prohibited in the streets, where the atmosphere can be cleansed by the winds of heaven. With the situation and aspect of Boston our author was much pleased ; not so with its architecture, though he has not much to say about it. He visited the different points of interest, and, among others, the monument at Bunker Hill, where, instead of any disparaging remarks, such as are generally heard from English visiters, he simply says, — "It was a gallant fight, and the Americans may well be proud of it." When he visits King's Chapel, and asks the reason why the doctrinal portions of the liturgy are omitted, and their place supplied by Scriptural ascriptions, he is regaled by an explanation of the matter sufficiently original on the part of his informant, who must have relied on the traveller's leaving the city without having time to ask if it was true. He appears to have been very much gratified with the opportunities of social intercourse which he enjoyed in Boston. At a club where he met several gentlemen of high standing, the Oregon question was discussed ; and while they were all in favor of a peaceful arrangement of the difficulty, they seemed unanimous in the opinion, that this country could never grant to England the free navigation of the Columbia river. It illustrates the manner in which trifling matters are made important by party interest or popular feeling, that the free navigation is now conceded, and so completely has the whole matter passed by, one is

obliged to make an effort to remember what it was which brought forth in Congress so much feeling, and so much eloquence of that kind which blesses neither him who gives nor him who takes, since it is painfully exciting to the one, and wearisome almost unto death to the other.

Our author of course visited the usual resorts in the neighbourhood of Boston, but has only a few words to say for each. The cemetery at Mount Auburn made the same impression on him as on every other person of taste and feeling ; but unless he took occasion to visit it at the same season when he attended the Pilgrim Festival, an account of which comes soon after, it is marvellous that he should speak of the silence as unbroken by the voice of birds, which always abound there, partly in consequence of the protection afforded them, and partly attracted by the rich varieties of the woods. The festival just mentioned gave him considerable satisfaction. He was particularly pleased with an address at the table from Mr. Everett, "whose manner and delivery," he says, "were perfectly gentlemanlike and singularly pleasing, his style classic and finished, without a taint of pedantry, animated eloquent, and totally free from effort, while good taste and kindly feeling were in every sentence he uttered." After the dinner, the arrangements of which were quite satisfactory, he attended the ball in the evening, where he was pleasantly impressed by the beauty of the ladies, and the simple good taste of their dress, of some varieties of which he gives an odd, and to us not very enlightening description ; but was not equally pleased with sundry bipeds who abounded "with every sort of hirsute abomination on their faces, besides ringlets, and flat greasy locks on the back of the head, waistcoats of dazzling magnificence, coats with collars scarcely visible and skirts of enormous size, pantaloons with enormous plaits round the waist and ample width down to the foot, where they suddenly contracted into a sort of gaiter, leaving visible only the square end of a boot of great breadth and wonderful acuteness of angle, and, in short, altogether the worst style of Young America." He was still more annoyed in New York with the large assortment of these ferociously elegant persons which the shops of that thriving place afforded. Dr. Johnson remarks, that rags will always make their appearance where they have a right to do it ; and the same is true of this ambitious foppery, compared with which rags are quite a respectable affair.

One would have thought, from the perilous haste with which the traveller departed, that he must have been thoroughly disgusted with all that he saw, which was by no means the case. Leaving the ball-room at Plymouth at three o'clock in the morning, he was in the railway car for Boston at four, and in the train for Concord at seven. At eleven o'clock on the same day, he embarked in a stage-sleigh for Burlington, on a voyage which could have presented few attractions when the mercury was at twenty degrees below zero, a sort of exposure which stiffens the limbs so as to make the proprietor doubtful whether they are his own, and checks the circulation of the blood in such a manner as to paralyze the energies of the mind. He passed the night at Royalton, where he was painfully sensitive to the sight of some "scowling ruffians smoking and chewing round the stove in the public room." Perhaps the traveller betrayed his emotions, which were not precisely those of satisfaction ; for, on asking for a little hot water, it was denied him ; and when he requested to be called in season for the stage in the morning, he was advised to see to that matter for himself. Surely, if he met with many of these two-footed animals, he deserves great credit for the manner in which he speaks of the civility and kindness of the Americans. One is apt to mistake this occasional barbarism for the rule, when it strikes him so much because it is the exception. If many public houses were of this description, there would be few travellers to enjoy the blessing.

At the close of his work, the author, or perhaps the editor, indulges in some extended remarks on various subjects connected with our country ; but they have not the interest of the journal, and are of the kind which any one might indite, without having set foot in our land. He thinks that there is a large amount of information generally diffused among us, without a proportional abundance of literature and learning. He also remarks, that we have very few intellectual names not connected with the professions, which is the same as saying that literature is not made a profession among us to any extent. This is true ; and the reason of it is, that literature will not afford subsistence without some other employment which engrosses the time. If the honor of living for literature involves the necessity of starving, the candidates for its prizes must necessarily be few. Our professions are all ac-

tive and laborious; it is difficult to maintain influence in any of them without industrious and incessant action. If there were time, experience proves that much might be done for literature and science in the intervals of these exertions. But there is not; and meantime the market is filled with a pestilent importation of English and French novels, which teach nothing but bad taste, bad grammar, and bad morals. Works of a higher character his own country is not able to supply in such abundance as this writer fondly believes.

We do not wonder that an unfavorable impression of American taste and cultivation is given by a great proportion of the speeches in Congress, though some of them are business-like, condensed, and intellectual, with merits of a high order. But every member must signalize his fitness for the trust by making a speech, while his idea of eloquence is too often formed from the example of a clerical writer of a former day, who said, that, when Washington ascended, all the battalia of heaven presented arms. Some of those who can put themselves forward in no other way contrive to make themselves notorious by some remarkable absurdity; for notoriety answers the purpose quite as well as fame. When an Englishman hears the chairman of an important committee in Congress saying, that, in case of war, "England could do no more hurt to America than a child in its nurse's arms," without reflecting, that, if the remark was childish, the person who made it should have the indulgence due to a tender age, he is provoked; for he infers that no creature having the use of reason would say such things, unless some others delighted to hear them. But it is not so; these explosions would wait for ever to see the light, if they depended on others to report them. The individual himself supplies a copy to the public press, where it lies unread, except perhaps from charity or affection, and only helps to swell the mass of political matter, which is already sufficiently unsavory and revolting. We are surprised to hear our traveller say that he was treated to a flourish of this kind by a young Whig, at a dinner-table in Boston, who descanted in the same style upon the probable fate of England in case of a war with this country; but when he reflected on the awful doom which he was measuring out to the motherland, he said, with a sort of forbearing humanity,—"But poor old England! I should be sorry, after all, if her own children should trample her under their

feet." Should this youth have occasion to travel, we trust he will give old England timely warning, that with all her infirmities she may be able to get out of the way of the march of mind as represented by these trampling feet. One of the parties must needs suffer in such an encounter, and we dare not hazard a conjecture which it would be.

The author's account of his home-bound passage in the steamer gives a strong impression of the dulness of such a voyage. He rejoiced only in the concluding dinner with which the arrival is solemnized, when the passengers, in the fulness of their hearts, deal out their formal thanks, or peradventure a piece of plate, to the captain, for the marvellous exploit of bringing them safe across the sea. The harmony of the occasion was somewhat impaired by a colored Abolitionist, who took occasion, just after rising from the prolonged session at table, when speakers grow needlessly fluent, and audiences are more prone to wrath than they might be in cooler hours, to make an address in condemnation of America. This judicious selection of time and place led on to a war of words, in which the Abolitionist, probably from long practice, had the advantage. This again was nearly followed by a conflict of blows, in which the genius of universal emancipation might have been struck down, had it not been for the efforts of some passengers who retained their senses, which is not usual in the discussion of such a theme. They were to separate on the next day, never to meet again. It is a good precept for the voyage of life, not to be very ready to censure and abuse the companions of our way ; it makes the passage uncomfortable to all concerned ; and if any one says that his conscience requires it, let him see if he has not given that high name to a quarrelsome temper and a cold and bitter heart.

The works of tourists in America, excepting always De Tocqueville, are not of any considerable value. The natural desire to know what others say of us, which is as strong in one nation as another, gives interest to a traveller's story ; but the attraction is apt to disappear before we reach the end of the book. We often find, even in persons of talent, — Miss Martineau, for example, — so little power of observing to any good purpose, and such a disposition to judge of every thing from the manner in which self happens to be affected by it, that their books are worthless either for counsel or

warning ; and, after affording a week's topic of conversation, they are quietly and unanimously consigned to the receptacle of things that have been. To write a sensible book on America must be a difficult thing, if we may judge from the little that has been accomplished in this way ; and we are disposed to give credit to one, who, though his visit was limited and hasty, formed some just ideas, where most of his predecessors had none, of the strength and weakness, the faults and virtues, the glory and shame, of our people.

Art. X. — CRITICAL NOTICES.

1. — *The Scholar, the Jurist, the Artist, the Philanthropist. An Address before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Harvard University, at their Anniversary, August 27, 1846.* By Charles Sumner. Second Edition. Boston: W. D. Ticknor & Co. 1846. 8vo. pp. 72.

In this Address, which, as many of our readers will remember, was received with distinguished approbation by the intelligent audience before whom it was pronounced, Mr. Sumner has deviated from the beaten track of anniversary declamation, and imparted a personal interest to an occasion which has usually been devoted to topics of a more general character. Taking a happy advantage of the publication, after an interval of four years, of a catalogue of the members of the Fraternity which he addressed, he has reviewed the characters and services of four of its departed brothers, whose names are among the most honored on its illustrious roll. The titles of Scholar, Jurist, Artist, and Philanthropist suggest at once the names of Pickering, Story, Allston, and Channing. The Address is composed of four parts, one of which is assigned to each of these distinguished men.

The occasion being one of grateful and fraternal commemoration, the discourse is professedly eulogistic. "Let us praise famous men" is its motto, though not announced with the formal frankness of the son of Sirach. In productions of this class, we expect little criticism from the speaker, except that which tends to kindle the sympathy and heighten the admiration of his hearers. To demand of an avowed panegyrist a perfectly accurate measurement of those merits which it is his business to extol

would be equally uncharitable and absurd. We would have him give large measure, "pressed down and running over." The speaker, who praises a brother among brothers, may fairly exercise the prerogatives of brotherhood, which are limited in the matter of commendation only by the possibility, or at most the probability, of its truth. We exact of him nothing more than a qualified veracity, and relieve him from the irksome task of making those deductions which would deprive his labor of love of all its charm, though it might add to its historical value. While, however, this latitude is conceded on the score of quantity, the critic will be less indulgent in regard to quality. The encomiast, if he pleases, may exalt his hero to the skies; but it must be for the right thing. To use the illustration of the Roman satirist, none but a headlong flatterer would compliment a puny invalid by likening his gaunt neck to the brawn of Hercules.

The kindly tone of good feeling which inspires this performance allures the reader to the same mood, and makes the act of criticism an ungracious office. And, indeed, though Mr. Sumner is very liberal and even exuberant in his praises, he has seldom, in the present case, transgressed the proper limits of his province. In a few instances, however, his admiration must be considered, after all allowances, as somewhat hyperbolical. The assertion, for example, that "under the hands of Mr. Justice Story we behold the beginning of a new study, the science of *Comparative Jurisprudence*," unsupported, as Mr. Sumner has left it, by any proof, is to us quite extraordinary. No intelligent student in any profession can easily avoid breaking out of positive into comparative science; and no lawgiver or jurist of comprehensive views can confine himself to the study of a single system. The rudiments, at least, of comparative jurisprudence are found as far back as Grotius, and are somewhat developed in D'Aguesseau and Blackstone. Mr. Sumner has also, we think, rather strained his contrast between the judge and the jurist, in order to exalt the vocation of the latter. A judge of the first class must be a jurist, whether he bears the name or not, and we know no better education for the jurist's chair than the experience of the judge's bench. Again, when Mr. Sumner says of Dr. Channing, "it is probable that, since Washington and Franklin, no American has exerted an equal influence on his fellow-men," we hesitate to adopt so broad a statement.

In regard to the quality of the commendation bestowed on the individuals eulogized in this Address, we see little to object to, and much to applaud. The respective claims of these eminent men are easily distinguished, and it is impossible to mistake the peculiar vocation of either. Mr. Sumner, we think, has been very

successful in presenting a lively, and in the main a just character of each to the mind. Sometimes, indeed, his own views color his judgment of the men, and blend with his analysis of their pursuits and opinions. He does not always resist the temptation, natural to every biographer, and almost inevitable for the panegyrist, to use the characters which he describes as a medium for the transmission of his own light. The manner, for instance, in which Dr. Channing's views on certain great social questions are expounded, though far from unjust, has a strong savor of the address on the "True Grandeur of Nations." Manifesting a zeal and sincerity with which no one can fail to sympathize, the orator delights to exhibit the superiority of Christian mildness and benevolence over the ferocity of barbarous and civilized heathenism. His eagerness, however, to avail himself of every opening for an assault on the principle of *force*, as a part of the social machinery of the world, has sometimes, we think, an injurious effect upon his critical judgment. Mr. Allston, for example, is made to decry all "battle-pieces" in the abstract; and this supposed aversion is used as the text for a short homily on the duty of artists to avoid those subjects. But if we are rightly informed, Mr. Sumner has here generalized into a moral sentiment what was a mere expression of professional contempt for such scenes of that class as are too barren to call out the highest powers of art. We suspect, moreover, that his pacific eye has dwelt too exclusively on the "feminine" traits of Allston's genius. Force of character is a Christian no less than a masculine attribute, and may be necessary to the complete development of Christian excellence, which often demands courageous and energetic action, to fulfil a mild and benevolent intention. We do not believe that the "higher sentiments" are all of one gender, notwithstanding the washy criticism that has been vented of late about feminine traits of character and genius. Allston's Belshazzar's Feast, the last work of a genius which, according to Mr. Sumner, became more feminine with advancing years, is as bold and masculine in conception as it is delicate in execution.

In the notice of Mr. Pickering's attainments and tastes, a discussion of rather disproportionate length is introduced respecting the value of classical studies. Mr. Sumner is a man of too cultivated a taste and too liberal a judgment, to join in the malignant cry of the vulgar detracters of such pursuits. Yet, while he freely and gratefully acknowledges the wholesome influence of ancient letters on the intellect, he shrinks from the moral effects of a class of writings which "want the highest charm of purity, of righteousness, of elevated sentiments, of love to God and man." He bestows very hard names on writers who are not used to such

treatment. "The torrent of Demosthenes, dark with self-love and the spirit of vengeance," has quenched the recollection of his patriotic fire. "Fitful philosophy" is about as appropriately ascribed to Tully as "intemperate eloquence," with which it is coupled. Mr. Sumner speaks with implied censure of "Homer's inspiring tale of blood," apparently not remembering the parting of Hector and Andromache, or the domestic beauty of the patriarchal scenes of the Odyssey; and the blame is extended even to "the marvellous teachings of Socrates," and "the mellifluous words of Plato." This disparaging picture is concluded with these words: — "Greek poetry has been likened to the song of the nightingale as she sits in the rich, symmetrical crown of the palm-tree, trilling her thick-warbled notes; but even this is less sweet and tender than the music of the human heart." There is no charitable foot-note here to inform us of the source from which the comparison is drawn. This nightingale, of course, is not Milton's, which trilled its thick-warbled notes in "the *olive*-grove of Academe," and whose song is not compared to Greek poetry. Nor do we clearly understand what is meant by the music of the human heart; but if the chords of that love which is stronger than death have power to breathe such music, the ear must be dull indeed which cannot detect it in the Alcestis and the Antigone.

Our remarks have been drawn out to an unseemly length, so that we have no room for a particular notice of the rhetorical execution of this Address. Its style is sometimes open to verbal criticism, and the metaphors and comparisons will not always bear too rigorous an analysis. But the Address has high merits. It is masculine (with Mr. Sumner's leave), genial, and ornate; full of life, and seldom flagging; sometimes eloquent, and always dignified. Its very extravagances grow out of noble and generous sympathies; and it is unsullied by an opinion or sentiment for which its author has reason to blush.

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2. — *Report of a Minority of the Special Committee of the Boston Prison Discipline Society, appointed at the Annual Meeting, May* 27, 1845. [By S. G. Howe.] Boston: W. D. Ticknor & Co. 1846. 8vo. pp. 90.

We expect, almost as a matter of course, to find the name of Dr. Howe connected with every liberal and benevolent enterprise of the day. He has done more for the education of the blind than any individual living, either in Europe or America; and as

a mere episode in his labors for this end, he has twice succeeded in what it is hardly too bold a figure to call the creation of a moral and intelligent soul within one of those dark and desolate tabernacles of flesh, from which, the windows of three of the senses being for ever closed and barred, it seemed as if wisdom was at every practicable entrance quite shut out. But his active philanthropy has not been limited to the accomplishment of these brilliant results, though they would have far surpassed the ambition, or even the most sanguine dreams, of De l'Epée or Sicard. Numerous other objects of benevolent enterprise have kindled his zeal, and profited largely by his unflagging exertions. Common schools, hospitals for the insane, asylums for the deaf and dumb, and prisons, have either been founded at his instance, or sustained by his efforts, or improved by his suggestions. In the Old and the New World he has richly earned his fame as one of the ablest and most efficient philanthropists of the age.

Whatever comes from the pen of such a person, especially if it relates to any of the noble purposes to which his life has been devoted, is entitled to immediate and respectful attention. In the pamphlet before us, he appears as the strenuous advocate of a system of prison discipline which has been received with great favor in Europe, though it has not been widely adopted in this country, and, except in two of the States, the great majority of voices is decidedly against it, and in favor of a rival system. It is quite unfortunate that the philanthropists of our day *will* quarrel very bitterly with each other about the respective merits of the several plans which are devised for carrying their benevolent intentions into effect. Here is a notable instance; the Philadelphia and the Auburn systems of prison discipline, as they are called, have both accomplished a vast amount of good; the reformation effected by them has been so manifest, that this country, where they had their origin, has become the teacher of the civilized world as respects the proper mode of confining and managing criminals, and nearly all the great powers of Europe have recently sent commissioners hither to take lessons of us in this matter, and, if possible, to carry home with them some of our improvements. Formerly, our State prisons were loathsome and hideous dens, in which it was hard to say whether the physical or the moral nature of the convict suffered the greater degradation and wrong. Now our best managed institutions on either plan, that at Charlestown, for instance, and that at Philadelphia, command the respect and admiration of every intelligent and unprejudiced foreigner by whom they are visited. But the founders and supporters of the two systems are not willing to share the glory of this great reform. The Boston Prison Discipline Society,

the great advocate of the Auburn system, under whose auspices the prison reform has been made in most of the States, devotes a large portion of its annual reports to belaboring most stoutly the Philadelphia plan; and our friends from the good "city of brotherly love," not willing to be left behind in any of the works of Christian kindness, return the blows with all vigor in a periodical got up for the purpose, in pamphlets, and in penitentiary reports. "You drive the prisoners mad," cries Boston, "by the long continued horrors of solitary confinement"; "You subject the criminals to the cruel and degrading punishment of the lash," shouts Philadelphia. "Your own statistics," exclaims the former, "show a fearful amount of insanity and mortality in your prisons"; "Figures prove nothing, and there is a mistake in your calculations," retorts the latter. And so it goes; the quarrel is a very pretty quarrel, and if we had the Irishman's disposition to be "any body's customer in a row," we might be tempted to engage in it, having an opinion of our own to support; and in this matter, certainly, we could not find a more courteous and gallant opponent with whom to break a lance than Dr. Howe. But for the present, at least, we decline the contest.

Though a member of the Boston Society, Dr. Howe is a seceder from its doctrines, and it is as the author of a Minority Report, which he is obliged to publish for himself, because most of his colleagues refuse to give it any sanction, that he now appears before us. Thus disowned and discountenanced, not allowed a hearing, and constantly voted down, he yet struggles on, contending against a host with as much gallantry as he formerly showed in fighting the Turks. Whoever desires to see an able, energetic, sweeping vindication of the Philadelphia plan may find it in this pamphlet. If further desirous to know how far one may be carried in the support of a favorite theory, when once excited by opposition, we commend to him the following thesis, which is gravely propounded and maintained in this Report: — that "*the Separate System is, for all moral and intellectual purposes, more truly social in its nature than the Congregate System.*" This proposition, to those who are acquainted with the distinctive features of the two systems, here called the Separate and the Congregate, may serve as a measure of the strength of Dr. Howe's attachment to the Philadelphia plan. His Report is evidently *ex parte* in its character, and may be consulted with great advantage by those who wish to know what can be said on that side of the question. For a statement of arguments and facts of an opposite character and tendency, we may refer to the Annual Report of the Rhode Island State Prison for 1844, an extract from which may be found on page 218 of the American Almanac for 1846.

This prison was built, and managed at first, on the Philadelphia plan; but this was given up in 1843, and the general features of the Auburn, or silent, system were adopted; the change being recommended by the warden, "after a careful observation, extending through a period of more than four years, of the injurious and alarming effects of solitary imprisonment upon the mental and physical condition of those who were the subjects of it."

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3. — *A Greek-English Lexicon, based on the German Work of Francis Passow.* By Henry George Liddell, M. A., and Robert Scott, M. A. *With Corrections and Additions, and the Insertion in Alphabetical Order of the Proper Names occurring in the principal Greek Authors.* By Henry Drisler, M. A., Adjunct Professor of the Greek and Latin Languages in Columbia College, New York. Harper & Brothers. 1846. 8vo. pp. 1705.

The editor of this volume is said to be a very laborious and accurate teacher. He is Adjunct Professor of Languages in Columbia College, where, as we judge from the Dedication, he received his education under the care of Professor Anthon. With this latter gentleman's productions we have had occasion at times to find serious fault; Mr. Drisler is a production that bids fair to do him great honor. He is evidently one of that class of men, few in any country, who "scorn delights and live laborious days," for the sake of accumulating learning and advancing the cause of knowledge among men. Dr. Anthon may well look with pride upon the promise of his young pupil and friend.

The relation existing between these two gentlemen justifies, perhaps, the somewhat exaggerated and parasitical terms in which Professor Anthon is spoken of, both in the Dedication and the Preface; but it hardly justifies the publishers in advertising a work of Mr. Drisler as forming one of Dr. Anthon's series, unless he may be considered a sort of *grandfather* to the volume in question.

We had intended to prepare an article upon the Lexicon of Mr. Pickering, and this American reprint of Liddell and Scott, and perhaps we may still recur to our original design. At present, however, we shall offer our readers only a brief notice of Mr. Drisler's labors. We have used his edition of Liddell and Scott for some time with pleasure and profit, and on the whole can safely commend it as a well executed work. We are not told by

the editor whether he obtained the approbation and consent of the gentlemen whose work he has taken such liberties with; but we understand from other quarters that such is not the case. If Mr. Drisler has been guilty of such a neglect of the comity usual between gentlemen and scholars, his conduct in this respect is worthy of rebuke. He has been taught in a bad school. But we heartily commend the honest manner in which he assigns to all parties their shares in the credit of the book. We like him for the pains he has taken to state clearly and precisely what he has himself done, and for the care with which he has guarded against appropriating to himself what belongs to others. This is done elaborately in the Preface, and in the Appendix, besides generally marking the articles in the body of the work to which additions or corrections have been made. This is all fair and above board. It remains to be seen what is the real value of these alterations and corrections, and, in general, of the editorial labor which Mr. Drisler has expended upon this edition. The carefully written Preface contains his own account of the matter, which we think will be borne out by an examination of the work.

We are sorry to find so sensible a man talking in such unmeaning terms about literary criticism being made "a vehicle for ill-natured, one-sided, and undeserved attacks, which have no other object in view than to gratify private enmity or personal pique," just after he has aimed a side-thrust at an American work of high critical merit, which his language implies that he has never even seen. We refer to a note on page ninth of the Preface, where he says, — "This work," meaning Carmichael's on the Greek Verb, "has been, *as the editor learns*, reprinted in this country, but in a mutilated condition, and without due credit being assigned to the author." What kind of criticism is this, to charge such high literary misdemeanours upon the author of a book which the critic confessedly has never read? The truth is, the American work is from the pen of a scholar who adds to the favoring circumstance of Hellenic birth a critical knowledge of MSS. and of the labors of European philologists, and a most exact and minute acquaintance with the Greek language, through all its changes down to the present day. It is a work in every respect superior to Carmichael's, which it resembles in its general plan, but from which it differs by avoiding the errors of the European writer, by being founded on a more extensive survey of Greek authors, and by being arranged on more philosophical views. Its value has been recognized by teachers of the highest character in the United States, and it is not very creditable to Mr. Drisler not to have studied it, and used it in editing Liddell and Scott. If Mr. Drisler will read the introductions to both these works, and compare

the very first article, that on ἀάω, he will see the unfairness of his disparaging and ignorant remark, and perhaps will have the magnanimity to exclaim, with the hero in the Iliad, Μέγ' ἀασάμην.

The merit of Passow's Lexicon has long been acknowledged, wherever the Greek and German languages are known. Its leading excellence consists in the scientific and historical manner in which the significations of the words are unfolded. His plan, if fully carried out, would contain a history of every word in the Greek language, during at least the classical ages. He lived to execute his plan only partially. It was very completely executed with regard to the language of Homer and Hesiod; less so with regard to the early post-Homeric poets and Herodotus. Messrs. Liddell and Scott have not simply translated Passow, but have endeavoured to add from their own studies enough to supply the deficiencies which the early death of the author prevented him from supplying himself. Their work has already passed into a second edition, in which many improvements have been made upon the first. Mr. Drisler began with the first English edition, but while he was carrying it through the press, the second came out. He has made numerous additions and corrections, for which, of course, there is always room, in a lexicon of such a language as the Greek. Some of his additions are superfluous, some are useless, but most of them, if we may venture to form an opinion upon a partial examination only, are of real and substantial value. The narrow limits of a critical notice restrain us from many specifications; but to illustrate what we mean, we will mention one or two. On the first page, the word ἀάω is defined. Mr. Drisler adds, immediately after the contracted 1 aor. m. ἀσάμην, the reference, "3 sing. ἄσατο, Il. 19. 95." Now this reference would be useless here, in any event, because the passage is distinctly cited below, to illustrate the *meaning* of the word, in the middle voice. On the other hand, a few pages farther on, in the article ἀγέλη, Messrs. Liddell and Scott have attempted to explain a peculiar signification of the word, growing out of the domestic institutions of Crete. Passow does not refer to it, and Pape gives it in general terms, as a classification of boys who were brought up together. Liddell and Scott, referring to Müller's Dorians for authority, define the ἀγέλαι as "the bands or classes in which the youths were trained up to the age of seventeen"; for which Mr. Drisler substitutes "the bands or classes in which the youth lived together from their eighteenth year till the time of their marriage, and consequently even after they had attained the age of manhood."

The mistake of Messrs. Liddell and Scott is very singular; for the language of Müller, in the passage to which they refer, ex-

pressly declares that "it was not until their seventeenth year that they were enrolled in the *agelæ*." For this statement, Müller's authority is Hesychius, who defines an ἀπάγελος, that is, a boy not yet admitted into an *agele*, as ὁ μέχρι ἐτῶν ἑπτακαίδεκα, *a boy until the age of seventeen.* It is true, there is some doubt in the matter. Strabo (l. X.), describing from Ephorus the Cretan institutions, says that "the boys were required to frequent the agelæ, so called, and the full grown men the *syssitia*, which they denominated *Andreia.*"

Mr. Drisler is to be praised for his diligence in tracking Liddell and Scott to their authorities, and correcting them accordingly. In this particular case, we think it most probable that, as to the fact, they are right; though they are wrong in citing Müller. Müller's language is not easily reconciled with the statements of others, though it is founded on the common reading of Hesychius. Manso, in his elaborate and learned work entitled Sparta,* says, "the reception into the *agelæ* took place between the seventh and seventeenth year; for unquestionably the reading in the Lexicographer (Hesychius) should be παῖς ὁ μέχρι ἐτῶν ἕπτα καὶ δέκα, and not ἑπτακαίδεκα." So that Liddell and Scott may be substantially right.

An important addition made by Mr. Drisler is the insertion of the proper names. In this part of the work, he acknowledges his indebtedness to the excellent lexicons of proper names, by Crusius and Pape. For the convenience of students in schools and colleges, this improvement of Mr. Drisler's is of great importance.

The praise of correctness in the printing is also due to Mr. Drisler, who revised all the proof-sheets, and whose laborious care in this respect cannot be too much commended. In other points, the typographical execution of the work is highly creditable to the press from which it comes.

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4. — *Memoir of Johann Gottlieb Fichte.* By William Smith. Boston: James Munroe & Co. 1846. 12mo. pp. 157.

The press of our good friends is usually better employed than in republishing a book like this. It is so sublimely abstruse, when it undertakes to present its hero's views, if that expression may be allowed us, and performs its short task with so dull a subtilty, that

* B. I. 2 Th. s. 107.

we should leave its readers to make the most of it, without any comment of ours, if it were not for the duty of holding up to reprehension one or two of the passages that it contains. Fichte was, on the one hand, a sturdy, bold, restless man, of an eminent virtue and rare personal qualities, though they were rather of a rough cast. He was an ardent lover and a stout champion of freedom. Living in an age of great events and high political excitement, he partook largely of its spirit. He was an earnest patriot, and sought to exert as much influence upon public affairs as was consistent with his secluded habits and studious life. We honor him for the noble moral stand that he took, and for the eloquence with which he maintained it. On the other hand, he was one of those gigantic shadows in the shape of philosophy, that have flitted over the stage of German thought in such strange succession for the last century. While he has been extravagantly overpraised as a thinker in some quarters, his philosophical theory has been most uproariously laughed at in others, that were held in no less respect among his own countrymen. We consider his philosophy to have been resolved some time ago into the clouds, from which it was gathered and painted up into a likeness of reality, and into which many swelling pretensions that have followed his are hastening to be forgotten. He was a hard dogmatist in his day, though his system was one of pure idealism. But the day was not a long one, and his "I = I," and the "I and the not I," soon became formulas that were used in sport rather than with any sober wonder. There were many admirable things about Johann Gottlieb Fichte; but we do not consider that either his metaphysical doctrine or his manner of exhibiting it belonged to the number.

Wild Henri Heine makes merry with Fichte's principal intellectual operation, under the figure of an ape, sitting before the fire and boiling his own tail, supposing that the real culinary art did not consist merely in cooking objectively, but also in having a subjective consciousness of the cookery. He tells us at the same time of having seen a caricature that represented a Fichtean goose. The liver of the poor creature had become so large, that she no longer knew whether she was liver or goose. Upon her belly was written, "I = I." We doubt, however, whether any caricature could be more comic than the description in this very book, copied from the Autobiography of Henry Steffens, and describing Fichte in his lecture-room. "'Gentlemen,' said he, 'collect yourselves, — go into yourselves, — for we have here nothing to do with things without, but simply with the inner self.' Thus summoned, the auditors appeared really to go into themselves. Some, to facilitate the operation, changed their position, and stood up; some drew them-

selves together, and cast their eyes upon the floor; all were evidently waiting, under high excitement, for what was to follow this preparatory summons. 'Gentlemen,' continued Fichte, '*think the wall.*' This was a task to which the hearers were evidently all equal; they thought the wall. 'Have you thought the wall?' asked Fichte. 'Well, then, Gentlemen, *think him who thought the wall.*' It was curious to see the evident confusion and embarrassment that now arose."

Thus much for the philosopher. As for his English biographer, Mr. William Smith, we know nothing of him, but from the present work. He is evidently an accomplished person. We do not deny that he writes in a good, scholarly style; his performance is in several respects highly creditable. But we perceive in him a taint, that infects a pretty large class of writers at the present day, both in England and America, and which we will not cease to mark with the warning reprobation that we think it deserves. On the 119th page, he brings together Socrates, Descartes, Spinoza, Priestley, Fichte, and the "*deeply religious* Shelley," in the same category with Christ and the Apostle Paul, as persons who suffered persecution on account of their more enlightened spiritual views. Now, apart from the bad taste of such a combination, it seems to us to indicate an unsoundness that is of a most serious nature. Even if we should grant what he asserts of Shelley to be true, and we consider it a monstrous perversion of the truth, yet to mention thus in company the author of Queen Mab and the divine Founder of the gospel shows plainly enough to what class of thinkers he that ventures upon such a mode of speaking must belong.

But we have a worse charge to bring than this. He quotes with evident content a passage from an essay by Forberg, fortified with a preface by Fichte, that runs thus: — "Two great poets have expressed this faith of good and thinking men, with inimitable beauty. Such an one may adopt their language." Then follows the often-quoted passage from Goethe's Faust, beginning with, — "Who dares to say, I believe in God? Who dares to name him, and to profess I believe in him?" and ending with, — "Then call it what thou wilt, — Happiness! Heart! Love! God! I have no name for it. Feeling is all; name is but sound and smoke, veiling the glow of heaven." Here is recommended to us, as the "faith of good and thinking men," the creed of Dr. Faustus when under the instigation of Mephistopheles the devil, which he uttered as a part of his plan for the betrayal and ruin of an innocent maiden. And this precious confession of faith, all in poetry, though the verse is rather ragged, is found in a deliberate essay, "On the Definition of the Idea of Religion"; or else in

an article prefixed to it, "On the Grounds of our Faith in a Divine Government of the World." We are not perfectly sure in which it occurs; for the biographer is not exactly luminous on this point, and we have not the Philosophical Journal for 1798 before us. Let the two German adepts in metaphysical juggles share the merit of so admirable an application between them. But they should at least have added what the poor deluded Margaret said so touchingly in reply, — "That is all fine and good; the parson says nearly that, only in words a little different. And what shall we say to you, English Mr. Smith, who can gravely repeat such perfidious trumpery?"

With respect to the preface of the American editor, we cannot say that we entirely like its tone, or agree with all its positions. But we are reluctant to find fault. It implies a wish, towards the close, that the writings of Fichte might be "domesticated here," since "they would materially assist us in the solution of many of the impending questions which now appear above our horizon." From this opinion we dissent. From the offer of such aid we turn away. In answer to such a wish for domestication, we should be ready to say any thing that sounds least like Amen.

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5. — *Report of the Committee on the Expediency of providing Better Tenements for the Poor.* Boston: Eastburn's Press. 1846. 8vo. pp. 36.

We have opportunity only to call attention to the remarkable statements made in this pamphlet, and earnestly to recommend the well digested and practicable scheme of philanthropy that is set forth in it, for alleviating what is perhaps the most fruitful of all evils in the condition of the laboring poor who reside in large cities. The situation of Boston on a peninsula of very limited extent, the rapid increase of its population, especially during the last ten years, and the consequent rise in the value of real estate have contributed to abridge the accommodations for the poor, till they are now worse lodged than their brethren in the foulest and most crowded districts of the large cities of Europe. Broad Street and its vicinity are more crowded, and probably more unhealthy, than the most noted dens of misery and crime in Liverpool and London, than Shoreditch, Whitechapel, or St. Giles. On an average, there are thirty-seven inhabitants to a house, and each person has but seven square yards on the ground. A large

building often contains more families than it has rooms, even if we include under this name the subdivisions of the cellar. We have examined with some care the statements and authorities on which the following conclusions, taken from this Report, are founded, and we are satisfied that they do not exaggerate the evil.

"*First.* That the present population of the 'first section' of Boston is nearly as dense as that of the central parts of London.

"*Second.* That the number of individuals *to the house*, throughout the whole city, is greater than in the principal commercial and manufacturing towns of England.

"*Third.* That the distribution of the population with us is shockingly unequal, producing crowds in certain sections which are rarely surpassed.

"*Fourth.* That the proportion of deaths among infants has been steadily on the increase, and the average duration of life diminishing.

"*Fifth.* That the infant mortality is vastly greater among the Catholics than in the whole population, and the average duration of life among them less.

"*Sixth.* That the average of life in Boston is less than in London, or in Ireland, and but little greater than in Liverpool, where the greatest mortality, in England, prevails.

"*Seventh.* That the average duration of life among the Catholics of Boston is less than that of *operatives and laborers* in the great commercial and manufacturing cities of England." — p. 10.

The physical discomforts, the squalor and privations to which the tenants of these miserable abodes must submit, the alarming increase of mortality among them, and the peril to the general health of the city are not the only, or the greatest, evils produced by this density of population.

"As to the influence of this crowding, on the moral health, there can be, we apprehend, even less doubt. This is indeed so evident, that it is not our intention to go into details, which would be equally shocking and unnecessary. It is enough to say, that every one who has been in the habit of observing the character of excessively crowded populations has remarked, that, just as their physical nature becomes blunted, and hardened to the impurities about them, so their moral nature gradually accustoms itself to the sight of evil, and ceases, at last, to be offended at what was originally shocking to it." — p. 11.

It is found that the poor pay very high rents for their loathsome and unhealthy habitations. Hiring single rooms, and paying for them by the week, the aggregate rent obtained from them for a house cheaply built or much dilapidated is very great; and in many parts of the city, land can be more profitably occupied by buildings of this sort than by expensive structures for stores or for the habitations of the wealthier classes. Land thus occupied in

Broad Street produces yearly sixty cents a square foot; while in Tremont Street, facing the common, it yields but forty-five cents, and in Morton Place but thirty-one cents. Now, this fact suggests at once a remedy for the greater part of the evil here complained of, without calling for any charitable contributions whatever. Capitalists may erect large buildings in the very districts where they are most needed, suitably arranged to be let out in small tenements, so as to afford comfortable, healthy, and convenient dwellings for the poor, and still receive a very good income from the investment. The experiment has already been tried on a small scale, and the results are perfectly satisfactory. Plans and estimates are submitted with this Report, apparently well considered and trustworthy, which show that such buildings will produce from seven to eleven *per cent.* on their cost. The apartment for each family will consist of at least two rooms, well ventilated, and with suitable minor conveniences attached. It is proposed that houses of this character should be built at first by an association, or chartered company, and be put under the charge of a judicious and careful superintendent; but the obvious utility of cultivating amicable and kind relations between landlord and tenant makes it desirable that individual capitalists, also, should engage in this enterprise.

We have given a very imperfect synopsis of this excellent report, for in truth, though clear and full, it is so succinctly drawn up as not to admit of abridgment. To the "merchant princes" of Boston, whose fame for judicious and munificent philanthropy stands so deservedly high, we heartily commend it, in full confidence that to draw their attention to such a project is enough to insure its immediate success.

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6. — *Lectures to Young Men on their Moral Dangers and Duties.* By Abiel Abbot Livermore. Boston: James Munroe & Co. 1846. 12mo. pp. 160.

A great disadvantage attends books whose titles announce them to be written expressly for young men or young ladies; the particular class for whose benefit they are intended are not in the least disposed to read them. So many admonitions have vexed their unwilling ears in the course of their adolescence, that they have come to regard advice very much in the light of physic, and though it is recommended as "the sovereign'st thing on earth" against all the ills that flesh is heir to, they swallow it with dis-

gust, and, however skilfully the pill may be sugared, they taste as little of it as they can. For our own part, though we have arrived at a discreet and experienced age, and are both able and willing to dispense of the fulness of our wisdom to our inferiors, we have not wholly outgrown this prejudice of our youth. We find ourselves taking up books of this sort with the same sense of their good intention, but entire want of success, with which we have lent an ear to a coaxing nurse, representing to Master Wilful that sugar-plums, toys, and smiles are exclusively the portion of the good boy, and the most forlorn condition of disfavor and emptiness of pocket the certain lot of the unsubmissive. The connection between virtue and happiness is so much and so constantly insisted on, that it seems a mere matter of policy to be good; and he who, from recklessness or stupidity, is indifferent to the consequences set before him, feels that he has full liberty of choice, whether to do good or to do evil. Warnings and cautions have no more effect upon such heedless and impulsive natures than the nursery tales about Master Jacky and Master Jemmy, who always meet with a poetically just reward of their lawless enterprises, breaking their legs in robbing orchards, or making themselves sick with stolen sweetmeats. The fear of contingent consequences, whether immediate or remote, is no sufficient bridle for ardent and thoughtless spirits. Like young colts, not yet broken in to the jog-trot of life's journey, they spurn control with their active heels, and see a bar placed before them only as a temptation to leap over it, neck or nothing, and dash forward blindly in the very direction from which it was designed to turn them aside.

On the other hand, there are some who are distrustful and timid by nature. They are ready enough to see bars and hear warnings on every side; they dare not look upward or onward; they are afraid to run in any direction, but stand still, when many an open and safe, but as yet unbeaten, road lies directly before them. It is a melancholy sight, a young man divested of enthusiasm, without ardor or generous impulses. There are men, and perhaps they are the majority, as the world goes, who are very useful as clogs to the wheels of improvement, which might otherwise roll on faster than the way could be cleared before them, crushing opposition instead of overcoming it. We naturally look to the young and hopeful for the onward movement, and to the old and cautious for the necessary conservative counteraction. May not the slow progress of reform in most instances be owing to the influence of those well-meaning persons who, taking it for granted that youth is naturally more disposed to evil than to good, keep up a constant cry of "Beware! Beware!" in the ears of

their children and pupils, when they might keep them from evil without repressing their hopes and energies, by cheering them on to useful and generous aims, and inspiring a noble ambition to acquire influence over others, or to coöperate with them for good?

Mr. Livermore's Lectures for young men have not a little revived our spirits, by furnishing, in some good measure, what has been wanting. It is not the trite warning of an unsympathizing superior; it is the voice of a young man leading on his fellows in the honorable path which he is himself zealously and wisely treading. Throughout the book there is a youthful warmth of style and feeling, which must recommend it to all young men who have not become prematurely old and cold-hearted. The first two lectures are plain and sensible representations of the moral dangers which beset young men, and the most flippant scoffer at good advice could hardly find in them any thing to gainsay or cavil at. There is no exaggeration, no painting for effect, no holding up of the gallows (how useless a bugbear in these days of good-natured juries!) to the disobedient, and the drunkard's grave to the convivial. The writer seeks to make the young man aware of the value, not of character and worldly prosperity alone, but of his own soul, and its fresh feelings and delicate sensibilities, and earnestly pleads with him to watch over and preserve that purity of heart and taste, which once lost can never be regained, and which is the greatest safeguard of virtue. It is in the tone of one who has safely borne this treasure in his own bosom through the period most beset with dangers, that he puts others on their guard lest it be insensibly stolen from them. He points out to them the very beginnings of evil; he would have them conscientiously avoid, as moral poison, all such associates, books, or recreations, as tend to tarnish, and finally destroy, their moral refinement.

The lectures are written in an easy and correct style, without any attempt at smartness or originality of expression. On this account they may not reach a large circle of readers, or leave any strong or vivid impression on the minds of those who peruse them. But to whatever extent their influence may be felt, it will be for good; and we gladly contribute our little effort to widen their circulation. They are honorable alike to the taste, the good sense, and the moral sentiments of the writer, who has shown the same excellent qualities in some previous publications which the public have received with well merited favor.

NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

Essays on the Progress of Nations in Productive Industry, Civilization, Population, and Wealth; illustrated by Statistics of Mining, Agriculture, Manufactures, Commerce, &c. By Ezra C. Seaman. Detroit: M. Geiger & Co. 1846. 8vo. pp. 455.

A Grammar of the Greek Language. By Alpheus Crosby, Professor of the Greek Language and Literature in Dartmouth College. Second Edition. Boston: James Munroe & Co. 1846. 12mo. pp. 464.

A Discourse of the Baconian Philosophy. By Samuel Tyler, of the Maryland Bar. Second Edition, enlarged. Frederick City, Md.: Schley & Haller. 1846. 12mo. pp. 426.

Appleton's Literary Miscellany, Nos. XVII. and XVIII. The History of Civilization from the Fall of the Roman Empire to the French Revolution. By F. Guizot, the Prime Minister of France. Translated by William Hazlitt. Parts V. and VI. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1846.

Select Treatises of Martin Luther, in the Original German, with Philological Notes, and an Essay on German and English Etymology. By B. Sears. Andover: Allen, Morrill, & Wardwell. 1846. 12mo. pp. 382.

Memoirs of American Governors. By Jacob Bailey Moore. Vol. I. Governors of New Plymouth and Massachusetts Bay. New York: Gates & Stedman. 1846. 8vo. pp. 439.

Gesenius's Hebrew Grammar, Fourteenth Edition, as revised by Dr. E. Rödiger. Translated by T. J. Conant, Professor of Hebrew in Madison University. With the Modifications of the Editions subsequent to the Eleventh, by Dr. Davies, of Stepney College, London. To which are added a Course of Exercises in Hebrew Grammar and a Hebrew Chrestomathy, prepared by the Translator. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1846. 8vo. pp. 405.

Hebrew Grammar of Gesenius, as edited by Rödiger, translated, with Additions, and also a Hebrew Chrestomathy. By M. Stuart, Professor of Sacred Literature, Theological Seminary, Andover. Allen, Morrill, & Wardwell. 1846. 8vo. pp. 360.

Encyclopædia Americana, Supplementary Volume: A Popular Dictionary of Arts, Sciences, Literature, History, Politics, and Biography. Vol. XIV. Edited by Henry Vethake, LL. D. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard. 1847. 8vo. pp. 663.

An Address to the Society of Middlesex Husbandmen and Manufacturers, delivered at Concord, October 7, 1846. By John G. Palfrey, of Cambridge. Metcalf & Co., Printers. 8vo. pp. 24.

Jack Datchett, the Clerk, an Old Man's Tale. Baltimore: H. Colburn. 1846. 12mo. pp. 101.

Wiley and Putnam's Library of American Books. Nos. XXI. and XXII. The Early Jesuit Missions in North America. Translated by Rev. William Ingraham Kip. New York: Wiley & Putnam. 1846. 2 vols. 12mo.

Protection and Free Trade compared, in their Influence on National Industry and the Balance of Wealth and Power. Salem. 1846. 8vo. pp. 24.

Papers on the Slave Power, first published in the Boston Whig, in July, August, and September, 1846. By John G. Palfrey, of Cambridge, Middlesex County, Massachusetts. Second Edition. Boston: Merrill, Cobb & Co. 8vo. pp. 92.

The Early New England Home: a Thanksgiving Sermon. By Frederick A. Whitney, Minister of the First Church, Brighton. Boston: Leonard C. Bowles. 1846. 8vo. pp. 11.

The Rights of Labor. By Calvin Colton, Author of The Life and Times of Henry Clay. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co. 1846. 8vo. pp. 96.

The Pre-Adamite Earth: Contributions to Theological Science. By John Harris, D. D., President of Cheshunt College. Boston: Gould, Kendall, & Lincoln. 1847. 12mo. pp. 294.

Cyclopædia of English Literature: a Selection of the Choicest Productions of English Authors, from the Earliest to the Present Time, connected by a Critical and Biographical History. Edited by Robert Chambers. No. I. Boston: Gould, Kendall, & Lincoln. 1847. 8vo. pp. 84.

The Doctrines of Spinoza and Swedenborg identified, so far as they claim a Scientific Ground; in four Letters. Boston: Munroe & Francis. 1846. 12mo. pp. 36.

Astronomical Observations made under the Direction of M. F. Maury, Lieut. U. S. Navy, during the Year 1845, at the U. S. Naval Observatory, Washington. Vol. I. Published by Authority of the Secretary of the Navy. Washington: J. & G. S. Gideon, Printers. 1846. 4to. pp. 543.

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ART. I. — *Sketches of Modern Literature and Eminent Literary Men (being a Gallery of Literary Portraits).* By GEORGE GILFILLAN. Reprinted entire from the London Edition. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo. pp. 492.

IN a recent article on the Progress of Society, we represented the present age as characterized beyond all preceding times by professed reverence for intellectual attainments and achievements, but as still grossly deficient in that spiritual culture, without which intellect lacks its true nobility, and falls short of its mission and destiny. We propose now to point out some of the intellectual characteristics and tendencies of our times. The aim, indeed, seems at first sight vast and vague; but our discussion will be greatly simplified and brought within reasonable bounds, if, instead of attempting to enumerate in detail all the prominent features of the age, we fix its position, and unfold the principles which inspire its life and direct its energies. In order to do this, we must consider the route in which, and the ends for which, the intellectual effort and enterprise of civilized man have hitherto been directed.

The ages that are gone have been busy chiefly about the material world, — grappling with problems presented by the outward universe. Man awoke into being, surrounded by baffling mysteries. He found himself among existences and objects whose origin, uses, adaptations, and harmonies it surpassed his skill to trace, — beneath heavens whose cir-

cuits, though obviously connected with his welfare, daily presented more and more perplexing intricacies, — over depths which filled him with awe as they quaked and heaved beneath him, and inflamed his cupidity, as they disclosed their glittering treasures for his use and ornament. On his soul was written the divine mandate, — "Subdue the world, and use it." He had the consciousness of lordship, even while he trembled in ignorance before his meanest subject. And in establishing his supremacy over the material creation, he has been conducting three distinct, yet concurrent, mental processes, from the creation until now.

The first and lowest, yet in some aspects the most essential of these processes, has been that of mechanical invention, which commenced with the rude needlework of our first parents in Eden, grew into distinct arts and trades among the unspiritual posterity of Cain, has given increased power, wealth, and luxury to every successive generation, and now culminates in the mighty Babels that weave raiment for the world, — in the steam-ship that stems the Atlantic storms, — in the harnessed lightning that rides post from city to city.

The second process has been that of philosophy, which, while practical skill has wrought on things known, has toiled in the realm of the unknown, sought out occult causes and harmonies, and laid bare the springs of nature's mechanism. For the first five thousand years of human history, philosophy floundered in palpable darkness, made a hundred blunders to one discovery, and was completely outstripped by practical skill, which seized on the obvious uses of many portions of creation, the nature of which was utterly unknown. The Jews, who, till the Christian era, alone believed in one God, were but little addicted to philosophical speculation. The nations that loved to investigate the causes of things believed in many jarring and malignant deities, holding joint or conflicting sway over the various departments of nature; and they had not, therefore, even the idea of unity, harmony, design, or adaptation, to guide them in their researches, and to lead them to look upon every part of the system in its relation to other parts or to the great whole. Indeed, it took a full thousand or fifteen hundred years after the Christian era for the human mind to become so imbued with the belief of one God, as to make this fundamental truth of theol-

ogy an axiom of science, — a stage of progress marked by the gradual development, and at length by the full enunciation, of the inductive philosophy. But so soon as man awoke to the distinct consciousness of the beneficent harmony that pervades the universe, science stood firm upon the earth, and measured the heavens. The track of sun and star has been marked by human compasses; unwieldy Jupiter has been tumbled into the scales, while the vibrations of the harp-string have been counted, and the shape of the dew-drop and the falling tear expressed in algebraic formulas. The recent discovery of Le Verrier's planet has affixed the irrefragable seal of verity both to the established theory of the universe and the modern apparatus of mathematical analysis, while the resolution of many of the nebulæ by means of the Earl of Rosse's telescope has driven back the chaotic wave that threatened to sweep over the whole domain of physical astronomy, and to carry us back to a cosmogony as wild and vague as that of Lucretius. As we now look through the universe, we can find no fact which cannot be traced to its class and its law; and though there are unquestionably higher generalizations to be reached, we still have attained a point at which ignorance no longer stimulates inquiry.

The third process referred to is that of the imagination in poetry and fiction. It has been in the region of the unknown that fancy has built her chambers of imagery. In the earlier times, when all the ordinary phenomena of nature were wrapped in mystery, fancy could find vacant room enough for her creations about the daily path and among the familiar incidents of common life. The great poems of antiquity derived their interest from marvels which have now ceased to find a place in prose. The management of the expedition of the Argonauts, achieved by the joint and most potent aid of celestial and infernal deities, would not now transcend the scope of a passed midshipman, and of the heroes of the Trojan war few would rise above the rank and file of a modern army. The Odyssey is founded on the mysteries and perils of a coasting voyage, which one of our New England skippers would make alone in a sail-boat, and deem it no matter of wonder or boasting. Meeting the other day with a shipmaster, who had recently passed through the Strait of Messina, to get a load of salt at a Sicilian port,

we made eager inquiries after Scylla and Charybdis. He assured us that he had never heard of either, said that he found ample sea-room and safe navigation through the strait, and could not tell what the old poets meant by filling so comfortable a ship's track with supernatural terrors.

After science had begun to clear away the mystery and awe that rested on outward nature, superstition still had a strong hold, not only on the ignorant, but among the lettered and refined; and even those who had themselves outgrown ideas of this class have sympathized sufficiently with the popular mind to enjoy imagery founded upon them. Accordingly, since the classic mythology yielded place, demons, fairies, supernatural appearances and interpositions, have furnished, almost up to our own day, ample materials for romance and poetry; and there has been full enough of nature left unappropriated by art and unexplored by philosophy for the free range of fancy. But this is the case no longer. Art and science have driven the imagination from her last earthly covert, — have let in broad daylight upon her lurking-places, — have supplanted her world of chimeras and fantastic forms by a world of stiff, stubborn, angular facts, which she can neither bend nor mould.

Here, then, we have the true position of our age. We have subdued and mastered the material universe. We have availed ourselves of its uses, registered its laws, and shaken out its mysteries. We stand where we were made to stand, — at the summit of this lower creation. We are at an era of high attainment, which the ages that are gone had hopelessly longed to reach. No wonder, then, that boastfulness presents itself among the prominent characteristics of our times. There are, indeed, other worlds to be conquered, and sublimer elevations to be scaled; but, though it be ungraceful, is it unnatural that we should pause for a while, and look down? Ours is indeed a boastful age. How ready we are to scorn the treasured wisdom of vanished generations, and to look back on the men of former times as if they had been mere barbarians, forgetting that the slavery and the wars of our day will come to be regarded with unmingled detestation and horror, as no less marks of the lowest grade of civilization than cannibalism seems to us now! But self-gratulation, self-praise, now tinges every expression of the general mind. The giant strides, which the

last few years have taken in all the arts of life and in the sciences on which they rest, make the age a golden one, in the eyes of all who regard material prosperity as the supreme good; and those who think that they occupy a higher point of view are prone to look on the newly invented moral machinery of the day as perfect in its workings, and on the point of exterminating all inequality, wrong, and evil, unmindful that crime is growing beneath the reformer's fingers, and the rankest harvest of iniquity springing up in the wake of the radicalist's plough. We think proudly of the age, because we measure it for the most part by a material standard, and not by its spiritual attainments and promise. But the next generation will be as humble as we are boastful; for it will have become accustomed to the elevation that makes us giddy, and will begin to look with earnest aspiration upon the loftier and more arduous heights at the foot of which we stand, — even as the dwellers in the vales of Switzerland make slight account of the hundreds of feet that lift them above the sea, while they feed their flocks at the base of inaccessible, cloud-encircled cliffs.

Our age is also eminently utilitarian, in the lowest sense of the word. The powers of outward nature are so fully developed, and in such vigorous exercise, as to claim a disproportionate share of men's time and energies. Such great mechanical inventions are yet recent, such marvellous applications of science to art are among the wonders, or rather, have ceased to be the wonders, of the day, that most persons talk, reason, and feel, as if the rapid creation of value were the test of genius, the supreme end of being, and the crowning purpose of life. Man is looked upon as a mechanical power, and men educate themselves for the same uses to which they consecrate spinning-jennies and steam-boilers. Certain intellectual traits and endowments a man must have, in order to be a successful producer, for mere bone and muscle can no longer work out valuable results; in modern mills, a wise child can outgrind an unreasoning Samson. But with regard to the elements of a more spiritual culture, the question is virtually asked, — "What is their market value? Will they help me make better, or sell more, goods? Will they tell on 'change, or have weight at the stock-board? Will they make me sharper at a bargain, or wiser as to my investments?" Money-scales are made to answer

all uses, and the balance of the sanctuary seldom has the dust shaken from its beam.

A day or two after Washington Allston's death, we occupied a seat in a railroad car behind a spruce *jobber* from Kilby street, who was expounding to his wife (who with a woman's truer instinct seemed aware that a great man had fallen), that Allston's decease would not be *half so much felt* as that of any common business man about the city; for, said he, "I do not suppose that he circulated in all his life so much money as we sometimes take in a single week." This piece of stupidity, which the man might have been too shrewd to utter for any other ear, tells the whole story of the too frequent indifference and contempt with which the fine arts are treated in this country, and of the dearth throughout the civilized world, in this age of traffic, of artists whose works are likely to live. We often find the artist regarded simply as the complement of the carpenter and upholsterer. Pictures and statues are *done* to order, to fill up architectural vacancies, or to supply the absence of columns or curtains, instead of demanding room and a welcome, because they sprang from the artist's own inspiration. On no other ground could the rotunda of our national Capitol have been defaced by the sacrilegious caricature of the baptism of Pocahontas, — the work of that Chapman, who has since executed the Harpers' brilliant travesty of the Holy Scriptures. A similar stubborn determination to have a group of statuary where something seemed lacking on the front of the Capitol could alone have licensed the figure of that respectable old gentleman, with an orange in his hand, standing in no very delicate juxtaposition with a pretty young lady dressed as was Eve in Eden, which, by "making believe a great deal," and practising with closed eyes, the frequenters of the premises have at length learned to regard as representing Columbus, as he startles a sleeping aboriginal beauty by his rapture on discovering the roundness of the world. On the other hand, that noble master-work of Greenough — false to the ideal of Washington only because it suggests a more than human majesty of soul, and might well represent the highest achievement of Christian art, with Jupiter Tonans for its seedling conception — is left by the collected wisdom of the nation in a leaky shanty outside the Capitol walls, not because there is no room for it within, but

because there is no place that specially needs to be thus filled.

We may trace the workings of this same grovelling utilitarianism in the gradual decline of classical learning. The scholar is challenged in vain to produce a philosopher's stone which can transmute the dead languages into gold; and, as business letters never need to be written, or orders made or answered, in Latin or Greek, they are pronounced useless by multitudes of those who ought to know better, and the generous nurture that they may give to the higher powers and finer susceptibilities of youth is disdained and rejected. Meanwhile, as Horace says was the case in his day,

> "Pueri longis rationibus assem
> Discunt in partes centum diducere."

And with regard to many of the most approved and popular maxims and modes of education, we may well ask with the same poet, —

> "An, hæc animos ærugo et cura peculi
> Quum semel imbuerit, speramus, carmina fingi
> Posse linenda cedro, et levi servanda cupresso?"

Again, in an intellectual point of view, ours is a peculiarly unproductive age. There seems to be very little of vigorous, independent thought. On subjects on which the mind ought to be the most active, reading to a great degree takes the place of thinking, and one is very apt to be of the opinion of the last author that he has read. Men, too, reason in platoons, and hold belief and sentiment in joint-stock corporations, — in corporations for the most part with fictitious capital; for the draft, when made, for solid reasons and arguments, betrays a missing treasurer. Public opinion, sourceless as the wind, groundless as moonshine, is the tyrant; individual intellect, the supple sycophant, the passive slave. If a man gets a new idea, he goes out into the street to ask if there is any thing in it, or looks up to the high places to inquire whether any of the rulers or chief-priests have believed thus; and if his thought finds no echo, it seldom occurs to him to compare it with his own intuitions, to analyze it by his own subtilty, or to verify it by his own experience. This indifference to the higher forms of thought results, no doubt, from the vast amount of indisputable material philosophy and

wisdom now in the possession of civilized man, in the process of being used up, and promising to supply the practical demands and outward wants of the race for centuries to come.

The prevalent tastes of the reading community indicate a similarly low intellectual standard. The writer who would have the world's suffrages must employ himself in reducing the strong meat of manly minds to the neutral savour and pulpy consistency demanded by the feeble organs of mental infancy. A very large portion of the literary energy of the age is employed in writing history, and that not philosophical, but merely entertaining history, biographical gossip, insignificant detail, fragmentary, episodical narrative, which, so far from aiding in the search for ultimate causes and principles, heaps up piles of impertinent rubbish in the inquirer's path. If the public press may be taken as an exponent of the general mind, the collecting and compiling no matter what from the annals of the past is deemed the most dignified and momentous pursuit that a man can be engaged in. How cursory notice is given to a really profound work, at least in any journal short of a quarterly! If the book is seriously argumentative, it is passed by as obscure and dull. If novel in its speculations, it is denounced as heretical, with garbled specifications, and the shades of free and noble thinkers, who were in advance of their own times and loved bold thought, are evoked to utter anathemas upon the offending author. But does a man publish some pitiful town history, and is he enabled by the careful collation of ancient records to ascertain the precise length of Governor Endicott's beard, or the dimensions of the first meeting-house in Rowley, or the names and accounts of the earliest tythingman and pound-keeper of Dedham, he bends under a whole forest of newspaper laurels, — he is doing noble service to his land and his race, — it is of such materials as these, that the future historian, who has been promised us ever since we can remember, is to build the imperishable monument of our country's renown.

Meantime, how vast the issues of the groaning press! "Of the making of many books there is no end"; but the process is, for the most part, or rather for the wisest and best part, the decanting of old wine into new bottles, even according to the good words of Chaucer, —

> "Out of the olde fieldes, as men saithe,
> Cometh all this newe corn fro yere to yere;
> And out of olde bookes, in good faithe,
> Cometh all this newe science that men lere."

Of such books as feed thought and nourish intellect our times can number few; nor does there seem to be, in any department of literature, or in the higher walks of intellectual research, any leading and controlling mind, as there has almost always been before. The firmament shows no morning-star that outshines all the rest, but a galaxy, with here and there a brighter patch of light from a cluster of luminaries. Nor do we trace in many quarters that spirit of devout and earnest inquiry, that deep solemnity of soul in the contemplation of truth, before which the veil always parts and the empire of the unknown recedes. Two or three great works we have, indeed, had from beyond the Atlantic within as many years. Whewell and Mill (whose labors have been already noticed in our pages), in some respects antagonists in their philosophy, and the latter a much less careful reasoner and safe guide than the former, have done more than any other living English writers to replenish the fountains of fresh and vigorous thought. Their works go down to the very foundations of knowledge, to the roots of thought and theory; but they fail of meeting the general taste of the republic of letters, on account of their utter lack of false rhetoric, amplified or diluted statements, and illustrations drawn from the way-side of busy life. Whewell's History and Philosophy of the Inductive Sciences, though cursorily commended in a recent number of this journal, have not, we believe, found the courtesy of an elaborate notice in any American periodical; and his Elements of Morality have in two or three instances been reviewed with a superciliousness and wrong-headedness which indicated either the indifference of a hireling critic, or an utter inability to rise to the author's point of view and to appreciate his labors.

The German mind is, indeed, commonly deemed more active at the present time than the Anglo-Saxon, and it certainly grapples with higher themes of thought. But we doubt whether, since Goethe and Richter have passed off the stage, there remains any rival of their fame, as an original and creative mind, in any department whatsoever. German books, on all subjects of archæology, criticism, philosophy,

and theology, display, indeed, prodigious learning. But so far as our limited acquaintance with German literature extends, its greatest achievements of the present day are of three classes. First, there are works which present, with little method or system, compends of all that can be read or known on a given subject. Secondly, there are numerous works which revive old and often exploded theories, and attempt to sustain them by excerpts, frequently garbled and distorted, from the erudition of all past ages. Then, thirdly, a new theory, so *outré* and absurd, that neither the author himself nor any of his readers can be supposed to have even a momentary faith in it, is often started on some subject, on which the true doctrine has long been established beyond dispute, and this strange theory is made a nucleus for the crystallization of old learning in new and eccentric forms, — the sole object being the exhibition of a startling piece of intellectual jugglery, which shall transfix the literary world with the same kind of admiration with which the less enlightened multitude see a man stand on his head, or balance a a cart-wheel on his chin. Strauss's Life of Jesus, reviewed in our number for October, belongs to this latter class. Its origin is, no doubt, to be accounted for on this wise. Niebuhr (the example of whose confiding faith in historical Christianity is made doubly precious by his extreme skepticism in the weighing of testimony) had applied the most profound and scientific criticism to the heterogeneous compound of fact and fable that bore the name of Roman history, exposed numberless fallacies in the evidence on which the faith of all preceding ages had implicitly rested, and reconstructed with the hand of a master-builder the fabric and fortunes of the great republic. Strauss, emulous of his fame, and yet lacking the enterprise to go beyond the range of his own department of learning, has brought into a period of authentic history the critical instruments which Niebuhr most aptly employed about the traditions of a fabulous age. The work, intellectually considered, is a scientific blunder, — as much so as it would be to apply mechanical reasoning to facts in chemistry, or algebraic formulas to the solution of ethical problems ; for the mode of investigation adapted to dateless and anonymous legends from ages that have transmitted no written history differs *toto cœlo* from that which belongs to records about the date and authorship of which there hangs

no mystery, and to an age of which the events and statistics are familiarly known.

We pass to the aspect of our times as to works of the imagination. It has been often said, that an epic poem is no longer possible. This we believe ; for no man living has sufficient faith in the commingling of any class of intermediate supernatural agencies with the common affairs of life to furnish the machinery for an epic. Nay, even could a work of this class be elaborated with the highest degree of artistical skill, and its supernatural machinery adjusted with the closest fidelity to the best models, it is doubtful whether it would find readers. We must feel that the poet writes in good faith, in order to enjoy his creations. Had the Henriade been anonymous, it would have passed unchallenged to a secondary place among the works of its class ; but we can never forget, while we read it, that it is the unbelieving, scoffing, sneering Voltaire that is pulling the wires of a machinery which he denied and scorned. Had the Paradise Lost, with its half-pagan demonology, been written in our own day, it would not be read with the whole-hearted admiration, with the intense earnestness of spirit, which it now commands the more with every new perusal ; for we should all the while suspect the author's good faith, and the artificial, heartless process by which we should suppose the poem to have been written would leave its trail on all the gorgeous description and splendid imagery. As it stands, the Paradise Lost is to us what every true poem is, — the belief, the spirit, the image of its age and people, uttering itself through its heaven-attested seer ; and through it we not only behold the fantastic creations with which it swarms, which without contact with humanity have no charm for us, but we are borne back to the age when such creations were possible and credible, we enter for the time into the then current faith, and glow with the hopes and fears, the visions and the musings, that then dwelt deep in the general heart, and quickened the throbbings of the general pulse.

We now can no more recall, in separate forms of fancy and sources of inspiration,

> "The power, the beauty, and the majesty
> That had their haunts in dale, or piny mountain,
> Or forest by slow stream, or pebbly spring,
> Or chasms and watery depths."

Dreary, prosaic fact has established its empire in glade, forest, and cavern, — over land, sea, and air, — and has banished spiritual essences from these lower skies. To supply the lost inspiration, various tricks are resorted to. Some have recourse to fantastic language, high-flown epithets, and artificially extravagant moods of mind, and ply in full sight of their readers every stroke of the scourge by which they lash themselves up to a most preposterous state of poetical frenzy. Others strew thickly over a mass of unmeaning platitudes impassioned words fresh from the dictionary, and present a caricature of poetic sentiment, that reminds one of the hideous contortions of muscles in the countenance of a galvanized corpse. Others, like Mrs. Hemans, only less gracefully, write on all classes of subjects, "in strains that sigh and words that weep," and derive their sole claim to a place on Parnassus from this morbid pathos, this maudlin sensibility, so alien from all actual experience that by its very strangeness it passes for inspiration. Others there are, indeed, both in poetry and in fiction, who anticipate the advent of a better age by creations instinct with a tenderly humane, philanthropic, and devout spirit. But the few truly great poets of our day are less creative than descriptive. Thus, Wordsworth betrays little creative fancy, but the keenest, gentlest, kindest powers of observation, intense sympathy with every form of life and mood of feeling, and a sacred harmony with the indwelling spirit that fills the universe with beauty and with glory. Similar endowments, with hardly less delicacy of perception, but with a more masculine tone and a stronger intellectual fibre, place Sterling (who ought to be more largely known), and our countrymen Bryant and Longfellow, among the first living poets, among whom, however, it is difficult to assign rank and to mark the degrees of glory.

To pass to another topic, our age undeniably manifests strong skeptical tendencies. There is, indeed, but little professed and blasphemous infidelity, unless we give that name (as we feel no hesitation in doing) to the *Straussian* forms of (so called) faith. But there is (if we may thus employ the name of an old Jewish sect) an abounding *Sadducism*, — a disposition to believe, trust, and enjoy only things that can be seen and handled, — an aversion to spiritual contemplation and spiritual truth, — an unwillingness to entertain subjects of

thought drawn from the soul's higher life, from revelation, or from the dread mysteries of a future state. These tendencies result from the false position which we occupy with regard to the region of the unseen and the spiritual. That lies above and beyond; the age looks down and back, — is busy in the contemplation of its own attainments, — is in the mood of self-glorification, which of course implies self-trust and self-sufficiency. Man has, within the last generation, wrought so many wonders, and unravelled so many, in the outward world, as to lead to the belief that there can have been no event in the universe beyond the scope of his intellect, or the range of the laws that he has verified. He comprehends in his philosophy the material universe, which, in its immensity, is still finite, and forgets that he is embosomed in a spiritual universe which is infinite. As regards philosophy, therefore, the tendency is to complete, full-orbed systems, which leave nothing unexplained, and admit nothing that cannot be comprehended within simple, obvious, mechanical laws, — characteristics which ought to brand a system as superficial and utterly inadequate. There must needs be in an infinite universe mysteries too deep, too high, for the unaided intellect, — clefts and chasms which it cannot fill; and for these faith seeks light from a surer wisdom than its own, and rejoicingly welcomes miracle, prophecy, revelation, for its guidance in those arduous paths of research in which "it is not in man that walketh to direct his steps," — in those departments of truth in which reason has not of itself sufficient premises or data, and therefore cannot assure itself of its own conclusions. Never was more needed than at this culminating era of material philosophy and science the prayer of Lord Bacon: — "This also we humbly and earnestly beg; that human things may not prejudice such as are divine; neither that from the unlocking of the gates of sense, and the kindling of a greater natural light, any thing may arise of incredulity or intellectual night towards divine mysteries; but rather that by our minds thoroughly purged and cleansed from fancy and vanity, and yet subject and perfectly given up to the divine oracles, there may be given unto faith the things that are faith's."

Such are some of the characteristics of our age. The view that we have presented is by no means so discouraging as it might at first sight seem; for the tendencies which we

regret may be speedily reversed, while the ground that we have gained need not be retrodden. Our position is one eminently favorable to the future and rapid progress of humanity, — one, from which the race may advance with accelerated speed in all the elements of spiritual knowledge, freedom, and power. In ancient fable, the Titans piled mountain upon mountain that they might reach the celestial seats ; and when they began to climb, the angry king of the gods hurled them and their unwieldy scaffolding to the ground. We stand, as they did, upon the tops of the mountains, and the broad earth, the vast universe, lies beneath us ; but for us they furnish a solid foothold from which we can mount the skies, and the Infinite Father stretches out the hand to help those who have subdued the earth to scale the heavens. The spiritual world lies all open for our research and activity. It is in this that industry must toil, science explore, fancy create ; and we trust that the engrossing demands of the material world will soon give place to higher fields of research and modes of effort. Let us now cast a cursory glance at the work which remains to be wrought in coming ages, and in which we trust that our own will begin to bear part.

First, the practical skill, which has almost exhausted its resources in the material world, must apply itself to the reorganization of human society. That the social system is out of joint is only too obvious. Here are the vast masses of superfluous and unproductive wealth ; there the crowded ranks of the suffering, the starving, the degraded, the enslaved, for whom no healing or restoring influence has ever gone forth. These are the valleys to be exalted ; those the mountains to be brought low. War, still the scourge of a guilty world, must be put away, and the principles of peace, forbearance, equity, and good faith brought down to the details of domestic and social life, and thence (for it can be only thence) infused into the machinery of governments and the counsels of nations. Grovelling toil, both among the sordid rich and the hunger-driven poor, must be made to relax its demands and to equalize its burdens, so that in all classes of society the mind and heart shall claim their rights and have their dues, — their sufficient space and means for culture and enjoyment. These ends are not, as we suppose, to be reached by any violent convulsion, outbreak, or revolution.

On the old Jewish temple was heard no sound of axe or hammer; still less will there be on the tabernacle of God, as its stakes are planted, and its curtains spread over the regenerated earth. Nor have we the slightest faith in Fourierism, or in any of the plans for creating a social machinery which shall move aright by its own momentum. We do not believe that Providence ever meant that human institutions and arrangements should produce the highest results by their own independent and self-adjusting action. It is essential to our best moral discipline, that the bands, wheels, and pulleys of the social machine should be constantly liable to be thrown out of gear and out of play, and should thus need weights of our own addition and compensations of our own device, — the incessant and vigorous exercise of our best powers of mind and heart.

Meanwhile, philosophy has its appointed work, still unwrought, in the spiritual universe. Man has measured the heights and sounded the depths of nature, yet still knows not his own soul. The laws of mind, its mutual relations, its connection with the Supreme Intelligence, the harmonies of the spiritual world, the correspondences between nature and revelation, the scientific aspects of nature, the glimpses that reach us from a higher sphere of being, the shadows of a past, and the foreshinings of a future eternity, — these form a field of research on which the human mind has hardly entered, but which, from their vastness, sublimity, and intense interest, may well demand and tax to the utmost the loftiest powers for unnumbered ages.

Imagination, too, has before her a sphere from which she has hardly begun to draw materials for her creations. In the immensity of the spiritual universe, the realm of the unknown can never vanish. Even revelation gives us only the great outlines of spiritual truth and of the future life; and may not the details have been withholden, in order that fancy might range at will in the vast expanse thus left open, — that there might be, within the temple-gates of eternal truth, ample scope for the creative faculty of the human soul to build, garnish, and people its own mansions? In this spiritual world, there will always be mysteries before which science will veil her face, — hidings of omnipotence, which the keenest eye cannot penetrate, — secrets of the future life, which the earthly vision cannot explore. It is in this region

that the fountains of poetic inspiration must henceforth be sought. As in ancient times, the poet's and the prophet's name will again be one. Imagination will thus become the handmaid of devotion, letting in the light of eternity on the toils of time, and filling man's path to heaven with celestial harmonies.

We have completed the discussion which we proposed; but, as we have taken Gilfillan's book for our text, we feel bound to give a brief notice of it before we close. To use the epithet which Dickens has stamped as an Americanism, this is one of the most *remarkable* books of the age. The author tells us that "the life of every thinking man may be divided into three eras, — the era of admiration, the era of action, and the era of repose." In the work before us, "he has garnered up the results of his young love and wonder for the master-pieces of his country's genius"; and he informs us, "that, with it, one mental period of his history is closing, and that it is for the public to decide whether he be encouraged to gird up his loins for some other more manlike, more solid, and strenuous achievement." The public, we opine, will very readily connive at his easy transit from the first to the third era. And yet the book is entertaining. The writer seems to have made himself a sort of Boswell general. He has picked up a rich assortment of literary gossip, sat as a humble listener in many learned coteries, heard almost all the great men talk, attended the ministrations of most of the distinguished preachers of England and Scotland, and wormed himself into a knowledge of the personal habits and private history of almost all the originals of his "Gallery of Literary Portraits." Moreover, though the least skilful of portrait-painters, he is by no means unsuccessful. His colors are chosen at random, and his strokes of the brush are mere dabs; but he piles color upon color, and plies stroke upon stroke, till by dint of reiterated trial he hits a tolerable, though in almost every instance a grossly flattered, likeness. His style is the most stilt-like that has come under our cognizance for many a day. His sentences consist generally of metaphors in threes, fours, or fives, most unequally yoked together. For the incoherent mixture of metaphors we can match him by no parallel within our memory, unless we liken him to Orator Emmons, whose peculiar rhetoric cannot have wholly faded from the memory

of our Boston readers. But the laws of fermentation and combination once in a while enable him to throw together half a dozen bold and striking figures, that really make a splendid sentence, just as every hundredth shake of a kaleidoscope may present a figure of perfect symmetry and surpassing beauty. We are tempted to quote, as a striking and by no means an exaggerated specimen of his style of delineation, the introductory paragraph of his sketch of Robert Hall.

"Robert Hall was the *facile princeps* of English descent [dissent?]. And though his merits have been enshrined and emblazoned in the criticism of Foster, Dugald Stewart, Southey, and John Scott, as well as of Mackintosh and Parr, we may yet, gleaning after them in a field so rich, find a few stray ears. Following in their wake, we may, perchance, pick up a few floating fragments from the wreck of such an argosie. As a preacher, he enjoys the traditional fame of having outstripped all his contemporaries. Some sturdy sons of the Scottish Establishment continued, indeed, long to stand up for the superiority of Chalmers; but their voice, if not drowned, was overwhelmed by the general verdict of public opinion. We believe, however, that, in the mere force of immediate impression, the Scottish preacher had the advantage. The rapidity of Hall's delivery, the ease with which finished sentences succeeded each other like a shower of pearls, the elevation of the sentiment, the purity of the composition, the earnestness of the manner, the piercing coruscations of the eye, — all these taken together, — produced the effect of thrilling every bosom, and enchaining every countenance. But there lacked the struggle and the agony, the prophetic fury, the *insana vis*, the wild and mystic glance, 'seeing the invisible,' and (when the highest point of his oratory was reached) the 'torrent rapture' of our countryman, 'taking the reason prisoner,' and hurrying the whole being as before a whirlwind. In listening to Hall, you felt as under the influence of the 'cup which cheers, but not inebriates.' Hearing Chalmers was like tasting of the 'insane root.' Hall's oratory might be compared to a low but thrilling air; Chalmers's to a loud and barbaric melody. Hall's excitement was fitful, varying with the state of his health and feelings; that of Chalmers was constant and screwed up to a prodigious pitch, as if by the force of frenzy. Hall's inspiration was elegant and Grecian: you said of Chalmers, 'He hath a demon, if he be not full of the God.'" — pp. 74, 75.

Gilfillan has a genius for comparisons. There are no two

men so unlike, that he cannot put them in juxtaposition; and there are certain names which, like constant terms in mathematical calculation, he brings forward in his estimate of almost every literary character in his catalogue. Burke and Horsley, for some inscrutable reason, have the precedence among these *common measures*, and are both named in connection with authors who can never have reminded any other living man of either of them. We were going to give a list of the men with whom he compares Robert Hall, but find that it would occupy too much room; for we have counted forty, without scanning the last few pages very closely. We should do him injustice not to quote a few of his boldest and most original parallels. Thus, — "Percy Bysshe Shelley, of all the modern poets, with the exception of Coleridge in his youth, reminds us most of Israel's prophets." He terms "Moses Stuart, of Andover University," a Polyphemus, — why, we know not, unless it be on account of his *single-eyed* devotion to the science of Scriptural exegesis. In considering Channing's position with reference to American literature, he is "reminded more of Dr. Johnson than of any other writer." In his sketch of "the preachers of the day," he styles George Croly "the Burke of theology," leaving us in some doubt whether he likens him to the great orator of that name, or to the individual of our own day who has rendered the same name illustrious by his liberal contributions to anatomical science.

In a paper which has "Ralph Waldo Emerson" for its caption, our author gives us a sketch of the literary men of America. Here the absurdities of his style and manner are heightened by a palpable ignorance of his subject, the absence of which is the one redeeming trait of the residue of his work. We quote the following paragraph as a choice *morçeau* of *cockney* criticism, unparalleled for its impertinence, flippancy, and absurdity.

"Ere estimating the writer Emerson, we must permit ourselves a glance, however cursory, at the state of American literature. Its inferiority has long been deplored with a bitterness proportioned to the height of the expectations which had been excited. It had been imagined, that, far as the Andes transcend the Alps, minds were to appear in the western hemisphere, so far transcending our Shakspeares and Miltons. Many excellent reasons were given why nature should bear such a progeny; but

the Mighty Mother continued obstinately deaf to all those attempts to argue her into productiveness. Not a few, indeed, there were whom the puff of a coterie lifted, for a season, out of their place, to sink into obscurity again. 'Dropsies' were, now and then, taken for 'divinities.' Mocking-birds, approaching the perfection of the mimetic art, abounded, and were mistaken for the eagles of Jove. For every native product of Britain, there was a substitute in America, resembling the original, as the gilded and lettered back of a draught-board does a princely volume. For Byron there was a Bryant; for Coleridge a Dana; for Wordsworth a Percival; for Addison a Washington Irving. Those writers, and many others, had varied talents and accomplishments, nay, genius; but it was timid and tottering as a child learning to walk, and sometimes reminded you of a person described by Robert Hall, 'who appeared to go about apologizing to every body for the unpardonable presumption of being in the world.' It did not dare to draw its inspiration from its own woods, because they were not sung; from its own rivers, because, though the light of God's face shown [shone ?] on them, that of the 'poet's dream' had not yet consecrated their waters; from its own skies, because, though they pillowed the Andes, they folded over no St. Paul's and no Westminster Abbey; from its own sun, because, though the very sun of Homer and Shakspeare, he went down to their eyes amid the waves of the forest, and not amid those of the Atlantic Sea. It lived on borrowed force. It fed on alms. It was the reverse of a republican genius. It had not even audacity or literary licentiousness; not even the power of extravagance or the life of convulsion. Sometimes it selected for its models writers inferior to its own capabilities, because they were British, and you were reminded of the prophet stretching himself, eye to eye, and foot to foot, upon the child of the Shunamite. Still it has numbered the following great names in its intellectual heraldry;—Edwards, Dwight, Brockden Brown, Cooper, John Neal, Moses Stuart, Daniel Webster, Channing, and Emerson." — pp. 328, 329.

Our readers are welcome to a hearty laugh over this extract; but they would hardly have patience with us, should we offer them a word of commentary on a text which so luculently expounds both itself and its author. Nor would the merits of the book have induced us to dignify it even by our critical ban. We have seen fit to notice it, because in the American reprint it is widely circulated and much read, and because its rich and attractive table of contents, and the unique and happy design of combining within a narrow com-

pass portraitures of the leading English writers of the present generation, have undoubtedly led many to take the author's brass for gold, and his paste for diamonds.

Art. II. — *Report on the Census of the Iroquois Indians in the State of New York, taken by Order of the Legislature in* 1845. By Henry R. Schoolcraft. Legislative Document. Albany. 1846. 8vo. pp. 285.

We have had a great many speculations on the subject of the red men. Where there is ample room and range for conjecture, it most naturally takes a wide scope, — as water, that is not confined to a channel, spreads out broadly, and is often shallow in proportion. No topic connected with the history of man is less circumscribed ; it is almost a *tabula rasa ;* scarcely a fence or a bound is seen to check the range of the speculations we have alluded to. They can expand at will, and most of them have taken advantage of this unbounded latitude. The truth is, there is a great gulf between the post-diluvian main stock of mankind and this branch found in the western hemisphere. Here we advance on the modern side less than four centuries, when we stand on its brink. A few vague traditions, like slender promontories, shoot forward into the shadows beyond. Those who move out on them, in the hope of reaching the other side, are much like the insect which crawls to the tip of a slender blade of grass growing on the western shore of the Southern Pacific, as if in hopes of reaching the Asiatic shore. On the other hand, if we take our stand among the descendants of Shem, Ham, and Japhet, we are only told that they were scattered abroad upon the face of the whole earth. This declaration must be received in all its length and breadth ; still, the gulf is not narrowed one tittle. We can only rest in the conviction, that there are ways past our finding out, and that the way whereby the red men came is one of those ways. We cannot carry forward the chain one link. We can trace it back four hundred years, leaving a vast hiatus of a thousand years. What has been thus sundered no man can expect to join together.

But though we abstain from presumptuous and bootless speculations of this kind, still there is much to be done with respect to the aborigines, which is clearly within our power. We have dispossessed them, so far as our convenience has urged us, of their domains. Their history has fallen into our hands ; it is our duty, not so much to them as to the world, to preserve it. The Indians will find little compensation for such wrongs as they have suffered in the record that faithfully perpetuates their remembrance. The debt is not due to them ; they do not claim it. They looked little to the past, and reckon as little upon the future. A cloud was constantly behind them, that shut out that past from view ; and no light seemed to be before them. But they have left vestiges which we are expected to gather up. They are subjects of profound interest, as they enable us to study the character of a race that stands so wonderfully apart from the rest of mankind.

Among those who have been busy in this antiquarian work, few will hereafter be more prominent than Mr. Schoolcraft, whose name is prefixed to the volume before us. We do not hesitate to say, that he has done more to bring it to profitable issues than any other man. Others may have spent more time among the Indians ; we do not count time in this case as any thing, unless it has been spent with zeal, intelligence, and good advantages. Traders have passed their lives among them, become flesh of their flesh, and had opportunities of observing them under the most familiar aspects. But such men are proof that one may have eyes, and see not, and understandings, yet understand not. They generally divide the aborigines into two classes, — those who hunt, and those who do not ; just as they divide all animals into two tribes, — those which are fur-bearing, and those which are not. This is pretty much the extent of their knowledge of the men of the forest and the beasts of the forest. Mr. Schoolcraft, on the contrary, observed with the eye of a philosopher. He has regarded the Indians as a study in all their phases, and has felt that it was only by continued and close observation that he could form any safe opinions of their character and manners. It is not every man that walks through a forest, who comprehends all its botanical distinctions ; probably not one in a thousand understands any of them. It is so, though not in the same degree, that observations on

the Indians may be useful or worthless. These persons may have seen only so many trees ; they are likely to have seen only so many men and women. The remarks of such men, in either case, have about the same value.

Mr. Schoolcraft began his career of observation as a traveller among the Indian tribes. His early association with General Cass, in his official visits to them, gave him much opportunity for glances at their character. But they were mere glances, and no doubt were so considered by himself in after years, however he may have been satisfied with them at the time. In fact, travellers should distrust themselves, and be distrusted by all their readers, if they go one jot beyond the mere facts which fall under their eyes. Even more than that should be required. When the record of a thermometer is given, its position as to exposure and height is also noted ; otherwise, little or no confidence is felt in the truth of the record. A traveller should state his point of view, and the duration of that view. When he merely passes through a place, taking a meal or two and a sleep, he is not authorized to go much beyond the board and bed of that place. He may comment on the cooking he meets with, and on the comforts or annoyances of his bed. Thus far he may go, not much farther. His sketches should be light and shadowy ; a dot and a line will generally fulfil all just purposes in such cases.

Most of the early travellers among the Indians were betrayed into the use of far more elaborate accounts, by the belief that none would be able to detect their exaggerations. At that early day, there might be a hope of impunity. But when Mr. Schoolcraft made his several journeys through the Northwest, standards had been set for the measurement of forest life. Had Baron La Hontan travelled one hundred years later, he would have been one hundred times more particular in his descriptions. He spread out rivers to ten times their proper width, and lifted up falls to more than four times their true height. All travellers should keep an itinerary, as they probably do. The truth, as it appeared at the time, is no doubt then set down, being the fresh impression of actual observation. Such itineraries, when they happen to meet the public eye, are generally very acceptable and much prized. No distrust is felt about their genuineness. It would be politic in those who, from habit or more leisure

in their progress, have polished off their manuscript, to give it some marks of haste, instead of removing them, with so much care, before publication. If they should go direct to the printer's from their last stage, before they change their dress, and with all the soil of journeying upon them, they would be wise. The tan on their cheeks, and their coats out at the elbows, or covered up by a hunting-shirt, would be their best prefaces. While with this aspect, they are lions; as soon as they change their dress, shave, and crop, they are confounded with the ordinary crowd. So it is with their itineraries; they should come forth much as they went in, with no engrafting and little pruning. Ordinarily, the book of travels that comes out of the publisher's hands is as unlike the notes which came out of the valise at the end of the journey, as a specimen of lead ore is unlike the pewter dish into which it may have subsequently been converted.

No one would be more likely than Mr. Schoolcraft himself to consider his books of travels among the Indians as mere highway and by-way sketches. These hasty glances, however, led him to desire further and better opportunities of investigating their condition, character, and history. He had seen their haunts, and many of their customs, but only in shreds and patches. Even his cursory views had convinced him that they were a peculiar people, and in no one thing more so than in their incommunicative deportment before strangers. The appearance of such persons among them was a signal for assuming an impassive and inexpressive aspect, that marked them, for the time being, as children of the mist. They drew in their prominent characteristics, like a tortoise drawing itself within its shell. Little is seen, and even that indistinctly. Inferences drawn from such appearances would be like the child's opinion of a tortoise in such a state, looking more like a quoit than an animal, as long as the observer stands over it. Mr. Schoolcraft sought a position which would enable him to renew his views day after day, year after year. He was for years among them, and became associated with them in such a way, that, at last, he saw them as they see each other. Their character and customs were gradually unfolded to his view through the course of an entire generation. And during all that lengthened period, his great object was to study them with a patient, philosophical, and liberal spirit, that he might gather

up materials for future use. These materials have been collected in his hands to a rare and valuable amount. We call them rare and valuable, because they all have the stamp of genuineness, and will hereafter aid more in constructing a monument to a perishing race of human beings, than any other that are in the white man's possession. Some of them have been spread before the public eye; but much, we believe, yet remains behind. There has not been an encouragement to bring them forth. This is no reproach to the public, which has its tastes, and a right to indulge them. Besides, Mr. Schoolcraft may not always have adopted the best means of propitiating those tastes. The titles he has used have not always been expressive of his subjects. His "Algic Researches," which will, at some future day, be regarded as the broadest and clearest mirror of the red man's intellect that has ever been set up before the public eye, suggested nothing as to the bearing or purport of the volumes. The title is hardly equal to the old sign, "Inquire within." And "Oneota" called for as much explanation. A novel may play bopeep with its reader in this way, as such readers generally delight to be puzzled. But all Mr. Schoolcraft's works have deserved a right name.

It is now some few years since Mr. Schoolcraft withdrew from his position in the Northwest, and became a resident of the State of New York. His inclinations have still led him to turn his attention to his favorite subject, and the volume before us shows what task, most intimately connected with it, he has been performing. The State of New York, during the year 1845, passed a law which required a census to be taken of the Indians residing upon several of the reservations in the State, and inquiries to be made into their condition, advancement in civilization, and the like. Mr. Schoolcraft was appointed one of the agents for this duty, and made his report to the State government in October of the same year. The legislature ordered the document to be printed in such numbers as insured that degree of circulation through the community which suited a work of no pretensions to popularity. It should have a place in all public libraries, and would not be misplaced in such private libraries as propose to furnish sources of information relative to the aborigines of our country.

New York has performed a most acceptable work in this

respect. She has long had within her borders the remnants of an Indian confederacy, which, in the early days of our country, stood predominant far and wide; and to her credit be it spoken, she has permitted them to remain there. It is true, the possessions of these remnants have been brought down to a narrow span. Their once broad domains, measured by latitudes and longitudes, have been reduced to a few reservations which are hardly measured by miles. But these dwindled spots are still theirs. Individuals and companies have often tried to erase these few honorable exceptions from the map of the State. The Indians, however, have clung to the soil, and it is to be hoped that they will be permitted to continue there, until the experiment be fully made, whether the influences of a contiguous white population are conservative or ruinous to the red man. New York presents almost the only opportunity for this experiment. The Indians, as tribes, have been expelled from all the other States east of the Mississippi. Their lands have been purchased, and they have gone over the great river, and are now reëstablished nearly under the shadows of the Rocky Mountains. What will be the result of this vast transfer is yet to be seen. They were before among us in a scattered state, segregated and hedged in; though not civilized, yet feeling some of the influences of civilization, particularly its restraints. They were like so many wild buffaloes fenced round after the manner of domestic cattle; wild still, but barred from that immense herding which gives them the blind and overwhelming power of an avalanche. Now, these fractions are added up into one formidable sum on the borders of the trans-Mississippi States.

Indian tribes are mostly Ishmaelites with respect to each other. At present, this is the security of these States. They are safe, while the Indians have their hands against each other. As long as the barbarians contended among themselves, Rome was not molested. We have conducted tribe after tribe over the Mississippi; all have been loath to go, but were uprooted, even from the least to the greatest. The Indian, by his residence on any spot, scarcely changes a feature of nature; and when he is driven to a new haunt, he leaves no memorial behind (we speak of Northern tribes) that outlasts a few seasons. And yet, his attachment to

those haunts appears to be the strongest of all local affections. It is not, then, the broad and deep foundation, nor the lofty structure, that most endears a place to the human heart. The inhabitants of cities and cultivated fields may be drawn forth to new places, which will soon assume many of the features of the old. Skill, industry, and taste soon restore all, or nearly all, that had been lost. Not so with the dwellers in tents ; their hill-sides, their valleys, their streams, when once left behind, are left for ever. Nature does not repeat herself like art ; she has no fac-similes, few resemblances.

The New York Indians have been permitted to remain where the white man found them, and they present the most interesting and satisfactory example of the change that may be wrought in the nomadic and savage character by the influences of contiguous civilization. It was exceedingly desirable that the progress and extent of this change should be fully ascertained. This could be done only by the State authority ; cursory and occasional views, such as individuals could take, would be of little advantage. It is evident, from the obstacles that Mr. Schoolcraft encountered, that none could have succeeded but an authorized and prudent agent of the State. It was natural that the Indians should regard with disapprobation or suspicion this attempt to number their tribes. They could not comprehend its objects, unless those objects were such as threatened their independence or welfare. The truth could not be stated to them, that their condition was a subject of curiosity, of philanthropic speculation ; that it was desirable to know how far they had departed from the customs of their fathers, and were shading off from their strong relief into the general complexion around them. Mr. Schoolcraft says, — "If I might judge from the scope of remarks made both in and out of council, they regarded it [the census] as an introduction of a Saxon feature into their institutions, which, like a lever, by some process not apparent to them, was designed, in its ultimate effects, to uplift and overturn them." They objected to the census, but still more, says our author, to the scrutiny "which the act called for into their agricultural products, and the results of their industry." We may well suppose this. Their numbers might be necessary to determine the distribution of pensions, &c. ; but an account of their grain,

cattle, and other property was an unprecedented thing, and seemed only a preliminary to taxation. It required, no doubt, much prudence and familiarity with the Indian character to get over or around their objections. Mr. Schoolcraft was likely to be well qualified for this delicate task; and it would appear by the result, that he was able to perform it without leaving any serious dissatisfaction behind.

The census in one respect is important. We desire to know the extent of their population, that we may compare it with their numerical strength when the white man first came in contact with them, and particularly with their numbers when they settled down into their present peaceful condition. We may thus judge whether that condition has been favorable or unfavorable to their increase. This is a very interesting question. It is often said that the red man fades under the light of civilization, and many facts have favored this assertion. The Indian, as a savage, has not thrived with the white man. His forests are cleared up, and his game destroyed or dispersed. He must change his habits, or starve. Many tribes appear to have preferred the latter course; the New York Indians have been more wise, or more yielding. They have undergone this change; they have ceased to be hunters, and have become agriculturists. Have they lost by the transformation?

Mr. Schoolcraft's Report will answer this interesting question more satisfactorily than it has yet been answered. The number of these Indians was not accurately ascertained at former periods; the statements made were likely to be exaggerated. Even admitting that these reports were true, still the conclusion is, that the Iroquois are *not* dwindling away; on the contrary, says our author, they are "now on the increase." Such a conclusion, well warranted, as this appears to be, must be gratifying to every benevolent mind. We have cut down all the forests of the aborigines, and the fur-bearing animals have fled as their haunts have been removed. These animals could not change their habits; the sun, let in upon their ranges, seemed to lick them up with the moisture that had softened these solitudes under their stealthy step for ages. It was feared that the wild man was as unchangeable as the wild animal, — that he, too, would pass away with the shadows of the forest. This Report shows that he has a more accommodating spirit than we formerly assigned to him.

The New York Indian has conformed to his altered circumstances. He has learned to live by the sweat of his brow, and has thus submitted to the great decree that was stamped on the destiny of man at the beginning. This is the true test of Indian improvability. Whenever he begins habitually to work, he begins a new existence, or rather, he begins to insure a continued existence. A square mile of the untouched forest is not more unlike a cultivated farm, than the roving savage is unlike the tiller of the earth. Nature in her rough state is not intended to sustain a large people ; she gives no grains, and has no cattle. Her spontaneous productions, her maize, her potatoes, are little or nothing without the hand of man. These two great articles of human food had their origin in this hemisphere. They came into use after the discovery by Columbus, and this use is among the grand consequences of that discovery. Still, the traces of them in the wild state are hardly discernible ; the Indians knew them, but did not place much reliance on them as food.

Mr. Schoolcraft's report of the agricultural products of the Iroquois is most encouraging. The total population of the tribes is somewhat under four thousand ; the quantity of cultivated land occupied by them is stated at nearly fourteen thousand acres. We do not stop to inquire how this compares with the white population in this respect. The proportion may fall far below, and still be high enough to show that these Indians till land sufficient to give bread to themselves and fodder to their cattle. When this point is gained, they are safe. It is hardly possible for them to retrograde from it, and it is probable they will continue to advance. Hand in hand with their progress in agriculture is seen the increase in the number of their domestic animals. These animals, excepting the dog, are never seen with the savage ; they cannot subsist in the forest. From the beginning, the *gros et menu betail* have consorted with the shepherd and the tiller of the ground ; they have hung around the tent-opening and the threshold, yielding their necks to the yoke, their fleeces for raiment, their milk for food, their bodies for the sacrifice. They have lain down and risen up among the human race with household familiarity. The line between them and the beasts of the field was broadly drawn at the creation. It has never been effaced ; and when man took to the forest and the chase, the cattle after their kind did not follow him.

The New York Indians have two thousand two hundred and seventy-five head of neat cattle, nearly one third of them being milch-cows. The butter made is in proportion, being over twenty thousand pounds yearly. The number of their horses, sheep, and hogs is equally encouraging. They have, also, according to this Report, nearly seven thousand fruit-trees. These the Indians had in earlier days, while still in the savage state ; they must have scattered the seed soon after the white men had bearing trees. There may have been no design in it ; the apples they brought back from their visits to the white settlements, when eaten, and the cores cast into the bushes around, may have sprung up unnoticed until they began to bear fruit. General Sullivan, when he made his expedition against the Iroquois during the Revolutionary war, found many fruitful orchards among them. It is well known that he cut them down to the ground. This was an act of questionable propriety. It is allowable, under such circumstances, to devastate all crops, to raze habitations, to measure the destruction by the measure of that of which it is in retaliation. The Indians had been unsparing in their warfare ; it was intended to render their haunts on our frontier as untenable as possible. Whether this was effected in any degree by the destruction of orchards may be doubted. The apple was a luxury, not a support ; all other means of living having been removed, the apple-trees would have been counted as nothing.

We have looked over the tables of this Report with much gratification ; they furnish proofs of the meliorated condition of the Indians that cannot be gainsaid. It is true, they apply only to a few small tribes, which stand apart from the rest of their race. They are under influences which other tribes do not feel, or feel only so remotely as not to be benefited by them. While we are satisfied that *they* are improving, and have all the ordinary chances of continuance as a people, we may regret that they alone are so ; that most of the other red men are deteriorating, with those chances constantly diminishing. Nevertheless, we have before us one instance that seems to contradict the general rule ; that convinces us that the existence, in the same community, of the two races, the white and the red men, is compatible. This conviction may lead to such general policy as will insure a similar destiny to other tribes. We cannot bring those back which have been trans-

planted. The tree, once taken up, must be cherished where it has been set down again. In our guardian kindness, we have endeavoured to fence round the Indians, in their new habitations, against the white man. Prohibitions and penalties have been set up, which, like scarecrows, do not scare any thing. The country is as open as the face of the heavens; it is almost as easy to walk into the one as to look into the other. The only effect, probably, of these restrictive laws is to keep out honest men. Men go into the Indian country as they please, and do what they please when there, only taking care not to offend the Indians themselves. If all restrictions were taken off, more men might not go in, but they would be of a different description. Good men would, at least, be mixed up with the bad. Sieves ordinarily let through the flour, and hold back the bran; these laws operate like sieves reversed; the bran passes through, leaving the better part behind.

As the Indians cannot be brought back to the white man, we would say, then let the white man go to them. Let them go in as they list, mix up with and teach them. It has been apprehended that the effect of such a freedom of intercourse would be bad. Possibly it would; but the probability is the other way. The present system does not work well; a new one might work better. This is sufficient not only to justify, but to call for, a change. If we preserve the Indians on the other side of the Mississippi *as* Indians, that is, if we shut out from them all the influences of civilization, they will either fall upon their own weapons, or upon ours. They will war with each other, until at last they may be led to war against us. In either case they bleed, and become exhausted; and in one case, they are probably exterminated. To avert this double evil, they must be assimilated with us as the New York Indians are now assimilated. Such an assimilation will never be effected by present causes, which mostly work the other way; others must therefore be put in operation. We can think of none so likely to be powerful and effective as an open and lawful intercourse with them. It is open enough now; let it also be lawful. In this way, the Western Indians may gradually become like the New York Indians, an agricultural people. The remnant will then, perhaps, be saved.

Mr. Schoolcraft bestows some attention, in his Report,

upon the history of the Iroquois. That part of it which is subsequent to the coming of the whites is sufficiently well known. Their preceding history is involved in shadows, and is nothing but tradition, having all the indistinctness of objects seen through such a medium. Mr. Schoolcraft regards these traditions as worthy of record. They are so, particularly when given in their Indian shape. This shape is generally so uncouth and distorted as to be thought to require modification. Such attempts may serve to render them more symmetrical, but they render them less valuable in the same proportion. Fossils are valued only while preserving the look they wore when disinterred. To polish one of these bones thus dug up, in order to make it more pleasing or less offensive to the eye, would not be a greater blunder than to remove the uncouthness and distortions of these traditions. They should be gathered up and preserved just as they are found, with all their incoherences, extravagances, and savage peculiarities. Thus presented for contemplation, they are a profound study. Mr. Schoolcraft has done more than any other man in this work of collection and preservation. His "Algic Researches" are made up of relics, which will grow in estimation as time advances. They are the best evidences of the inner man of the Indian that we have. His imagination is there exhibited in all its wildness and power; and these qualities are often displayed in a striking and terrible degree. They refer as distinctly to the great cardinal events of the early world as do the traditions of Greece and Rome, and show whence the Indians came here, though not how, or when, they came. Vast ruptures are seen in the earth's surface; the two sides agree, and would fit, could they be brought together; but when or how those sides were rent asunder, may not be known.

Mr. Schoolcraft has also bestowed particular attention upon the "American antiquities," as they are termed. He examined the mounds, carvings, and other works found in the Iroquois country, and has given delineations of most of them. These may not be important at this time, but they should be preserved, and made matter of public record. We cannot always estimate the value of these remains at the time they are discovered. Our author says, — "There appear to be three eras in the aboriginal occupancy of the continent." The first era he makes to refer to "the aboriginal

migration from other parts of the globe." The "vestiges and proofs" under this head he justly deems exceedingly limited; but he adds, — "The departments of physiology and philology, which have heretofore constituted the principal topics of research, are still attractive, and are by no means a closed field." He has looked a good deal into these departments, and can form some judgment of their promise in these respects. We are glad to see that he is not discouraged, and hope that his further labors will be better rewarded than the past have been. We have a doubt whether all the attention that has thus far been applied to this object has not been thrown away, unless it be counted something to ascertain that nothing could be done. The races that are supposed to have migrated from the Eastern to the Western hemisphere were of a character to leave no traces of their footsteps upon the face of nature that would outlive a generation; we therefore look in vain through all the arctic regions for any physiological trace of these movements. The north gives up nothing; it is not until we come into the milder regions, that we see any thing to arrest the eye. Mounds, barrows, and other structures there appear, but they suggest nothing Asiatic. They bespeak little, but that little has no more reference to Asia than to Africa.

Language has been looked to for an answer. It is true that language speaks, but no American language, we believe, has as yet been made to utter an intelligible Asiatic phrase. Points of resemblance have been discovered, which, however, prove no identity. As well might a Roman nose, when found among us, prove that we came from Romulus. Such accidental resemblances may probably be found between nearly all languages; some of the Indian and African languages may thus far agree. If this agreement would not be an argument in favor of identity, in spite of the woolly head and the jet complexion, it would be none if these physical characteristics were out of the way. Such resemblances have been found between some of the Indian dialects and the Hebrew, and theorists have thence inferred that the "lost tribes of Israel" have been found in this hemisphere. Such theorists have the accommodating vision of Polonius.

Unwritten languages are changeable, so as to have no fixed form. The dialects of America may well serve as

clews to local migrations, particularly those of a recent date; such clews have been found, and have led to many plausible conjectures as to affinities. But when we attempt to run back with a language to another hemisphere, the trace will soon be lost in uncertainty and obscurity. An effort to trace back the genealogy of the first wolf we meet with in our forests to the shaggy nurse of Rome's founders would hardly be more hopeless and bootless. But this applies to words; there may be intellectual impressions that endure with time, and survive all changes of place. Such are some of the traditions found among the Indians, and which Mr. Schoolcraft has preserved. They refer to events that affected the whole earth, and the remembrance of which must have been ineffaceably stamped into the minds of all living beings. No people have yet been discovered, who appear to be without this stamp, more or less discernible. The most prominent of this kind of events is the flood. Tradition after tradition is met with among the Indians of this continent which bears this deep stamp. What are we allowed to infer from this? Not that Indians sprung from any one quarter of the globe; much less, that they came from the loins of any one people of Asia. All the descendants of Noah knew of this stupendous event, and, wherever they were, there was the remembrance of it. Hence, these traditions only show a connection with the post-diluvians; they do not give any clew to Mr. Schoolcraft's first inquiry, as to "the aboriginal migration from other parts of the globe."

The second head of inquiry is much more promising, referring to the "migrations, wars, affinities, and general ethnological characteristics, prior to the discovery of the continent." The latter part of this phrase might be stretched back to any age, however remote; we do not presume, however, that our author intended his inquiries should endeavour to grope beyond all light. The objects of these investigations he states to be, "the grouping of languages, the similarity and dissimilarity of arts, modes of defence, and means of subsistence." These are tangible objects, and may well employ much time and much talent; they hold out much encouragement of success. While we would deride all vain and presumptuous attempts, such as we have referred to, inquiries like these command our approbation; we would cheer them on, for they can hardly fail to produce useful results.

The migrations of the tribes in this hemisphere have a deep interest. It is evident that their stay has been permanent nowhere. They have conquered and been conquered, until their history, so far as it can be ascertained, has been that of the clouds ; with their brightness and their darkness, their masses and their tenuity ; now fixed, as if a part of the firmament ; now speeding from horizon to horizon, as if they were chariots of fire. These changes have left some vestiges behind them. A slight vestige is sufficient, as one bone is often sufficient proof of the existence of a certain animal ; a whole skeleton would not be more.

The antiquities of this continent are now extensively known. In the north, there are mounds and specimens of rude sculpture ; in the central regions, there are architectural remains of a much higher order of human labor. The question has been, with respect to all these antiquities, whether they could have been the work of such inhabitants as are satisfactorily known to have been on this continent, or whether they must have a higher reference. The more elaborate antiquities of the central regions were at first supposed to present the greatest difficulties. Mr. Stephens found many ruined structures which, for a time, suggested a doubt whether they could have been formed by such skill as we know has existed among the aborigines. That doubt is now removed. These structures are massy, but rude ; the sculpture is awkward and clumsy ; and Mr. Schoolcraft exhibits in his work a few delineations which would compare advantageously as to symmetry with most of Mr. Catherwood's. We believe the public mind is now satisfied, that there is nothing in the central regions, which obliges it to go beyond the time of the Spanish conquest to account for the work. The Guatemalian and Yucatanian are said to excel the Mexican structures ; this may be, and not embarrass the question. The same skill would do more with one kind of materials than with another ; the same skill would achieve much in a freestone country, that could do almost nothing in a granite country.

We confess, we find more difficulty in accounting for the manner in which certain porphyritic "stone hatchets," or "hammers," occasionally found in the northern mounds, were made, than in accounting for all the structures of Mexico and Central America. These pieces of porphyry, or green-

stone, are of the hardest composition ; granite is more easily worked than they. We know that diamond will cut diamond ; but it is supposing too much to believe that the Indians undertook to fashion these fragments of porphyry into shape by the application of the same stone, or a harder one, if they could find it. It would seem as if nothing but steel, and steel applied with skill, too, could have effected the modification. The boldest theorist has not ventured to give the Indians any help of this kind. Native copper and native iron have been within their reach ; but these would not have aided them. They would have been even more powerless than the viper's teeth against the file. If time would have enabled them to finish such a task, the difficulty would have been lessened, as an Indian has time and patience enough. It would be consistent with their habits to devote the leisure of months to such a work. But the modification of porphyry is not within the compass of time or patience. Besides, there is an argument that goes still deeper. Had they the tools thus to work such stone, they would not have needed the stone utensil ; no stone hatchets would be made, when steel ones could be had. The Indians have had flint arrow-heads ; these must have taxed their ingenuity and labor in all respects. But there is cleavage in the flint-stone ; while the greenstone is the severest compression of various components. It is almost as different from those components in their ordinary state, as the brick is from the clay of which it was made. There is no satisfactory solution of this problem, and probably one can never be found which will satisfy us.

Mr. Schoolcraft has looked much at languages to trace out these bonds of affinity. He has also examined mounds ; as he remarks, these mounds are the most intelligible witnesses of these affinities. They are everywhere seen ; it is wonderful how they dot and seam the vast Western interior. It is almost useless to inquire for what purpose they were thrown up ; they are so various in form as to baffle all conjecture. No modes of warfare known among the Indians seem to have called for such aids. Mankind, in their barbarous state, have had some uniformity in their warlike habits, their weapons having had some degree of similarity. But we find no warrant in history for these remains. It is not, therefore, with a view of untying or cutting this Gordian knot,

that we would study these tumuli ; we would look into them for such antiquities as resist the earth's corrosive power, and bring them forth for the work of comparison. If a mound is found which is like another already known in a different latitude, one step is gained in the way of affinities ; if the same utensils or weapons are found in both, another step is gained. Indeed, the question of affinity is almost settled ; the same tribe had probably occupied the two grounds, and left distinctive evidences of its change of locality. It is difficult to arrange aboriginal chronology, desirable as it may be. There are traditions that the north and the south have shifted scenes, but whether the shift was towards or from the equator it is not easy to determine. These mounds, however, though dark oracles, may sooner or later deliver something intelligible ; all they utter should be carefully noted and preserved in this hope.

The erection of the structures whose ruins are found in the central parts of America is accounted for with some degree of satisfaction. In a tropical climate, little labor is bestowed upon the shelter of the commonalty. In Egypt, when her pyramids and temples were built, probably little else was built ; the labor of nearly the whole people was no doubt concentrated upon these masses ; a despotic government could command such a concentration. This consideration greatly diminishes the surprise at first felt in contemplating these wonders of the world. If the whole labor which any one of our large communities bestows upon its private dwellings were applied to one or two architectural objects, similar wonders would rise in our own land.

The governments of the central parts of America appear to have been purely despotic. Their climate also was mild ; it is probable, therefore, that nearly the whole labor of the people there was applied to these public structures. The tumuli of the north are humble in magnitude, compared with the vast remains at the south ; with proper tools, they could be thrown up without difficulty. But there is no evidence that the northern tribes had any tools fitted for such a work. A small mound, heaped up by hand merely, would be a greater work than a very large one thrown up by spades. Besides, there does not seem to have been any government organization in these northern regions, that could command the labor of the multitude. We do not know, it is true,

what may have been in those early days ; but as far as warrantable conjecture goes, no such despotic organizations existed then. The Northern Indians appear never to have labored, in the usual sense of the word, either for themselves, or for those having the rule over them. They appear to have contemned manual toil, and on all occasions to have been ashamed to dig. We doubt whether all the toil, in the way of digging, that has been got out of the Northern tribes since they have been known to the whites, would achieve any one of the extensive works in question found in the State of Ohio. There is, therefore, the double difficulty in this question, — the want of the necessary labor, and the want of suitable means to apply it to advantage, had the labor been at command. The Indian antiquities at the north, though comparatively humble in their character, oppose inquiry at every step. Still, all opposition may be surmounted by such patient and industrious investigators as Mr. Schoolcraft.

We have made no quotations from the Report before us, though we have availed ourselves largely of its facts. These constitute the merit and value of the volume, which hardly admitted much display of literary execution. The manner, however, is good ; the arrangement of the subject is judicious, and presents its various parts distinctly to view, while the style is unambitious and clear.

We have alluded to the proofs of intellectual power in the Indians with which Mr. Schoolcraft had before furnished the public ; and we are now induced to make an extract from this Report, which has a bearing upon this point. It is a tradition of the Senecas. When we are looking for proofs of this intellectual power in the Indians, in what shape do we expect to find them ? They have been a barbarous people from the beginning. With such a character, Indian intellect can be expected to display itself only in their traditions. Imagination is a faculty that develops itself in the infancy of a nation ; it is strong almost in proportion as the nation is rude, and gradually loses its force step by step with the advance of civilization. Imagination seems to be a wild product ; it luxuriates among a wild people, like the rank and unchecked growth of the face of the earth. The forest puts forth an enormous vegetation ; trees and parasites flourish there with a giant's strength ; all the nourishment of the soil is sucked up by them. The sun licks up nothing ; a dense veil

intercepts its burning rays, and allows only their genial warmth to sift down upon the ground. Cultivation changes all this ; in regulating every thing, we restrain every thing ; it is improvement, but it is still a check. The horse under the bit and in the draught is the same animal as the snorting courser of the prairie ; but his matchless energies are all cramped and subdued. It is nearly so with the imagination ; the Indian gives it full play. These traditions are the coins of the aborigines, often obscured and overlaid with extraneous matter ; still, they are almost the only remains that bear the stamp of remote ages. We cannot always understand them ; so it is with many coins ; nevertheless, they are preserved with great care, in the hope that interpretation may one day come. But these traditions are more valuable than coins in one respect ; they have a value, even if they fail to be interpreted. The imagination they display is independent of such interpretation. Very few of the Indian tales which Mr. Schoolcraft has heretofore published are intelligible in their bearing ; doubtless, they all had an application to events, either moral or physical. We may hope, but must probably hope in vain, to find out that application in most cases. The tree which has been prostrate for ages in the forest, if undisturbed, still retains an aspect in its final decay that leaves no doubt of its original character. It has not a leaf, a twig, a branch, nor perhaps even a fibre of its trunk, remaining. The only index may be a long, slender tumulus, which, having become a mere spongy mass, a foot might kick out of shape with a few blows. As long as this tumulus remains, it shows to the least-practised eye that a tree once stood and had fallen there, though the most expert botanist might fail to detect the class or genus to which it belonged. It proves that a majestic forest once was there, and we care little whether the remains we now contemplate are those of an oak or a pine.

Thus it is, in some degree, with these tales. They have doubtless lost their original texture, have lost nearly all that gave them, in their day of freshness, their beauty, their force, and their distinctness of character. Nevertheless, they are the best remains of the Indian character, and, as such, should be preserved with jealous care, with all their simplicity, all their mutilations, all their shapelessness. Mr. Schoolcraft gives us in this Report several specimens of the Indian's

carving; his intention was, that the wood-cuts should present an exact *fac-simile* of what they copy, with every blemish, all rudeness of outline, and all awkwardness in filling up carefully preserved. The artist may have sometimes departed from this rigorous rule; we are led to suspect that he did not always do as badly as the original required. As the artist ought to have done in all instances, and as we believe his employer intended he should do, so we believe Mr. Schoolcraft meant to do with all these tales.

The tradition we have alluded to, as given in this Report, is the following. Mr. Schoolcraft is speaking of the Senecas, when he says, —

"The term by which they call themselves is Nundowaga, or the People of the Hill; a name that leads us at once to consider the accounts of their own origin. Various relations of this story have been given, differing in some of their details, but all coinciding in the main events, namely: that they originated and lived on a well-known hill, at the head of the Canandaigua lake, where they were put in imminent peril of utter destruction by a monstrous serpent, which circled itself about the fort, and lay with its mouth open at the gate. The following is given from a native source, and has some novel details to recommend it.

"While the tribe had its seat and council-fire on this hill, a woman and her son were living near it, when the boy one day caught a small two-headed serpent, called Kaistowanea, in the bushes. He brought it home as a pet to amuse himself, and put it in a box, where he fed it on bird's flesh, and other dainties. After some time it had become so large that it rested on the beams of the lodge, and the hunters were obliged to feed it with their deer; but it soon went out and made its abode on a neighbouring hill, where it maintained itself. It often went out and sported in the lake, and in time became so large and mischievous that the tribe were put in dread of it. They consulted on the subject one evening, and determined to fly the next morning; but with the light of the next morning the monster had encircled the hill, and lay with his double mouth extended before the gate. Some attempted to pass out, but were driven back; others tried to climb over its body, but were unable. Hunger at last drove them to desperation, and they made a rush at the pass, but only rushed into the monster's double jaws. All were devoured but a warrior and his sister, who waited in vain expectancy of relief. At length, the warrior had a dream, in which he was showed that if he would fledge his arrows with the hair of his sister, the charm

would prevail over the enemy. He was warned not to heed the frightful heads and hissing tongues, but shoot at the heart. Accordingly, the next morning, he armed himself with his keenest weapons, charmed as directed, and boldly shot at the serpent's heart. The instantaneous recoiling of the monster proved that the wound was mortal. He began in great agony to roll down the hill, breaking down trees and uttering horrid noises, until he rolled into the lake. Here he slaked his thirst, and tried by water to mitigate his agony, dashing about in fury. At length he vomited up all the people he had eaten, and immediately expired, and sank to the bottom." — pp. 60, 61.

This tradition is doubtless given as it was received. It has all the marks of Indian crudeness and extravagance about it, and may therefore be regarded as genuine. Mr. Schoolcraft hazards an interpretation of it, which is not objectionable as far as it goes, but seems to fall far short of what might be warranted by the scope of the tradition. It has relation, without doubt, to an important event in the early history of the Senecas ; a dim shadow cast forward into subsequent times, showing an obscure outline of some great revolution. It would be no stretch of Indian phraseology, even at the present day, to narrate a similar modern event in equally figurative language. The Indian families are designated, as Mr. Schoolcraft has largely explained in his various works, by *totems*, or names of certain animals, birds, &c. The serpent in this case may signify a chief who was adopted, while young, into the bosom of an alien tribe, and who, when he had become strong, returned the kindness, serpent-like, with ingratitude and injury, bringing his benefactors to the brink of ruin. The elevation of the serpent to the " beams " is probably only a mode of intimating the elevation of the stranger to superiority and power in the friendly tribe ; the change of diet from bird's flesh to deer's meat bespeaks the increase of his exactions. All the steps from secret enmity to open hostility are shadowed forth. The siege is plain enough, and the destruction of all the tribe, excepting a warrior and his sister, in the course of it, is equally so. The mode in which the relief is effected is not equally clear, and fancy has a wide field to play in. The agency of the woman in bringing it about — an agency so common in the troubles of life — is exerted in a strange way. We are left to conjecture how her " hair " over-

came the enemy. Fledging arrows with it, unless they were Cupid's darts, gives us no clew. "Golden locks," and even "raven hair," have had a large share in catastrophes; but not such raven hair, — the black, coarse, lank locks, that invariably cover the squaw's head. The white man's fancy cannot comprehend this; but the red man's may.

We have less to do, however, with interpretations of this tradition, than with its merit in comparison with similar proofs of intellectual invention exhibited by the ancients of our own color. This tradition will compare advantageously, in most points, with the stories which set forth, in a like allegorical manner, the early events of the Grecian and Roman history. They are not more figurative or romantic, and only less susceptible of interpretation because the early Indian history is utterly unknown. Grecian and Roman history began in fable, and might have ended in obscurity, had the same ignorance prevailed in after times as at the beginning. The allegory of the Golden Fleece has covered over with a sort of classic beauty an expedition that was probably not less predatory, nor more daring, than numberless Indian expeditions that lie concealed under their allegorical coverings, which have not become classical only because the Indians never became civilized. The light of letters fortunately shone on *our* ancients as they advanced in growth. It was not so with the Indians; they have had no records. Nations have risen and sunk, and left no memorial behind them. Individuals have acquired fame, which, like a deep and strong sound, has vibrated through the air far and wide, catching the attention of every ear, and calling forth the admiration of every mind; but which, like a mere sound, sooner or later, gradually died away into silence. Perhaps a vague tradition, like that we are considering, might give it an uncertain existence, but without lineament or distinctness, liable to any appropriation, and bearing down with it, from generation to generation, no proof of persons, and but a misty proof of an event.

It is a subject for deep reflection, this difference of fate that marks the achievements of civilization and barbarism. The one has a perpetuity that may end only with civilized man; the others die with the generation that witnessed them. Probably the degree of merit or splendor has been the same; a nation may have been saved, or a nation may have been

destroyed ; but whether the latter event be a subject of regret is a different question. The good examples of history are valuable, but the bad ones work mischief. And what is the proportion that the former bear to the latter ? That of the good to the bad men in Sodom.

We have heard it intimated, that the national legislature proposes to follow the lead of New York, and have a census taken of the Indians under the guardian care of the government. We hope this will prove to be true, for many reasons, which our limits do not permit us to enumerate. And we also hope that Mr. Schoolcraft's valuable services will be secured in the work.

ART. III. — *The Life of Joseph Addison.* By LUCY AIKIN. Philadelphia : Carey & Hart. 1846. 12mo. pp. 279.

WE had not ventured to promise ourselves an opportunity of bringing this great man in review before us ; and we are not without misgivings lest the world, which, like poor Lear, is apt to be somewhat disordered in mind, should ask as he did, which is the justice and which the culprit. But we are grateful to Miss Aikin for writing this unpretending life of Addison, and still more so, for doing it in her quiet and sensible manner, contenting herself with a likeness, and not trying to make it fascinating with paint and gilding, after the fashion of the present day. Indeed, there is hardly a subject in the whole range of literature, where affectation and display would be more out of place. Those attractive arts, which snatch at impossible graces, sacrificing truth to effect, and simple nature to quick impression, would be reproved to silence, if not to shame, by the presence of this great master. The very thought of such treatment is enough to make one wish he were on earth again, exerting the authority which a powerful, refined, and graceful genius like his would have, wherever it existed. It would be a sport to see how many popular authors, who are read and admired by thousands now, would, like the swine in Scripture, which they resemble in coarseness and the spirit that

has entered into them, soon be seen running violently down a steep place to perish in the sea of oblivion, — those blessed waters which, it is to be hoped, will never dry away.

There is something in the literary fame of this writer which it is always refreshing to remember; like the Parthenon, it retains its charm, though for ages unvisited by the traveller, laid waste by the barbarian, and weather-stained by time; so far transcending the adventurous antics of modern art, that, as long as a fragment of pillar or peri-style remains, it will be impossible to doubt the perfection of that which the world of taste adores. Writing always from a full mind, and never for the sake of writing, he is always rich to overflowing in his resources, and, however excellent the work may be, gives the impression that he is able to produce something better. His memory was full of information, all the particulars of which had found their places in his mind in harmony and order, so that classical allusions and suggestions from what he had seen and read presented themselves when they were wanted, giving him power to select the best. Like most other calm and quiet observers of life, he found in his own experience incidents and intimations which, playfully introduced, gave spirit and life to his writings. His movements were so easy and graceful, that no one thought of the hard study and self-discipline by which alone he could have gained so complete a mastery of his own powers. Every thing seemed to be thrown off without an effort, and so indeed it was; the effort came earlier in the history of his mind; and certain it is, that, without long and patient thought, such as requires great concentration of the intellectual powers, he never could have acquired a logical exactness so entirely free from all the appearance of art, nor a habit of active and earnest thought so much resembling revery in the familiarity and carelessness of its flow.

One of the most striking traits of Addison's mind was his humor, a quality of writing which is enjoyed more generally than it is understood. It is commonly supposed to be a gift, something belonging to the native constitution of the mind; but if so, the birthright would be found of little advantage without that ready tact and intuitive discernment of the right time and place, which give humor its principal charm. The untimely jest is like the stamp of an awkward man upon a gouty toe; it is apt to be received with a gratitude bordering

on profaneness, and it is a caution to all the prudent to keep out of the way of the offender's disastrous evolutions. Some, like Swift, who would otherwise be masters of the art, disarm themselves of part of their power by an appearance of ill-nature. Any thing which looks like savageness or an intent to wound always creates antipathy to him who indulges his satirical propensity at the expense of another's feelings. Even if the satire should be wholly impersonal, and aimed at the follies and infirmities of human nature, the caustic and biting reflection which implies bitterness in him who makes it never gives pleasure, nor finds a general welcome.

There is, also, in some humorous writers who have nothing of this misanthropy, a kind of sly coarseness, an apparent enjoyment of sensual allusions, a disposition to tread as near as they dare to such forbidden ground, which the refined and cultivated reader takes as an insult to himself, and does not readily forgive. This is a temptation, a strange and fatal one, from which we are sorry to say a writer of our own land, whom we could otherwise name with the highest honor, is not entirely free. But in Addison's humor no one can trace any of these faults of taste, spirit, or feeling; it plays like sunbeams through the broken clouds upon the landscape, lighting it up with gladness. Nature herself is not more exempt from severity and grossness; and we see, that, largely gifted as he was with the natural power, he rather restrains than indulges it; he never looks abroad for the jest, and receives with selection those which present themselves as he is writing. He always distinguishes most accurately the appropriate place and time for producing it; thus showing that it requires high cultivation of mind, a quick perception of fitness, and a perfect command of the powers, to employ this faculty to advantage. Otherwise it is of no value, and may be even an injury to the possessor; as the gift of Tell's arrows would be of little avail without the sure hand and eye to use them.

Nothing could be more superfluous than to praise the style of Addison, which has been admired by successive generations as the most perfect of all examples. Art, in its highest cultivation, comes back to nature; and thus, while naturalness is the prevailing charm of his manner, it shows the result, but not the action, of high finish and industrious care. The word *gentlemanly* would describe it better than

any other, because it implies the union of elegance and refinement with energy and power. In order to be thus natural, style must be the true expression of the habitual movements of the mind ; it is not to be made up or put on at pleasure ; if it is second-hand, it will betray its unlawful origin, like stolen garments which do not fit the wearer. The only way really to improve a deficient style is, not to change the arrangement and selection of language ; the care in such cases must be applied directly to the mind itself ; and its utterance will become free and graceful, in proportion to the order which it establishes among its treasures and resources, and the easy mastery over its own powers which practice enables it to obtain.

We say this, because style is often spoken of as if it was an art, like drawing or painting, which may be acquired by one mind as well as another, by the obscure and feeble as well as the clear and strong. So, in point of fact, the matter is treated by many writers ; those, for example, who have endeavoured to Germanize their manner, practising on it the same arts which jockeys apply to horses' tails, to make them ambitious and exalted. But all the while, the style is not their own ; they are responsible, doubtless, as a man is held to answer for what he borrows or steals ; but it gives no indication of their natural tone of thought, any more than a bell, when it tolls for funeral or worship, expresses its own sorrow or devotion. Should their minds perchance speak out, they would throw all the fine arrangement into confusion, and startle their owners, perhaps, by the plain English which they would employ. We may depend upon it, that Carlyle does not talk Carlylism, nor do the imitators of that eminent person walk in darkness through a conversation as coolly as through a printed page. When their object is to express their thought, none can do it better ; and till they do the same thing in writing as freely as in ordinary communication with their friends, they may be cheered on with the desperate admiration of a misguided few, but they will find themselves out in their dead reckoning. If they are bound for immortality, or even for general favor, they had better take observations of the great lights of the literary world. From these they will find, that no style can be extensively popular and pleasing which is not a true and direct expression of the writer's way of thinking. It is not

enslaved to any particular form ; it is bound by no narrow and rigid law. The elephantine march of Johnson may be as welcome as the manly gait of Addison, because it represents as truly the movements of his ponderous and gigantic mind.

But the character of this distinguished man is a more important consideration than his talents or his style ; indeed, it was this which, shining through his writings, did as much as his ability to give him influence in his own time, and an illustrious memory in ours. John Foster, who, with all his excellence, occasionally betrayed something of that crustiness which among some sects passes for a Christian grace, spoke in a wholesale and sweeping way of all the chief names in English literature, as opposed to the spirit of the gospel, and aiding and comforting the enemy by their influence and example. To some extent, this was true. There was quite too little sense of responsibility associated with intellectual power ; either the intense effort to keep body and soul together made them careless in what manner they fed the popular taste, or the jealousies incident to their profession destroyed their conscience and kindness ; or in some instances, perhaps, their heads were turned by success. Whatever the cause may have been, a greater proportion than one could have supposed were unfaithful to the high trust which is confided to all who are gifted with high powers. Still, it is extraordinary that with such an example as Addison before him, one which can be contemplated with almost unmingled satisfaction, any moralist should give so hasty a verdict, which savours more of passion than truth even in its application to others, and cannot be sustained for a moment with respect to him. If religion be the great science of duty, it would be hard to show where it ever found a more effective teacher ; and we trust we shall be able to make it appear that, if his tone and profession were high, his life and conversation stood ready to make them good.

But here we are met by some prevailing impressions concerning Addison, which allow that in most respects he was eminently worthy, but nevertheless charge him with certain faults and frailties which throw a shadow over his name ; and, as the subject is an interesting chapter in literary history, we propose to consider it somewhat at large. All who knew him bore witness to his excellence ; his goodness of

heart and strength of principle appear in every part of his life. His freedom from ambition is clearly shown by his writing for the most part without giving his name to the world, and his generous kindness could hardly be proved more conclusively than by his submitting to this labor to serve another. And yet, strange as it may seem, it is in these very points that some have assailed him, accusing him of jealous hostility to rising men of genius, and of selfish unkindness to his friends. Such traits of character are not very consistent with that religious virtue which he is so generally admitted to have possessed, that, as Boswell assures us, Johnson, who, from political prejudice, was no friend to his memory, was in the habit of recommending his writings to those who felt the need of high influence and inspiration, and often spoke of him with great respect, as foremost among the wise and good.

All these impressions to the disadvantage of Addison can be traced home to the authority of Pope, who, though in some respects a good man, was notoriously jealous of his own literary standing, and, as he had no mercy for those who were beneath, was not likely to look with much benignity on one who stood above him. His infirmity was not without its excuses ; his personal deformity was of a kind which sours the temper ; his nervous temperament was irritable to the last degree ; and while his poetical talent made him a subject of interest and admiration, his bodily weakness prevented his appearing familiarly in the public eye. In his partial retirement, he was surrounded by parasites of that kind who manifest their faithfulness, not by friendly services, but by flattering unworthy prejudices and passions, and, in case of any alienation, are like the firemen of Constantinople, who, it is said, for reasons of their own, sometimes throw oil on the flames of a conflagration, which has less effect to extinguish them than the element that is commonly employed.

Spence's Anecdotes, which Johnson used so freely in writing his Lives of the Poets, contains a rich abundance of this kind of lore. Pope appears to have made his humble friend the residuary legatee of all his suspicions and aversions ; and as Johnson lived at a time when party spirit was at the highest, and did not conceal his belief that to be a " vile Whig " was an inexpiable sin, he gave more faith to the stories and intimations of the Anecdotes than he would have done, if

Addison had had the presumptive evidence of Toryism in his favor; and, as his life of the Whig statesman and poet has of course displaced all others, the character which he has given him determines the opinion of the present age. But there was nothing underhand in the prejudice of Johnson; it was always manly, aboveboard, and made no pretension to thorough impartiality. Such was his stern veracity, that nothing would induce him to distort or suppress the truth, or rather what he considered the truth, though he was often misled by his feelings in his attempts to ascertain it. On several occasions, as we shall see, he detects Spence's misrepresentations, and ascribes them to the *malignity* of Pope. The wonder is, that when he saw through some of these mistakes or perversions of fact, whichever they may have been, he should have felt as if such a guide could ever be safely trusted; for trust him he did, too much and too far; almost every thing which he has recorded to the disadvantage of Addison rests on Spence's authority alone. We do not suppose that Pope told his humble chronicler what he did not himself believe; the term *malignity*, which Johnson employs, must be received with some discount for his habitual choice of overgrown words. The amount of this malice was, that, being jealous of Addison as a rival, he was ready to credit and repeat whatever was said to his disadvantage; and those persons who think it a pity to spoil a pretty quarrel were always at hand to minister to the prejudice which Pope, unfortunately for his happiness and honor, was too well disposed to feel.

Very little is known of Addison's early life, nor can it now be ascertained how far the influences which acted upon him in childhood determined his character in later years; sometimes those influences form young minds by sympathy, sometimes by reaction and resistance. His father was a divine, respectable in his way, but earnest and busy in those times which made all men politicians. Active, however, as he was in his devotion to church and king, he lived in comparative want, and was rewarded only by coming in sight of a bishopric before he died. One story of Addison's younger days represents him as escaping from school, to avoid some punishment which weighed on his imagination, and living on such food as the woods supplied, till his retreat was discovered. Dr. Johnson records a tradition of his once being

ringleader in a "barring out." The two legends seem inconsistent with each other, and yet they may both be true. The former does not show, as Miss Aikin believes, the elements of that bashful spirit which afflicted him so much in his manhood. The fact is, that all boys grow retiring in their manner, when they are threatened with a whipping; and though it is not always the case, as Goldsmith says, that your modest people are the most impudent in the world, it is true, that many are bold and free with their associates, who are subdued in the presence of others.

Addison was never able, through a life spent in the daylight of the world, to throw off that embarrassment which paralyzed the action of his mind in company, and made him appear distant, cold, and still. Chesterfield, in whose presence he was not likely to thaw, described him as an awkward man, while those whose company he enjoyed received a very different impression of his manners and social powers. Swift, who was not apt to err by excess of praise, said that he never saw a man half so agreeable. Lady Mary Montague, who had a tolerable acquaintance with society, described him as the best company in the world. Pope, who, in his very eulogy, shows something of pique, allows that his company was more charming than that of any other man, though with strangers he preserved his dignity by a stiff silence; thus ascribing to *hauteur* that coldness which was evidently owing to natural diffidence and reserve. Dr. Young says, that he was rather mute on some occasions; but when he felt at ease, he went on in a noble strain of thought and language, which enchained the attention of all.

There are many such testimonials to the richness and variety of his conversation; and if any received a different impression, it is plainly owing to the constitutional, or rather English, reserve, which hung like a mill-stone about him all his days. It is thought to be less common in our country; here, old and young, the latter especially, have in general quite as much confidence as the case requires. Still, there are examples of those who labor and suffer under this disease, which renders them in company "afraid to sit, afraid to fly," unable to say the right thing, and, if they say any thing, sure to say the wrong; but generally so oppressed with the necessity of speaking, that, through fear of being silent, they dare not open their lips, and causing epicures in conversation to say,

that, however much they might like the oyster, if accessible, they cannot submit to the trouble of opening the shell.

It was while at school that Addison formed that friendship with Steele which gave so decided a direction to his future life. Steele, who, though his parents were English, contrived to be born in Dublin, as the appropriate birthplace for one of such an Irish nature, was, as the world knows full well, a thoughtless, inconsistent, rantipole person, full of talent and good feeling, which were made of small effect by his total want of discretion in common affairs. If it was possible for him to get into difficulty, he was sure to improve the chance ; but at the same time, so amiable was his disposition, that he always found friends, who, though out of patience with his folly, were ready to get him out of the scrape. Early in life, being sensible of his own frailty, he endeavoured to put himself under the necessity of living religiously, by writing a book called The Christian Hero ; but as there was no basis of principle, nor even taste, under his conversion, the inconsistency which soon appeared between his life and his profession made it worse for him in every respect than if his banner had not been lifted quite so high. Then, to enliven himself under the depression brought on by ridicule and reproach, he wrote a comedy called The Funeral, with which the public were entertained, as might be expected from so sprightly a subject, and which, of course, was in the same degree refreshing to the writer.

A literary life commencing thus would hardly be expected to lead to propitious results ; and he would have done nothing to establish his reputation as a writer, had it not been for his illustrious friend. It was not unnatural that the shy and delicate Addison should take a fancy to the bold and open-hearted Steele ; and the latter had sufficient discernment to understand the merits and abilities of his companion. The attachment thus formed continued nearly through life ; and only the exasperation of political feeling, which spares nothing that is sacred, could have alienated them from each other ; for it is unfortunately true, that the bands were broken at last.

Few particulars of Addison's life during the years spent at Oxford have been recorded ; but there is enough to show, even if his writings afforded less ample testimony, that he made good use of his time. One circumstance is remem-

bered, which implies that he had not fallen into the way of drinking that is so common in the great English Universities, and is not suppressed by right moral feeling as it should be in ours; most of his studies were after dinner, a time when the levee of the Muses is not apt to be best attended. Such associations of young men are in the habit among themselves of manufacturing a public sentiment for their own use; it is often very unlike any other which can be found in the earth below. It maintains, that lounging, reading novels and similar picture-books, together with a certain coarse defiance of authority, are proofs of genius, and that good-fellowship, like religious character among the ancient Jews, is determined not by what cometh out of the mouth, but rather by that which goeth in. The tendency to these corruptions was strong in his day; for drinking to excess was too common in the high and low places of society to excite the disgust which it deserves; and that he should be able to pursue his studies, at a time when those about him were taking stronger potations than the Castalian fountain supplies, is an evidence that the taste for excess, which has been charged upon him, as we apprehend without reason, certainly did not exist at a period of life when the foundations of that habit are most likely to be laid.

It is quite clear that he must have disciplined his mind at this time, in preparation for that easy and graceful criticism in which he excelled, and in which no one without deep thought, as well as study, can ever attain success. He was also versed in some branches of natural history, as his pleasing remarks on instinct, and some of his letters, imply; and that he acquired this knowledge at this period of life may be inferred from the well known "Addison's Walk," which is still pointed out to visiters at Oxford, as his favorite resort. By his Latin verse he acquired reputation, and with it some substantial advantage. His first attempt in English verse was an address to Dryden, then going down into the cold evening of his day, uncheered even by that patronage which considers itself more blessed to receive the homage of genius than to furnish it with the means of subsistence. Miss Aikin calls it the age of Mæcenases, we hardly know why; they certainly showed that kind of patronage which bestows little and exacts much, which requires the sacrifice of manliness and independence in those on whom it smiles, and parts

with its guineas only on receiving a heavier golden weight of glory. This kind of liberality may be found in any age ; any one will trade on those advantageous terms. But if genius, even in Addison's time, expected a more disinterested bounty, it was apt to be disappointed ; it was well if its demand for bread was answered with a single stone ; it might consider itself too happy if it was not pelted with them.

Addison appears to have been originally destined for the church, and his thoughtful and contemplative spirit might have found a home in the sacred profession, where it is not, as in England, dependent on patronage, and therefore married to worldliness by law. For some reason now unknown, perhaps by unconsciously yielding to circumstances, he inclined to the paths of literature ; and while yet at Oxford, he is found in communication with Tonson, the bookseller, whose name is as familiar in the annals of the time as that of Monsieur Tonson at a later day. His essay on the Georgics, which he affixed to the translation of Dryden, who appears to have been pleased and flattered by his attentions, was not considered as promising much strength and originality, though its style was unexceptionable, and its criticism just. Of a translation of the fourth Georgic, which he attempted, the elder poet courteously observed, that, after it, his own swarm would not be worth the hiving. He engaged also in a translation of Herodotus, to be superintended and partly executed by himself ; which implies that he had more acquaintance with Greek than Johnson was disposed to allow. This work never reached the press, but his translations from Ovid were published, with notes which eclipse the poetry, and, as the great critic admitted, gave full promise of that discriminating taste and talent which were afterwards so brightly manifested, and admired as widely as they were known. He also produced a work which, at a later period, he seemed very willing to suppress. It was an account of English poets from Chaucer to Dryden, in which he treats the patriarch and his successor, Spenser, without the reverence which they so well deserve, and which is clamorously asserted for them by some, who, admiring without having read, are vengeful against those who have read without admiring.

The truth was, that the French classical taste was then coming into England, teaching its poets to care rather more

for polished elegance of language and measure than for the more substantial elements of truth and nature. The new fashion prevailed, and, as usual, the fashion which it displaced was treated with unmerited scorn. In this way it is that the public taste is always swinging, like a pendulum, far on one side or the other. This fancy came to its height of finish and excellence in Pope ; another age has seen him, with all his beauty and power, treated with profane derision, while a passion for infantine simplicity rises and reigns for a time ; this, too, after keeping the stage for its permitted season, is destined to give place to some other excess. But sufficient to the day is its own evil ; what this excess is to be we are not yet unfortunate enough to know.

Addison, with no small share of talent for poetry, was of course under the influence of the day, and, while his natural tendency was to nature, he was drawn aside by cultivation, and thus inclining one way while he walked in another, he could not be expected to reach the height of success. It is a little remarkable, that the effort which brought him at once into notice was made to order. Such productions generally have small attraction, except to those whose exploits they commemorate and flatter ; if they betray any other inspiration than that of necessity or ambition, their flame, like a fire of shavings, is soon spent, leaving no permanent brightness in the literary sky. His courtly career commenced with lines on the king's return from his European campaign in 1695, which gained him the favorable regard of Lord Somers, whose approbation was an honor. In 1697, he again sang the praise of William, who had no ear for such matters, in some lines on the Peace of Ryswick. These were addressed to Montagu, then a leading public character, eminent in literature as well as in the public councils. That statesman, in acknowledgment of the attention, procured him a grant of three hundred pounds a year, to give him the means of travelling, — a favor which would have been more to the purpose, had the money ever been paid ; but the king died soon after, and the little which he ever did for literature came at once to a close.

The young poet also gained reputation by Latin verses on the Peace. Johnson allows them to have been vigorous and elegant ; and when Addison went abroad, the volume, published with a preface of his own writing, served as an intro-

duction to learned and accomplished men. Among others, he presented it to Boileau, then in the height of his fame. The Frenchman replied, that the work had given him a new idea of English cultivation ; and truly there was room for new ideas, if we may judge from his remark to a traveller, who told him what honor the English had paid to the memory of Dryden. He said he was happy to learn it, but he had never heard the gentleman's name before. Alas for glorious John ! The truth was, the French at that time lorded it over the political and literary world like undisputed and rather supercilious masters. King William had done something to break their civil and military sceptre, and Marlborough was in a fair way to finish what he had begun. But it was long before any literary changes let sufficient light into France to see the names of Shakspeare and Milton, so completely eclipsed were they by certain French luminaries, — lost Pleiads, too, which have long since perished, and never been missed from the skies.

Whatever Addison's timidity and reserve may have been in England, he appears to have left them behind him when he travelled ; for we find him making acquaintance with all those who were distinguished in literature. He remarks, in one of his letters, that he had not seen a blush since he landed in France ; probably it is with blushes as with other matters, that the supply is regulated by the demand. Being but imperfectly acquainted with the French language, he took up his residence for a time at Blois, where it was thought to be spoken in great purity, in order to learn it ; and we happen to know something of his habits of life while there, from a French Abbé, a careless but impartial observer.

This worthy speaks of him as lying in bed all the forenoon, according to the London fashion, which has its origin in the circumstance, that the sun, in that dark atmosphere, brings no light which makes it worth while to rise. He was not talkative, and was often so lost in thought, that the ecclesiastic would be in his room some time before Addison was aware of his presence ; which may be true, though it is hard to conceive how the Abbé should have endured so long constraint upon his own active tongue. He says, too, with an air of some surprise, and as if it brought the Englishman's morals into suspicion, that he had no *amour* while he resided there ; if there was any thing of the kind, he must have

known it, which is very likely to be true. But the reproach of this deficiency is one that can be forgiven by those who do not regard morals and refinement as inconsistent things. The Nine were the only ladies of his acquaintance, and they appear to have received his devoted attentions. While preparing himself by the acquisition of modern languages for his European tour, he was diligently studying the allusions of classical writers to Italy and its antiquities, those being the subject of interest on which he had set his heart. His letters, written at the time, are short, but they have some touches of his peculiar manner, particularly one in which he congratulates a friend who tells him that he has lost ten pounds by a copy of verses. Addison assures him that every time he meets with such a loss, the more like a true poet he will be. In the spelling of his letters there is something which would fill a Phonographer with delight; the word "bin" always represents the preterite of the verb to be; and there are sundry other graces of the kind, which show how little importance was then attached to what is now considered essential in a well-educated writer.

On his second visit to Paris, he was able to enjoy the society in which it abounded; and if it seems strange, that, with his acknowledged reserve, he could ever make himself at home in it, we must remember that such persons are very much influenced by the prevailing social spirit. In England, such a man would need to be furnished with an ice-breaker, to make his way in their arctic circles; but where there is no reserve to meet reserve, but all are at their ease, a bashful man forgets himself, ceases to think of his own words and motions, and therefore is unconstrained and free. He was very much struck with the cheerfulness of the French, and the excellent terms with themselves on which they all stood. Sometimes their self-exaltation was disagreeable to an Englishman, who of course had as good an opinion of his own country as they could possibly have of France; but their familiar courtesy was always pleasing; and among their men of letters he found these whom he considered it a privilege to know. Among others, he visited Malebranche, who was much admired by the English. The French nation at the time had taken a religious turn, and apprehended that there might be something unchristian in speculations which they did not understand. Malebranche was therefore

better acquainted with the great men of England than some others of his countrymen ; and though he said nothing of glorious John, who was out of his line, he had heard of Newton, and also of Hobbes, at whom he shook his head.

Addison waited afterwards on Boileau, who was old and a little deaf, but conversed incomparably well, though he was very severe in his strictures on the present times, and flew into a passion with all who did not share his reverence for the past. Johnson thinks, that, as Boileau had "an injudicious and peevish contempt for modern Latin," the flattering things which he said of Addison, whom he knew only through his edition of the Musæ Anglicanæ, were proofs of his civility, not of his approbation. It might rather have been regarded as a testimony to the classical excellence of Addison's Latin, and also of his taste, that the unsparing criticisms which the learned Frenchman made on other modern attempts were not considered as applying to his. When Boileau was freely berating his own time and all its literary productions, Addison asked him if he would not except Telemachus, which was then in the height of its fame. He allowed that it gave a better idea of Homer's way than any translation, and that some passages of it were superior to Virgil ; but he had no patience with the eternal preaching of Mentor, and, on the whole, admitted nothing in its favor which it was possible to deny. As Boileau, after the death of his friend Racine, lived in retirement, his reception of Addison was a distinguished favor. It implied a high opinion of the traveller, and we are told by Tickell, that his friend had gained a very high and extensive reputation in other nations, before he was known or talked of in his own.

But Italy is the country in which such a traveller must feel most at home. He reached it in the usual way, by the tour through Switzerland, where the scenery impressed him as it does all others. His indifference, amounting to contempt, for the Gothic architecture, which appears in some passages of his work, has given an impression to the disadvantage of his taste. But this preference was of the conventional kind ; it was one in which he was educated ; it was not to be overcome by general cultivation, like a mistaken choice in literary works, nor had it any thing to do with that love of nature, which often is found mature and faultless in those who do not know one picture, statue, or building from another.

While in France, he was agreeably struck with those places in which the French king, when improving his palace-grounds, had followed the leading suggestions of nature, instead of forcing nature into the traces of art. We apprehend that he must have found but few such cases, and he valued them the more, perhaps, on account of their rarity; for the landscape-gardening of that day, which was imported from that country into England, seemed to have for its leading principle to suppress nature, and to extinguish what it could not reform.

But while he found pleasure in contemplating these wonders and glories of the visible world, his active and searching mind made him a philosophical observer of men; he looks upon them with "most humorous sadness," — sometimes smiling at follies and pretensions, often breathing a fine spirit of liberty, but always inspired with a love of his race. He was just the man to encounter the officer of the Prince of Monaco, whose dominions consisted of two towns; that official told him, with much solemnity, that his master and the king of France were faithful allies and friends. His most Christian Majesty must have derived great solace from this assurance, when Marlborough was thundering on his borders. The little republic of San Marino, which has existed through so many changes in Europe, is described with admirable humor; of that kind, however, which, without any violent transition, easily resumes the serious vein. It closes with a manly reflection on that natural love of liberty, which fills its rocks and snows with inhabitants, while the Campagna is deserted, showing the deep and universal feeling, that the chief blessing of moral existence is for men to feel that they are free.

In his description of Rome, where he spent considerable time, the same fine spirit appears. Though he does not seem to have been an enthusiast in the arts, he was deeply interested in every thing connected with ancient literature; and the remains of the Eternal City, eternal in its glory and influence, though sinking under the effects of malaria and time, had all of them some relation to those studies in which he was most deeply interested. His political feeling, if, indeed, it does not deserve the higher name of humanity, is shown in the remark, that the grandeur of the old commonwealth manifested itself in works of convenience or necessity, such as temples, highways, aqueducts, walks, and bridges;

while the magnificence of the city under the emperors displayed itself in works of luxury or ostentation, such as amphitheatres, circuses, triumphal arches, pillars, and mausoleums. Miss Aikin suggests that he was the first who ever used the expression "classic ground," which is now as familiar as the ground on which we tread. In his days, Rome was not visited, as it is now, by tourists from all parts of the world; the Englishman, having no social intercourse with the living, had ample time for intimacy with the mighty dead. Addison remarks, that he had become an adept in ancient coins, while he had almost lost his acquaintance with English money. As to rust, he could tell the age of it at sight; having been forced by his total want of other society to converse with pictures, statues, and medals, all of which had some story to tell of the interesting and memorable past.

Whatever criticism may at times have said of the work in which he imparted to the world the results of his observation on foreign countries, the public, who are sure to be impartial and at least sufficiently discerning, gave it a hearty welcome. At first, it was thought too learned for popular circulation; but when its true character was understood, it was so much in demand, that, before it could be reprinted, it rose to five times its first price. Johnson praises it rather coldly, though he admits the manner in which its elegance gains upon the reader; of some parts he remarks, that it is not a severe censure to say that they might have been written at home. He might have said that it is no censure at all, but rather a statement of the fact with respect to this work and most others of the kind. His own tour to the Hebrides was written at home, and in his case, as in Addison's, the value consists in fine trains of thought and striking remarks suggested by new scenes and objects, and not in artist-like descriptions; though Addison often shows great power in scene-painting, and would have applied it with distinguished success, had not moral and intellectual observation been more in harmony with the taste and tendency of his mind.

It is a little singular that the Dialogues on Medals, which are so connected with the foreign tour, should have been kept by him, and not suffered to see the light till after his death. None of his writings assemble more of his peculiar traits. Though Johnson does not allow him to have possessed great learning, he admits that he studied the Latin poets with

diligence and skill ; qualifying his disparaging remark by saying, that the abundance of his own mind supplied him with whatever he wanted. Certainly, nothing can be better selected and applied than the classical knowledge which he brings to bear on the subject before him ; and if he was never deficient in the information required, there seems no reason for challenging his acquaintance with other parts of the field which he was not concerned to explore. Perhaps, too, his learning may be undervalued in consequence of the playful humor in which the Dialogues abound ; an article so seldom encountered among professed scholars and antiquaries, that the lively remark is thought inconsistent with severe research, and the gay, without inquiry into its merits, is at once set down as far inferior to the grave.

Swift, in a well-known allusion to Addison's circumstances at this time, speaks of him as caressed by lords and left distressed in foreign lands ; which is true enough, so far as regards his circumstances, though the lords do not appear to deserve the reproach which the Dean, with his usual caustic philanthropy, endeavours to cast upon them. They faithfully served Addison, or rather meant to serve him, while they had the power ; it was no fault of theirs that King William broke his neck, and the pension was left unpaid. Their ability to serve him depended on their continuance in office, and they would have been glad to retain the power, if possible. They had already designated him for the office of English secretary, to attend Prince Eugene, who had just commenced the war in Italy, for the purpose of transmitting home accounts of his plans and operations. These designs in his favor, of course, came to nothing, when they lost their places ; and he must certainly have been hard pressed for the means of subsistence. With his usual manly reserve on matters which were personal to himself, he says nothing of his own wants or his means ; neither does Tickell, who had the means of knowing, supply the deficiency ; but the papers of Tonson show, that he was looking round for that support which patronage was no longer able to supply. The bookseller, who was a sort of Mæcenas in his way, had been desired by the Duke of Somerset, usually called the Proud, — one of those animals whom chance sometimes appears to lift up to see how they will look in their elevation, — to find a travelling tutor for his son ; and it occurred to Tonson, in his

good-nature, that the place would be the one for Addison. For the service thus rendered the Duke was to pay a hundred guineas at the end of the year, which seemed to himself so munificent, that he expected the offer to be welcomed with rapture by the fortunate individual on whom the choice should fall. Addison had no objection to the place, but he had no mind to worship the golden calf that offered it. He accordingly wrote an acceptance of the proposal, saying at the same time, that the compensation was not such as would make it an object, if the place were not on other accounts such as he desired. This independence was something so new to the nobleman, that he considered it equal to a rejection of his offer; at any rate, he saw that it would not be received with the profound sense of obligation which he expected; and thus he lost the opportunity of going down to future times in connection with one who would have taught his son the manners and feelings of a gentleman, which the young sparks of aristocracy have not always the means of learning, and whose fame was bright enough to illuminate the insignificance of his own.

The literary history of England affords many such examples of lords in rank who are commoners in spirit and feeling. It is well that the changes of time had transferred the office of patron of men of letters to publishers like Jacob Tonson and his successors. If all of them had manifested the sense and spirit of Addison, the traditional base of prejudice on which the card-house of nobility rests must long since have given way to a better system, which would estimate claims to respect, not by the court register, nor the assessor's list, but by the elevation of manly and moral feeling and the riches of the heart.

When Addison returned to England, he was high in reputation; but as he was in his thirty-third year, without the means of subsistence, the respect which was paid him, and the honor of being a member of the Kitcat, did not quite console him for the prospect of starving. But his political party was rising; the victories of Marlborough were quite as beneficial to the Whigs as to the country; and when the battle of Blenheim had thrown all others into the shade, Godolphin, turning his attention for once from Newmarket to Parnassus, was anxious to find some poet to sing the triumph in strains of equal glory. As the gentlemen of his

acquaintance dealt in other steeds than Pegasus, he applied to Montagu, better known by his title of Halifax, who told him, with more truth than courtesy, that if he knew such a person, he would not advise him to write while fools and blockheads were in favor, and those who had a good title to distinction were neglected. The lord treasurer did not resent the insinuation, though exceeding broad, and simply promised that whoever would do the service worthily should have no reason to repent his labors. He then sent to Addison, at the suggestion of Halifax, who wisely thought that the poet would do more for himself than his friends could do for him. The work was undertaken at once, and when it had proceeded as far as the famous simile of the angel, Godolphin, on seeing it, gave him the place of commissioner of appeals, which fell vacant by the resignation of John Locke.

There is something grotesque in this dealing in poetry as merchandise, and rewarding the bard with a post from which the great metaphysician had just departed. But what is more to the purpose, the poem was exactly what was wanted ; and it does credit to the public taste, that, with so small an infusion of thunder and lightning, without any approach to extravagance or excess, it should have found its way to the proud heart of England, and been deemed an adequate celebration of the greatest triumph of her arms. The truth was, the angel rode in the whirlwind and directed the storm to very good purpose ; at any rate, he contrived that they should fill the poet's sails, which were wisely and not ambitiously spread. Though it is not one of those works which readers of the present day care much for, still it is read, which is more than can be said of any other poem manufactured in the same way. They commonly die with the momentary enthusiasm which called them into existence, and the chief credit which the poet now gains is that of having kept clear of the faults and follies in which all similar writings abound. One good effect of it was to set the writer clear from debt. Slow rises talent, when poverty hangs upon it ; its flight is rather that of the flying-fish than the eagle ; and Marlborough did not more rejoice to see the enemy fly, than the poet to disperse his duns, and once more to stand even with the world.

We have dwelt thus at large on the manner in which Addison came forward into public life, to show that he did

not ascend, as Lord Bacon says men generally go up to office, by a "winding stair." It was owing to the prevailing impression of his ability, not only in literary efforts, but for the duties of any station. Two years after the publication of the Campaign, he was appointed under-secretary of state by Sir Charles Hedges, and continued in that office by the Earl of Sunderland. The duties could not have been oppressive; at least, he was able to accompany Lord Halifax to the Continent on a complimentary mission to the Elector, officiating as secretary to the minister, and receiving from that Mæcenas no other compensation or reward than the honor and expense of the tour. It is unfortunate that we have not more of his letters, which would give us entertaining glimpses of the public events of the day, such as the union of England and Scotland, which was so bitterly opposed by many of the latter nation. He says that one of the ministers of Edinburgh lamented in his prayer, that Providence, after having exalted England to be the head of Europe, was in a fair way to make it one of the tails; this was probably a correct expression of the gratitude with which the measure of annexation was received.

One pleasant touch of the old Stuart feeling is brought to light, showing that Anne was not entirely passive, though she spent her days under the harrow of royalty without the least power to do as she pleased. Something having passed in the lower house of convocation, tending to reduce her authority as head of the church, she sent word to them that she forgave them for that time, but would make use of some other methods with them in case they did the like in future. He alludes to an odd premonition of the revolutionary spirit in France in an age when no one dreamed of any such thing; it was a proposal conveyed in a memorial, through the Duke of Burgundy, to the government, advising them to get possession of the useless plate in convents and palaces, and to convert it into money; and moreover, to take the needless officers and pensionaries, the number of whom was estimated at eighty thousand, and to employ them in the foreign service of the country. The latter part of this plan might answer for other nations, even for some in which the grand consummation of republicanism is already come. The only difficulties are, that the gentlemen in question, having the management of every thing, would choose to render this

patriotic service by proxy ; their part is to gather to the carcass when it is fallen, leaving others to pull it down.

Addison was not long to retain this office, which was well suited to his capacity and taste. The queen, who was occasionally persuaded to make changes, to show the world that she had a will of her own, — a fact which, notwithstanding her sex, was seriously doubted, — had begun to take the Tories into favor and council, and was preparing as fast as she dared to remove Marlborough from his brilliant station. Meantime, Addison was employed in an attempt to introduce an English opera to public favor in London. It seemed to him ridiculous, for audiences to sit by the hour listening to a language which neither singer nor hearer understood. His plan was to marry the Italian music to English verse, without reflecting, that, as nature had denied him an ear, he was not the person to officiate at the bridal, and that common sense is not exactly the presiding genius by which such matters are controlled. Johnson says, that on the stage the new opera was either hissed or neglected, and growls at the author for dedicating it, when published, to the Duchess of Marlborough, a woman wholly without pretensions to literature or taste ; not reflecting, that, if poets had been so fastidious in looking for patrons, they would have been at their wits' end where to find them.

The moralist is, however, compelled, by his sense of justice, to allow that the work is airy and elegant, engaging in its progress and pleasing in its close. He says that the subject is well chosen, the fiction pleasant, and the praise of Marlborough in it is the result of good-luck, improved by genius, as perhaps every work of excellence must be. Sir John Hawkins, who pretended to great connoisseurship in music, and must at least have been a perfect judge of a discord, having passed all his life in one, pronounced the music of Rosamond, which was the name of the opera, a "jargon of sounds." This, however, was the fault of the composer, or possibly might be attributed to the crabbed temper of the amateur ; and when Johnson pronounced the opera one of the best of Addison's compositions, it is clear that it could not have injured his fame. One good effect of it was to bring him into acquaintance with Tickell, then at Oxford, who, according to the fashion of the time, sent him some complimentary verses. He soon became the friend and as-

sociate of Addison, both in his literary and public labors, and always proved himself able, faithful, and honorable in every trust confided to his hands. The only complaint the world has to make of him is, that he has told so few particulars respecting the life of Addison; this shows that Boswells, though their price in the market is not high, are beings of no small value; and that the literary world would consult its own interest by making it a rule to encourage the multiplication of the race, rather than to ridicule and abuse them.

One of the last favors of the Whig administration was, to give Addison the place of secretary to the lord lieutenant of Ireland, who was then the Marquis of Wharton. At a later period, he visited the same country again, as secretary to Sunderland, who, after a fashion more common in church than in state, did not trouble himself to cross the Channel in the discharge of his official duty. Johnson expresses wonder, that Addison should have connected himself with a person so impious, profligate, and shameless as Wharton, when his own character was, in these respects, precisely the reverse of the other's. He appears to have mistaken the father for the Duke, his son, who was so notorious in connection with the Jacobite party. The elder was no saint certainly, but his character was light compared to the utter darkness of his son's. Archbishop King, a very high authority, says that he had known Wharton forty years, and always considered him a true patriot, and one who had his country's interest at heart; no small praise for a statesman in any age, and one which in that season of all corruption it was a special honor to deserve; so that Addison's connection with him was not that confederacy with sin which the great critic seems to have apprehended.

The conduct of the secretary, in both these missions, commanded respect and gave general satisfaction. But here, again, Johnson seems to intimate that he was rather avaricious in his ways. He tells us, on Swift's authority, that the secretary never remitted his fees of office in favor of his friends, giving as a reason, that if it was done in a hundred instances, it would be a loss to himself of two hundred guineas, while no friend would be a gainer of more than two. Swift, who was a great calculator, could not disapprove such exactness; and it should not have been related, without stating at the same time, that Addison's revenues, which might have

been very great, had he, like other secretaries, received the presents offered by applicants for office, were reduced, by his determination to take nothing more than the regular fees, so that his income was comparatively small. Archbishop King speaks with great respect of his exemption from every thing like avarice and corruption in his discharge of duty, a virtue of which Ireland had not seen a very rich display, and which is not valued in proportion to its rarity in that unfortunate island even now.

The truth is, that Addison was one of those who care less for appearance than for reality ; he was not disposed to be generous, if that would make it impossible for him to be just. Unlike some other men of great talent, he never felt as if his genius released him from the obligations of common honesty. He would have despised himself, if he had made the flourish of doing liberal favors, while a creditor was suffering or complaining because his debt was unpaid. The knavish repudiation, which is so often tolerated in great men, was not consistent with his regard for his own honor. The feeling of the world with respect to these matters is one that brings a snare. So long as an eminent person is present, to awaken a personal interest in his readers or his party, they forgive him this lavish freedom with money which belongs to others, they forbear to press home that charge of dishonesty to which they know he must plead guilty. But when he is gone from the earth, and the Egyptian tribunal sits in judgment on the dead, that impartial court assumes as the law, that he should first of all have done justly ; for if, trampling on that obligation, he professed to have gone on to the love of mercy, it must condemn as a selfish crime that indulgence of feeling at the expense of principle ; and it decides that the crown of benevolence and generosity shall never be worn by the unjust, and that a man who is not honest enough to pay his debts, when he has the power, however highly he may be gifted, is the meanest work of God. Addison was sometimes very poor ; he was never rich ; his circumstances were such as to make exactness of calculation a necessity as well as a virtue. But it is idle to charge with avarice one who resisted temptations to gain wealth which he might have yielded to without censure from others ; and which he resisted simply because he feared the censure of his own heart.

It is quite evident, that, with this view of duty, he must

have been often troubled with the reckless improvidence of his friend Steele, who cared little how or from whom he obtained the means of expensive self-indulgence, and when he borrowed, never associated with the act the idea that he must afterwards pay. That Addison was kind and charitable to his follies is evident from their long attachment; but when the revenue of the nation would not have been sufficient to supply Steele's wasteful profusion, it would have been as thoughtless as unavailing to put his own living into the hands of the spendthrift, only to see it fooled away. There are but few traces on record of their dealings, in which, of course, the borrowing was all on one side and the lending on the other; but that Addison lent freely appears from a remark in one of Steele's letters to his wife, in which he says, that "he has paid Mr. Addison the whole thousand pounds." At a later time, he says to her, "You will have Mr. Addison's money to-morrow noon."

But Johnson has embalmed a story to Addison's disadvantage, of his sending an execution into Steele's house for a debt of a hundred pounds, communicated to him by Savage, which has appeared in different forms. One account represents Steele as telling the story with tears in his eyes; and, if these had no other source than their mutual compotations, all such embellishments would be easily supplied by the same inspiration. Another version makes the sum a thousand pounds, and says that with a "genteel letter the balance of the produce of the execution was remitted to Steele." When Johnson adopted the story, it was so inconsistent with all that was known of Addison, that the world could not believe it; he was asked to give his authority; there was no other than that of Savage, which he knew was, if high in his estimation, low enough in that of others; and, instead of resting it on that foundation, he said it was part of the familiar literary history of the day. Now there were times when Savage's powers of hearing and speaking were somewhat confused; he may very easily have misinterpreted some hasty suggestion of Steele's, who, at times, labored under the same physical infirmity, into a statement of what had actually taken place; and one must have an accurate knowledge of the circumstances, at least so far as to be informed whether Savage at the time was at the table or under it, before he can put implicit faith in a tradition based

on his authority alone. If the story is true in any part, it is rather strange that it did not interrupt the friendly harmony of the parties, which it certainly never did; and the idea suggested by Thomas Sheridan was undoubtedly correct, that it was done, not so much to secure the debt, as to screen Steele's property from other creditors. The debt was real, without question; Addison could not take such a step in collusion with Steele without giving it the aspect of an underhand proceeding, where fraud or conspiracy there was none. As this solution is perfectly consistent with Addison's character, who had not the least severity in his nature to lead him to such painful extremes, we should receive it at once as the satisfactory explanation; that is, if any was needed beyond the circumstance, that the brains of both Steele and Savage were often rolling in those fine frenzies in which visions become reality, and the boundary separating fact and fiction becomes as variable as the profile of a wave of the sea.

Of the difficulty of ascertaining any fact thus told, and therefore of believing it, we have an illustration in what is said of Swift, who must be prominent in any history where he appears, and who was so wayward and peculiar, that his habits attracted more attention than those of other persons equally high. Odd enough, in all conscience, he was; but this same Sheridan, in his biography, has represented him as making his appearance at Button's coffee-house, then the resort of the wits, in a rusty dress, with a rude and unsocial manner, and a freedom of talk, which, if it did not transcend all propriety, at least hung over the outer edge. These peculiarities gained him the name of the "Mad parson," a title to which he had, probably, a more serious claim than those who applied it were able to discern. The date of these proceedings was somewhere between Swift's first political pamphlet in 1701, and his Tale of a Tub in 1704; and, unless the relater of the story could plead somnambulism to the satisfaction of the great jury of the public, there was something in the dates, which, if challenged, must have sorely "plagued the inventor." Addison, who presided in these merry scenes, was all this while residing quietly in Europe; and he did not set up his servant Button in this establishment, till some time after his return at the close of 1703; so that it was in some preëxistent state that Button and his coffee-house must have been regaled with the exploits

of the "Mad parson." It seems a pity to spoil these pleasant stories by this narrow searching into their truth. In common cases, they may go for what they are worth; but where a great man is charged with inhumanity, entirely at variance with all that is known of his character, there seems to be a reason for applying the test of circumstantial evidence, and figures which do not indulge themselves in lying, but on the contrary sometimes expose the carelessness, to say the least, of those who indiscreetly use them.

The whole history of Addison's relations with Swift is one that does him the greatest honor. It was no easy matter to keep always on good terms with such a man, whose natural disposition was cynical and sarcastic, and who was wrought up, by his strange fortune in politics, to a state of exasperation against all mankind; — against the Whigs, because they had not prevented the necessity of his going over to the enemy; and against the Tories, because, with his sharp discernment, he saw that they disliked while they flattered, and distrusted while they used him. He was not blind to the fact, that, with all his power to serve their cause, he had no power to serve his own interests, which he had no idea of disregarding. He fondly persuaded himself that he could do much for others, but it was clear that he could do nothing for himself; and he was not the man to hold a barren sceptre, and be content with the gratification of vanity alone. This unsatisfactory position in which he stood soured his temper, which was not originally of the same growth with sugar-cane, and made his wayward humor, where he put no constraint upon it, about as much as the most Christian spirit could bear.

We have an example in the story told by Pope, of his paying him a visit in company with Gay, and not arriving till after the hour of supper. Swift felt it as a reflection on his hospitality; he therefore calculated how much the meal would have cost him, and forced each of them to accept half a crown, in order that, if they told the story with the idea of his housekeeping which it implied, they might be under the necessity of reporting themselves as the subjects of his munificence too. There have been many attempts to solve the problem of his unhappy history; but it seems to us, there can be no reasonable doubt that in these eccentricities of life, some of which were so painful, we see the approach of that insanity which clouded his fine understanding at last.

There are many shades of this unsoundness of mind, before it reaches the point at which responsibility ceases. Where that line is, and when the wayward mind passes over it, can be determined only by Him who reads the heart. There are many cases in which it would be consoling to believe, in spite of modern theologians, that demoniacal possession has not yet wholly ceased from the world.

Considering what Swift's character was, there was something remarkable in his constant respect and attachment for Addison, who was so prominent in the opposite party. Addison regarded him as the first writer of the age, and he, with the greatest deference for Addison's ability, paid a still more enviable homage to his acknowledged virtues. Even when there had been something like estrangement between them, on account of politics, he wrote to Stella, — "I yet know no man half so agreeable to me as he is." When Addison first went to Ireland, Swift expressed the hope, in a letter to Archbishop King, that business might not spoil the best man in the world. To Addison himself he says, that every creature in the island who had a grain of worth venerated him, the Tories contending with the Whigs which should say the most in his praise; and if he chose to be king of Ireland, there was not a doubt that all would submit to his power. At the same time, he says, — "I know there is nothing in this to make you of more value to yourself; and yet it ought to convince you that the Irish are not an undistinguishing people."

When Addison was in England, and Swift was daily expecting to hear of the predominance of his own party, he wrote to the Whig secretary to learn whether it was expedient to come over, knowing that he could trust his friendship and wisdom, though on the opposite side. His aim appears to have been a prebend then held by South; but the old man, who was never particularly complaisant, was not disposed to die in order to oblige him. Addison was also consulted with the same sort of confidence by Wharton, who wished to hold his post to the last moment, and not resign till the new ministry were likely, if he delayed, to save him the trouble. But in those times of fierce excitement, when the nation was stunned by the fall of Marlborough, it was not possible for a man with Addison's powers to remain an inactive observer. He soon began to

write in reply to the Examiner, then conducted by Prior, a deserter from the Whigs; and, without answering in the same tone of abuse which Prior employed, he showed how easy it was to put him down. Prior had brought forward in one of his papers the letter of a solemn correspondent, who recommended the Examiner to the people; Addison said it reminded him of a physician in Paris, who walked the streets with a boy before him proclaiming, — "My father cures all sorts of diseases!" to which the doctor responded, in a grave and composed manner, — "The child says nothing but the truth!"

When the Whig Examiner, in which Addison wrote, came to an end, Swift rejoiced in his journal to Stella, that it was at last "down among the dead men," using the words of a popular song of the day. Johnson, though of the same party, remarks, — "He might well rejoice at the death of that which he could not have killed." The critic, with unusual impartiality, goes on to say, that since party malevolence has died away (it is pleasant to know that party spirit is not immortal), every reader must wish for more of the Whig Examiners; since on no occasion was the genius of the writer more vigorously exerted, and the superiority of his powers more evidently displayed. Swift did not begin writing for the Examiner till Addison had ceased from the Whig Examiner; they met often and with mutual satisfaction, but on some points there was necessarily a reserve. Swift remarks in his journal, — "We are as good friends as ever, but we differ a little about party." At a later period, — "I love him as much as ever, though we seldom meet." Early in the next year, he speaks of their never meeting; but in the autumn he records that he supped at Addison's lodgings, and says, that there was no man whose society was so attractive.

The alienation seems to have been wholly on Swift's side; it arose from his identifying Addison and Steele, for which he had no reason, and considering the former as laid under obligation by his attempts to save the latter. It is clear that Addison had no concern with Steele's contrivances to secure a plank for himself at the shipwreck of his party; he did not choose to talk with Swift on the subject, and the successful politician was wounded by this reserve. He complained that Addison hindered Steele from soliciting his

services, because he did not wish that his thoughtless friend should be obliged to a Tory; while, in the same sentence, he says that Addison is asking his good offices to make another friend secretary in Geneva, which he shall use his influence to do. Even so it is with the jealous, ready to believe impossible contradictions. He resents Addison's unwillingness to ask a favor for one friend at the very moment when he is asking one for another. Truly, it must have required all Addison's wisdom, or rather his unconscious integrity, to avoid giving irritation to such a temper as this.

Johnson, speaking of Swift's kind services to Addison and his friends, says he wished others to believe what he probably believed himself, that they were indebted to his influence for keeping their places; a form of expression which implies that the Doctor himself did not put implicit faith in his power. But the queen's death finished that overthrow of the Tory party which the quarrels of Oxford and Bolingbroke had begun, and Swift, losing by it the grant of a thousand pounds from the treasury, which he surrendered *multa gemens*, retreated to his deanery in Ireland, a home which he detested, but which was the only preferment that the ministers dared to give to a person of such unclerical fame. When Addison went again to Ireland as secretary to Sunderland, that nobleman, who, with a most affectionate indulgence for himself, was rather unforgiving to others, desired that he would hold no communication with Swift; but with a spirit which did him honor, Addison chose to be the judge of his own society, and refused to give the pledge required. There is reason to suppose that they met in Ireland, though nothing is particularly set down respecting it; and it is well known that they corresponded with each other till the death of Addison, each maintaining the greatest respect and regard for the other. Now, obviously, no man was ever less gifted with reverence by nature than Swift; no one ever had a sharper eye to look through the follies and weaknesses of other men; and it does seem to us, that his profound respect and confidence afford a better testimonial to the excellence of Addison than volumes of mere enthusiastic praise.

While the Whig party was shivering in the wind, and after it had gone down, Addison was more at leisure for literary labors. With the single exception of the Whig Examiner, and some not very complimentary notice of

Sacheverel, that ridiculous creature, who contrived to lift himself into a moment's notoriety, mistaking it for fame, he does not seem to have concerned himself much with public affairs. Meantime, Steele, who had great activity of mind together with his well known warmth of heart, and was not without that ability which perpetual action gives, had formed the plan of a periodical, to appear three times in the week, intended to contain observations on life and manners, together with the usual matter of newspapers. From its novelty, it met with some success ; and Addison, who was then in Ireland, accidentally meeting with some numbers of it, detected its author at once, by a remark which he had himself communicated to Steele, and which he knew was not likely to be indigenous in any common editor's head.

Steele was excellent at suggesting all manner of plans ; he was not without resources himself ; and he had extraordinary talents for securing the aid of others, and saving himself that labor in which he never delighted. By taking the name of Bickerstaff for the imaginary editor of the Tatler, he attracted attention, that being the name under which Swift had lately satirized Partridge, the almanac-maker, to death. This compliment, as was probably intended, secured the favor and assistance of the Dean. But the greatest windfall was the disposition of Addison to come to the rescue ; and surely never was there a channel better suited to make public those treasures of sharp observation, critical remark, and thoughtful humor in which he abounded, and which, if not published anonymously, and in this light and piecemeal form, might have been entirely lost to the world. Steele, who was never deficient in good feeling, was glad beyond measure when he found what aid he had the prospect of receiving ; he had no jealousy of that genius which he knew was to make such overshadowing eclipse of his own. In fact, he says that he rejoiced in being excelled ; influenced in part, doubtless, by a regard to the circulation of the paper, the profit of which was quite important to his precarious resources, but also enjoying the honor of heralding such talent as that of Addison, and claiming that gratitude for the service which the world was ready to give.

The world had more reason to be grateful for the service actually rendered by these publications, than it was able to estimate at the time ; afterwards, the change of manners

which they were so instrumental in producing evidently appeared to be a signal improvement, as well as a much-needed blessing. The word *gentleman* at that time was a word without a substantial meaning; it simply denoted one who was not born to the worldly grandeur of nobleman, baronet, or 'squire. Nothing like refinement of manners or cultivation of mind was necessarily associated with it. So far as wigs, red heels, and similar decorations could invest one with the aspect of civilization, they were faithfully applied; but though the faith yet lingers in the world, it is a mistake to suppose that tailors and hair-dressers can make a gentleman; and after all those decorations were put on, it was felt that the gilding on the outside of the platter could not supply the place of that cleanness within in which it was so wretchedly wanting. Not much could be gained by the teaching of foreign masters. Louis the Fourteenth, who was careful never to pass a chambermaid without raising his hat, was coarse as sea-sand in the substantial reality of refinement in the domestic and social relations; and in England, whatever conventional system of manners might be ordained, the barbarism of party spirit, intemperate excess, and licentious indulgence was perpetually breaking through. It was necessary for some commanding influence to be exerted strongly enough to lift those virtues which were in low esteem, to put fashionable Vandalism to shame, to raise the woman above the courtesan, the flirt, or even the lady, and to show that the coxcomb, like Beau Fielding, the automaton with a title, or even coronets and orders without heads and hearts under them, were poor varieties of manufacture, compared with the real man.

It may have been, that there was a strong feeling standing ready to welcome the right kind of reformer. The beastly excesses of Charles's court must have produced a reaction in favor of decency, at least, if not of virtue; and after the Revolution of 1688, the sovereign did not encourage rakes and rascals as much as he had done before. Still, though the evil of immorality did not show itself in the highest places as it did in that Pandemonium where such low bipeds as Sedley and Buckingham held sway, it was powerful, and prevailed to such a degree that it required a master to put it down. The right kind of reformer is one who understands the nature of the temptation, and the way

to approach the heart. There are many who lay claim to that honorable name, and, so far as good intentions go, deserve it, who resemble engineers laying siege to a city, and beginning their operations by knocking their own heads against the wall which they desire to overthrow. This promising experiment is repeated again and again by the reformers of the present day. By reason of the singular firmness of that part of their physical system, they escape the consequences that might be expected to follow, — which is indeed a crowning mercy ; but when they charge others less gifted in the roof-tree with inhumanity for not using the same battering-ram in their warfare, it may be well to show them that there are other means of contending with evil, less violent perhaps, but far more likely to accomplish the purpose ; and that the head, if it has any thing in it, can be used to more advantage in a different way.

Thus Addison, by an easy and graceful adaptation of his suggestions to the place and the time, gained an audience for himself, where others would not have been listened to. He improved the opportunity to impress lessons of wisdom and virtue, and he produced an effect much greater than is generally known. However little the world of that day was inclined to thoughtfulness, it was intellectual enough to admire his ability ; and when men's respect was thus secured, they could not treat with scorn the instructions of such a master. Thus, thousands who would not have paid regard to mere professional teaching were put in the way to hear of religion and duty, and still more, to see the pleasantness of those paths which he desired to have them tread.

Steele had the same good purpose of doing something to raise the prevailing tone of morals and manners ; but there was an obvious reason why he was not equal to the effort, inasmuch as he must needs have commenced the enterprise by taking heed to his own way of life. It is not by one who is able only to supply the gossip of the hour that such a work can be successfully done. He could not have effected much in that way without his more powerful coadjutor. But in the alliance, his knowledge of the world was not without its influence ; his ways of life brought him into acquaintance with all sorts of persons ; this gave him that knowing air which is so generally impressive ; and as the intimation was held out that real events and characters were alluded to, his

familiarity with men and manners made him formidable, since it was certain that nothing which he knew would be withheld from the public by excessive caution or reserve. His short narratives, imaginary letters, and various particulars of the kind, which have now lost their interest, were then attractive and exciting. That there was much chaff to the wheat is certain; still, there was something there; and even now, though the day of such writings is over, those who have any love of common sense or literary history will find as much to gratify their intellectual taste, if they happen to have any, by reading the Tatler, as in dozing away life by lying parallel with the horizon on the ill-savoured heaps of George Sand, and all that unsanctified crew.

To the Tatler succeeded the Spectator, a work of higher order, published every day, and almost entirely abstaining from party strife, with the view of making more elevating impressions on the public mind. The Tatler was commenced and closed without Addison's knowledge; but the new paper was more under his command; and in it he distinguished his own articles by certain letters which were afterwards well understood. Tickell rather superfluously says, that he did so, because he did not wish to usurp the praise of others; Steele insinuated, that it was because he could not without discontent allow others to share his own. Johnson quotes this last remark, as if he thought there was cause for the complaint which it implied; but why, in the name of reason, should Addison surrender all the credit of his own labor and talent to another? One would think, that, after having done so through the whole existence of the Tatler, and having in that way lifted it into favor and circulation, it was about as much as one, who had no special claim upon him, could rightfully demand. And we should like well to know how many literary men there are, who, while conscious, as he must have been, that they are the life and soul of a publication, would allow others to appropriate all the profits and the praise.

Meantime, it may be well to state that the meaning of the Clio letters was not known at the time, and the reader of the day had no means, except internal evidence, of distinguishing one writer from another. Johnson adds to this a disparaging remark, which he might well have spared, saying he had heard that Addison eagerly seized his share of the income of

the Spectator. He does not give his authority ; probably he had none, more than popular report or conjecture. But it would be difficult to give any reason why Addison should be counted avaricious for deriving some benefit from his labor ; and Johnson should have been too well acquainted with what is rational and right, to imply such a groundless charge. His circumstances were not such as to raise him above the necessity of this exertion ; and it does seem poor and unworthy enough to censure him for doing what every one else would have done in his place, and at the same time withhold all credit from his generosity on the former occasion, when he did what not one man in fifty thousand could find it in his heart to do.

The Spectator soon gave evidence of the advantage of having more of Addison's interest in it, and of being wholly under his control. He excluded politics almost entirely, that pernicious indulgence by which Steele had run the bark of his own fortunes ashore. The small gossip and scandal, allusions to which had been thought necessary to supply attraction to the Tatler, were thrown overboard without ceremony, and preparation was made to give the Spectator a tone serious, earnest, and high. It was a bold undertaking ; few of our Dailies would venture quite so far ; but the great master who had it in charge, with his endless variety of resources, was able to make it popular, and at the same time an authority in his own age, and to render it through all future time a subject of admiration to the intellectual, — alas that they should be so few ! Those who wanted entertainment were refreshed with the Freezing of Words, Shallum, and Hilpah, not to speak of Sir Roger de Coverley, perhaps the most refined and delicate piece of humor which the English or any language affords. The imaginative reader was delighted with the Vision of Mirza, and similar fancies, playing like sunbeams on the solemn field of duty which was spread out before his mind. In his critical papers, his object is not to display his own profoundness, but to bring his readers into sympathy with his own perfect taste ; and he treats with easy and familiar grace the work before him, whether it be the grand and gigantic scenery of the Paradise Lost, or the charm of simple description in Chevy Chase and the Babes in the Wood. Nothing can be better suited to its purpose than the moral and religious portion of these writings ;

his interest in the subject is not got up for the occasion, like the Catskill cascade, playing when they let on the water; it comes like a clear stream, flowing from a deep well-spring in his heart. With all his earnestness against the Free-thinkers, who, it must be remembered, were unthinking scoffers, ridiculing what they did not understand, he is entirely exempt from narrowness, and maintains that kind and cheerful bearing which religion should always wear.

The style of these celebrated papers is, as every one knows, as near perfection as any thing ever has been, — artless, unaffected, transparent, but always manly and strong. Like Dryden, he followed the example of Tillotson, whose discourses, though as sermons they are no great things, were excellent in their unpretending English style, illustrating the truth, that simplicity is the best of graces, and retains its attraction when ornament, high finish, and cumbrous decoration lose their interest and pass away. As we intimated, the Spectator is not so much read at present as it deserves. The present age abounds, more than it is aware of, in various literary affectations. The Muse in fashion screws her countenance into various contortions, and "looks delightfully with all her might," so that it is almost impossible to tell what her natural expression, if she ever had any, may have been. Possibly a return to these writings might do something to restore the modesty of nature. The experiment is worth trying, at least so far as to know for ourselves whether our taste is depraved or not; if we can take pleasure in these quiet and unexciting works, we may have reason for confidence, that, both in literature and morals, it is still in harmony with that which is good, and which, though neglected at times, will never lose the veneration of those fortunate individuals who are equipped with a mind and a heart.

The Spectator was suddenly brought to a close without consulting with Addison, and the Guardian established in like manner, without the concurrence of the person on whom their character depended. But he was not the man to be offended by such want of attention, though, under the circumstances, a little more deference to his judgment would have done no harm. The Guardian, though not, according to Swift's wicked expression, "cruel dry," was of a graver cast than its predecessors; and in the earlier parts, where we

cannot trace the hand of the master, it is less interesting than the others. Still, it stands high in comparison with other writings of the kind, with the exception of its own ancestry; and Addison's part in it, though less humorous than his former efforts, is in every way worthy of his fame. Johnson complains of its occasional liveliness as inconsistent with its professed character of Guardian; we do not see why. There is no reason why, even in one who guards the public morals, an attempt to make others smile should be a sin; and even if it were not quite in keeping with the profession, still, as punishment is intended for the prevention of crime, and there are so few human writings which offend by reason of being sprightly overmuch, there is no crying necessity at present for exacting dulness as a religious virtue, or scouting pleasantry as at war with the best interests of mankind.

The work did not extend beyond two volumes, not from want of favor or circulation, but because Steele, with his usual restlessness, longed to be engaged in those politics from which Addison withheld him, and in which he was sure to injure himself, without doing service to any party. Later in life, he involved himself in a world of embarrassment, by a wild speculation for carrying live fish to market; at this time, he was engaged in carrying his fish to the political market, where he succeeded only so far as to bring himself into near acquaintance with the frying-pan and the fire. Shortly after, he met with an unusual measure of success, not, however, in consequence of any happy arrangements of his own, but because the act of Providence unexpectedly removed the queen from her subjects, who were quite ready to spare her to the skies. It is matter of surprise to us that historians do not set down the fact, which to our minds seems clear, though the politicians of her day had no means of knowing it, that the ascendency of Bolingbroke and Oxford, and the fall of Marlborough, were owing, not, to use Burnet's elegant expression, to his "brimstone of a wife," nor to spilling a cup of coffee on the royal gown, but to the attachment of the queen to her exiled brother, and the concurrence of the Tory ministry in her wish and purpose to restore him to the throne. The communication of that administration with the Pretender can now be fully proved; the living actions and the dying words of the queen leave no doubt of her accession to their conspiracies; and this fact, once established,

explains many things at which the world then wondered, and which, on any other theory, it is hardly possible to understand.

It was the agitation of these political factions that brought forward the celebrated Cato, a drama which Addison had commenced many years before, which he had labored upon during his travels, and which he was induced to finish at last, not from his own interest in it, but from the solicitations of his friends, who believed it might have an effect favorable to the Whigs in those doubtful times of party. The Tory house was divided against itself; the Whigs, who saw in this another pleasing instance of Satan against Satan, took courage from the prospect of their fall. The queen, too, was not immortal, and her habits of life were of the kind not favorable to strength of purpose or length of days. If, as Lucan says, Cato, unlike the gods, was more inclined to sympathize with the weaker party, the great Roman in England at the time might have been sorely puzzled to know which way to lean. In fact, the moment the play was published and acted, both parties claimed Cato, not so much because they cared for Addison as the author, as from their determination to appear to the nation as the champions of the free.

Drury Lane, however thronged in later times, certainly never witnessed more excitement than on this occasion; the performance was then in the afternoon, and, dinner to the contrary notwithstanding, the theatre was besieged before the hour of noon. Steele, who had undertaken to pack an audience, found that he could pack the whole city of London without any sort of trouble. Booth established his fame in the part of Cato. Bolingbroke made him a present of fifty guineas, as he said, "for defending the cause of liberty so well against a Perpetual Dictator"; in which that versatile personage made it clear to the player, that there were actors, not trained to the boards, who were infinitely better than he. The Whigs were not to be outdone in that way; they, too, came with their gifts and laurels, so that, according to Garth's expression, — and no man ever said any thing better, — "It was extremely probable that Cato would have something to live upon after he died."

But there is one thing which in this connection should be faithfully remembered. Johnson has thrown the shadow of varice over the name of Addison, by the saying, which we

have before referred to, respecting his avidity for profits and praise. Colley Cibber, who at that time was a joint patentee and manager of Drury Lane, says that the author made a present to him and his brethren of the profits, which were neither few nor small. This was not like a miser ; it certainly does not look like eager avidity for money, to give up so freely that which nothing but generosity called him to surrender. And this is a remarkable illustration, showing how a thoughtless phrase of a biographer may fix in the public mind for ages a false impression, though many striking actions, and the whole tenor of the life, show to those who examine the subject that it must be the reverse of true.

Addison does not seem to have anticipated much success, if any, not thinking the drama suitable for the stage. Dr. Young says, that Dryden, to whom it was submitted, predicted that it would not meet with the reception which it deserved. But this must refer to some earlier attempt, or to the part which was written early, certainly not to the finished play, inasmuch as Dryden had left the stage of this world at least a dozen years before. Pope, however, did express the same opinion. When Addison told him that the Rape of the Lock was a delicious piece as it stood, and advised him not to alter it, Pope ascribed the counsel to jealousy on the elder poet's part. How easy would it be to attribute this advice to Addison to unworthy dread of Cato's anticipated renown ! Addison, so far from resenting it, only said that he was of the same opinion, but that he had submitted to the judgment of his friends, who were importunate to have it appear. He certainly hated the labor of completing it ; he said that he should be glad to have some one do it for him ; but when Hughes rather valiantly made the attempt, he saw that it might be brought to an end in good earnest, if left to an inferior hand. Hughes consoled himself for his failure by writing some laudatory lines, which, according to the usual fashion, were afterwards published with the play.

There were several others who took the same opportunity of shining out to the world. Young, Tickell, and Philips are familiar names ; but there were others more questionable ; among the rest were some lines left with the printer, which, Johnson says, are the best, but which " will lose somewhat of their praise when the author is known to be Jeffreys " !

There has been a question who this individual could be. Some have supposed that it was the judge of that name ; if so, he was more just in letters than in law. But he had been for about twenty years in the other world, where there is reason to suppose that he was less pleasantly engaged than in writing poetry. The person in question was a much more harmless gentleman, who did execution on literary, not human, subjects, and has escaped the doom of everlasting fame.

These flourishes of adulation were not to the taste of the author, and he did his best to decline them. In a letter still preserved, he endeavours to put aside the compliment without wounding the feelings of the person who sent the lines ; but as it was not so easy to avoid the honor without inflicting pain on the writers, he submitted to the necessity, and let their little wherries sail by his side. But there was one point, where his honor was concerned, on which he took open and manly ground. He intended to dedicate the play to the Duchess of Marlborough, who was then fallen from her height, and unable to serve his interests if she would. It was not pledged or promised, but his purpose was known. Meantime, the queen, who, without any passion for literature, desired the honor of patronizing Cato, sent him an intimation that a dedication to herself would give her pleasure. He did not choose to take the hint, and, neither to compromise his own independence, nor to offer a needless affront to his sovereign, he sent it forth without a dedication, which was uncommon at that day. But the manliness of the proceeding was more unusual still, when, had he been so disposed, he could have gained favor by the attention, and silenced all objection by pleading the royal command.

This tragedy has been a subject of great admiration, not unmingled with bitter censure, — censure which falls harmless, because it only charges him with not doing what he never wished nor intended to do. In the desperate feuds between the partisans of the classical and romantic schools, every writer connected with the one must needs be ridiculed and disowned by the other. But those who can break through this narrowness of creeds can easily see that these are matters of taste. There is no reason why every thing should be conformed to a single standard ; Addison never pretended to be Shakspeare ; the last thing in his mind was

to enter into comparison with the unrivalled. His classical prepossessions inclined him to side with the French ; it was in France, indeed, that he set himself seriously about the play ; and the only question is, whether he succeeded in what he wished to do, — a question which the world has pretty decidedly answered. Johnson, in his conversation, said that nothing would be more ridiculous than to see a girl weep at the representation of Cato. But what a standard is this ! At the performance of his own Irene, no one would ever have cried, except to see the end of it ; and it would have gone hard enough with his own Muse, if pathetic interest was so essential a thing. But an audience may be very tolerably entertained without going to the extent of crying. With all his variety of power, Addison never aimed at the pathetic ; he dealt more in smiles than tears. It is rather remarkable that he could have thrown so much affecting interest round the Stoic, — not because his grand and solemn bearing is not impressive to the feeling, but because the sympathies of audiences and readers grow accustomed to their familiar courses, and such is not the channel in which they are expected to flow. Though the love-scenes may not be happily conceived, and the tragic interest may not be of the kind most in request with the present play-going generation, this work has a full testimony to its excellence in the place which it holds in the memories of cultivated men. The fine images and sentiment in which it abounds, as Miss Aikin justly remarks, are in constant use, even by those who do not know from what source they drew them.

Dr. Johnson, for some reason or other, has transcribed a great part of Dennis's criticism on Cato, which drags its slow length like a snake through his pages. It deserves attention, not for its justice, though it is not wholly untrue, but for its opening the way to that ill-feeling on the part of Pope toward Addison, which has done more than any thing else to mislead the reading world. This ill-starred critic, whose chief sin seemed to be an utter obtuseness on the subject of poetry, had previously regaled himself by tearing the Rape of the Lock and the Essay on Criticism in pieces with his savage teeth. This was an offence which Pope, who, like sundry other Christians, performed the duty of forgiveness in a way of his own, made a point of resenting. The time was come when he thought he could do it with a better grace

than by avenging injuries of his own ; accordingly, under the profession of defending Addison, he fell upon Dennis in a coarse and personal lampoon, which was bitter enough to gratify his own spleen, but so contrived, all the while, as to leave the objections to Cato unanswered. Addison, who, with the feelings of a gentleman, had abstained from all reply, did not choose to appear as confederate with another to resent the injury in an underhand way. Nor did he feel under particular obligation to Pope, for holding him up as a shield, while he indulged his own revenge. The low character of the attack, also, was one for which he could not be responsible to the world. He therefore said, that he could not, either in honor or conscience, be privy to such treatment, and that, if he did take notice of Mr. Dennis's objections, it should be in a different way. This was high-minded and honorable ; but it showed Pope that his artifice was seen through, and that his coarseness was disapproved. It was therefore the beginning of sorrows ; he never afterwards was able to forget or forgive it ; and his jealous and irritable feeling having been thus awakened, every word and deed of Addison was perversely misinterpreted. When he once had come under censure of that high authority, he determined to break it down.

Pope was sufficiently kind and manly in other matters, but his jealousy amounted to disease, wherever his poetical reputation was concerned ; and it is surprising to see to what base arts he descended to spread his own renown and take vengeance on all who stood in his way. The reply of Dennis to Pope's abominable satire was a letter from Jacob, the editor of the earlier Lives of the Poets, stating that Pope's life had been submitted to the bard himself, to receive his improvements and corrections ; so that he had indorsed his own praises, which many would gladly do for themselves, but would not so willingly appear to have done. The same underhand course, by which, under pretence of defending Cato, he had fought his own battle, was resorted to on many occasions. In the Key to the Lock, which is known to have been written by himself, he insatiably endeavoured to fix the attention of the public on a work which was already sufficiently admired. In a remarkable paper in the Guardian, he pretends to show how superior Philips's pastorals are to his own, at the same time giving

extracts with comments which make them ludicrous to the last degree.

But his most singular effort of self-applause was the publication of his letters, all of which have a labored appearance, as if written, as no doubt they were, for the public eye. Johnson's long head suspected, though he could not prove, this extraordinary juggle; in which Pope, finding that a correspondence with a friend, improperly published, had attracted some attention, contrived that an imperfect collection of his letters should be thrown in the way of the bookseller Curll, who had no delicacy in that nor any thing else. Accordingly they were printed; whereupon Pope, pretending to be greatly aggrieved, complained to the House of Lords. Nothing of course was done, as no law was violated; but it gave the poet the opportunity which he wanted, of publishing his letters in full; and, sure enough, they appeared, so industriously fine, so nicely spangled with fine sentiments and brilliant figures, as to bear on the face of them the assurance, that, if written in the first instance to individuals, they were in fact addressed to the world.

The coolness between Addison and Pope, and Pope's revenge in consequence of it, have had such an effect upon the reputation of the former, that the matter requires to be examined at large. It is, at the same time, one of the most curious problems in literary history. It has engaged the inquiring attention of many; among others, of Sir William Blackstone, the light of the English law, who summed up the evidence on the subject, but pronounced no judgment, though his charge leaned evidently in favor of Addison. But there are one or two things to be considered, to which he and others who have discussed the question have not paid sufficient regard. One is, that, while Addison maintained a high and dignified reserve, Pope took every opportunity to tell his own story, and so to avenge his imaginary wrongs; not only repeating it to his parasite Spence, who received it as so much gospel, but by immortalizing it in the portrait of Atticus, one of those admirable caricatures which no one knew so well how to draw, and which, while they abounded in wit and discriminating satire, were deficient in nothing but the weightier matters of justice and truth. The other thing to be regarded is the character of the two men; this affords strong presumptive evidence on the subject which is most likely to have been

unworthily jealous of the other? Was it the one whose reputation was established, who was reverenced to his heart's desire, and, what was more, who wrote anonymously, and rather with a desire to serve his friends than to establish his own fame, and whose high standing in politics also gave him other interests to divide his attention with this? Or was it he whose temper was so irritable, waspish, and easily excited, that he spent his days in an endless quarrel with poets both high and low, and who had the folly, driven by this mad jealousy, to embalm in rather a filthy preparation the memories of his opposers, who, but for this satire, which injures the writer more than any one else, would have died and been forgotten in a day? One would say beforehand, that the latter would be the one to take offence and bear malice, and so accordingly it proved. Had it been a possible thing, Addison would have lived on good terms with him, and he did so as long as it was in his power.

We have already mentioned the attack on Dennis, and Addison's reprehension of it, as the beginning of this disunion. Dennis always declared, that Pope applied to Lintot to engage him to write against Cato; but though Dennis probably believed it, there may have been some mistake in an application thus received at second-hand. But the next source of trouble is entirely open to the eye. Pope, having finished his first draught of the Rape of the Lock, communicated it to Addison, telling him, at the same time, of his purpose to introduce the Sylphid machinery, which he afterwards did with so much success. Addison, knowing that it was excellent as it stood, and that such alterations were generally failures, told him that it was *merum sal*, a delicious little piece, and advised him to leave it as it was.

Warburton, who, learned and able as he was in some things, was perversely obtuse in others, says that "upon this, Mr. Pope began to open his eyes to Addison's character." Truly, the operations of opening and shutting the eyes were strangely confounded in his mind. What was there in this which any man of sense could have received as jealous or unkind? If, after the poet had wrought out the Rosicrucian machinery, Addison had counselled him to suppress it, there might have been some little ground for the suspicion; but nothing, save the most watchful jealousy, could have taken alarm at the wise advice not to endanger that which was

already excellent by an attempt to make it better. Johnson says the same thing; he admits that it might have been done reasonably and kindly; and really, nothing can be more unmanly than the attempt to find a cause of quarrel and a justification of bitterness in such a harmless affair. Indeed, it seems so much like insanity, that it could hardly be explained, without looking for the origin of the difficulty in the spirit of party. Pope, who, as Johnson says, was apt to be diffuse on the subject of his own virtues, pretended to be exempt from political feeling; but he was intimate with the detected Jacobites, Atterbury and Bolingbroke, and it is now well known that he was a bitter Tory in his heart. His other fancied causes of uneasiness, then, were increased by this venomous element, which poisons every heart in which it dwells.

Having thus opened his eyes to Addison's character, without that illumination which would have been more to the purpose on the subject of his own, it was not long before Pope was to receive another similar injury, which made his vision still clearer. He had undertaken the translation of the Iliad, — not, though he says it, by the advice of Addison; for the letter to which he alludes does not bear out this assertion, though it contains strong expressions of confidence in his ability and of interest in his success. It contained an intimation which may have been distasteful to Pope, who so studiously disclaimed any bias from party spirit, in the counsel which Addison gave him for his general conduct, not to content himself with half the nation for his admirers, when he might as easily have them all; but with this exception, if it is one, the tone of the letter is eminently kind. Having heard that some of Philips's hard speeches against Pope had reached the sensitive bard, Addison called on him to assure him that he had no sympathy with what Philips might have said in his dispraise.

It is easy to see, from the tone of Pope's letters, that he feels a vexation which he can see no good reason to indulge or to avow; conscious that he was not friendly to Addison, he amused himself, as usual in such cases, by the faith that he himself was all amiableness, and that Addison was an enemy to him. But he found it easier to impose on himself than on others. We find Jervas, the painter, good-naturedly endeavouring to soothe him by relating Addison's kind expressions respecting him, and his desire to serve his brother-poet,

when his party had reascended to power. Pope's reply is clear evidence of that state of mind, which, not wholly content with itself, is still less disposed to be satisfied with others. Whoever has encountered such a disposition knows, that as in feeding cross animals, it is well to look after one's fingers; every favor done to the jealous is distorted into an injury, received without thankfulness, and answered with some snappish revenge.

Addison certainly tried hard to bear himself in such a manner as to calm down those unreasonable suspicions. Pope had desired him to look over the first books of his Iliad. Addison asked him to dine with him at a tavern, and there told him that he would rather be excused from it at that time, since his friend Tickell, when at Oxford, had translated the first book of that poem, and was about to submit it to the world. Tickell had desired him to examine it; and if, at the same time, he should do the same service for another, it might place him in a delicate position between the two. Now, in common cases, there could be no reason for this caution; but Addison knew his man, and, being well aware how hard it was to keep the peace, was earnest always to keep to the windward of every affair in which it might be endangered. Pope, however, did not see through his reasons; he told him that Tickell had a perfect right to publish his translation, and he to look it over; but if the first book was thus precluded, he would be glad to send him the second. Addison thus found it impossible to escape; he looked over it, and in a few days returned it with high expressions of praise. Afterwards, when Pope's first four books were ready for the subscribers, Tickell published his first book, and this appears to have rekindled all his former suspicion.

But why had not Tickell a right to publish his fragment? and how did he, by this proceeding, cross the path of one who was so far before him? Besides, if it were wrong, why was Addison to answer for it? Though Tickell was his friend, Addison did not keep him in leading-strings, nor feed him with a spoon. The truth of the matter was, that Addison, when solicited to give his opinion, had said that both were good, but that Tickell's had more of the Greek; this was doubtless his opinion, and there was no disparagement to Pope in declaring it. But it so happened that this was the very point in which Pope was conscious that he was wanting.

When he commenced the work, he was so oppressed with the difficulty thence arising, that "he wished somebody would hang him"; and the literary world are tolerably unanimous in the opinion, that, however pleasing his Iliad is in itself, there is something quite too modern about it to give much idea of the original. It is like the statues of Louis the Fourteenth, in which, though he wore the classical drapery, he always insisted on retaining the Parisian wig. A scholar, like Addison, would be likely to feel this want of the Homeric simplicity; and why he should be rigidly silent on the subject, it is not easy to understand, when, at the same time, he awarded the translation the full measure of praise which it deserved.

There is no doubt, however, that Pope, all the while, believed Addison himself to be the translator of the first book, which had appeared in Tickell's name. He did not say this while Addison was living; then it could have been easily disproved; but he was himself so much given to artifice and stratagem, that he easily suspected it in others. He says, in a letter to Addison, — "I shall never believe that the author of Cato can say one thing and think another." And yet it is plain that he did so believe; these words are ample proof that he did, for he evidently meant to hint, that the writer of the high sentiments of the tragedy should be above deception in matters of ordinary life. But it might have been well for him to consider what was implied in this charge. It accused Addison of falsehood, repeated again and again. Addison had told him that the work was Tickell's; now, if it was his own, there was no reason why he should not say so; he was under no obligation to refrain from doing a thing because Pope had done it before him. So far from operating to the prejudice of Pope's interests, it went forth to the world with a declaration that it was not to be continued, because the work was already executed by an abler hand. Supposing that Addison would stoop to prevaricate, — and the whole tenor of his life made such a thing incredible, — how was any one in his senses to believe that he did so without any inducement whatever? No man lies, without something to fear, or something to gain by it. The process has no delight in itself to give it attraction. But such was Pope's absurd exaggeration of the importance of his own undertakings, that he was able to work himself into the monstrous belief of

Addison's manœuvring thus disgracefully in this matter, where he could have nothing to hope for and nothing to dread.

But the reader may ask if there was no evidence upon which to ground these suspicions. If he is not familiar with the subject, he will be rather surprised to learn, that there is nothing whatever but a remark of Dr. Young, who, when he heard that the translation was written at Oxford, said that he was there well acquainted with Tickell, who communicated his writings to him, and he thought it strange that he should have been silent in respect to such an undertaking. This negative testimony certainly does not amount to much ; it was possible that Tickell might have been so employed without making it known to his friends. It was possible that Addison might have been mistaken in the impression that it was written at Oxford. But really, if one man is to be charged with falsehood, because another man has no other means than his word of knowing what he says to be true, a great mortality of human reputations must follow the application of a standard so severe. Miss Aikin has had access to the Tickell papers, which are still carefully preserved ; and among them is a letter from Dr. Young on the subject of this translation, treating it as Tickell's own, telling him that Pope's is generally preferred, but that his is allowed to be excellent, and, he has no doubt, will at last be able to carry the day.

Those papers show, also, that instead of this first book of the Iliad having been translated out of hostility to Pope, Tickell had made arrangements with a bookseller to translate and publish the whole ; the very preface prepared for it is still in existence, containing judiciously formed principles on which he had intended to proceed. Spence, who was not the wisest of mankind, said that he was confirmed in the impression that Addison wrote it, by the circumstance that Tickell once had an opportunity of denying it, which he did not improve. But it must be remembered that no one ventured to bring the charge in Addison's lifetime ; that Tickell, who, according to Spence himself, was a very "fair and worthy man," could not have been aware that such a calumny was spread ; and that if any one had asked him whether he had engaged in a fraud to act the liar's part, he might have been likely to withhold a reply to an application

so elegantly presented. Old D'Israeli, whose researches were sometimes as valuable as his son's novels are worthless, — and human laudation can no farther go, — not having seen the Tickell papers, believed what Wharton endeavoured to prove. But even in the absence of all external testimony, it is hard to conceive how any one can believe, that a man so exemplary as Addison would engage in a wretched lying conspiracy, by which no earthly purpose, not even that of injury to Pope, had he desired it, could possibly have been answered.

There was but one other thing which Pope could allege in justification of his bitter feeling towards Addison. It seems that Gildon had written a life of Wycherley, in which he abused Pope and his relations; and Pope says young Lord Warwick told him, that Addison had encouraged Gildon to write the scandal, and afterwards paid him ten guineas for doing it. Blackstone sets down this story as utterly incredible, so inconsistent is it in every respect with the character of Addison. It is quite possible that, when Gildon's work was presented to him, he may, before reading it, have given something to the author as matter of charity; but it is nonsense, on such an account, to hold him responsible for what the work contained. Here again, what could he gain by such a proceeding? There was nothing but malice to be gratified in any such way, and if he ever had any malignity, he succeeded better in keeping it to himself than is usual with the sons of men. Besides, if a man of his high standing could have descended to such a measure, is it likely that he would have deposited the secret in a pudding-bag of a boy? There is often in such hopeful youths a good portion of thoughtless malice; even if one of them should lie, it is not a thing wholly without example; but whatever the young lord's communication may have been, we have only Pope's version of it, who probably was not in the best state to understand or remember it as it was; for, according to his own account, he sat down and wrote a violent letter to Addison, charging him with dirty ways, and, among other insults, painting the character of Atticus as it was first written. To this precious missive, Addison, who doubtless perceived that it was impossible to be at peace with such a person, never deigned a reply. Pope says that he "used him civilly ever after," which is more than most men would

have done. No thoughtful and unprejudiced person will think that Addison ought to have cleared himself from such imputations ; for what is character worth, if it will not shield its possessor from such aspersions as this ?

That part of this unfortunate history which has been most injurious to the memory of Addison is the account of a last interview with Pope, said to have been arranged by their mutual friends, when Pope expressed a wish to hear his own faults, and spoke as if he did not feel that he had been himself the aggressor. It is said that Addison was so transported with passion, that he accused Pope of upstart vanity, and reminded him that he had been under the greatest literary obligation to him, giving as an instance a line in the Messiah, which he had essentially improved ! After some words of contempt for Pope's Homer, he concluded, in a "low, hollow voice of feigned temper," with advice to Pope to be more humble, if he wished to appear well to the world. Pope retorted in the like strain, abusing Addison for his jealousy of the merit of others, and similar failings ; and after this exchange of confectionery, the two poets departed in peace, to meet no more.

Internal evidence alone would show that this must have been a poor fabrication. The benevolent fashion in which the interview was conducted was not strictly Addisonian ; and the favor with which he upbraided Pope, that of spoiling a very good line of the Messiah, was not enough to put the younger poet under bonds of gratitude to the end of time. If he had wished to insist on this point, he might have referred to all he had written in favor of Pope, as affording a less questionable claim upon his grateful feeling. But it is needless to dwell on this. For no one can doubt, that had there been a word of truth in this story, Pope would not have said, some time before, that Addison "used him civilly ever after" ; and as Pope was careful, in his conversations with Spence, to give all his causes of complaint against Addison, with perhaps a trifle over, he must have been loud and long on the subject of such a memorable passage, had it ever occurred.

But the story was not manufactured till after he was in the dust. After his death, appeared a Life of Pope, without any publisher's name, but purporting to be written by William Ayre, Esq., and to contain facts drawn from

"original manuscripts and the testimony of persons of honor." D'Israeli calls it a "huddled compilation" which appeared in "a suspicious form." Probably there was truth in speaking of the information as original, if much of it was like the story related above. It occasioned some remark when it first appeared, and was openly ascribed to Curll, who was no doubt the person of honor in question, and whose honor was so well established, that nothing could gain credit for a moment which rested on his testimony alone. He was in the habit of publishing these Lives, containing large measures of "original" information, drawn from conversation in coffee-houses, and other unquestionable sources, not to speak of the invention of the writer, and from this latter source must have come this narrative of the last farewell of Pope and Addison, concerning which D'Israeli innocently says, — "Where he obtained all these interesting particulars I have not yet discovered."

One of the most curious illustrations of Pope's state of mind, and one which shows the extravagance of his peculiar feeling, is what he said to Spence respecting Addison's sacred poems, those beautiful lyrics, which have all the spiritual grace of earnest devotion, together with a sweetness of language and measure which, unfortunately, is seldom found in Christian hymns. Tonson, having some pique against Addison, said that when he wrote them, he intended to take orders and obtain a bishopric. But Tonson honestly gave the reason of this very natural surmise; it was, — "I always thought him a priest in his heart." Jacob could not conceive of a man's writing hymns and feeling the spirit of devotion, without something to gain by the operation; and his result was obtained simply by putting two and two together, not because there was any external reason for the suspicion in any rational mind. Johnson admits, that Pope's thinking this notion of Tonson's worth preserving is a proof that some malignity, growing out of their former rivalry, lingered in his heart; for, as he says, "Pope might have reflected that a man who had been secretary of state to Sunderland knew a nearer way to a bishopric than by defending religion or translating the Psalms." He might also have said, as Pope was well aware, that King David himself, had he been extant, might have sung himself to everlasting bliss before he would have reached an English mitre by the force of piety and inspiration alone.

To the same source, without doubt, may be traced the impression that Addison was given to excess in wine ; for not an intimation of the kind can be found in any authority save that of Spence, who was the retailer of all Pope's uncharitable suspicions. He said that Addison kept late hours with his friends at taverns ; but he does not charge him with excess ; and when we know the prevailing habits of gentlemen at that day, such a practice does not imply, by any means, what it would now. It was the usual way in which they associated with their familiar companions. We may see, that even so late as Boswell's time, more than half a century after, the same custom prevailed in London, and was not then inconsistent with propriety and good morals, though it would be differently regarded now. Swift writes to Colonel Hunter, — " Sometimes Mr. Addison and I steal to a bottle of bad wine, and wish for no third person but you, who, if you were with us, would never be satisfied without three more." This passage, which applies more directly to the question than any other recorded, implies that he was not a slave, nor even inclined, to excess. We find, too, that he was in the habit of retiring from this cheerful society to the solitude of country lodgings, as more suited to his labors and more congenial with his taste.

The disease under which he suffered, and of which he died, the asthma, was not such as intemperance brings on. In the Spectator, he speaks of this habit in a manner which it does not seem credible he should have adopted, if he could have been reproached with the transgression which he so earnestly condemned. Johnson maintains, what he had found in Spence, that Addison sat late in taverns and drank too much wine ; but he also says, that Addison's professions and practice could not have been much at variance, since, though he passed his life in a storm of faction, and was formidable for his activity and conspicuous for his station, his enemies never contradicted the character that was given of him by his friends, and he retained the reverence, if not the love, of those who were opposed to him and his party. Moreover, the same great critic says, that he dissipated the prejudice which had long connected gayety with vice, and easy manners with looseness of principle ; he restored morality to its dignity, and taught virtue not to be ashamed. This is an elevation of character above all Greek, above all Roman fame.

Though we are singularly deficient in all information respecting the familiar manners of a person so distinguished, these terms are not descriptive of the influence and character of an intemperate man; and since there is no shadow of authority to charge him with excess save that of Spence, and his information was derived from Pope, who cherished hatred and horror for the "little senate at Button's," we shall hold ourselves excused from believing it, balancing the general character of Addison against the unsustained aspersions of an angry foe.

We do not think it necessary to dwell at length on the story said to have been told by Voltaire, of his having dined in company with Addison when in England, and left him in a state of intoxication which was painful to see. Voltaire may have said it, for he was not very choice in his asseverations; but there is a difficulty in the way of believing it, arising from the fact, that he did not visit England till 1726, and Addison died five years before. It is clear that he was not in the company of Addison while living; whether he has fallen in with him since, we have no means of ascertaining.

It is singular, and not very creditable to Pope, that every story which has ever been told to the disadvantage of Addison proceeds from him, and is based on his authority alone. It is from him we learn that Addison, when he was secretary to the Regency, was called upon to write notice to Hanover that the queen was dead. "To do this," says Johnson, "would not have been difficult for any man but Addison, who was so overwhelmed by the greatness of the event, and so distracted by the choice of expressions, that the Lords, who could not wait for the niceties of criticism, called Mr. Southwell, clerk of the House, and ordered him to despatch the message." Now, though Addison used Pope "civilly ever after" their alienation, it does not seem likely that he would have gone to him with this auricular confession. Besides, it gives the impression that the queen's death took them all by storm; yet the Lords Justices were appointed after her death by the Council, and they, at their meeting, had chosen Addison their secretary, and notified him of his election, so that he had ample time to recover from the shock of that affliction, which, as it restored the ascendency of his own party, was not likely to break his heart. It also appears, that the Earl of Dorset was the

living letter sent over to announce the event, and to invite the Elector to the vacant throne ; so that it is not probable that Addison was ever brought to this disastrous pass. Had it been so, there is a possibility that, with his long practice in public affairs, and his eminently simple and natural style, in which he no more dealt in choice expressions than in Johnson's heavy cannonade of words, he might have found terms to communicate to the Elector the fact that the throne was vacant, which required neither flourish nor lamentation to make the news go down.

It is to the same amiable authority to which we have referred, and to no other, that we are indebted for the story, that Addison resigned his office because he was incompetent to discharge its duties. But it is ridiculous to suppose, that with his ability and experience of public affairs, he could not do what was so often and so easily done by far inferior men ; for he was no retired scholar untrained in this world's affairs, but a man whose education and habits of life were precisely adapted for the station, with the single exception of speaking in Parliament, which was not expected of him, and which he never undertook to do. The cause of his retirement is obvious enough ; it was the disease of which we have spoken ; his letters speak of long and dangerous fits of sickness, which made his friends anxious, as we learn from Vincent Bourne, who celebrated his recovery, and which may have rendered him unequal to the station, though not for the reasons which Pope's insinuation would imply. It is to be hoped, however, that they gave him credit for some honorable reason for retiring, when he died in the following year, unless, indeed, the same charity which construed severe disease into incompetency had charged his death upon him as a sin.

The subject of Addison's marriage is enveloped in a strange darkness. In this, however, his character is not concerned. Many wise men of mature age involve themselves in this kind of difficulty, from which, when they find their mistake, they cannot easily be extricated. But it is edifying to see, that our impression of the unhappiness of his marriage with the Countess of Warwick rests upon a " perhaps " of Johnson. He, in his blind reverence for rank and title, did not perceive that the high political standing of Addison, together with his literary fame, made him rather more than equal to the widow of a declining house ; for she was

not of the family which now bears the name ; and, having once taken his own view of the matter, his ponderous fancy went on in its career of invention with nothing to stop its wheels. Johnson says, he first became acquainted with the lady from having been tutor to her son. But there is no proof that he ever held this charge ; and being at the time in the office of under-secretary of state, it is not very likely that he officiated as tutor to a boy ten years old. That he did take an interest in the youth is certain from his letters, and he did so probably from regard to his mother ; but how or when he formed her acquaintance we are not informed. Johnson also quotes from Tonson, — " He formed the design of getting that lady, from the time he was first recommended into the family." Jacob was certainly an extraordinary person to intrust a love-tale with, and if Addison gave him his confidence on such a matter, he placed more trust in his discretion than most other men would have done.

The great critic seems to have been aware, that the world would think it well for him to give some authority besides his own imagination for stating that the marriage was unhappy ; but " uncontradicted report " is all the testimony he can bring. But who was to contradict it ? Addison might never have heard of it ; if he had, he does not seem very likely to have published a manifesto assuring the world that he was not the distressed object they took him for ; nor had he descendants to rise up in after days and vindicate his married fame. Johnson might have received a lesson, had he known what was said by his friends of his own fair bride, of her coarse and vulgar airs, and the selfishness with which she indulged herself at great expense in country air and other elements somewhat stronger, while he was laboring with his pen in London. Had the world known nothing more, they might reasonably have inferred that his own connection was no fountain of delight. And yet there is no doubt that he sincerely loved and deplored his wife.

There is something unpardonably rash in the manner in which he has descanted on this part of Addison's history, without even Spence to sustain him. The only fact which we know in relation to it implies that the connection was happy, and not wanting in that mutual confidence which forms its greatest blessing. In Addison's will, dated a month before his death, he left his whole estate, real and

personal to his lady ; at their marriage, instead of being enriched by the connection, he had settled property on her ; his words are, — "I do make and ordain my dear wife executrix of this my last will ; and I do appoint her to be guardian of my dear child Charlotte Addison, until she attain the age of one-and-twenty ; being well assured that she will take good care of her education and maintenance, and provide for her in case she live to be married." Any body who chooses may believe that such a man would intrust his only child to the care of one who had made his home so miserable that he was driven to spend his evenings in a tavern ; but with us, this undoubted expression of confidence weighs more in her favor than any amount of conjecture on the other side. For this woman, it must be remembered, had a son and daughters by her former marriage ; and a father must have been more unnatural than we think he was, if he had left his own child a helpless prisoner in a house which is said to have been intolerable to himself.

There is one passage in Addison's history on which we cannot dwell with satisfaction, though the only reproach which it brings is that of yielding for a moment to the exasperation of feeling into which the best men may sometimes fall. When he left office for ever, parties were raging high, and Steele, whose reputation and fortunes had been shattered by his follies, undertook the management of a paper which he called the Plebeian, in opposition to the Peerage bill, which was intended to abridge that power of the crown which had created twelve peers at once in Harley's administration, to secure a majority in the House of Lords. Some of the Whigs opposed the measure, and among them Steele ; who was answered in the Old Whig, in a paper written with such force of thought and style, that Addison was known at once to be the writer. It contained no personal allusions, and though earnest in its argument, had nothing in it meant to inflict a personal wound. Not so with Steele's reply ; it was angry and bitter, accusing the Old Whig of deserting his principles, and treating him in a manner which seems unaccountable to those who have never seen kind hearts possessed with the devil of party. In his retort, Addison was provoked to some personal and contemptuous expressions, such as he had never used before. The next number of the Plebeian showed that Steele was deeply wounded by the

treatment which he had brought upon himself; and as Johnson says, — "Every reader must regret that these two illustrious friends, after so many years passed in confidence and endearment, in unity of interest, conformity of opinion, and fellowship of study, should finally part in acrimonious opposition." But so unfortunately it was; and yet we cannot believe that Steele would have written as he did, could he have thought that his former friend would read it almost with his dying eyes. We are authorized to believe that Addison regretted his share in it, from the circumstance that Tickell did not mention this paper in his works, nor insert it among his other writings; and that Steele's resentment was momentary, we may infer from his afterwards mentioning Addison in a letter to Congreve as "the man that he loved best."

The dying scene of Addison was an appropriate close to such a life; the support of that religion which he had followed through all his days was present to brighten the deathbed in his closing hour. Miss Aikin inclines, from internal evidence, to distrust the story told by Dr. Young, of his sending for the young Earl of Warwick, that he might see how a Christian could die. She thinks that it appears too much like display to be consistent with his humble and retiring spirit; but it is going quite too far to discredit a circumstantial statement made on such authority, merely because it does not agree with our notions of what beseems such a place and hour. We can see no such aiming at effect, nor does it savour in the least of ostentation. The young man probably, like too many persons of his rank and age, had no faith in religious feeling; like others, who have known nothing of it from their own experience, he did not believe in its existence, not reflecting that he could not pronounce upon the genuineness of that which he did not know. To us, it seems perfectly natural that Addison, earnest to undeceive him, should have taken that course to show him that religion was not a name and a profession, but a real and substantial thing, which, though unseen, has power to sustain the dying when the shadows of death are falling and the world is passing away.

Before his death, he sent for Gay, with whom he had not been familiar, and, after receiving him with great kindness, asked his forgiveness of some former wrong; he did not say what it was, and Gay never was able to conjecture what it

could possibly have been. But the incident is important; for, certainly, if the dying man was so anxious to make reparation for an injury which the subject of it was never conscious of receiving, he must, beyond all question, have taken the same opportunity to clear his mind from the shade of those greater offences with which he has been charged, if there were any such to remember. Were there nothing else, this would be sufficient to prove to our satisfaction, that he had never been guilty of that fraud, falsehood, and intemperance, of which an enemy accused him, and which have left a reproach upon his memory that it is high time to remove, wherever the condemnation may fall.

It is a matter of deep interest to the cause of letters to clear from unmerited reproach one of the few, who, with high literary eminence, have labored to maintain not so much the reputation as the character of a Christian. It is the glory of Addison, that in an age when lawless ridicule was sometimes applied to subjects the most important, and when religion was neither valued nor understood by many of the leaders of taste, when Sir William Temple had reason to say, "The fools of David's time, who said in their hearts, There is no God, are the wits of ours," he never was ashamed of the gospel, but quietly opened his heart to its influences, and endeavoured to keep its commands. He was also free from that narrowness with which religious principle is sometimes attended. Sometimes he speaks with severity of those who differed from him; for the virtue of toleration had then hardly dawned upon the public mind; but that he was free from all bigotry is manifest from his patronage of Whiston, and his respect for Thomas Burnet, and the "reasoning mill," as Voltaire called him, Dr. Samuel Clarke. Without any compromise of his faith or feeling, he associated with such men as Garth, who, when dying, sent to him to ask if Christianity was true; and under all circumstances and in all associations, he kept the whiteness of his soul undefiled, except by the stains and shadows thrown upon it by the wretched hostility of Pope. How this was requited we happily are able to tell. After their separation, brought on by the insolent letter mentioned above, having occasion to speak of the manner in which the language was enriched by translations of classical authors, Addison, in the Freeholder, mentions Pope's Homer, not cordially, as if it was meant

for a peace-offering, but in terms of respect perfectly natural, kind, and such as, though they would not equal the demands of the poet, all disinterested persons would allow to be just.

But we do not mean to represent Addison as faultless; neither was Pope destitute of virtues, though afflicted with that disease of the spirit which made him see all things yellow. To us it seems clear, that the great failing in Addison's character was his fastidiousness; excellent as his heart was, this difficulty prevented his sympathies from extending as widely as religion would have them. It made him shrink from near approach to mankind in general, though warm-hearted to his friends and companions; and thus it often happens, that literary habits and a sensitive nature, though they have their own ways of manifestation, do something to unfit men for active usefulness; as the marble, though excellent for sculpture, is less adapted for works of public improvement than coarser varieties of stone. But after making all possible abatement, enough will remain to establish the character of Addison on the highest ground. As a writer, we look through the history of letters, and we find very few before him; as a man and a Christian, we know of none.

If we have exceeded our usual bounds in enlarging on this subject, it is because we are fully persuaded that justice has never been done to Addison. Those who look into the matter are surprised to see how little foundation there is for many things which go down from generation to generation; it is sometimes alarming to think how long the effect of a calumny may last. But it is consoling to see, that, where the life has been ordered in principle and faithfulness, the general character bears witness for itself which none can deny. The world may charge the man with weaknesses and frailties, but they cannot misrepresent him so far as to overcloud the brightness of his fame. So it has been with Addison; those who credited the slander have not denied his excellence; they have tenderly lamented these darkening stains, as those infirmities which may be expected from poor human nature. But in truth, he needs no such forgiveness, and we believe that those who investigate the matter without having made up their minds beforehand will bring in a verdict of "not guilty," and be ready to exalt him to one of the highest places among the lights of the world.

ART. IV. — 1. *A Comprehensive Lexicon of the Greek Language, adapted to the Use of Colleges and Schools in the United States.* Third Edition, greatly enlarged and improved. By JOHN PICKERING. Boston: Wilkins, Carter, & Co. 1846. 8vo. pp. 1456.

2. *A Greek-English Lexicon, based on the German Work of Francis Passow. From the English Edition of Liddell and Scott, with Additions.* By HENRY DRISLER, A. M. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1846. 8vo. pp. 1705.

A COMPLETE lexicon of an extensive language, like the Greek, deserves to be ranked, in some points of view, among the rarest monuments of human toil and perseverance. Unpretending as it may be in its appearance, it requires ages for its completion. A pyramid or a temple may be erected in a single generation; for after the plan of it is once formed, it requires only a sufficient array of physical force to speed the work to its conclusion. But no combination of effort in a single generation can form a complete lexicon of an extensive language. The labors of one generation of scholars form but the scaffolding on which the next generation must stand; it is by slow approximations only that the work can be brought to a complete state. As it advances, moreover, the contributions required from other branches of knowledge become more and more extensive. Not to speak of the general advance in the science of language, the results of which the lexicographer is expected to embody in his work, each successful investigator in the history or archæology of an ancient nation imposes a new duty on the interpreter of its language. The labors of a Niebuhr, a Müller, or a Becker, require the lexicographer to readjust his materials, and to reconsider in a thousand wearisome particulars the *dicta* which he or other laborers in the same field have before uttered.

Not only, therefore, must a lexicon be an imperfect record of the language of which it treats (for so much is implied in the fact that all knowledge is progressive), but it will ever come short, more or less, of representing fully the state of learning in its own time. It will require a whole generation to embody in a lexicon the knowledge possessed

in this department of Greek studies by the scholars of the present age. Such would be the case, if the only obstacle to be overcome were the physical difficulty of collecting and arranging the scattered items of knowledge, and bringing them into harmonious adjustment with the materials already accumulated. But besides these difficulties, it must be remembered that every improvement is an innovation, and in that character it must somewhat offend every scholar who has an affectionate remembrance of his early guides and helps in the road to learning; so that error does not stand on its own merits, but is already intrenched in the favorable regards of most of those who have any knowledge of the matter in debate.

The question to be asked, therefore, respecting a new lexicon is not, whether it is defective, or in some respects erroneous; but, first, How extensive is its aim? And, secondly, Does it embody in a satisfactory degree the learning of the time in regard to the language in question?

We have before us, in the two works named at the head of this article, the latest results of American and foreign scholarship in the department of Greek lexicography. We congratulate the student of the Greek language, a language whose great claims were never appreciated with a nicer discrimination than at the present time, on this accession to their means of study. Estimating each of the works with regard to its proposed end, they leave comparatively little to be desired. The first named, the lexicon of Mr. Pickering, may with much justice be called an original work, since the author, in the earlier edition of it, issued twenty years ago, was the first to break away from the usage that had before prevailed, and to present the definitions in English; and in its present form, the work embodies the best results of his whole life, devoted with singular ardor and success to classical and kindred studies. This work, we believe, will be found to be the best Greek lexicon in the English language for the use of schools and colleges. While it does not aim to embrace the whole circle of Greek literature, it is sufficiently extensive for schools and for the usual wants of students in college. Its execution within its prescribed range is singularly faithful and complete.

The larger lexicon, edited by Professor Drisler, from the English work by Messrs. Liddell and Scott, has been already

briefly noticed in this Review. We will here only add, that for the mature scholar it forms the proper complement to the work of Mr. Pickering. Though not properly a Thesaurus of the language, it is far more extensive and full than any Greek lexicon ever before published, at so low a price as to bring it within the reach of every scholar. In general, we may say that the mature scholar will find here, in all the attractiveness of historical arrangement, whatever he may wish to know in Greek lexicography.

We would not imply, however, that there are not important deficiencies yet to be supplied in this department. The investigations made in lexicography within the last generation, while they have freed the whole subject from much of the confusion in which it formerly lay, and have led the student to recognize a scientific basis for its future treatment, have yet stimulated inquiry rather than satisfied it, and tend to lead the scholar to look to the work yet to be done, more than to any past achievements. At no former period, we believe, would the observation of Coleridge meet with so ready an acceptance among learned men as at the present time ; that the greatest single benefit which learning could bestow on the age would be in the construction of a dictionary of the English language, in which each word should be traced from its root, logically and historically, through all its meanings in the English, and those kindred languages in which it is found. We do not hesitate to say that it is through investigations of this kind, of a wider or narrower extent, that the richest fruits of classical study are to be sought. It is through this intimate communion with the laws of thought and feeling that underlie the conventional usages of languages, that the student becomes an artist, and gains for himself a point of view where he can not only dispense with the aid of critics, but can understand their ignorance.

But before such a work can be done, the ground must be cleared of many obstructions that now occupy it ; and this part of the task is hardly more important than it is difficult. It is remarkable with what tenacity an error once received will hold its place, in the midst of inquiries that would seem sufficient at any time to annihilate its claims and banish it from the field. It seems very excusable, as well as natural, on a subject like language, to receive a positive statement as accurately true ; it is far easier to accept the *dictum* of an-

other than to inquire carefully for ourselves; hence, important errors are left for ages uncorrected, aggravating the student's labor, and obstructing his progress even in the most beaten path.

We propose to illustrate these remarks by reference to a single topic in Greek lexicography, — the treatment of the prepositions. These words are so extensively employed in composition with verbs and other parts of speech, and are so varied in their uses when standing alone, that they claim a large share of the student's attention. The intricacies they present begin to bewilder the young learner at an early stage of his study. He soon becomes weary in his attempts to find any unity in the diversified materials before him; and so, instead of gaining sound knowledge, he contents himself with storing up such a multitude of arbitrary definitions as his memory can carry for his use in reading. And in his later progress, there is probably no part of the language which the Greek scholar is less able to discuss in an attractive and intelligent way than this. That this portion of the language has not yet received the elucidation which it needs may be seen in the fact, that it forms an important point in the work of each new laborer in the field of lexicography. The result, however, up to the present time, is a collection of idiomatic usages, rather than the progressive development, in the case of each word, of one leading idea.

To show to what extent this topic is treated in an arbitrary manner, and how little there is of logical deduction in defining the prepositions, we will take for illustration the first that occurs in the lexicon, the preposition *ἀνά*. The primary meaning of *ἀνά* is *up*. This is its original signification as a designation in space; the signification, therefore, from which, if there is any logical deduction in the case, the other meanings of the word may be traced. How far this is done in our Greek lexicons may be seen by observing how far they furnish answers to the following inquiries. 1. How does the preposition *ἀνά* contribute to the meaning of the following words: *ἀναπορεύομαι* = *to journey, or march, from the sea-coast into the interior*; *ἀναπλέω* = *to sail from port to sea*; *ἀνοίγω* = *to open*, as a door; *ἀναπετάννυμι* = *to unroll*, as a sail, which unrolls downward, and not up; also, *to flow down*, as the hair when unbound from the head? 2. Why does *ἀνά* in composition with many verbs give the signification

of *beginning* to the action they express, as *ἀνακαίω = to kindle*, *ἀναλάμπω = to take fire*, *ἀνακλαίω = to set up a lamentation?* 3. How does it follow from the meaning of *ἀνά*, that the verbs with which it is compounded are, to a remarkable extent, used intransitively? 4. How is it that *ἀνά* compounded with certain words expressses *opposition*, or *resistance*, as *ἀνακρούω = to thrust back, check*, as a horse, *to put back a ship*, sternwards, by reversing the action of the oars? 5. Why, in a large class of verbs, does *ἀνά* give the force of repetition to the action of the verb?

Before proceeding farther, it may be well to consider an objection that may possibly be made to this method of inquiry. It may be said, that provided the significations of a word are known, it is of no importance to the student what the logical connection between them is. Let him be content to know the facts, and leave the connection between them as a matter of useless speculation.

It is no credit to our classical culture that such an objection is ever heard; still, it is sometimes made, even by those whose opportunities seem to entitle their opinion to some weight. The answer to the objection is simple. Either language is a product of the rational mind, and hence bears in every feature the impress of reason, or it is a mere chance collection of arbitrary signs, with no rational bond to unite them. If the latter is the true view, then the toilsome and expensive training of our youth in the ancient classical languages, we say, is an immense waste of time and power; if the former view is just, then it is the student's duty at every step of his study of a language to search, by the aid of reason, for the impress of that same reason employed in the production of the language.

And this is not a matter of duty only; it is the student's instinctive desire. The objector has the natural feelings of every learner opposed to him. The learner seeks a reason for every fact, and when he fails to find it, he feels not only that he is a loser, but that he is wronged. He has not found what he knows he has a right to; he has asked for bread, and received a stone. At this point, to meet him with the assertion that there is no reason, such as he is in quest of, is adding insult to injury.

We do not forget the difficulties that may be found in the way of the mode of investigation which is here advocated;

that in many cases the thread is lost that would guide to the arcana of thought, and after our most diligent search, we must rest satisfied with facts whose connection with each other is not seen. This, however, should only make us more highly prize those rays of light which a careful and rigorous analysis may shed on the rational interpretation of language.

To render the point of our inquiry more distinct respecting the Greek prepositions, we will select another, the opposite of ἀνά, and, by a similar set of inquiries to those just gone through, will show the arbitrary manner in which it is usually treated. The primary signification of κατά is *down*. It is from this original meaning that all the other significations of the word, if logically deduced, must be derived. In this connection the following questions present themselves. 1. How does κατά contribute to the peculiar meanings of καταπλέω = *to sail to port*; κατακλείω = *to shut*; καταπορεύομαι = *to come back*; καταπέμπω = *to send from the inland to the sea-coast*? 2. What is the force of κατά in the words κατατέμνω = *to cut up*, or *cut in pieces*; κατεσθίω = *to eat up, devour* (the signification of κατά in this word is not *down*, as we shall show)? See also many other compounds of κατά whose meanings are similarly modified. 3. What is the force of κατά in καταφυγή = *a place of refuge*; κατάλαμψις = *a reflection of light*; and why does κατά, more than ἀνά, give a transitive force to the words with which it is compounded?

We have carefully avoided, in the foregoing examples, using any word in which the preposition has its primitive signification. It may be thought that the word καταπέμπω is an exception, as the preposition does designate what is in some degree true in going from the interior of a country to the coast; but we shall show that κατά has a derived, and not its primary, signification here; and it is obvious, *a priori*, that to give it its primary meaning would give a feeble and unsatisfactory interpretation to the word. The idea of *descent* in going from the interior of a country to the sea-coast is not sufficiently prominent to have suggested this preposition to be employed in the descriptive word. The signification of the preposition in each of the preceding examples is derived; and our next object will be to show, by logical deduction, the strict connection that subsists between the primary meaning of the preposition and the secondary mean-

ings which it has in the examples. We begin with the preposition κατά.

The primary meaning of κατά is *down*. Now, all downward motion has a natural and fixed point, where it terminates; namely, the surface of the earth. Here the falling stone and the falling flakes of snow stop; and here, when it has found the lowest possible point, the running brook ceases to flow. As, therefore, all downward motion has in nature a fixed point of termination, it follows, conversely, first, that all actions which are contemplated purely with regard to their termination in space may naturally be denoted by the preposition that signifies *down*. Hence, καταπλέω = *to sail to land*, because that is the natural point where the voyage terminates; καταπέμπω = *to send from the inland to the sea-coast*, because there the journey must end; κατακλείω = *to shut*, as a door, because the door-post is the fixed point where the motion ceases; καταπορεύομαι = *to come back*, that is, to the point which is regarded as the person's resting-place; κατάλαμψις = *a reflection*, because the light has met an object and illuminated it. Secondly, actions contemplated merely with regard to their termination, though not in space, are naturally expressed by aid of this preposition. Hence κατατέμνω = *to cut in pieces*, that is, till the cutting is done; κατεσθίω = *to eat up*, *consume*,* that is, until the action ceases because there is nothing left to eat; καταφεύγω = *to take refuge*, *to escape*, that is, to flee (φεύγω), until the action comes to its natural end, which may either be by reaching some place where the pursuer cannot follow, and then it means *to take refuge*; or, it may be, by distancing the pursuer, and then it means *to escape*.

From the foregoing analysis it is seen why κατά, more than any other preposition, gives an intensive, and often a transitive force to the verbs with which it is connected. Other prepositions, as ἐπί, πρός, point to an object in connection with the verb, but they denote some more specific relation than κατά, and consequently do not so often give objective force to the verb. In this connection, we recognize the ground of

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* If it is said that κατά here means *down*, then the lexicon is wrong in saying that κατεσθίω means *to eat up*. The two expressions are perfectly distinct. The preposition *up*, here, has reference to the consumption of the object, the preposition *down* to some implied effort on the part of the agent.

the usage of κατά signifying *according to*, *in conformity with*, as κατὰ φύσιν, κατὰ τύχην. As *down* is the natural direction of things in space, every action that is done naturally, fitly, in its own sphere, may properly have this quality signified by the preposition *down*; thus κατὰ τὸ ἀληθές, κατὰ τὸ δίκαιον, and other like expressions.

This analysis will rescue from the frigid interpretation that is sometimes given them a class of words in which κατά conveys the idea of *disparagement*, *disapproval*, *condemnation*; as κατακρίνω = *to condemn*; καταδοκέω = *to think against one*. It has been said that, in this class of words, κατά has its primitive meaning, *down*. This is, at least, an unnatural interpretation, and entirely gratuitous. We have seen, that even in regard to actions which happen in space, κατά often loses its primary, and bears a derived, meaning. In actions purely moral, then, we should much more naturally expect to find this derived signification. The word κατακρίνω signifies, strictly, *to make one the object of a discriminating judgment*; and this comes to be equivalent to *condemn*, by a well known mental law; namely, that acts of judgment are called forth not by what is in harmony with ourselves, but by what in some way offends us. It is not the innocent whose conduct is marked for special notice, but the guilty; hence, an act of judgment is, in general, an act of blame.

If with these brief indications of a logical treatment of the preposition, we open the lexicon, and examine the mass of explanations arrayed under the word, we shall see at once the want of a better method, and shall find more or less that is erroneous, and calculated only to mislead the student. The following is an instance of this: "τοξεύειν κατά τινος, κατὰ σκοποῦ, etc., to shoot *at*, because the arrow falls *down upon* its mark." Nothing can be worse for the student's mind than such pretended explanations as this. They cheat him of the knowledge they ought to impart, and what is worse, they substitute an absurdity in the guise of knowledge in its place. The notion of *down* has not the least share in the interpretation of the phrase in question. Grant that the arrow does descend somewhat before it reaches the mark, still this descent is so inconsiderable that it could form no appreciable part of the picture to the observer's eye; consequently, it could never have suggested the necessity of employing a word to describe it. The true interpretation has already

been suggested ; κατά is employed because the mark is the point at which the action is to terminate ; and the genitive case is used, because the *designed*, and not the *actual*, termination is asserted.

We proceed now to examine the uses of the preposition ἀνά in connection with its primary signification as applied to things in space. The original meaning of ἀνά is *up*. All upward motion has a natural and fixed point of departure ; namely, the surface of the earth. From this as its starting-point it extends into space without any definite limit, or point of termination. All upward motion, then, has a definite beginning, and no definite termination ; it follows, therefore, first, that actions in space which start from a fixed and known point, and pass into indefinite regions, may naturally be expressed by the aid of this preposition ; as ἀναπλέω = *to sail from port to sea*, from a fixed and known point of departure into an indefinite region ; ἀναβαίνω = *to go from the coast into the interior* of a country, applied especially to an army landing, and making its progress into an unknown region ; ἀνοίγω = *to open*, as a door. Secondly, actions contemplated as *commencing* will naturally be described by the aid of ἀνά ; as ἀνακαίω = *to kindle, to rouse* ; ἀνοδύρομαι = *to break out into wailing* ; ἀναχορεύω = *to begin a choral dance*. Thirdly, as the natural motion of things is downward, an action which opposes a thing in its natural motion may be denoted by this preposition ; as ἀνακρούω = *to check*, as a horse by drawing the reins, or as a ship by reversing the motion of the oars. By extending this idea, we come naturally to the notion of *repeated* action ; for if the opposing force be sufficiently increased, it will stop the motion of the thing it opposes, and reverse it, causing it to retrace its former course ; hence, in the fourth place, ἀνά gives the idea of repeated action ; as ἀναμετρέω = *to measure again* ; ἀναμάχομαι = *to renew the fight* ; ἀναχωρέω = *to go back*.

In the case of both these prepositions we have taken no notice of instances in which they have their primary signification, these being too obvious to require remark.

In some words, the force of ἀνά and κατά in composition seems at first view to be nearly the same ; but here a close examination will show that each has its peculiar force. Thus, ἀναιρέω and καθαιρέω may both mean *to destroy* ; but the former means to destroy by displacing, the latter by de-

molishing. Consequently, whenever the existence of a thing depends solely on its position and relations, its annihilation may be expressed by *ἀναιρέω*; for in that case, to remove is to annihilate; thus, *δημοκράτειαν ἀναιρεῖν*, not *καθαιρεῖν*. So, too, *κατὰ τὴν πόλιν*, and *ἀνὰ τὴν πόλιν*, may both mean *through the city*; but the former expression would have reference to the completion of the action, while the latter would refer to its progress from the starting-point; the former would naturally be used if the persons were acquainted with the city, the latter, if they were strangers; the former with the aorist tense, the latter with the imperfect. These are only indications, in a single instance, of those nice distinctions in language which meet the observant scholar at every step of his progress. They suggest to us, if we may so call it, the intense vitality of language, — that it is organized and living to its minutest fibres; and dictionaries and grammars, after the most elaborate classification, can give us only the lifeless parts, instead of the breathing whole.

Without pursuing the subject before us at length, we will add a few examples, showing the importance, in the treatment of the prepositions, of a rigorous deduction from the primitive signification. The prepositions *περί* and *ὑπέρ* both govern the genitive, and both mean *for*; as, *περὶ δόξης*, *for glory*; *ὑπὲρ ἐλευθερίας*, *for freedom*; but each word retains here the traces of its original meaning. As *περί* signifies *about*, it describes our action for a thing to which we have no special or exclusive right, just as our position in space about a thing does not prevent others from holding a similar position. But *ὑπέρ* is exclusive; it describes action for that to which we have a special right, for what is rightfully our own, as standing over a thing is a natural indication that it is ours. Thus, Demosthenes says the war, at its beginning, was *περὶ τοῦ τιμωρήσασθαι Φίλιππον*; but at the close, it was *ὑπὲρ τοῦ μὴ παθεῖν αὐτοὺς κακῶς ὑπὸ τοῦ Φιλίππου*, because the latter was in its nature a thing for themselves to do exclusively of all other persons; the former, others might do as well as they.

When these prepositions have other significations than *for*, they still show on analysis distinct traces of their original meaning. Thus, in speaking of the judges of Socrates, Xenophon says, "In whatever things it was not manifest how he thought, — *οὐδὲν θαυμαστὸν, ὑπὲρ τούτων περὶ αὐτοῦ παραγνῶναι*, — *it is no wonder that on these points they misjudged about*

him." As that *on*, or *over*, which (ὑπέρ) a man stands is essential to his position, the preposition ὑπέρ is here used to mark the permanent relation between Socrates and certain points of duty and belief, which relation made up his character; while the transient relation of his judges to him is denoted by περί. The prepositions ἀπό and παρά, both with the genitive case, signify *from*; but as παρά, originally signifying *beside of*, denotes a more intimate relation than ἀπό, it is used when a thing is naturally resident in the person from whom it proceeds, — as an inheritance *from* a father, commands *from* a sovereign; while ἀπό, meaning *off from*, denotes a merely superficial relation, and is used when one thing comes accidentally, as it were, from another.

The prepositions ὑπό and πρός may both, with the genitive case, point to the remote agent, the person who causes the action; but ὑπό merely denotes that the action takes place *under* the person's power; πρός brings the remote and immediate agent *face to face*, and pictures the latter as receiving the command from the mouth of the other. Hence, the whole sad picture presented in the πρὸς ἄλλης ἰστὸν ὑφαίνοις of Homer; where the captive Andromache must stand *before the face* of her mistress, take her commands, and go and do her bidding.

The preceding are but a few instances, which a full discussion of the subject would multiply, showing the importance of a strict logical method in treating of this part of the language. When we say, that this method is essential in order to make sure that the ordinary definitions of words shall be given correctly in the lexicon, it may seem that we assume too much; the position, however, is strictly true. No amount of toil and care will save the lexicographer from palpable mistakes, unless he has the light of guiding principles. If he starts with an indefinite notion of a preposition, and does not, by logical forecast, keep the field of inquiry narrow before him, his lexicon will show confusion through the whole circle of words into which the preposition enters. Nowhere more than here should the inquirer remember, that *prudens quæstio dimidium est scientiæ.*

We have an illustration of this in hand. The verb ἀνακλαίω is defined in the larger lexicon before us, "*to weep aloud, to burst into tears*; also, with the accusative, *to weep for, bewail*, — both in Herod. 3. 14." Now the natural question suggested by the analysis of the preposition is, *Is the*

verb ever transitive? We do not mean by this question to imply that it is not, but the preposition ἀνά justifies us in raising the question, and at least asking for the proof. On examining the passage referred to in Herodotus, the word is found *four* times, and in no one of them is it used with an accusative, expressed or understood. Now, this error could not have occurred, had the field of inquiry been properly narrowed in the lexicographer's mind, by a thorough understanding of the force of the preposition ἀνά. Such a knowledge would have thrown the presumption on the negative side of the question, and would at least have saved him from quoting this passage as proof of the affirmative.

But the evil of a defective method, beginning with the lexicographer, goes on annoying and hindering the learner through his whole course; and the result is, that his knowledge at last is only formal knowledge, and not real. A Greek word in his mind is only a translation of an English word; not a description of some action or thing which he can see about him. As the reading of history is comparatively useless, until, penetrating through all disguises, we find *ourselves* in the Romans, Greeks, or Persians of the story; so the study of a language does but little good, if the student fails to find under its strange costume his own thoughts, feelings, and experience. Then the costume is no longer strange; he has made it his own. It is in this way of learning a new language, that he becomes twice a man.

ART. V. — *The Miscellaneous Works and Remains of the* REV. ROBERT HALL, *with a Memoir of his Life, by* OLINTHUS GREGORY, LL. D; *and a Critical Estimate of his Character and Writings, by* JOHN FOSTER, Author of Essays on Decision of Character, &c. London: Henry G. Bohn. 1846. 16mo. pp. 572.

THERE is no phenomenon, in which the usual law of cause and effect seems more utterly set aside, than in the large number of English dissenting divines, who have occupied the same intellectual level with their contemporaries of the national church. There has been, since the birth of

Puritanism, no generation, which could not exhibit at least as many eminent thinkers, scholars, preachers, and authors, out of the Establishment, as within its pale ; and in numerous instances, the single great men of the age in their respective departments have been dissenters. We could afford the loss of no work appertaining to the evidences of Christianity so ill, as that of Lardner's Credibility. In the department of Christian ethics and casuistry, Barrow stands unrivalled among the clergy of the English Church, but seems jejune and puerile, when brought into comparison with Baxter. In devotional poetry, Watts and Doddridge have established a law of taste and a standard of excellence coextensive with the language in which they wrote. John Foster's Essays produced a deeper impression on the British public, and were read with more avidity, than any other book of their day. Robert Hall, in the zenith of his reputation, was generally regarded as the first preacher in Great Britain; and of the loyal effusions in every part of the kingdom on the death of the Princess Charlotte, his sermon on that event was the only one that enjoyed more than an ephemeral fame. Gilbert Wakefield, educated, indeed, for the established church, but forsaking the vantage-ground which it gave him at the early age of twenty-three, performed more valuable services for classical literature than we owe to any other scholar of his nation ; while Priestley, the dissenter and heretic, in addition to high theological and professional eminence, attained the first rank among the experimental philosophers of his day. Yet the intellectual disabilities and privations attached to non-conformity would seem of themselves sufficient to preclude all competition on the part of dissenters with the adherents of the Church, and to confine them hopelessly within a subaltern rank of attainments and achievements. Shut out of the universities, excluded from the use of all the principal libraries in the kingdom, set aside from the opportunity of preferment and patronage, always obliged to win with slender aid and contracted sympathy a higher place than is readily accorded them, and, when educated in the Church, and renouncing conformity for conscience' sake, obliged to cast away props and helps to which they have grown accustomed, they are not unaptly typified by the Israelites, who elaborated their full tale of bricks without the accustomed supply of straw.

The dissenting divines have been for the most part educated in provincial academies, immeasurably inferior in endowments and the apparatus of instruction to the great schools of Eton, Westminster, Harrow, and Rugby, superintended each by two or three hard-working and poorly paid instructers, often pastors as well as teachers, and carrying their pupils through a classical and a theological course in a period of time inadequate for either. But the dissenters have breathed an atmosphere of freedom. They have been nurtured in self-trust and self-dependence. They have not been trammelled by obsolete formalisms or arbitrary prescriptions. They have not bent beneath the crushing tyranny of the past. If they have failed of patronage, they have not paid its inevitable price. If they have lost the shelter of university halls and libraries, they have not been dwarfed under their shadow. On the other hand, the *normal* education of the English mind has borne a strong analogy to the antique style of horticulture. Its shoots have been clipped, trained into espaliers, twisted into quaint and fantastic forms, forced into lateral expansion instead of being left to seek the open sky, artificially stimulated into flowerless foliage and fruitless flowers. Cambridge and Oxford have produced more learning than wisdom, and nurtured more pedantry than genius ; and, while they have presented unparalleled opportunities for the highest and freest mental culture, their influences have been such as to cherish mere barren scholarship rather than reproductive energy of mind. Then, again, the very fact that the young churchman finds himself exempted, or rather prohibited, from all investigation on the highest subjects of thought, and held back from all aggressive movements in the direction where curiosity ought to be the most active, must account for the prevalence within the pale of the Establishment of a quiescent state of mind as to all departments of truth, for the resolute clinging to the past in matters of science, literature, and criticism, and for the step or two in the rear of Continental Europe at which England has loved to linger.

With the liberty, which has invigorated the leading minds among the English dissenters, it cannot be denied that they have incurred some strongly marked inconveniences and disadvantages, where their early creed has been such as to exclude them from the universities. One of the most annoying

features in the intellectual life of the man who has not had a public education is the difficulty that he finds in determining his own relative position and comparative attainments. He lacks the standard of self-judgment. He may have acquired on any given subjet all the erudition and the mental discipline which he would have gained on the beaten track; but he must often feel a painful doubt whether this is the case. The question will constantly rise to his mind, — "Is there not, in this branch of learning, some process of training or some source of instruction open to others, which has been hidden from me? Have I at my command all the resources that others have?" This doubt often renders one diffident in the expression of opinion, where he has a right to speak with confidence and authority, and keeps a truly profound scholar or thinker back in the shadow of those greatly his inferiors, who have passed mechanically through the prescribed forms of culture.

There is another unfortunate tendency, which may often be traced in those who have failed to enjoy the advantages of a public education. They are very apt to regard as exclusively their own, and thus to announce oracularly and dogmatically, thoughts, reasonings, and theories which they have wrought out *suo Marte*, but which are the common property of colleges and universities, are embodied in text-books, and seem trite to those who have passed over the worn threshold of the temple of knowledge. An humble and modest man may thus often appear a pedant. He promulgates essential truths, which, if new, should be proclaimed with a flourish of trumpets far louder than his timid heralding, but which lie as axioms in the minds of his hearers or readers.

Both these tendencies are strikingly illustrated in the life and writings of John Foster, and present themselves prominently to our notice in his recently published correspondence. He, though not held back by false modesty, and endowed with an almost unprecedented power of regarding himself objectively and dispassionately, seems to have been constantly perplexed in the attempt to ascertain his true place and relations in the literary republic. Educated in the paltry Baptist Academy at Bristol, familiarly associating from his youth with people of a very narrow range of intellect, he lived in almost entire isolation and solitary self-consciousness,

until his unexpected success as an author disclosed to him a dim, and to the last a feebly credited, glimpse of his own acumen and ability, in which he never acquired a prospective confidence sufficient to give him alacrity for the labor of the pen. We are constantly reminded, also, of the leanness of his early culture, in his frequent enunciation of truisms, as if they had never suggested themselves to any other mind, and in his late solution of many questions, doubts, and difficulties, which under better auspices would have been settled in his very boyhood.

All this, we were going to say, and to express therewith our surprise at the entire freedom of Robert Hall from these marks of his Bristol nurture ; when, on looking again at his biography, we were reminded that he completed his education by a full course at the University of Aberdeen, where he commenced his life-long intimacy with Sir James Mackintosh, and other young men of superior endowments and promise, with whom he entered at once into the most healthful and friendly communion and competition of intellect. This fact adds new point to our homily on university education, which we are the more solicitous to put on record, on account of the growing disposition of young men in our own community to enter the learned professions (so called), with imperfect preliminary training. A New England college education certainly furnishes a sufficiently small amount of classical and general learning, to serve, in the lowest utilitarian view, as a basis for a professional course, especially as few, after entering upon active life, find or make the time to supply early deficiencies. Young men of only ordinary abilities need all that a college can do for them to make them respectable divines, lawyers, and physicians, to keep them from the rustiness and coarseness that are apt to gather upon a life of mere routine, and to give them the refinement of manners and character necessary to maintain their true place in society. And those, whose native powers can raise them above mediocrity, by hastening prematurely into a professional career, will only work their slow, dim, and circuitous way to an eminence, which, by more thorough training, they might easily and promptly attain, and will always exhibit marks of an irregular and disproportioned intellectual growth. We wish that our colleges would take this matter in hand, would exclude from their professional schools all except

graduates, and would thus purge themselves of all responsibleness for the slovenly process, which is flooding the professions with dunces and boors.

Robert Hall was no doubt a much greater man than his writings indicate. He has appeared before the public under the greatest possible disadvantages. The complete edition of his works is an insult to his memory. It is swollen into three large octavos by short-hand sketches, often *travesties*, of his sermons, sweepings of his desk, skeletons, and memoranda, which he forgot to burn. Indeed, it is hardly too much to suppose that we have in that collection the contents of every scrap of paper in his hand, or written from his lips, which his editor could find in existence. He wrote but little. Repeated attacks of insanity made him fearful of overtasking his intervals of soundness. Almost unintermitted neuralgia rendered the manual labor of writing always intensely difficult, often impossible ; and some of his best productions were dictated to an amanuensis, while he was writhing on a sofa or the floor in utter agony. Of all his published sermons, he wrote but one before it was delivered ; and we can easily conceive, that much of his brilliant rhetoric and many happy turns of thought must have escaped his memory, when he came to write or dictate for the press. He prepared no work which was adapted to test or to exhibit the full extent of his mental power or resources. His controversial tracts were written in haste, and for immediate effect ; and in them he simply measures strength with his antagonists, without attempting the full discussion of the subjects at issue. His reviews were mere reviews, not essays, — keen, strong, discriminating, but with no purpose beyond that of praising or castigating the work in hand. But it is no mean proof of his compass and vigor of intellect, that, if he seldom rises above the demands of the occasion or his subject, he never falls short of them. Nor does he ever give one the idea that he is making a special effort, or laying out his whole strength. You feel, in reading him, that there is much more in reserve than appears on the page, and that he measures his effort, not by his own capacity, but by the then current needs and expectations of his audience or his readers. He evidently had no design of making an impression on posterity, but simply meant to exert the influence of a Christian mind on the various emergencies that presented themselves in his

walk of duty. And how great that influence must have been we may best learn, perhaps, from those outlines of discourses, which ought never to have been published. They are always outlines, which a feeble or jejune mind could never have drawn or filled. From his own pen we have nothing weak or paltry, while the occasional *sottises* of his stenographers reveal themselves by their broad contrast with his most hasty and fragmentary writings.

The most striking trait in the character of Hall's mind is its entire lack of striking traits, — the evenness, harmony, and breadth of its development. He never astonishes, and never disappoints. His wisdom and learning are never obtrusive, and never at fault. In argument and illustration, we trace no redundancy, and complain of no omission. His eloquence is never quickened into a torrent-like flow, but is never dry or languid. He is majestic without pretension, and sensible without dulness. The spirits all come at his bidding, and vanish when they are no longer needed. His quick wit never encroaches on his reverence, and his scorching sarcasm is kept in check by conscientious justice. He seems to have been hardly better fitted for his chosen profession, than for any other path in life. His sermons indicate the thoroughly furnished and devoted religious teacher, while his political essays display powers that might have adorned the highest places in the state ; and his few contributions to the general literature of the day show, that without profession or preferment, he could have acquired brilliant reputation as a critic, scholar, and man of letters.

Yet, with this high praise, we do not feel authorized in assigning to Hall a place in the first rank of genius. His mind lacked the power of concentration. While never superficial, he is seldom profound. We are indebted to him for few original ideas, or fresh, first-hand views of truth. He was rather a sagacious student, than a deep thinker. He had more discrimination than invention. He was a judicious eclectic, and worked up to admiration the rough materials of thought that lay around him in his library ; but seems seldom to have pursued any independent path of research or investigation. We should doubt, even, whether his opinions assumed a systematic form to his own consciousness, or were connected with each other, except by a perception of their moral resemblances, and the instinct of

self-consistency. His mind was constructive rather than analytic. On most classes of subjects, he was content to build on foundations laid to his hand; and in his peculiar department of theology, though well versed in the grounds of argument, he contributed to the defence of Christianity only the example of his own faith, and the clear, vigorous, and eloquent statement of its reasons and its evidences. In fine, his mind was chiefly noted for its distinct cognizance of the practically important points of every subject, for its strong and healthy action, its conscientious adherence to the right and the true, and the earnest consecration of all its energies to the highest interests of freedom, virtue, and piety. When sane, he was perfectly sane; and it would be hard to point to a writer more constantly under the guidance of common sense and practical wisdom.

Hall's style is rich, but chaste, — highly rhetorical, but never gaudy. He has no sentences penned for show or sound; but solid thought always underlies his ornament and points his metaphors. His tone varies gracefully and naturally with the progress of his discourse. In his sermons, the exordium is always simple, the discussion perspicuous, direct, and often marked by a piquant vivacity of manner; and then from the argumentation he easily rises to a sustained and solemn eloquence, hardly equalled in grandeur and pathos by any writer in modern Christendom, and often reminding us of the loftiest passages of Isaiah or St. Paul, when he crowns one of his complex trains of reasoning with a pæan of gratitude and adoration. His mastery of the resources of the English language is unrivalled and perfect. It would be difficult to find, in his finished writings, a word, idiom, or construction of doubtful purity, or a passage faulty in point of euphony; and there often runs, through page after page, a rhythm hardly less perfect than if restricted by metrical laws. Much of the beauty of his style is to be ascribed to his uniform preference for words of Saxon origin. On this point his biographer relates a conversation, which is well worth transcribing, both for doctrine and reproof.

"In one of my early interviews with Mr. Hall, I used the word *felicity* three or four times in rather quick succession. He asked: 'Why do you say felicity, sir? Happiness is a better word, more musical and genuine English, coming from the Saxon.' 'Not more musical, I think, sir.' 'Yes, more musical;

and so are words derived from the Saxon generally. Listen, sir: "My heart is smitten, and withered like grass;" there 's plaintive music. Listen again, sir: "Under the shadow of thy wings will I rejoice;" there 's cheerful music.' 'Yes; but *rejoice* is French.' 'True, but all the rest is Saxon, and rejoice is almost out of tune with the other words. Listen again: "Thou hast delivered my eyes from tears, my soul from death, and my feet from falling;" all Saxon, sir, except *delivered.* I could think of the word *tear*, sir, till I wept. Then again, for another noble specimen, and almost all good old Saxon-English: "Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life; and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever."—p. 31.

We have spoken of the sermon on the death of the Princess Charlotte. This is undoubtedly the most eloquent of his sermons, and we have been led only to admire it the more by attempting to compare it with the magnificent funeral discourses of Bossuet and Massillon. Indeed, we suppose that a taste for their style of pulpit eloquence is almost always outgrown, and may be regarded as marking an era of immature judgment. We can remember the time when we hardly thought any sermons but theirs worth reading; while now, they would yield us but Lenten fare. They never for a moment merge the rhetorician in the Christian preacher. They make the spiritual utterly subordinate to the artistical element. Their most startling appeals and apostrophes have more of theatrical clap-trap than religious unction. Their pointed antitheses, their epigrammatical turns of thought, their studied bursts of emotion, their measured flights into the empyrean, with the wires that pull them back upon the stage-floor in clear view, belittle the great themes of death, judgment, and eternity, and chill the heart while they amuse the fancy. We can imagine an easy and natural transition from their sermons to the ball-room and the theatre, and find no difficulty in believing, that their preaching might have been a favorite entertainment for the dissolute court of Louis the Fourteenth, without starting a penitential tear, or converting a soul. We should as soon seek warmth from the coruscations of the aurora borealis, as spiritual edification from their always brilliant and sparkling, but never fervent, declamation. In their funeral eulogies, they put every rhetorical art and trick in the fullest play; but uniformly desecrate the sad solemnities of death and an

opening eternity by the most abject man-worship. Nowhere do they so magnify the artificial distinctions and additions of humanity, the trappings of royalty, the pomp of office, the gewgaws of fashion, as in the presence of the great leveller, and in the contemplation of that event which consigns the unclothed soul to the tribunal where the monarch and the beggar find equal privilege. Far otherwise does Robert Hall treat the occasion which called a nation to mourning. He manifests no coarse indifference to the peculiar circumstances of the event. In the illustrious rank of the princess, he hears no ordinary voice of Providence. The hopes that were centred in her person make her dissolution the more profoundly impressive, and read the more eloquent lesson of man's dependence and frailty. Yet not with rhetorical artifice, but with the instinct of a Christian heart, he isolates the princess from her exalted place and destiny, and sees in her unwarned death simply the passage of an humble, dutiful disciple of Christ from a scene of arduous trial to the home of the faithful. There is not a word of adulation; the panegyric is carefully kept far within the limits of well-known fact, and is less full and free than it would have been at the obsequies of some obscure wife and mother in his own flock. He manifestly fears the faintest show of the adoration of earthly greatness in the presence of the King of kings; but maintains throughout the attitude of a prayerful interpreter of the religious uses of this great public calamity. To justify these remarks, we quote one of the most impressive passages.

"When Jehovah was pleased to command Isaiah the prophet to make a public proclamation in the ears of the people, what was it, think you, he was ordered to announce? Was it some profound secret of nature, which had baffled the inquiries of philosophers? or some great political convulsion which was to change the destiny of empires? No: these were not the sort of communications most suited to the grandeur of his nature, or the exigencies of ours. *The voice said, Cry. And he said, What shall I cry? All flesh is grass, and all the goodliness thereof is as the flower of the field: the grass withereth, the flower fadeth; because the spirit of the Lord bloweth upon it: surely the people is grass. The grass withereth, the flower fadeth: but the word of our God shall stand for ever.* Instead of presenting to our eyes the mutations of power, and the revo-

lutions of states and kingdoms, he exhibits a more awful and affecting spectacle, — the human race itself withering under the breath of his mouth, perishing under his rebuke; while he plants his eternal word, which subsists from generation to generation, in undecaying vigor, to console our wretchedness, and impregnate the dying mass with the seed of immortality. As the frailty of man, and the perpetuity of *his* promises, are the greatest contrast the universe presents, so the practical impression of this truth, however obvious, is the beginning of wisdom, nor is there a degree of moral elevation to which it will not infallibly conduct us.

"The annunciation of life and immortality by the Gospel, did it contain no other truth, were sufficient to cast all the discoveries of science into shade, and to reduce the highest improvements of reason to the comparative nothingness which the flight of a moment bears to eternity.

"By this discovery the prospects of human nature are infinitely widened, the creature of yesterday becomes the child of eternity; and as felicity is not the less valuable in the eye of reason because it is remote, nor the misery which is certain less to be deprecated because it is not immediately felt, the care of our future interests becomes our chief, and, properly speaking, our only concern. All besides will shortly be nothing; and, therefore, whenever it comes into competition with these, it is as the small dust of the balance.

"Is it now any subject of regret, think you, to this amiable princess, so suddenly removed, *that her sun went down while it was yet day?* or that, prematurely snatched from prospects the most brilliant and enchanting, she was compelled to close her eyes so soon on a world of whose grandeur she formed so conspicuous a part? No: other objects occupy her mind, other thoughts engage her attention, and will continue to engage it for ever. All things with her are changed; and viewed from that pure and ineffable light, for which we humbly hope religion prepared her, the lustre of a diadem is scarcely visible, majesty emits a feeble and sickly ray, and all ranks and conditions of men appear but so many troops of pilgrims, in different garbs, toiling through the same vale of tears, distinguished only by different degrees of wretchedness.

"In the full fruition of eternal joys, she is so far from looking back with lingering regret on what she has quitted, that she is surprised it had the power of affecting her so much; that she took so deep an interest in the scenes of this shadowy state of being, while so near to an *eternal weight of glory;* and, as far as memory may be supposed to contribute to her happiness by

associating the present with the past, it is not the recollection of her illustrious birth and elevated prospects, but that she visited the abodes of the poor, and learned to weep with those that weep; that, surrounded with the fascinations of pleasure, she was not inebriated by its charms; that she resisted the strongest temptations to pride, preserved her ears open to truth, was impatient of the voice of flattery; in a word, that she sought and cherished the inspirations of piety, and *walked humbly with her God.* This is fruit which survives when the flower withers, — the only ornaments and treasures we can carry into eternity.

"While we look at this event with the eyes of flesh, and survey it in the aspect it bears towards our national prospects, it appears a most singular and affecting catastrophe. But considered in itself, or, more properly, in its relation to a certain, though invisible futurity, its consequences are but commensurate to those which result from the removal of the meanest individual. He whose death is as little regarded as the fall of a leaf in the forest, and he whose departure involves a nation in despair, are, in this view of the subject (by far the most important one), upon a level. Before the presence of the great I AM, into which they both immediately enter, these distinctions vanish, and the true statement of the fact, on either supposition, is, that an immortal spirit has finished its earthly career; has passed the barriers of the invisible world, to appear before its Maker, in order to receive that sentence which will fix its irrevocable doom, *according to the deeds done in the body.* On either supposition, an event has taken place which has no parallel in the revolutions of time, the consequences of which have not room to expand themselves within a narrower sphere than an endless duration. An event has occurred, the issues of which must ever baffle and elude all finite comprehensions, by concealing themselves in the depths of that abyss, of that eternity, which is the dwelling-place of Deity, where there is sufficient space for the destiny of each, among the innumerable millions of the human race, to develop itself, and, without interference or confusion, to sustain and carry forward its separate infinity of interest." — pp. 405 – 408.

The volume before us (which, we remark in passing, contains almost every thing fully worthy of Hall's reputation that has been preserved) gives us also four other sermons, and among them that on "Modern Infidelity," which is a calm, thorough, logical analysis of the remedies for social and political inequalities and evils proposed by the French school of atheistical philosophy, which had then [in 1799] multiplied its proselytes and partisans in England.

Two of the longest articles in the volume are political pamphlets, published during the first stages of the French Revolution. At this period, the movement seemed to be solely in behalf of civil and religious liberty, and against inveterate abuses and corruptions in church and state. It had therefore the hearty sympathy and the favoring suffrages of the great body of the dissenters in England, as well as of the more moderate and liberal party in the national church, while, on political grounds solely, and without any suspicion of the demoralizing and destructive agencies so soon to be brought into play, it encountered the most vehement opposition and abuse from the High Churchmen and the Tories. Attempts were sedulously made throughout the kingdom to suppress free discussion, and to flatter the lowest orders of the people into disorderly outbreaks of vulgar and unreasoning loyalty. Malicious prosecutions were instituted against the liberty of the press, and mobs were excited in various parts of the kingdom by the most atrocious slanders against the apologists for France and the champions of liberal principles. Hall was at this time a young minister at Cambridge, and his own sympathies conspired with the urgent entreaties of his friends in drawing him into the lists. He appeared before the public, first as an antagonist to the Rev. John Clayton, himself a dissenter, but a vehement accuser of his brethren, mainly on the ground that the liberal party had brought orthodox Christians into an unnatural and sacrilegious alliance with Priestley and other reputed heretics. His attack called out Hall's "Christianity consistent with a Love of Freedom," which for severity of rebuke, pungency of sarcasm, and honest, whole-souled indignation, can hardly find a parallel in English literature, while it is based on indisputably sound principles and conclusive arguments. After the heat of controversy had subsided, the author refused to consent to its republication, from sincere respect for Clayton's eminent private worth and ministerial faithfulness; but its popularity was so great that several editions were surreptitiously issued, the last after the lapse of more than a quarter of a century. The following passage is well worth quoting, both for the noble vindication of Priestley at the hand of a theological opponent, and as giving a specimen of the power of keen satire and withering invective, which it must have acquired no small measure of self-control to keep so entirely in abeyance, as Hall ever after held it in pursuing the functions of his sacred office.

"The religious tenets of Dr. Priestley appear to me erroneous in the extreme; but I should be sorry to suffer any difference of sentiment to diminish my sensibility to virtue, or my admiration of genius. From him the poisoned arrow will fall pointless. His enlightened and active mind, his unwearied assiduity, the extent of his researches, the light he has poured into almost every department of science, will be the admiration of that period, when the greater part of those who have favored, or those who have opposed him, will be alike forgotten. Distinguished merit will ever rise superior to oppression, and will draw lustre from reproach. The vapors which gather round the rising sun, and follow it in its course, seldom fail at the close of it to form a magnificent theatre for its reception, and to invest with variegated tints, and with a softened effulgence, the luminary which they cannot hide.

"It is a pity, however, [that] our author, in reproaching characters so illustrious, was not a little more attentive to facts; for unfortunately for him, Dr. Priestley has not in any instance displayed that disaffection to government with which he has been charged so wantonly. In his Lectures on History, and his Essay on Civil Government, which of all his publications fall most properly within the sphere of politics, he has delineated the British constitution with great accuracy, and has expressed his warm admiration of it as the best system of policy the sagacity of man has been able to contrive. In his Familiar Letters to the Inhabitants of Birmingham, a much later work, where the seeds of that implacable dislike were scattered which produced the late riots, he has renewed that declaration, and has informed us, that he has been pleasantly ridiculed by his friends as being a Unitarian in religion, and a Trinitarian in politics. He has lamented, indeed, in common with every enlightened citizen, the existence of certain corruptions, which, being gradually introduced into the constitution, have greatly impaired its vigor; but in this he has had the honor of being followed by the prime minister himself, who began his career by proposing a reform in parliament, merely to court popularity it is true, at a time when it would not have been so safe for him to insult the friends of freedom after having betrayed their interest, as he has since found it.

"Dr. Priestley has, moreover, defended with great ability and success the principles of our dissent, exposing, as the very nature of the undertaking demands, the folly and injustice of all clerical usurpations; and on this account, if on no other, he is entitled to the gratitude of his brethren. In addition to this catalogue of crimes, he has ventured to express his satisfaction on the liberation of France; an event which, promising a firmer establishment to

liberty than any recorded in the annals of the world, is contemplated by the friends of arbitrary power throughout every kingdom of Europe with the utmost concern. These are the demerits of Dr. Priestley, for which this political astrologist and sacred calculator of nativities pronounces upon him that he is *born to vex the state.* The best apology candor can suggest, will be to hope Mr. Clayton has never read Dr. Priestley's political works; a conjecture somewhat confirmed from his disclaiming all attention to political theories, and from the extreme ignorance he displays through the whole of his discourse on political topics. Still it is to be wished he would have condescended to understand what he means to confute, if it had been only to save himself the trouble and disgrace of this publication.

"The manner in which he speaks of the Birmingham riots, and the cause to which he traces them, are too remarkable to pass unnoticed.

"*When led*, says he, speaking of the sufferers, *by officious zeal, from the quiet duties of their profession into the Senator's province: unhallowed boisterous passions in others, like their own, God may permit to chastise them.* For my own part I was some time before I could develop this extraordinary passage; but I now find the darkness in which it is veiled is no more than that mystic sublimity which has always tinctured the language of those who are appointed to interpret the counsels of heaven.

"I would not have Mr. Clayton deal too freely in these visions, lest the fire and illumination of the prophet should put out the reason of the man, a caution the more necessary in the present instance, as it glimmers so feebly already in several parts of his discourse, that its extinction would not be at all extraordinary. We are, no doubt, much obliged to him for letting us into a secret we could never have learnt any other way. We thank him heartily for informing us that the Birmingham riots were a judgment; and, as we would wish to be grateful for such an important communication, we would whisper in his ear in return, that he should be particularly careful not to suffer this itch of prophesying to grow upon him, men being extremely apt, in this degenerate age, to mistake a prophet for a madman, and to lodge them in the same place of confinement. The best use he could make of his mantle would be to bequeath it to the use of posterity, as for the want of it I am afraid they will be in danger of falling into some very unhappy mistakes. To their unenlightened eyes it will appear a reproach, that in the eighteenth century, an age that boasts its science and improvement, the first philosopher in Europe, of a character unblemished, and of manners the most mild and gentle, should be torn from his family, and obliged to

flee an outcast and a fugitive from the murderous hands of a frantic rabble; but when they learn that there were not wanting teachers of religion, who secretly triumphed in these barbarities, they will pause for a moment, and imagine they are reading the history of Goths or of Vandals. Erroneous as such a judgment must appear in the eyes of Mr. Clayton, nothing but a ray of his supernatural light could enable us to form a juster decision. Dr. Priestley and his friends are not the first that have suffered in a public cause; and when we recollect, that those who have sustained similar disasters have been generally conspicuous for a superior sanctity of character, what but an acquaintance with the counsels of heaven can enable us to distinguish between these two classes of sufferers, and, whilst one are the favorites of God, to discern in the other the objects of his vengeance? When we contemplate this extraordinary endowment, we are no longer surprised at the superiority he assumes through the whole of his discourse, nor at that air of confusion and disorder which appears in it; both of which we impute to his dwelling so much in the insufferable light, and amidst the coruscations and flashes of the divine glory; a sublime but perilous situation, described with great force and beauty by Mr. Gray: —

> "'He passed the flaming bounds of place and time:
> The living throne, the sapphire blaze,
> Where angels tremble while they gaze,
> He saw; but blasted with excess of light,
> Closed his eyes in endless night.'"
>
> — pp. 135 – 138.

About two years later, Hall, at the earnest solicitation of highly respected friends, prepared and published his Apology for the Freedom of the Press, and for General Liberty. This treatise, though designed for the times, has ceased to be of value now only because its postulates have become axioms, and its principles the basis of English legislation and jurisprudence. In these works, there is probably no sentiment which the writer would have been disposed to retract or disavow in the latter years of his life, though he soon confessed his utter disappointment at the course of results of the French Revolution, and stood forth as a resolute and active opponent of its principles and influences, when they became more fully defined and developed.

The volume before us closes with a selection from Hall's contributions to the Eclectic Review. The best praise of such compositions is to say, as we can say of these, that in minuteness and thoroughness of criticism, range of thought

and dignity of style, they are commensurate with the merits and demands of the works to which they severally relate. Were we to make any exception to this remark, it would be with reference to the review of Belsham's Memoirs of Lindsey, in which Hall, not content to occupy the position of a candid theological opponent, entirely loses his good temper, and is betrayed into an acrid and almost scurrilous personality, which leads us to imagine, that, whatever progress he might have made in other Christian graces, he had not grown more tolerant of honest differences in the twenty years which had intervened since his defence of Priestley, with whom both Lindsey and Belsham bore as close a kindred in virtue as in reputed heresy.

As we have already hinted, Hall left a higher and dearer fame than can accrue to him from his published works. All who heard him in public, or knew him in private, deemed him one of the greatest men of the age. Wherever he preached, he drew crowded audiences, and had among his frequent and most admiring hearers men of all shades and extremes of opinion, from the beneficed Churchman to the sneering latitudinarian. While he was settled at Cambridge, he generally had fifty or sixty of the members of the University, tutors and fellows, in his afternoon audience, and an attempt to check this irregularity was earnestly and successfully resisted by Bishop Mansell, then Master of Trinity College. In his intercourse with all classes of society, he was eminently happy. His radiant benevolence of countenance and manner secured him a welcome in the houses of the poor, while the charm of his conversation made him in every place of his residence the leading mind in a circle of the highest intelligence and cultivation. Only his friend and admirer Foster shrank from his society, in his diffidence, self-isolation, and consciousness of a power which he could wield only by convulsive and exhausting efforts, unwilling to come often into mental collision with one whose resources were always at hand, and poured out with unstinted prodigality.

There was a vein of eccentricity running through Hall's private life, just enough to lead him to say and do sensible and judicious things in the oddest possible way, without vitiating his judgment or impairing his usefulness. Perhaps the strangest transaction to be referred to this head was his courtship and marriage. He had reached the age of forty-four,

had been twice insane, and was hopelessly an invalid. He could easily have chosen a wife from the cultivated circles, with which he was continually conversant; but he reasoned with himself that such a wife must make a large sacrifice of personal comfort, taste, and happiness in ministering to his infirmities, and might after all fail in the capacity to meet the inevitable necessities of his condition. On the other hand, to one drawn from an entirely different sphere the most arduous personal services might seem light and easy, while she might be compensated for her devotion to him by the comparative independence and affluence in which he should be able to place her. We will give the story in the words of Gilfillan, who could not let such a precious *morceau* of gossip escape him. "Who has forgot the history of his courtship (not recorded in his biography); his going down to the kitchen of a brother minister, where his inamorata lived in the shape of a most respectable and pious domestic; his lighting the inseparable pipe; his question, 'Betty, do you love the Lord Jesus Christ?' her answer, 'I hope, sir, I do'; and his succeeding and conclusive query, 'Betty, do you love me?'" This narrative we have derived in substance from more authentic sources, and have no doubt of its accuracy. The result was a happy union with one, who passed without discredit from an humbler to a higher station, ruled his house with dignity, trained his children with discretion, watched over him in health and sickness with the most tender assiduity, was the means under Providence of warding off the recurrence of his mental malady, and no doubt of adding some years to his life and usefulness, smoothed his death-pillow, and cherished the most affectionate memory of his domestic virtues.

We fear that we have given but an imperfect sketch of Hall's genius and character. We have found great difficulty in satisfying ourselves, from the absence of salient points in his mental and moral outline. Had he had great follies or weaknesses, they would have given us shadows for our picture; but the *chiaro-scuro* is as essential an element in the ungentle craft of the critic, as it is with the painter, and we ask praise for our humanity in not dropping a subject so unsuited for a fair exhibition of our artistical skill. As we have let the darker colors dry on our palette, we have felt only growing reverence and love for the man, — admiration for the untiring

activity of his genius and for the vast amount of intellectual labor, of which we have ample testimony, though not the written record, and gratitude for the legacy of his eloquent example and for the few brilliant memorials of himself, which posterity cannot willingly let perish.

Art. VI. — 1. *Poems.* By R. W. Emerson. Boston: James Munroe & Co. 1847. 16mo. pp. 251.

2. *Poems.* By William Ellery Channing. Second Series. Boston: James Munroe & Co. 1847. 16mo. pp. 160.

3. *Schiller's Homage of the Arts, with Miscellaneous Pieces from Rückert, Freiligrath, and other German Poets.* By Charles T. Brooks. Boston: James Munroe & Co. 1847. 16mo. pp. 151.

4. *Poems.* By William W. Story. Boston: Little & Brown. 1847. 16mo. pp. 249.

5. *Poems.* By Thomas Buchanan Read. Boston: W. D. Ticknor & Co. 1847. 16mo. pp. 124.

6. *The Island Bride, and other Poems.* By James F. Colman. Boston: W. D. Ticknor & Co. 1846. 16mo. pp. 164.

7. *Poems.* By Frances Elizabeth Browne. Cambridge: Metcalf & Co. 1846. 16mo. pp. 155.

8. *Songs of the Sea, with other Poems.* By Epes Sargent. Boston: James Munroe & Co. 1847. 18mo. pp. 208.

9. *Shells from the Strand of the Sea of Genius.* By Harriet Farley. First Series. Boston: James Munroe & Co. 1847. 12mo. pp. 300.

One of our critical brethren across the ocean, some years ago, observing the almost countless multitude of books already in being, and the constantly increasing productiveness of the press, remarked in rather a plaintive way, that unless some short-hand process was speedily invented, the art of reading must be given up in despair. The apprehension was not wholly groundless, though it seems exaggerated, for it pro-

ceeds on the supposition that books are printed only in order that they may be read ; while it is evident, that many books are printed now-a-days without the slightest expectation that they will be read by anybody. As faithful reviewers, bound to watch the proceedings of authors, pretty much as Mr. Flamstead was appointed to look after the stars, we are supposed to know more than most people about "new publications," and to be able to give seasonable notice when any thing remarkable appears above the literary horizon. We are proxies for the public, who now do much of their reading at second hand, and trust to newspapers, magazines, and reviews, for an estimate of books which they are too poor to purchase, or too indolent to peruse.

The office is at all times a sufficiently onerous one ; but at certain periods of the year, it becomes quite intolerable. At the beginning of winter, for instance, there is some demand for pretty gift-books, as acceptable presents for Christmas and the New Year. Dainty little volumes, with hot-pressed leaves and vellum-colored or arabesque covers, slip in among new work-boxes, droll bronze figures, and articles of *papeterie* and *bijouterie* (we must have French names for our bawbles), as appropriate ornaments for the centre-table. No one thinks of reading the books, any more than of using the work-boxes. Only the patient and conscientious reviewer is expected to tell the public if there is any thing entertaining in them. As so little inquiry is made respecting the contents of the volumes, amateur authors gladly avail themselves of the opportunity to inflict their wares upon the public. Essays, tales, sketches, travels, treatises upon moral law, and "elements" of every science make their appearance almost by hundreds, to deck the bookseller's counters for a week, and his shelves for a century. Great as the demand may be, the supply is still greater.

We are at first disposed to pity the publishers who have hazarded their capital in an enterprise so unpromising. But the worthy bibliopolists need no commiseration ; they are far too shrewd to encounter any such peril. Formerly, it was the fashion for the publishers to pay the authors ; now, the rule is inverted, and the authors alone pay, and very round sums, too, for the use of a publisher's name, and for the privilege of appearing before the public. Most writers now-a-days belong to the *dilettanti* society, and the frequency of

their appearance is measured not so much by the extent of their reputations, as by the length of their purses. This change of practice was very necessary ; otherwise, the glut in the book-market would have bankrupted " the trade " long ago. Authors have fairly turned the tables on their old tyrants ; Grub Street now rules Paternoster Row, instead of being its ill-paid menial and slave.

In this crowd of seekers after literary immortality, the poets, of course, are not found wanting. They make their appearance in flocks at this propitious season, just as the wild geese, with dissonant clang, wing their way southward at the beginning of winter. Here are nine young disciples of Apollo, — just the number of the Muses, — whom we have the pleasure of introducing to the public, with their maiden publications in their hands, and glowing with the blush of ingenuous shame and ambition. One or two of them, perhaps, are old sinners ; but the greater number are evidently just caught. They are in the agonies of a first appearance, and undergoing as much perturbation as a young legislator when he makes his maiden speech. Our good city of Boston may well be called " the literary metropolis " of America ; we doubt whether any other city in the world ever turned so large a brood of poets out of the nest in one season. Some crusty old fellows may perhaps exclaim with Pope, —

" All Bedlam or Parnassus is let out ! "

But they will do wrong to be surly about the matter. *They* are not obliged to read all these volumes, which contain, according to a rough computation, about eighteen hundred pages of rhyme and blank verse ; that task falls only on the hapless reviewer, and he will doubtless be alone in the performance of it. He has enjoyed some reputation for the power of rapid perusal and omnivorous digestion, and this is certainly an occasion to put his abilities to the test.

With a view not more to our own ease and comfort, than to the welfare and future renown of these callow poets, we would earnestly entreat them to pay a little more heed to the difference between quality and quantity. One cannot make himself more sure to sink in the sea of oblivion than by tying a heavy load of his own works about his neck ; all the corks and bladders he can muster, — newspaper puffs, the flattery of admiring relatives and friends, and the applause of a little

coterie, — will never save him. His epitaph in our literary annals will be, that he put to sea with a weighty cargo of poetry, and was never heard of more. All the poems of Collins, Gray, and Goldsmith united would hardly fill a volume as large as the least of those now before us; but each of these great names has already survived one century, and not a leaf of their laurels has faded. If either of them had begun his career with the publication of a book like one of these, containing an indefinite number of songs, miscellanies, lyrics, and sonnets, his fame would not have survived his funeral. The satirist laughs at the poet

"Who strains from hard-bound brains six lines a year";

but his own glory would now shine all the brighter, if he had not heaped so many verses upon it. We maintain, that the class of poets whom he sneers at ought to receive all encouragement. There are not many such in our day; the disorder under which our contemporaries suffer is of a different character.

A knack at versification, a tolerable command of poetical diction, and a store of well-used images are now very common endowments; hardly any one can pride himself over his neighbours in the possession of them. Rhyming is as easy as punning, to one who will allow his thoughts to run more by the associations of sound than of sense. The universality of these gifts, if all persons were equally ambitious, might produce very serious consequences; our literature would be drowned by an inundation of poetry. We should all be so busy in writing verses, that nobody would have leisure to read them; or if they did, they would be very caustic critics, for it was long ago remarked, that "poetry is like brown bread, since those who make it at home never like what they meet with elsewhere." Sometime in the course of his life, under the influence of love, madness, or some other calamity, almost every one is silly enough to sin in rhyme.

"Scribimus indocti, doctique, poemata passim."

But not every one is so foolish as to publish his sins to the world. With more prudence than ambition, he first consigns them to the depths of his writing-desk, and afterwards to the flames. The world would not have suffered an irreparable

loss, if a large portion of the poetical vagaries now before it in print had undergone the same fate.

Old John Locke — rather a prosaic and plain-spoken character, it is true — declared many years ago, that there are no mines of gold or silver in Parnassus. "It is a pleasant air, but a barren soil; and there are very few instances of those who have added to their patrimony by any thing they have reaped from thence." Fame is the only commodity that can now be gathered on the sacred mount; and we have great fears, too, that nearly the whole of this crop has been reaped and appropriated. There are so many seekers after it, that they jostle one another, and, in almost every case, come back empty-handed. Amateur poets, especially, who dabble in rhyme only for their own amusement and the profit of the booksellers, cannot hope to glean much in a field, the resources of which are so carefully husbanded. "The mob of gentlemen who write with ease" has continued to increase in number ever since the days of Pope; too indolent and independent to seek the favor of the public on which they are not obliged to depend, all their talent passes off in a languid and washy facility of versification, which can gain no applause beyond the circle of their spinster cousins and maiden aunts. The privations, the throes, and the rewards of genius are equally unknown to them.

But it is time to look more particularly at the merits of this batch of poets. At the head of the list stands Mr. Emerson, whose mystical effusions have been for some years the delight of a large and increasing circle of young people, and the despair of the critics. He is a chartered libertine, who has long exercised his prerogative of writing enigmas both in prose and verse, sometimes with meaning in them, and sometimes without, — more frequently without. Many of his fragments in verse — if *verse* it can be called, which puts at defiance all the laws of rhythm, metre, grammar, and common sense — were originally published in The Dial, *lucus a non lucendo*, a strange periodical work, which is now withdrawn from sunlight into the utter darkness that it always coveted. These fragments, with some new matter, are now first collected in a separate volume, and published, as we believe, with a sly purpose on the part of the author to quiz his own admirers. His prose essays, on their first appearance, were received with about equal admiration and amazement;

always enigmatical and frequently absurd in doctrine and sentiment, they also contained flashes of better things. Quaint and pithy apothegms, dry and humorous satire, studied oddities of expression, which made an old thought appear almost as good as a new one, and frequent felicities of poetical and picturesque diction, were the redeeming qualities that compensated the reader for toiling through many pages filled with a mere hubbub and jumble of words. Startling and offensive opinions, drawn mostly from systems of metaphysics that were long ago exploded and forgotten, were either darkly hinted at, or baldly stated without a word of explanation or defence. Poet and mystic, humorist and heretic, the writer seemed, on the one side, to aim at a revival of Heraclitus and Plotinus, and on the other, to be an imitator of Rabelais and Sterne. A few touches of recondite learning, obviously more fantastic than profound, added to the singularity of the compound which he presented to the public. He probably accomplished his first purpose, when his essays simply made people stare, —

> "While some pronounced him wondrous wise,
> And some declared him mad."

But it is only in his prose that Mr. Emerson is a poet; this volume of professed poetry contains the most prosaic and unintelligible stuff that it has ever been our fortune to encounter. The book opens, very appropriately, with a piece called *The Sphinx*. We are no Œdipus, and cannot expound one of the riddles contained in it; but some of our readers may be more successful, and a specimen of it shall therefore be placed before them. It matters not what portion is extracted, for the poem may be read backwards quite as intelligibly as forwards, and no mortal can trace the slightest connection between the verses.

"The fiend that man harries
Is love of the Best;
Yawns the pit of the Dragon,
Lit by rays from the Blest.
The Lethe of nature
Can't trance him again,
Whose soul sees the perfect,
Which his eyes seek in vain.

"Profounder, profounder,
Man's spirit must dive;
To his aye-rolling orbit
No goal will arrive;
The heavens that now draw him
With sweetness untold,
Once found,—for new heavens
He spurneth theold."

We pause here to ask if, in the Italicized lines, the epithet "aye-rolling" is not a misprint for *eye*-rolling. We never heard of an *ever-rolling* orbit, inasmuch as the orbit usually remains still, and the object, or body, rolls in it. "The eye rolling in its orbit" is a phrase intelligible enough by itself, though it has no imaginable relation here with the context. Then, again, it is not strange that "No goal will arrive"; goals do not usually arrive, but remain fixed; they are the points arrived at.

"Pride ruined the angels,
Their shame them restores;
And the joy that is sweetest
Lurks in stings of remorse.
Have I a lover
Who is noble and free? —
I would he were nobler
Than to love me.

"*Eterne alternation,*
Now follows, now flies;
And under pain, pleasure, —
Under pleasure, pain lies.
Love works at the centre,
Heart-heaving alway;
Forth speed the strong pulses
To the borders of day.

"Dull Sphinx, Jove keep thy five wits!"

Amen! We will quote no farther here, lest we should entirely lose ours. An "alternation," that "now follows, now flies," is an idea profound enough to puzzle the wits of most philosophers.

We cite one other stanza from a different page, as it shows what improvements the poem has undergone in the process of incubation.

"Uprose the merry Sphinx,
And crouched no more in stone;
She melted into purple cloud,
She silvered in the moon;
She spired into a yellow flame;
She flowered in blossoms red;
She flowed into a foaming wave;
She stood Monadnoc's head."

We have not The Dial at hand for reference; but if memory serves us aright, in the poem as first published, instead of the lines here printed in Italics, we had the following: —

"She jumped into a barberry bush,
She jumped into the moon."

This original reading seems to be preferable, as it is more simple and graphic; but the poet probably struck it out,

lest he should appear indebted to the highly imaginative lines of Mother Goose, —

> "Hey, diddle-diddle, the cat and the fiddle,
> The cow jumped over the moon."

The Sphinx concludes her oracles with this tempting declaration: —

> "Thorough a thousand voices
> Spoke the universal dame:
> 'Who telleth one of my meanings,
> Is master of all I am.'"

We doubt whether the fulfilment of this promise will ever be claimed by any body; certainly, not by us, for we do not even know what is meant by a "universal" old lady.

As original in his choice of subjects as in his mode of treating them, Mr. Emerson has some dainty lines addressed to the humble bee. We can quote only the two concluding stanzas, which show the minuteness and delicacy of the poet's observation of nature.

> "Aught unsavory or clean
> Hath my insect never seen;
> But violets and bilberry bells,
> Maple-sap, and daffodels,
> Grass with green flag half-mast high,
> Succory to match the sky,
> Columbine with horn of honey,
> Scented fern, and agrimony,
> Clover, catchfly, adder's tongue,
> And brier roses, dwelt among;
> All beside was unknown waste,
> All was picture as he passed.
>
> "Wiser far than human seer,
> Yellow-breeched philosopher!
> Seeing only what is fair,
> Sipping only what is sweet,
> Thou dost mock at fate and care,
> Leave the chaff, and take the wheat.
> When the fierce northwestern blast
> Cools sea and land so far and fast,
> Thou already slumberest deep;
> Woe and want thou canst outsleep;
> Want and woe, which torture us,
> Thy sleep makes ridiculous."

Mr. Emerson delights to build a poem on some nearly forgotten anecdote, or myth, or recorded saying of the wise and great, either in ancient times or the Middle Ages. A sort of misty reference to this theme appears here and there in the verses, and if the reader is lucky enough to remember the anecdote, he may flatter himself that he can see a

glimpse of meaning in them. But if unlearned or forgetful, no reference, no direct statement, no charitable foot-note, gives him the least hint of the writer's purpose ; all is dark as Erebus. Sometimes, an uncouth Sanscrit, Greek, or German compound word stands as the title of a few verses, and answers the poet's object to puzzle his readers quite delightfully. The contrivance is ingenious, and shows how highly obscurity is prized, and that a book of poetry may almost attain the dignity of a child's book of riddles.

Thus, some lines headed *Alphonso of Castile* seem to be founded on the saying recorded of this king, ironically surnamed "The Wise," that if the Almighty had consulted him at the creation, he would have made a much better universe. A few lines may be quoted from this poem, as a specimen of Mr. Emerson's more familiar style. It begins in this original manner : —

> "I, Alphonso, live and learn,
> Seeing Nature go astern.
> Things deteriorate in kind ;
> Lemons run to leaves and rind ;
> Meagre crop of figs and limes ;
> Shorter days and harder times."

After enumerating many other evils and imperfections, equally important in character, the king proceeds to give his advice to the gods in the following choice expressions : —

> "Hear you, then, celestial fellows !
> Fits not to be overzealous ;
> Steads not to work on the clean jump,
> Nor wine nor brains perpetual pump.
> Men and gods are *too extense ;*
> Could you slacken and condense ?
> Your rank overgrowths reduce
> Till your kinds abound with juice ? "

The poet probably meant to be satirical, referring to the pragmatical and conceited tone of many foolish busybodies in the affairs of this world. The purpose was well enough ; we can only call attention to the neatness and elegance of the machinery contrived for this object, and to the poignancy of his wit.

Another string of rhymes, entitled *Mithridates*, seems to be founded on the old myth respecting that monarch, that having discovered a sure antidote, he was able to subsist entirely on the most active poisons. After babbling for a time about dogwood, hemlock, "the prussic juice," and upas boughs, the poet breaks out into the following witty and coherent apostrophe: —

> "O doleful ghosts, and goblins merry!
> O all you virtues, methods, mights,
> Means, appliances, delights,
> Reputed wrongs and braggart rights,
> Smug routine, and things allowed,
> Minorities, things under cloud!
> Hither! take me, use me, fill me,
> Vein and artery, though ye kill me!
> *God! I will not be an owl,*
> But sun me in the Capitol."

We commend Mr. Emerson's intention not to be an owl, though when he utters such dismal screeches as these, one may doubt whether the transformation has not already been effected. We never before felt the whole force of Horace's exclamation, *aut insanit homo, aut versus facit.* Is the man sane who can deliberately commit to print this fantastic nonsense?

Another of these effusions is called *Hamatreya.* The word sounds like Sanscrit; we frankly confess our ignorance of its meaning, and have not time to hunt through lexicons and encyclopædias, from one of which it was probably fished up, for a solution of the enigma. The reader may discover Mr. Emerson's drift, if he can, in the following introductory lines.

> "Minott, Lee, Willard, Hosmer, Meriam, Flint
> Possessed the land which rendered to their toil
> Hay, corn, roots, hemp, flax, apples, wool, and wood.
> Each of these landlords walked amidst his farm,
> Saying, 'T is mine, my children's, and my name's:
> How sweet the west wind sounds in my own trees!
> How graceful climb those shadows on my hill!
> I fancy these pure waters and the flags
> Know me, as does my dog: we sympathize;
> And, I affirm, my actions smack of the soil.'"

We have not room to quote the whole of this delectable

stuff. After proceeding for a while, in a similar strain, the poet breaks out into what he calls the Earth-Song. "Hear what the earth says."

"Mine and yours;
Mine, not yours.
Earth endures;
Stars abide —
Shine down in the old sea;
Old are the shores;
But where are old men?
I who have seen much,
Such have I never seen.

"The lawyer's deed
Ran sure,
In tail,
To them, and to their heirs
Who shall succeed,
Without fail,
Forevermore.

"Here is the land,
Shaggy with wood,
With its old valley,
Mound, and flood.
But the heritors?
Fled like the flood's foam, —
The lawyer, and the laws,
And the kingdom,
Clean swept herefrom."

Those who think this Earth-Song is unparalleled are mistaken; we can produce a very similar passage in prose, which the poet possibly had in view, and endeavoured to imitate. That witty buffoon, Foote, happening to hear a person boast of the facility with which he could commit any passage to memory, undertook to write a few lines which the other would not be able to remember accurately, even after repeated perusal. The challenge was accepted, and Foote immediately produced the following, which we will match, for coherency of ideas, with any thing that Mr. Emerson has ever written.

"And she went into the garden to cut a cabbage to make an apple pie; and a she-bear, walking up the street, pops his head into the shop, — What! No soap! and he died; and she very imprudently married the barber, and at the wedding were the Hoblillies and the Joblillies, and the great Panjandrum, with the little button at top, and they all danced till the gunpowder ran out of the heels of their boots."

We mean to be fair with the poet. Having read attentively — *horresco referens!* — the whole book, we affirm that the specimens now laid before our readers fairly represent far the larger portion of it. Here and there, a gleam of light intrudes, and we find brief but striking indications of the talent and feeling which Mr. Emerson unquestionably possesses. But the effect is almost instantly marred by some

mystical nonsense, some silly pedantry, an intolerable hitch in rhythm or grammar, or an incredible flatness and meanness of expression. In one of the longer poems, *Monadnoc*, one may cull a few single lines, and occasionally a couplet, or a quatrain, of great poetic beauty. But these are like a few costly spices flung into a tub full of dirty and greasy water; they are polluted by the medium in which they float, and one cannot pick them out without soiling his fingers. Here is a couplet containing one of the best, and one of the worst, lines in the piece. The poet, addressing the mountain, exclaims with inimitable bathos, —

> " Ages are thy days,
> *Thou grand expresser of the present tense!* "

The greater part of the poem is made up of such senseless jingle as this: —

> " For the world was built in order,
> And the atoms march in tune;
> Rhyme the pipe, and Time the warder,
> *Cannot forget the sun, the moon.*
> Orb and atom forth they prance,
> When they hear from far the rune;
> None so backward in the troop,
> When the music and the dance
> *Reach his* place and *circumstance*,
> But knows the *sun-creating sound*,
> And, though a *pyramid*, *will bound*."

We can find no nominative to " cannot forget," there is no word to rhyme with " troop," and, in the last four lines, subject and object are mingled in inextricable confusion. Mr. Emerson is evidently one of those poets

> " Who, free from rhyme or reason, rule or check,
> Break Priscian's head and Pegasus's neck."

The following pretty and graceful lines form the only tolerable entire piece in the book.

> " O fair and stately maid, whose eyes
> Were kindled in the upper skies
> At the same torch that lighted mine;
> For so I must interpret still
> Thy sweet dominion o' er my will,
> A sympathy divine.

"Ah! let me blameless gaze upon
Features that seem at heart my own;
Nor fear those watchful sentinels,
Who charm the more their glance forbids,
Chaste-glowing, underneath their lids,
With fire that draws while it repels."

The publication of a volume of such poetry at the present day is a strange phenomenon; but a stranger, still, is the eagerness with which it is received by quite a large circle of neophytes, who look down with pitying contempt on all those who cannot share their admiration of its contents. It is stereotyped, and we hear that one or two thousand copies of it have been sold. How far the taste may be perverted by fashion, prejudice, or the influences of a *clique* or school, it is impossible to say; but there must be limits to all corruptions of it which come short of insanity. It is possible to profess admiration which one does not feel; or for the faculties to be so impaired by disease as to become insensible to their appropriate gratifications. The ear may lose its perception of the finest harmonies, the olfactory nerve may no longer be gratified by the most delicious perfumes; these would be mere defects, a loss of the sources of great enjoyment. But we cannot conceive of enjoyments being created of an opposite character. The ear cannot be trained to receive pleasure from discords, nor the sense of smell to enjoy a stench. As with the pleasures of sense, so is it with intellectual gratifications. We may never have acquired a relish for them, or we may lose it by neglect. But one cannot change the nature of things, and derive positive pleasure from that which is distasteful and odious by its original constitution. Incoherency of thought and studied obscurity of expression, an unmeaning jumble of words and a heap of vulgar and incongruous images, cannot, as such, be agreeable objects to contemplate. If praised by a sect, it must be because each one relies on the opinion of his fellows, so that there is not one independent judgment among them. If the hierophant of the sect be a shrewd humorist, it is most likely that he is mocking the weakness of his admirers.

We pass on to the second Muse on our list. After turning over the leaves of Mr. Channing's volume, one is tempted to exclaim, — Why, this is more excellent foolery than the other. His poetry is a feeble and diluted copy of Mr.

Emerson's, — not so mystical and incoherent, but far more childish and insipid. The two publications come together very naturally, as cause and effect ; the one is a commentary on the other, the pupil following very closely his master's principles of taste and composition, and carrying them out even more boldly to their legitimate results. Their peculiarities of style are matters of choice and not of accident ; their diction is slovenly upon system, and they strive after dulness and imbecility, as for hidden treasures. They have inverted the poetical decalogue, and strive to commit literary suicide with as much eagerness as others labor for literary immortality. We do not conceive, therefore, that we are doing them any disservice by holding up their peculiarities to the world ; they are anxious to be expelled from the ranks of other poets, and court no honors but those of martyrdom.

If it were not for this consideration, we should hesitate about taking any notice of Mr. Channing's effusions. It is no pleasure to us, certainly, and will probably yield no gratification to our readers, to cover our pages with citations from such a work. Criticism is thrown away upon it, so far as the author is concerned. But example is contagious, and a school of admirers and imitators is easily formed under certain influences, which may have a great effect in corrupting the public taste, unless a vigorous protest be uttered in behalf of sound principles and common sense. Novelties are always captivating, and the old standards of poetry are in danger of being neglected and forgotten, the old landmarks in the realm of taste of being swept away, by the mere force of numbers and impudence on the part of the innovators. Something may be gained by reaction, if the full extent of the evil be exposed at one view, and the public be enabled to view the brass and clay that compose the new literary idols which they are invited to worship.

First Love is the title of one of Mr. Channing's more remarkable poems. It is a story about young Henry, who went to church, "an old, a celebrated church" ; yet he went "not as a worshipper," or rather to worship only a young and fair-haired girl.

> "*Her name was Hester, lovely as the Spring.*
> To them, this reverend building was a fane,
> *Whereon* the God of love, fair Cupid laid
> Two youthful hearts, then kindled into flame."

It was certainly heathenish to put a church to such uses, and Cupid never played a wilder trick than when he first kindled two hearts, and then laid them *on* "this reverend building" as on a gridiron. The poet now breaks out into a rapture.

> "O what is love, young Love, *what liquid fire,*
> *What undiscovered furnace* lighted up,
> *What mirror in our breasts* that thus presents
> A mistress in her bloom and glorious hour.
> To Henry no such thoughts, on Hester's form
> The gentle youth turned gently *a faint look,*
> *More worthy to be worshipped* than the Host
> Which all the congregation worshippèd."

A lively imagination certainly presents young love under a strange variety of aspects, making it appear, at one and the same moment, as "liquid fire," as an "undiscovered furnace," — which would be in itself a very remarkable object, — and as a "mirror in our breasts." That "faint look," also, must needs have been a very holy look, if it was "more worthy to be worshipped" than things divine. But young Henry, as we shall see, had some rather peculiar notions of theology. The sound of the Sabbath bell, we are told, often sent a thrill of fear through his heart,

> "Lest Hester might not be at church that day.
> Yet Hester came, and week succeeded week,
> And months fled by, and sometimes Hester came not.
> *When she was absent, Henry felt how vain,*
> *How utterly vain and hollow was the Creed*
> *Taught from the Liturgy and New Testament.*"

We fear the poor youth had been very imperfectly instructed both in logic and the Catechism. If he went to church only to see Hester, it was a very proper punishment for him that she should stay away, and in her absence that he should be delivered over to Satan. He seems to have been a feeble-minded youth, for he never told his love, and never came "nearer lovely Hester's form," than when in church, or when

> "He paced the quiet street where Hester lived."

The story is very short, for this is the whole of it, the poet probably thinking that brevity is the soul of pathos, no less than of wit. We learn, however, that

"The ancient Church still holds the sacred form,
And hollow ghosts stalk through the gloomy aisles,
But Hester's form has fled, and Henry's fled."

They ought to have joined company with the other ghosts, and continued to stalk through the aisles for at least a century. But they have fled, and may peace go with them; for they were a rare couple.

Paulo majora canamus; let us now pass to the "Ode," the only one in the volume, and see how our poet succeeds in the lyric strain. As most of it is written in the second person, it is apparently addressed to somebody, or to something, — we know not what; for the poet does not condescend to inform us. It is evidently written in imitation of Mr. Emerson, for one stanza is quite as intelligible as another, or when standing alone as in company with its fellows. It is, therefore, quite convenient for quotation.

"*The circles of thy Thought, shine vast as stars,*
No glass shall round them,
No plummet sound them,
They hem the observer like bright steel wrought bars,
And limpid as the sun,
Or as bright waters run
From the cold fountain of the Alpine springs,
Or diamonds richly set in the King's rings."

It is often said that the stars shine *bright;* but we never heard that they shone "vast" before. This must be the effect of the poet's imagination, which is a very lively one, as it can find a similarity between "circles of thought" and "steel wrought bars."

"*The pins of custom have not pierced* through thee,
Thy shining armor
A perfect charmer;
Even *the hornets of Divinity,*
Allow thee a brief space,
And thy Thought has a place,
Upon the well-bound Library's chaste shelves,
Where man of various wisdom rarely delves."

We are a little staggered by "the hornets of Divinity," as it is not *quite* clear what the poet means. Is it an allusion to the text in Exodus, — "And I will send hornets before thee, which shall drive out the Hivite, the Canaanite, and the

Hittite, from before thee" ? Then the person here addressed must be one of the heathen.

As Mr. Emerson has written quite a long poem on Mount Monadnoc, it was quite natural that Mr. Channing should indite another of equal length on Mount Wachusett. While on the summit, having gained what it is the fashion to call a "deeper insight into the heart of things,"— though we never could tell what this phrase means, — he improves the opportunity to discourse about politics and religion.

> "Society is leagued against the poor,
> Monopolies close up from most the door
> To fortune, Industry has come to be
> *Competitive, all, — aristocracy ;*
> Work is monotonous, a war for wealth,
> *The universe is plainly out of health.*"

The poet must have thought the universe was in a very bad way indeed, when he undertook to physic it with such lines as these. His couplet about industry reminds us of another, which we first heard in our undergraduate days, as an illustration of the straits to which college poets were sometimes reduced for a rhyme.

> "Father built a well-sweep,
> And wind blew it down ; sheep."

Mr. Channing, or as he here styles himself, *a non studendo*, "the Student," evidently thinks that the Christian religion, as well as Mr. Murray's grammar, is an arbitrary imposition of rules, which ought to be resisted by all freemen.

> "The Student said, — *If all this, truly so,*
> A stagnant element cakes deep below,
> The threadbare relic of the elder age,
> The heirloom of Judea, that sad page
> Recording the fantastic miracles
> Done in that day, which read like jugglers' spells,
> Or incantations in a tiresome play,
> Which later editors might crib away."

He thinks quite as poorly of the ordinances as the doctrines.

> "How cold to me the worn church-service is,
> *I wonder that some people do not hiss.*"

We wonder too, considering that geese are quite as able to hiss as to cackle.

Thus far we have seen the poet occupied with reflections which might have occurred to him in the cupola of Boston State House quite as appropriately as on the top of Mount Wachusett. But he now proceeds to discourse on topics which might really have been suggested by the *genius loci*. The impressive sound of the wind rushing through a vast forest has been compared to many things; it has been said to ripple, to wash, to howl, to whistle, and to roar; Mr. Channing, determined to be original, goes to the barn-yard for an illustration, and for the first time in our lives we hear that the wind — *crows!*

> "I hear the rustling plumes of these young woods,
> *Like young cockerels crowing to the solitudes*
> While o'er the far horizon trails a mist,
> A kind of autumn smoke or blaze." —

If our readers think this is the most astounding comparison to be found in print, they are quite mistaken. To invert and apply the fine remark of Pascal, we may say that nature itself ceases to furnish objects of wonder, before Mr. Channing's imagination fails to supply fit images to illustrate them.

> — "on some faint-drawn hill-sides fires are burning,
> The far blue smoke their outlines soft in-urning,
> And now half-seen the Peterboro' hills,
> *Peep out like black-fish, nothing but their gills.*" *

Very remarkable hills those must be in the good town of Peterboro', though we are not quite sure whether they resemble the *whole* of the black-fish, or "nothing but their gills"; as these last four words stand in glorious grammatical isolation. The following passage shows that the poet is quite as happy in describing colors as shapes and sounds.

> "Out-bursts the sun, turns villages to gold,
> Blazons the cold lake, burns the near cloud's fold,
> Drops splendidly a curtain of warm tints,
> *And at an apple-green divinely hints.*"

The languishing and ecstatic admiration so happily expressed in this last line reminds us of a subject on which we have the misfortune to differ from the members of that

* It may be as well to inform our readers, that *we* are not responsible for the punctuation of these extracts. The printer's rule in such cases is to "follow the copy."

school of which Mr. Emerson and Mr. Channing are the brightest ornaments. Hard-hearted critics as we are, we can sympathize with Cowper, in his hearty love of the sights and sounds of the external world. He could truly say,

> "Thou knowest my praise of nature most sincere,
> And that my raptures are not conjured up,
> To serve occasions of poetic pomp."

We can walk with him under his "favorite elms," and enjoy his visits to "the timorous hare,"

> "Grown so familiar with her frequent guest,"

and to "the stock-dove unalarmed," that "sits cooing in the pine-tree," and stints not "his long love-ditty" at the gentle poet's near approach. We may well exclaim,

> "Happy who walks with him! whom what he finds
> Of flavor or of scent in fruit or flower,
> Or what he views of beautiful or grand
> In nature, from the broad, majestic oak,
> To the green blade that twinkles in the sun,
> Prompts with remembrance of a present God."

But a later race of poets have so profaned these beauties of the outward universe by their puling raptures, their indiscriminate and idolatrous worship, and their heathenish philosophy, that we almost sicken at any allusion to them in verse. One of these modern bards, hovering between mysticism and silliness in his lackadaisical ecstasies, cannot be more aptly hit off than by Dame Quickly, in her account of the fat knight's death-bed: — "After I saw him fumble with the sheets, and play with flowers, and smile upon his fingers' ends, I knew there was but one way; for his nose was as sharp as a pen, and 'a babbled of green fields." Mr. Wordsworth has the questionable honor of leading the way to this exaggerated and fantastic manner, and of perverting the love of nature from its proper tendency to see everywhere "the unambiguous footsteps of a God" into a mere cover and pretence for some paltry dreams drawn from the old Pythagorean philosophy. He has carried the "worship" of nature to an unreasonable and ridiculous excess, and fallen into "dizzy raptures," not only over what is beautiful and grand in the outward world, but over low and disgusting objects, which no poetry can elevate above their intrinsic meanness and vulgarity. Still, he

often adorns his vagaries with so much magnificence of diction and splendor of imagery, — widely departing, it is true, from his own theory, by the very richness of these ornaments, — that we can pardon the overstrained fancies which he renders thus gorgeous and imposing. We are content to hear *him* say,

> "To me the meanest flower that blows can give
> Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

But to the crowd of his servile imitators, who have all his rant, and none of his imagination, all his mysticism, and none of his genius, no such indulgence can be extended. It passeth human patience to see one of these Noodles get down on his knees before a pigweed, and remain there mute with admiration, or staring open-mouthed after a bumble-bee, and calling it "Yellow-breeched philosopher." If their disorder had not passed the use of medicine, we would counsel them to go and study Cowper's Task, and learn to be ashamed of their mystic ravings and transcendental silliness.

But we must go back and take leave of Mr. Channing, or rather allow him to take leave of us; for in some very truculent stanzas at the close of his volume, he has bravely thrown down his gauntlet in the face of the whole critical fraternity. The lines are founded on the old myth about Keats being killed by an article in the Quarterly. We wish another hero had been chosen, as the name of this one is rather unmanageable in verse, and betrays into sad perplexities those who are not familiar with the mysteries of the plural number and the possessive case. We pass over some stanzas about critics who "pluck courage from the Bravo's knife, and stick their victims in small streets by dark," and come to the following.

> "And most of all let them kill Keats alway,
> Or him that can be killed, as sure as steel,
> For many Keats's creep about our day,
> Who would not furnish Heroes half a meal.
>
> "Who writes by Fate the critics shall not kill,
> Nor all the assassins in the great review,
> Who writes by luck his blood some Hack shall spill,
> Some Ghost whom a Musquito might run through.

"Of Keats' poetry I have small taste,
But trust some Critics still are in the field,
Whose well-puffed Pills are not composed of paste,
Whose swords of lath with wisdom they do wield.

"For me, I trust they will not spare one line,
Or else in frozen silence may abide,
Pray may they hack like butchers at all mine,
And kill me like that Keats if it betide."

Mr. Channing need not be alarmed; we are fully satisfied that he is not a Keats, and that the utmost malice of the critics cannot harm him.

Our readers may think we have given to these two volumes of "poems" more importance than they deserve; and we should think so, too, but for evidence that is at hand of the extravagant admiration which they have excited in certain quarters. On our table are Miss Fuller's recently published volumes, entitled "Papers on Literature and Art," made up of articles mostly critical in their character, which had previously appeared in the magazines and newspapers of the day. One of her essays, on "American Literature," gives a fair specimen of the taste and opinions of that school to which the fair writer belongs, and which is far from being insignificant in point of numbers. Her criticisms are very brief, but comprehensive, and uttered certainly with no lack of confidence. Of Bryant she observes, that "his range is not great nor his genius fertile"; Halleck and Willis "are poets of society"; and Dana "has written so little that he would hardly be seen in a more thickly garnished galaxy."

"Longfellow is artificial and imitative. He borrows incessantly, and mixes what he borrows, so that it does not appear to the best advantage. He is very faulty in using broken or mixed metaphors. The ethical part of his writing has a hollow, second-hand sound. He has, however, elegance, a love of the beautiful, and a fancy for what is large and manly, if not a full sympathy with it. His verse breathes at times much sweetness; and if not allowed to supersede what is better, may promote a taste for good poetry. Though imitative, he is not mechanical.

"We cannot say as much for Lowell, who, we must declare it, though to the grief of some friends, and the disgust of more, is absolutely wanting in the true spirit and tone of poesy. His interest in the moral questions of the day has supplied the want of vitality in himself; his great facility at versification has enabled

him to fill the ear with a copious stream of pleasant sound. But his verse is stereotyped; his thought sounds no depth, and posterity will not remember him.

"*R. W. Emerson, in melody, in subtle beauty of thought and expression, takes the highest rank upon this list.* But his poems are mostly philosophical, which is not the truest kind of poetry. They want the simple force of nature and passion, and, *while they charm the ear and interest the mind*, fail to wake far-off echoes in the heart. The imagery wears a symbolical air, and serves rather as illustration, than to delight us by fresh and glowing forms of life.

"*We must here mention one whom the country has not yet learned to honor*, perhaps never may, for he wants artistic skill to give complete form to his inspiration. This is William Ellery Channing, nephew and namesake of Dr. C., a volume of whose poems,* published three or four years ago in Boston, remains unknown, except to a few friends, nor, if known, would they probably excite sympathy, as those which have been published in the periodicals have failed to do so. *Yet some of the purest tones of the lyre are his, the finest inspirations as to the feelings and passions of men, deep spiritual insight, and an entire originality in the use of his means.*" — Vol. II., pp. 132, 133.

The volume by the Rev. Charles T. Brooks is so unpretending in character as to be sure of a kind, if not a grateful, reception. It consists solely of translations, the writer being content to act as the herald of other men's thoughts, instead of foisting upon the public his own. His modesty appears not only in the general scheme of the publication, but in the preface, which is written with playful simplicity and frankness, and expresses only the diffident hope, "that this little book may prove light enough for a winter holiday, and weighty enough to last through the next summer." As most of our contemporary bards seem to consider a kind of dog-faced impudence as a necessary attendant of genius, it is pleasant to see them tacitly rebuked by the example of one of their brethren, who is too kind-hearted to inflict a direct castigation upon them. We are not sure but that Mr. Brooks has erred by excess of humility, and by too high an estimate of the merits of his rivals or predecessors. He has done sundry German bards the honor of translating their effu-

* The fair critic here alludes to the *First Series* of Channing's poems. We have been reviewing the *Second Series*, which is thought to excel its predecessor.

sions, when we are quite satisfied that he could have written better poems of his own. His versions are usually spirited and rhythmical, and so far as we have had opportunity to compare them with the originals, they appear tolerably faithful. He does not follow, it is true, the *fac-simile* plan of translation, now so much in vogue, which only reminds one of the story told of a Chinese artist, who, being engaged to reproduce a fine and costly piece of porcelain to which some accident had happened, followed his instructions so literally as to copy with great skill and labor a crack which extended nearly the whole length of his model.

When the Russian princess, Maria Paulowna, came as a bride to Weimar, in 1804, Schiller undertook to prepare a poetical greeting for her, by writing a little lyric drama, which was represented at the Court Theatre of that Lilliputian duchy. It was a pretty allegory, called The Homage of the Arts, much resembling in form the Masques that were fashionable under the Tudors and the Stuarts. Some peasants appear in the act of transplanting an orange-tree, richly laden with fruit, and surrounded by maidens and children, who hold it steady with wreaths of flowers. They sing verses congratulating this tree : —

> " Child of softer, sunnier bowers,
> In these natal fields of ours,
> Here, henceforth, thy home shall be."

As the tree, or rather the lady, came from St. Petersburg, which is many degrees nearer the north pole than Weimar, we think there was some poetical license in speaking of those "sunnier bowers"; but for this Schiller is not responsible, as he only calls it a tree " aus der fremden Zone," *from a foreign zone*. But he does term it an *orange* tree, and as the lady had received the education of a princess, he probably considered her as a hot-house plant ; Mr. Brooks, we suppose, by " softer, sunnier bowers," intended to signify a Russian conservatory. Presently, the Genius of Beauty descends, attended by seven goddesses of Art, three of whom, the poet is careful to tell us, are for the plastic arts, and four for the rhetorical and musical ones. Each of these comes forward, and addresses a short poetical compliment to the princess. Two of these speeches may be taken as a sample of Schiller's manner, and of his translator's skill.

" GENIUS [turning toward the Princess].

" Beauty's creative Genius stands before thee,
Attended by the Arts, a sister-band.
'T is we who crown all human works with glory, —
Palace and altar own our voice and hand.
We dwelt long since with thy imperial name,
And she, the lofty one who gave thee birth,
Herself the holy sacrificial flame
Tends with pure hand on her domestic hearth.
She bade us follow thee with this our greeting, —
Our smile alone earth's proudest bliss completing.

" ARCHITECTURE [with a mural crown on her head, and a golden ship in her hand].

" Enthroned by Neva's banks, I graced thy home ;
Thy world-renowned ancestor called me forth ;
At his behest I built a second Rome,
The imperial seat and mistress of the North.
A paradise of stateliness, astounding,
Arose beneath my magic wand, one day ;
And now life's gay and busy din is sounding
Where yesterday but gloomy fog-banks lay ;
Her bristling naval armaments gigantic
Drive back old Belt to his sea-palace, frantic."

Schiller did well to compose this poetical trifle for the sake of complimenting his princely patrons, though the flattery appears *un peu lourd* for the nineteenth century, — a rather ponderous specimen of German fancy. But he probably attached little value to it, and it was unwise in him or his literary executors to include it in the edition of his works. What has procured for this Russo-Germanic orange-tree the honor of being again transplanted, and to our republican soil too, is more than we can imagine. We should as soon think of bringing over a German *Eilwagen*.

Similar remarks might be made about many of the shorter pieces in this volume, which are hardly worth cutting out of the corner of a newspaper, even if they could ever have effected a lodgment there. Why translate what is of little or no value in the original ? Many of them are from Freiligrath, a German poet of our own day, who, probably because he thinks the sunny climes of Italy and Greece, and even the far Orient, have now been sufficiently berhymed, has chosen to lay the scene of his poetry in Africa, and stuffs his verses *ad nauseam* with camels and palm-trees, lions and tigers, giraffes and hippopotamuses. There is something pecu-

liarly Teutonic in such a fancy. We shall next hear of a pudding-headed German poet in New Holland, making rhymes about ornithorhynchi and kangaroos.

Mr. Story has narrowly escaped being a poet; but it is one of those cases in which a miss is as good as a mile. He has great facility and smoothness of versification, considerable fancy, and an almost unlimited command of poetical expression. But he is quite deficient in strong feeling and a creative imagination. We find abundance of sentiment, and occasionally some tenderness; but no powerful and vivid emotion, no passion, and consequently, nothing of the rapture and energy divine which belong to the true poet. His perception of the beautiful, both in nature and art, is delicate and tasteful, but is expressed in a form somewhat too abstract and æsthetic, too elaborately cultivated and disciplined by rule, to be ever mistaken for the spontaneous and fervid admiration of the naturally gifted mind. The contents of his volume appear not so much like poems, as like studies in the art of poetry. We do not mean that they show excessive labor; quite the contrary; Mr. Story's extraordinary fluency has rather betrayed him into great carelessness. He has a torrent of words and images ready to be poured out upon any topic; but he exercises little discrimination, and seeks to produce effect more by redoubling his strokes than by aiming a single decisive blow. He is constantly striking quite near the mark, but never actually hitting it. And one quickly sees that he is not much in earnest in the affair; he is exercising himself rather for his own amusement, than with a view of kindling emotion or imparting delight to others. His verses show a fanciful exuberance of matter, but no inspiration.

An instinctive perception of the limits of his powers has led to a very fortunate choice of subjects for two of the longer pieces in the book. These are entitled Music, and The Painter's Dream; they contain descriptive catalogues in verse of the great painters and composers, with an attempt to set forth and analyze the effects produced by their respective arts. The idea is not a novel one, but it affords fine scope for a cultivated taste, and a studied appreciation of the beauties of art; and the characteristics of the several schools are brought out with some discrimination and effect in Mr. Story's luscious and redundant style. He is more successful with music than with the sister art, probably because he has more familiar acquaintance with the masterpieces of the great

composers than with the productions of the old painters. We have room to quote only this fanciful description of a grand and intricate musical composition as performed in full orchestra.

"Hark! the whole orchèstra is in motion,
And before its tongue the once blank air
Trembleth like a moving, musical ocean,
All alive with longing and with prayer.
Now the mass of music is advancing
Like a huge white cloud across the blue, —
With its domes and spires in sunlight glancing,
Shifting as the swift winds hurry through.
Now it surgeth onward like the ocean,
Bursting in wild foam along the shore,
Hurrying on in vehement, restless motion,
Crowding back in spray and wild uproar.
Now ascending, higher still it ranges,
And the far-off music of the spheres
With angelic tones and interchanges
Pierce the labyrinths of these human ears.
From the soul swarm forth its fair creations,
Infinite seekings, vague and undefined,
Thousand outward-stretching aspirations,
Wooed like blossoms by the soft spring wind."

Mr. Story's great fault arises from his extraordinary copiousness of expression, leading to a vague and rambling diffuseness, which obscures and weakens his finest conceptions. He is by no means a lover of mysticism, but the poetry and the meaning of his verses are often effectually shrouded from view under a mere fog of words. Can any one, for instance, find rhyme or reason in the following?

"Imagination must abide content in nature's limit, — the Ideal give its heart to the Real; the highest artist owneth her actual limitation, and builds the triumph of his art in them."

But change the collocation a little, without altering one of the words, and we have this stanza.

"Content in nature's limit,
Must abide Imagination, —
The Ideal to the Real give its heart;
The highest artist owneth
Her actual limitation,
And in them builds the triumph of his art."

This may be called the typographical art of poetry.

Mr. Story's most ambitious efforts are his least successful ones; he is daring enough, but has not sufficient strength of pinion to sustain him in a long and lofty flight. The idea of *The Island Home* requires the poem to be of "imagination all compact"; but it is so unequally executed, that a portion of it reads like the journal of an unlucky fishing excursion, and the remainder like a fanciful allegory adumbrating some passage of human life. *The Mistake* is an humbler effort, and consequently a far more pleasing one; it betrays very plainly a study of Tennyson's *Talking Oak* and *Locksley Hall;* but it is prettily versified, and some of the stanzas tingle with earnestness, as if the poem were built on reality instead of fiction. *Marian and Geraldine* is a study after specimens by the same master; it is a mere echo of the Claribels, Lilians, Madelines, and Arianas of the same fantastic poet. Mr. Story's "fatal facility" of verse easily lapses into imitation. When he imps his wings for a nobler flight, as in *Prometheus*, *The Exhumation of Napoleon*, and *Niagara*, the result is an entire failure. The lines addressed to "the thundering cataract" begin in this wise.

> "Like *hell-hounds* from their slumber waking,
> And panting madly for their prey,
> Their whitening *manes* in fury shaking,
> And howling down their rocky way,
> From Erie's sleep in rushing rapids breaking,
> Storms down Niaga*ray*."

Horses, not hounds, have manes, though considering the peculiar locality of the breed here referred to, there is no telling what infernal appendages they may have had about them. Such lines are mere sound and fury, signifying nothing; they are in Mr. Forcible Feeble's most characteristic style. What follows is little better.

> "Thy hoary locks thou shakest wildly forth,
> And scarless, in eternal youth, dost rage."

We must pass very hurriedly over the remainder of our tuneful Nine. Mr. Read is an artist, a young sculptor, whose earlier designs were of great promise, and are said to have been very skilfully transferred to the marble. We can readily believe it, for his verses show taste and feeling, with occasional gleams of fancy; and he seldom offends, even

when he fails to please. But they are mere sketches, evidently committed to paper only in the hours of relaxation, when his hand was weary of holding the chisel. It was a hazardous undertaking to gather them from the magazines and newspapers, in which they probably first saw the light, and to send them forth to the world in this collected form as if to challenge comparison and criticism. For the most part, they are mere copies, reflections in water, of the more popular effusions of favorite contemporary poets. Mr. Read is not a conscious plagiarist; if he had thought that a single line or image on his page was not his own, he would probably have blotted it out. But remnants and shadows of songs which he had loved appear to have haunted his memory, and to have become in a short time so incorporated with his own fancies, that he could no longer distinguish them; so that when he comes to hammer out a poem on his own anvil, the result is a strange compound, which is neither his own property nor that of any body else. Thus, Miss Barrett's fine poem of *Lady Geraldine's Courtship* has given birth to Mr. Read's *Christine*, in which the sentiment, the leading idea, the metre, the plot, the characters, are all, *mutatis mutandis*, borrowed from the English exemplar. But the first few couplets show that Mr. Read sometimes mingles very pretty fancies with his illegal acquisitions. Yet we are not sure that even these fancies are his own; we have a dim recollection of having seen something very like them elsewhere. The story is "supposed to be related by a young sculptor on the hill-side, between Florence and Fesolé."

"Come, my friend, and in the silence and the shadow wrapt apart,
I will loose the golden claspings of this sacred tome, — the heart.

"By the bole of yonder cypress, under branches spread like eaves,
We will sit *where wavering sunshine weaves a romance in the leaves.*

"Here by gentle airs of story shall our dreaming minds be swayed,
And our spirits hang vibrating, like the sunshine with the shade."

Mr. Longfellow asks his lady-love to read to him,

"Not from the grand old masters,
Not from the bards sublime,
Whose distant footsteps echo
Through the corridors of time."

This is pretty and musical, and conveys rather a striking image; Mr. Read thus appropriates and mars it: —

"Ye mighty masters of the song sublime,
Who, phantom-like, with large unwavering eyes,
Stalk down the solemn wilderness of time."

Miss Barrett's *Vision of Poets* suggested to Mr. Read *The Bards*, supplying not only the manner and form, but many of the more striking expressions in it. As some of the stanzas are quite successfully executed, we will quote a few of them, as specimens of his best manner.

"Old Homer's song, in mighty undulations,
Comes surging, ceaseless, up the oblivious main; —
I hear the rivers from succeeding nations
Go answering down again: —

"Hear Virgil's stream in changeful currents strolling,
And Tasso's sweeping round through Palestine;
And Dante's deep and solemn river rolling
Through groves of midnight pine.

"I hear the iron Norseman's numbers ringing
Through frozen Norway, like a herald's horn;
And like a lark, hear glorious Chaucer singing
Away in England's morn: —

. . . . .

"The world-wide Shakspeare — the imperial Spenser,
Whose shafts of song o'ertop the angels' seats; —
While delicate, as from a silver censer,
Float the sweet dreams of Keats!

"Nor these alone; for, through the growing present,
Westward the starry path of Poesy lies, —
Her glorious spirit, like the evening crescent,
Comes rounding up the skies."

The sixth Muse on our list is that of Mr. James F. Colman. He writes in a modest and sensible tone, putting forward no offensive pretensions, and not aiming to startle his readers by any eccentricities of thought or expression. His poems have no conspicuous merits, and no glaring faults; and we

are quite reluctant to confess, that their only fault is that of being oppressively wearisome and dull. The patience of Job would hardly suffice for the perusal of *The Island Bride*, which is a narrative poem, consisting of nine mortal cantos, each containing on an average about thirty Spenserian stanzas. We have no particular complaint to make of this operose undertaking; in Dogberry's phrase, "it is quite tolerable, and not to be endured." His rhymes are unexceptionable, his diction good, the versification smooth and uniform, and a bountiful array of the commonplaces of poetry appears on every page. Nearly all his stanzas are quite as good as half of those — the inferior half, it is true — in the first two cantos of Childe Harold. But it is unfortunate for Mr. Colman that he has provoked this comparison, for we sadly miss *the other half*. He has availed himself very liberally of the license granted by Horace, —

"Verum operi longo fas est obrepere somnum";

but has quite forgotten a subsequent remark of the same critic, though it has been so often quoted, about a certain class of poets whom neither gods, men, nor booksellers will tolerate.

It is of no sort of importance what part of the poem we quote, in order to give our readers a taste of Mr. Colman's quality; for it would be difficult to find a work of equal length so uniform in its excellence. If we had found any better stanzas than the following, we should have given them the preference for citation; and our readers may be assured that the remainder of the poem is quite as good as this sample. We take at random the opening of the first canto, from which it will appear that the writer has been studying Byron very diligently; it is much to his credit, that he has left out of his own work all traces of the noble bard's wickedness and misanthropy, and rather unlucky for him, that he has omitted most of the poetry along with it.

"O, surely never superstition took,
Fair Greece, more gentle lineaments than thine!
In every sculptured god's calm, earnest look
Trace we a spirit only not divine;
Thy sweet congenial credence did entwine
Round each cold image, loveless and alone,
Its tendrils, — as the fragrant clinging vine
With purple petals paints the pallid stone,
And to the lifeless form lends beauty not its own.

"It lulled the yearnings of the human soul —
Which ever would itself assimilate
To the far orbs that o' er earth's changes roll,
Unquenched by the vicissitudes of fate —
On its half-human breast; and, with full freight
Of odorous flower-buds, threw its arms around
The restless heart, which ever craves to mate
Itself with immortality, and, bound
To earth by earthly ties, still struggles from the ground."

The minor poems at the end of the book are somewhat better; that is, they do not leave the reader's mind in that state of languid quiescence which creeps over one after accomplishing a heavy task. There are some vigorous lines among those "suggested at the White Mountains," and some tender images and pleasing description in *Summer Musings* and *Mater Dolorosa;* but neither of them rises so much above elegant mediocrity as to tempt us to enlarge our quotations. The *Stanzas written after the Departure of an Atlantic Steamer* are the best in the volume, though it is a misfortune that they remind one so plainly of Charles Sprague's glorious *Shakspeare Ode;* but Mr. Colman borrows nothing.

The seventh Muse has inspired a lady, and we are of opinion that we shall best manifest our deference for the sex by passing over her effusions very hurriedly. Mrs. Browne is an Englishwoman, who can probably allege the old excuse for her appearance in public, —

"Obliged by hunger, or request of friends."

She has certainly a kind heart, and is disposed to commemorate in undying verse the virtues of some of these importunate friends, who might otherwise have remained unknown to fame. How grateful they are likely to feel for the compliment may be judged from the following stanza, taken from a little poem on the death of the Dowager Lady Powerscourt.

"She who gains a heavenly crown
Earthly honors meekly wore,
Gladly laid the burden down, —
Powerscourt was the name she bore."

This is quite enough. It is but a brick from the lady's edifice, but an architectural survey of it could not convey a more faithful idea of the whole structure.

Mr. Sargent has gained some reputation as a song-writer and dramatist, which is not likely to be either enhanced or diminished by the publication of his collected poems. Some of his shorter lyrics are dashed off with great freedom and spirit, though they would suffer by comparison with the bold and fanciful strains of Barry Cornwall, after which they are evidently modelled. Many of them have been successfully wedded to music, which is a good proof of the writer's skill in numbers. Mr. Sargent's ear is quite correct, and he has a fine flow of animated versification, which, with a manly tone of genial sentiment, and occasional delicacy and tenderness, has somewhat blinded the eyes of readers to his rather meagre fancy and lack of original thought. He probably lays no claim to the higher honors of poesy, and we are free, therefore, to give him the tribute that is really due to the simplicity and transparency of his diction, and the melody of his rhymes. He does not labor to be either imaginative or profound, and therefore never sinks into bathos or obscurity. The contents of the volume are very unequal, many of the pieces being occasional in character, and written at long intervals, — for song appears to be his amusement, and not his vocation.

We cannot say much for the dramatic fragments ; the dialogue is lively, and the conversational tone is well preserved ; but these merits cannot conceal a great lack of invention, and poverty of thought. The names and garb of the personages introduced are Italian or Greek ; but this theatrical disguise cannot conceal their Yankee origin, and their talk smacks of modern newspapers. *Adelaide's Triumph* is the most pleasing among the occasional poems ; the story is an old one, but it is prettily versified, in a vein of pure sentiment, and with some pathetic effect. *The Martyr of the Arena* is but partially successful, and *Gonello* is an utter failure. There is something in the Whistlecraft and Beppo style and stanza which is very attractive to young men about town, and to poets of society ; but to imitate them is hazardous, for without an exuberance of wit and fancy, they are flatter than stale beer.

It is a pity that Miss Farley was so ill-advised as to adopt for her volume one of those coxcombical titles which the bad taste of Mr. Willis has brought into fashion. Nothing could be more inappropriate, considering the modest character of

its contents, and the peculiar claims that it presents for a kind reception from the public. All that was wanted to secure immediate attention was a simple announcement of the fact, that Miss Farley was the editor of the Lowell Offering, and one of the most successful contributors to it; and that, encouraged by the favorable notice which has been taken of that periodical, both in this country and in Europe, she has collected from it, and published in a separate volume, her own fugitive pieces, both in prose and verse. The book, therefore, does not properly come under our cognizance at the present time, as two thirds of its contents are in sober prose. But we wished to assist in making its publication more widely known, so that the public may be able to form some estimate of the character and attainments of the females who are employed in the mills at Lowell. It shows what use was made of her *leisure* by one who spent twelve hours a day at the loom.

The appearance of the Lowell Offering was regarded as a strange phenomenon in England; but it excited comparatively little surprise here, where the blessings of education are so widely diffused, and a higher rate of wages, with a more earnest desire for independence, induces many to devote themselves to manual labor who are well qualified for a more ambitious, but less lucrative, calling. A farmer's daughter finds that she can earn more money by employment in a cotton factory, than by teaching a country district school; and as nearly all distinctions of class are merely nominal in this country, it is not strange that she should choose the shortest road to independence. It will be her own fault, if she is not quite as much respected in the mill as in the schoolhouse. Miss Farley's book shows more talent certainly, but not a higher degree of cultivation, or a wider range of reading, than is quite common among her associates in labor. She writes with facility and correctness, showing a tolerable command of expression, and an instinctive good taste. Her poems are smoothly versified, and display considerable fancy and humor, with frequent indications of deep feeling. She is evidently most familiar with Burns and Mrs. Hemans, and two of her imitations of the former, *The Mouse's Visit*, and the *Lines addressed to the Comet* of 1843, in the manner of the *Address to the De'il*, are quite successful. Certainly, the perusal of her volume was the least disagreeable portion of our task, when we undertook to give our readers some account of nine new poets.

ART. VII. — *The Life of William Alexander, Earl of Stirling, Major-General in the Army of the United States, during the Revolution; with Selections from his Correspondence.* By his Grandson, WILLIAM ALEXANDER DUER, LL. D. Published for the New Jersey Historical Society, by Wiley & Putnam. New York. 1847. 8vo. pp. 272.

FEW contributions to the literature of our country are more useful than those which furnish the biographies of our distinguished men. In recording the actions, and giving an insight into the character, of those who have rendered valuable services to the republic, they at the same time bestow a merited reward on the faithful public servant, and hold up a valuable example to those who would tread the same honorable career. Moreover, the private records from which they are usually compiled often bring to view much that has escaped the documentary history of the times, and serve to cast a brighter light along the track of general history with which they are connected.

While Mr. Duer, therefore, has performed an act of filial duty in presenting to the public the papers of his distinguished ancestor, he has also made a valuable contribution to the existing materials for our national history. The narrative, too, with which he has skilfully connected the correspondence, that comprises the chief part of his work, supplies agreeably the information which the reader would desire, and enables him to form a just estimate of the actions and character of one of the fathers of our independence. From the volume before us we propose to give a condensed view of the life, services, and character of Lord Stirling.

William Alexander was born in New York, in 1726. His father, James Alexander, was a native of Scotland, who having served at an early age as an engineer officer in the army of the Pretender, in the rebellion of 1715, on its suppression, took refuge in America. Through the interest of friends, he obtained employment, on his arrival, in the office of the secretary of the province, and devoted his leisure assiduously to the study of law. His mathematical acquirements soon obtained for him the appointment of surveyor-general of the provinces of New York and New Jersey. He was also ad-

mitted to the bar in New York, and, practising in the intervals of his duties as surveyor, according to Smith, the historian of the colony, "attained great eminence for his profound legal knowledge, sagacity, and penetration." In 1720, Governor Burnet appointed him a member of his council. According to the biographer, — "It was not merely as a lawyer, a politician, or a statesman, that Mr. Alexander was distinguished, but also as a man of science. He was not only the principal author, with Dr. Colden, of the memorable report on the Indian trade, in defence of the policy of Governor Burnet, but, together with Dr. Franklin, Francis Hopkinson, and others, founded the American Philosophical Society. He maintained, moreover, a constant correspondence with Halley, the Astronomer Royal at Greenwich, and other learned mathematicians in different parts of Europe, upon subjects relating to their common pursuits." James Alexander died in 1756, leaving an ample fortune to his children.

William Alexander had received the best education the country at that time afforded, and had the advantage of private instruction from his father in the exact sciences. Early in life he had engaged in commercial pursuits, and subsequently joined the commissariat of the army.

"The zeal, activity, and military spirit he displayed in the discharge of his duties, in the field as well as in the camp, attracted the notice of the commander-in-chief, General Shirley, whose staff he was eventually invited to join as aide-de-camp and private secretary. In this capacity he served during the greater part of the war, which, although not formally declared in Europe until 1756, had actually commenced on this continent some years before. It was thus that young Alexander had an early opportunity of acquiring a knowledge of military affairs, during three severe campaigns in which he served with General Shirley."

In an interval of his service with the army, the enlightened benevolence which marked his character exhibited itself in his uniting with five of his fellow-townsmen in laying the foundation, by a donation of "six hundred pounds to purchase books for the people," of the admirable institution now known as the New York Society Library. About this period he married Sarah, the eldest daughter of Philip Livingston, proprietor of Livingston manor.

General Shirley having been superseded in the military command in the Colonies, —

"Major Alexander accompanied him to England in the autumn of 1756, to aid in the settlement of his accounts, and to indicate by his testimony the character of his commander. He was accordingly examined as a witness on his behalf at the bar of the House of Commons, in April, 1757, and his evidence contributed materially to the justification of his friend and patron. The candor and intelligence of the young American in giving his testimony received the marked approbation of the House, and contributed, with the interest of Shirley, and the letters he had brought with him from other military men of rank and family, to facilitate his introduction to some of the most eminent public characters in England; while his conciliatory manners, social accomplishments, general information, and enlightened views in regard to the mutual interests of the mother country and her colonies, recommended him strongly to their esteem and confidence. Among the friends distinguished by rank and station that he made at this period was the eloquent and ingenious Charles Townshend, the versatility of whose talents has obtained a permanent celebrity in the splendid eulogy and quaint metaphors of Edmund Burke."

James, the father of William Alexander, was known, at the time of his leaving Scotland, to be the presumptive heir to the title of the Earl of Stirling. On the death of that nobleman, in 1737, James Alexander was probably prevented from laying claim to the title by the circumstances under which he left his native country, being implicated in the rebellion of 1715.

His son, William Alexander, being free from reproach on this account, and having received from his father a considerable inheritance which he had increased by marriage, so as to render his fortune sufficient for the support of a Scotch earldom, felt bound to make good his claim to a title which he considered rightfully his own. Nor was Mr. Alexander's object in procuring himself to be judicially recognized as the heir male of the deceased Earl of Stirling limited to the attainment of the peerage alone. The estates of the last earl in Scotland had all been sequestrated for the benefit of his creditors. But there remained large tracts of country in America, which had been granted to his ancestors, and which had escaped the sequestration, as well on account of their remoteness, as their inconsiderable value at that period. The progress of time, settlement, and the consequent development of resources, had now given to these tracts no trifling present,

and immense prospective value, which their enumeration will suffice to show.

They consisted first of Nova Scotia, next of Long Island, and lastly of St. Croix or Sagadahock, a territory comprising all the present State of Maine lying eastward of the Kennebec river. The last Earl of Stirling had conveyed his title to Long Island and St. Croix to the Duke of York, in consideration of an annuity of £ 300, which is said never to have been in any part paid. The right of the earl to make this conveyance was also questioned, by reason of his having refused to enter on the inheritance of his father, on account of the debts with which it was encumbered, chiefly in consequence of the expenses incurred by his father in colonizing his American estates; he had therefore abandoned it to sequestration. The American estates had eventually come to be administered by the crown, which now enjoyed the quitrents.

Under these circumstances, Mr. Alexander was persuaded to hope, that if he could make good, as he had just reason to believe he should, his claim to the earldom of Stirling, the inheritance of the family estates in America might follow. This inheritance he offered to divide equitably with the descendants of the female branch of his family in England, who cordially assented to his proposition, and authorized him to proceed in their behalf. Having made his claims known to his friends in England as well as in this country, "it was," says his biographer, "from the encouragement of Mr. Townshend, the Duke of Argyle, and the Earl of Bute, in addition to the persuasions of General Shirley, and of his friends Messrs. Thomas and John Penn, the proprietaries of Pennsylvania, and of Mr. Morris, their governor of that province, that Mr. Alexander was induced to lay claim to the vacant earldom of Stirling."

Having obtained the highest legal opinions in favor of his claim, among others that of Mr. Wedderburne, afterwards Lord Chancellor and Baron Loughborough, he repaired to Edinburgh in the summer of 1757, and remained there a year, occupied, with the aid of eminent counsel, in collecting the testimony necessary to substantiate his title to the peerage, and in instituting the proper legal proceedings to establish it. These matters not having been accomplished without the law's usual delay, Mr. Alexander returned to

London to await the result, where it was at length communicated to him by his legal adviser in Edinburgh, in March, 1759, in a letter which thus concluded: — "We had a most creditable jury of the best gentlemen in town, who, with one voice, have found you nearest male-heir to the last deceased Earl of Stirling."

It had appeared in evidence before the jury, that Mr. Alexander was lineally descended from an uncle of the first Earl of Stirling, whose direct male line had failed on the death of his great-grandson in 1737. Under the Scottish laws, a patent of nobility, not confined to heirs male in the direct line, went to the nearest collateral branch. This was not the case in England ; but as the claim was to a Scottish peerage, which carried no right, except by election, to a seat in the House of Lords, Mr. Alexander's counsel were of opinion, that his title to the peerage resulted from his having established his claim to be considered the nearest heir male.

Subsequently to the finding of the jury in his favor, Mr. Alexander was addressed by his title of Earl of Stirling, which he continued ever after to use and to receive in his correspondence with the ministers of the crown and other officers of state. His able legal adviser in Scotland was of opinion that, having gone through all the forms which the Scottish laws required to put him in possession of his title, he should now assume it and rest satisfied, until objections should be made at an election of Scottish peers to represent the body in the Imperial Parliament. This opinion coincided with his own. But the Duke of Newcastle, then prime minister, and others of his friends in England, urged him to petition the House of Lords to acknowledge his claim to the peerage, as the most respectful course towards that body, and most likely therefore to conciliate its favor. This he accordingly did.

Whilst the matter was still pending, with several other contested peerages, before that body, the death of his mother in New York made it necessary for him to return home. He accordingly sailed from Portsmouth in the Alcide man-of-war, on the 28th of July. This ship had to convoy a fleet of merchant-vessels for the West Indies, as well as for North America. The circuitous voyage which this involved, as well as the dull sailing of some of the vessels, and their

general dilatoriness and disobedience of signals, so prolonged the passage, that the Alcide did not arrive at New York until the 21st of October, after a passage of eighty-five days. Soon after his arrival, he wrote to Lord Bute, congratulating him on the recent fall of Martinico, and expressing the opinion, that the force which had accomplished this conquest might advantageously be employed in the reduction of Havana, whose great importance in the hands of England he strongly enforced, especially as a means of subsequently conquering Louisiana. He suggested, moreover, that "if the troops already in the West Indies were insufficient, they might be reinforced by eight or nine good battalions from New York." Havana was, indeed, soon after taken, the expedition having sailed from England soon after Stirling's letter reached Lord Bute. It reinforced itself with the troops which had reduced Martinico, and was further aided in the siege, at a moment when failure seemed inevitable, by the timely arrival of a strong reinforcement from New York.

Stirling had intended returning in the following winter to England, to aid the favorable issue of his petition to the House of Lords. But his passage to New York had been so unexpectedly prolonged as to render this course incompatible with the necessary attention to his domestic affairs. His petition, which could only be entertained after several antecedent ones of a similar nature were disposed of, probably languished for the want of his personal attendance. He wrote to Lord Bute, explaining the circumstances which rendered his immediate return to England impossible, and asking the favor of his "protection and interest, so far as to obtain that justice which every one in like circumstances has enjoyed."

"I only ask," he added, "what the express terms of the patent give to me; what has constantly been the practice of succession in Scotland for a century or two before the union; what has not been altered by that treaty, but is confirmed by it; and this, my Lord, under your protection, I can make no doubt of obtaining; and therefore should be glad to have the proceedings in my case in Scotland brought before their lordships as soon as possible, that they may be satisfied that I hold my title agreeably to the practice of that country, in the most authentic manner."

A change of ministry soon after followed, bringing in the Tories, and dispossessing the Whigs, who were personally

and politically Stirling's friends. The fall of Bute was especially unfortunate. Prime-minister at the time, a Scotchman himself, and according to popular reproach the favorer of his countrymen, his great influence with the king, whose tutor he had been, and by whom he was greatly beloved, could not but have enabled him to give effect to his friendship to Stirling, by procuring a favorable issue to his claim. With the change of ministry that followed, it was doomed to languish and die. The last that was heard of it was its being postponed for consideration to a succeeding session of Parliament. Another claimant of the peerage subsequently arose, in the person of Alexander Humphreys, who claimed as descended from a daughter of the last earl, and produced a patent, extending the entail to heirs female. But on the production of this document, he was indicted for forgery, and the patent, with other papers on which he relied to prove his title, was found to be spurious ; and in a subsequent suit, so late as 1833, after the heirs male of Lord Stirling had failed, it was judicially decided that Humphreys was not the lawful heir to the earldom.

Turning his attention to what was attainable, and of more immediate interest, Stirling now devoted himself with renewed zeal to the concerns of his native country. He became surveyor-general of New Jersey, which office had been held by his father, and busied himself in collecting materials for a new map of North America, having detected many inaccuracies in the maps already published. He announced to Lord Bute his intention to make a journey of exploration around all the great lakes, in furtherance of this project, and also to measure a degree of latitude on the Hudson, for which he was then making preparation. An evidence of his scientific pursuits at this period is preserved in the library of the New York Historical Society, in a manuscript account of an observation made by him of the transit of Venus, for the purpose of verifying the longitude of New York. He was at this time one of the governors of King's, now Columbia, College, in his native city, which was languishing for want of means to render it as useful as its friends desired. The governors determined to send an agent to England, to solicit aid from the benevolent patrons of education in that country. Dr. James Jay, a brother of John Jay, was selected for that purpose, and bore from Stirling urgent letters to Lord

Romney, Lord Bute, and other influential friends, in furtherance of his mission.*

On the return of Stirling to America, he had resumed his residence in New York. Soon after, he commenced building at Baskenridge in New Jersey, on an extensive estate which he possessed there, his father having been one of the proprietaries of East Jersey. On the completion of his house, he made it his summer residence, and eventually his permanent abode. Soon after his removal to New Jersey, he was chosen a member of the governor's council, and continued to hold the office without interruption until the period of the Revolution. In the political duties thus devolved upon him, in those of his station of surveyor-general, and in others which he appears to have assumed with the higher object of adding to what was then known of the geography of the country, for which purpose he had the aid of detachments from the king's troops in New York, his time was usefully employed; and any leisure that remained must have been occupied by the exertions required of him as a large landed proprietor, solicitous at once to raise the value of his estates and to promote the prosperity of his tenants, by the exercise of an extensive hospitality, and by the correspondence which he continued to maintain at home and abroad. A letter which he wrote at this period to Lord Shelburne, afterwards Marquis of Lansdown, possesses no little interest from the account that it gives of his occupations, and his enlightened views respecting the measures to be pursued for promoting the welfare of the Colonies, both for their own sake, and as the best means of advancing the prosperity of the mother country.

"New York, August 6, 1763.

"My dear Lord, — Nothing could have given me greater satisfaction, than hearing of your Lordship's appointment to preside

* Columbia College, thus fostered in its infancy by Stirling, has since become one of the most flourishing and efficient institutions, as far as its course of instruction extends, in this or in any country. For many years, and until the shattered state of his health occasioned his retirement, it was presided over with the greatest ability and entire success by the grandson of its early benefactor, to whom we are indebted for this volume. The discipline of Columbia College, which, from the independent character of our youth, is ever the chief difficulty in our institutions of learning, was perfect under the presidency of Mr. Duer, whose dignified yet courteous bearing, and happy union of suavity and force, always restrained even the approach of insubordination.

at the board which must have so great a share in the government of a country in which it is my lot to reside. Your Lordship's early inquiries, and strong desire of acquiring knowledge of this new world, must now be of great use to your country; for on a proper management of the colonies on this continent much of Great Britain's future greatness depends. The wants of its increasing population must at all events greatly increase the manufactures of the mother country. The suppression of such branches of trade as interfere with the importation of them from Great Britain, and the encouragement of such a cultivation of these colonies as will supply her with raw materials, for which she is now obliged to pay millions to foreign nations, is a work that must render the value of this continent to Great Britain inestimable. These things have, no doubt, occurred to your Lordship, as well as the proper mode of carrying them into execution. But if you can indulge me, I will, from time to time, send you such hints as occur to me, of measures suitable to this part of the continent; you may perhaps find something among them that has escaped your notice.

"The making of pig and bar iron, and the cultivation of hemp, are two articles that want encouragement greatly. We are capable of supplying Great Britain with both to a great extent; but the first requiring a large stock to begin with, people of moderate fortunes cannot engage in it; and those of large ones are yet very few, and their attention is generally given to the pursuit of other objects. Some few, indeed, in this province and in New Jersey, have lately erected excellent works, the success of which, I hope, will encourage others to follow their example. As to hemp, our farmers have got into a beaten track of raising grain and grazing cattle, and there is no persuading them out of it, unless by examples and premiums; and these it would be well for government to try. A few thousand pounds expended in that way might have a good effect.

"The making of wine, also, is worth the attention of government. Without its aid, the cultivation of the vine will be very slow; for of all the variety of vines in Europe, we do not yet know which will suit this climate; and until that is ascertained by experiment, our people will not plant vineyards. Few of us are able, and a much less number willing, to make the experiment. I have lately imported about twenty different sorts, and have planted two vineyards, one in this province, and one in New Jersey; but I find the experiment tedious, expensive, and uncertain; for after eight or ten years' cultivation, I shall perhaps be obliged to reject nine tenths of them as unfit for the climate, and then begin new vineyards from the remainder. But however tedious, I am

determined to go through with it. Yet I could wish to be assisted in it. I would then try it to a greater extent, and would the sooner be able to bring the cultivation of the grape into general use.

"It is in these vineyards, my Lord, and in clearing a large body of rich swamp-lands in New Jersey, and fitting it for the cultivation of hemp, in settling a good farm in the wilderness, and bringing to it some of the productions and improvements of Europe, that are my present employments. They have taken place of the pleasures of London, and I sometimes persuade myself that this is the happier life of the two. Yet there are some hours I could wish to have repeated; those in which I was honored with your Lordship's conversation I shall ever recollect with the greatest pleasure."

The attempt to suppress those branches of trade which would check importation from the mother country was one of the grievances complained of at the Revolution. But this formed a part of the settled policy of England, and would not have been for a long time resisted, but for the more unreasonable pretensions which she afterwards attempted to enforce. In addition to his efforts to add to the productions of his country by the cultivation of the vine and of hemp, he soon after induced others to join him in establishing extensive iron-works in New Jersey, to which enterprise he devoted much of his time and attention.

The even tenor of his life, whilst engaged in these tranquil occupations, equally beneficial to the land of his birth, and to that other country which he, in common with his fellow-colonists, was accustomed to consider and speak of as "home," were ere long interrupted by the mad attempt of the Tory administration to tax the American Colonies without their consent. This pretension was in violation at once of their charters and of their intrinsic rights as British subjects, and when once before suggested, it had been rejected by Sir Robert Walpole, for reasons the wisdom of which has long since been confirmed by history.

"I will leave the taxation of America for some of my successors, who may have more courage than I have, and be less a friend to commerce than I am. It has been a maxim with me, during my administration, to encourage the trade of the American Colonies in the utmost latitude; nay, it has been necessary to pass over some irregularities in their trade with Europe; for by encouraging them to an extensive growing foreign commerce,

if they gain £500,000, I am convinced that £250,000 of their gain will be in his Majesty's exchequer, by the labor and product of this kingdom; as immense quantities of every kind of our manufactures go thither; and, as they increase in their foreign American trade, more of our produce will be wanted. This is taxing them more agreeably to their own constitution and to ours."

One of his successors was found to possess the courage in which Walpole had declared himself deficient, and in March, 1765, Mr. Grenville, assisted by Charles Townshend, who had now changed his party and opinions, carried through Parliament the Stamp Act, for levying duties on certain documents used in the Colonies. History has recorded how this pretension was received in America. Stirling was among the most active of its opposers. He encouraged resistance to its execution by promoting the agreement to dispense with the stamped paper without prejudice to the validity of contracts in which the act required it to be used. He also exerted his influence to procure the removal of the parliamentary agent of New Jersey, who had not opposed the enactment of the obnoxious law, and in causing the eminent solicitor, who had acted for himself in London, to be appointed in his place. A letter from this gentleman, announcing the subsequent repeal of the odious act, expresses the views of Stirling as well as his own. "I entirely agree with your Lordship that we should be content with your commerce, which, indeed, is all that is valuable in the Colonies; and if this commerce will bring every farthing of your money to Britain, I agree with your Lordship that we can have no more."

It became apparent that arms alone were to vindicate the just rights of the Colonies. A Whig, not merely from education and early associations, but from the convictions of his mature judgment, Stirling had opposed the Stamp act, and used his influence to procure its repeal; he had opposed with equal determination the expedients by which, under another form, it was attempted to attain the same unlawful end of taxing the Colonies without their consent. When coercion was at length attempted in Massachusetts, and was followed by the resistance of its people and the shedding of their blood, Stirling was among the first in the other provinces to take up arms in defence of what he knew to be the

common cause of all the Colonies. The military experience which he had gained on the Canadian frontier twenty years before, under Shirley, together with his local influence and personal popularity, and above all, his ardor in the cause of American liberty, led to his being unanimously chosen by the people of Morris county to command a regiment of militia, which he had been instrumental in raising in the summer of 1775; and the legislature of the province confirmed the choice, and commissioned him accordingly.

He displayed his characteristic energy and activity in recruiting and organizing his regiment, supplying arms at his own expense to such of his men as were unable to arm themselves. Whilst engaged in this duty, he was ordered to organize two regiments of regular troops, which Congress had directed to be raised in New Jersey for the general service. He visited in rapid succession the various parts of the province to procure recruits, collect arms and ammunition, and prepare barracks. In a few days, he succeeded in completing the regiment intended for his own command, the head-quarters of which were established at Elizabethtown. Immediately afterwards he commenced preparations to defend any vessels that might take refuge in the neighbouring waters of New Jersey from molestation by the British cruisers in the harbour of New York; and he asked authority from Congress to take for the public use from any merchant vessels that might arrive whatever ammunition they might have on board, on the payment of its value. This suggestion was adopted. Having reason to believe that the king's governor in New Jersey, William Franklin, son of Dr. Franklin, was likely to undertake something in favor of the royal cause, he caused him to be placed under guard. Having subsequently issued a proclamation in the king's name for assembling the provincial legislature, Franklin was removed to Connecticut by order of Congress, and guarded there as a prisoner.

Early in January, 1776, Stirling received a letter from General Washington, then commanding the army by which Boston was invested, advising him that the British were fitting out an expedition, which the general believed to be destined against Long Island, and possibly against New York itself. He stated that he had detached General Lee to take command in New York, and prepare for its defence, and to

overawe Long Island, where many of the inhabitants were disaffected; and he directed Stirling to reinforce Lee with troops from New Jersey.

Whilst he was executing these orders, intelligence reached him that a transport for the ministerial army at Boston was hovering off Sandy Hook in distress, waiting for assistance from the king's ships in New York. Supposing her to be laden with arms and ammunition, he immediately started for Amboy, seized a pilot-boat which lay there, and manned her with volunteers to attempt the capture of the transport. He was joined by three boats from Elizabethtown, under Colonel Dayton. They found the ship nearly twenty miles seaward from Sandy Hook, and immediately boarded, captured, and brought her into Elizabethtown. She proved to be laden with coal and provisions. Though Stirling felt a natural regret that the ship was not laden with arms and ammunition, as he had conjectured, yet the capture was a serious annoyance to the enemy. Provisions were already becoming scarce in Boston, and fuel was in such requisition to meet the rigors of a severe winter, that many of the houses were demolished for fire-wood. The promptness with which this little naval enterprise was conceived, and the spirit with which it was conducted, at once established his character for zeal, activity, and gallantry, and gained for him and his followers one of the earliest votes of thanks from Congress. At the same time, he zealously exerted himself to check the attempts, that were made by the disaffected and avaricious, to ship provisions and wood from New Jersey for the aid of the troops in Boston.

On the 4th of February, 1776, he received orders from General Lee to march with his regiment to New York. He set out the following day, and crossing the Hudson with difficulty through the running ice, reached New York on the 6th. There he found no commissary of provisions, and was obliged to supply his regiment with rations by such ways and means as he could devise. On the 1st of March, Stirling was promoted to the rank of brigadier-general, and his commission was forwarded to him in a highly complimentary letter from the President of Congress. General Lee being soon after detached to take the command in the Southern Colonies, Stirling remained for a season in the chief command at New York. He immediately directed his efforts to cutting

off the communication between Staten Island, off which the king's ships lay, and Long Island, by stationing parties along the shores of the bay, to watch the movements of the enemy, check their depredations, and destroy their boats, as opportunity offered. He also made great exertions to prepare quarters in New York for the American army, under Washington, who proposed to march thither as soon as the royal forces should leave Boston, which it was evident they could not long continue to hold.

The forces under Stirling, including the New Jersey and Connecticut troops, and volunteers from the city, amounted to two thousand men. It being apprehended, that the fleet and army from Boston would proceed at once to New York, to occupy that place permanently, and endeavour to divide the Colonies by opening a communication through Hudson's river and the Lakes with Canada, every effort was made to strengthen the defences of the place. Stirling called for additional troops from New Jersey and Connecticut, and fortified the most commanding points on Long Island and at New York, being aided by the inhabitants in throwing up the works. In addition to other motives to exertion, he was stimulated by the assurance of Washington, "that the fate of this campaign, and of course the fate of America, depends upon you, and the army under your command, should the enemy attempt your quarter." Though Washington reinforced him after General Howe had embarked a portion of his forces with an apparent intention to depart from Boston, still, lest his preparation might be only a feint, Washington could not withdraw his troops until the British fleet and army departed, on the 17th of March. Then he broke up his camp, and proceeded with his army by detachments to New York.

During a short time, Stirling was superseded in the chief command at New York by Brigadier-General Thompson. He employed the interval in superintending the construction of additional works on the Jersey shore of the Hudson. General Thompson being soon after ordered to the Canada frontier, the chief command again devolved on Stirling, who continued to urge forward the completion of the defences. To the principal work on New York island he gave the name of Fort Washington; to that opposite it, on the Jersey shore, the name of Fort Lee, in compliment to

the officer who had planned the fortifications. Smaller works were constructed at Horen's Hook and Throg's Neck, to defend the approach by Hell Gate, while the approach to the city by land was guarded by a redoubt at McGowan's pass, near Haerlem. Intrenchments were also thrown up on Long Island, and forts erected or repaired at Red Hook and the Narrows, and on the small islands in the harbour.

General Washington reached New York with the remainder of his army, on the 14th of April, and assumed the chief command. General Howe, instead of proceeding at once, as was expected, to New York, had retired to Halifax, to await reinforcements from England. He arrived in New York towards the close of June, and landed on Staten Island on the 4th of July, the day on which Congress had solemnly proclaimed the independence of the United States. Being joined by his brother, Lord Howe, in command of a formidable fleet, the two were empowered as commissioners to treat of peace. They accordingly made overtures for this purpose ; but as their powers extended to little beyond granting pardons to those who, as General Washington remarked, "had committed no fault, and therefore wanted no pardon," their overtures were ineffectual.

On the 22d of August, the British landed with nearly their whole force, under cover of their fleet, at Gravesend, on Long Island. General Putnam had the chief command on the island, and he remained within the line of fortifications which Stirling had erected. Under his orders, Generals Sullivan and Stirling were appointed to command without the lines. Only a portion of the American army had been ferried over to Long Island, probably to prevent the sacrifice of the whole ; and General Washington did not assume the command in person. The object, therefore, was not a general and decisive battle, but a temporary check and annoyance ; even this was considered perilous.

The centre of the British army, consisting of Hessians under General de Heister, occupied Flatbush. Earl Percy and Lord Cornwallis were on the right, and General Grant on the left. On the night of the 25th, General Clinton drew off the van of the British army to the eastward, and in the morning seized some heights which commanded the road from Jamaica to Brooklyn. General Grant, at the same time, advanced along the shore of the bay, at the head of the left

wing, with ten pieces of cannon. Stirling was directed by Putnam to oppose this advance with the two regiments nearest at hand. Early in the morning, he came in sight of the enemy, before whom our advanced parties were retiring. These he rallied, and skirmishing immediately commenced, the contending parties having come within one hundred and fifty yards of each other. The fire was kept up briskly for two hours, when the British light troops retired, though the cannonade continued on both sides.

Meantime, it became apparent from the firing that the British had turned the left wing of our force, and gained its rear, and that the centre also had given way, and was in full retreat. Stirling perceived that immediate retreat could alone save his own detachment from being made prisoners. Ordering the main body of his force to make the best of their way through Gowan's creek, he gallantly, and with great self-devotion, placed himself at the head of four hundred of Smallwood's Maryland regiment, and attacked a corps under Lord Cornwallis, advantageously posted at a house at the mills, near which his detachment was to pass the creek. The attack was kept up with the greatest intrepidity, the small party having been checked five times, and rallied again, under his encouragement, with fresh ardor. They were on the point of driving Cornwallis from his station, when the approach of a British reinforcement compelled Stirling to draw off, in the hope of providing for the safety of the brave men who were still with him, those for whom they were sacrificing themselves having already effected their retreat. But fresh bodies of the enemy encountered him in every direction, keeping up a galling fire from several quarters. He succeeded in turning a hill-side, which covered him from the fire of the British, and was making a rapid retreat, when, meeting a fresh body of the enemy, he was compelled to surrender to the Hessian general, De Heister. He was soon taken on board of Lord Howe's ship, the Eagle.

Had not the enemy been allowed to turn the left of our army, from neglect of a precaution which had been specially enjoined by Washington, and had all parts of the line been defended with equal obstinacy with that intrusted to Stirling, the check to the British army would have been more effectual. Its advance would have been purchased by greater sacrifice, and Stirling would have been able to make good

his retreat. Washington bore strong testimony to the bravery and resolution with which he had defended his position, and took the earliest occasion to effect his exchange; and Congress, in acknowledgment of his services, promoted him to the rank of major-general.

Soon after the evacuation of New York, he returned to his duty in the army, and took part in the retreat through New Jersey, and in the operations on the Delaware, where he again signalized himself by the successful defence of Coryell's Ferry, which the British attempted to seize. When the army, elated by its successful efforts at Trenton and Princeton, but worn out by fatigue and privation, settled down for necessary repose, very late in the season, in winter-quarters at Morristown, Stirling's vigilance recommended him to Washington as a suitable person to command the lines immediately opposite to the enemy. This led to his being frequently engaged in skirmishes with detached parties of the British. On the opening of the campaign in 1777, Stirling encountered a strong party under Cornwallis, and, after sustaining the attack of the British with great gallantry, was compelled by their superior numbers to retire from the open country, with the loss of three field-pieces. But after reaching a more advantageous position, he made so obstinate a stand as to arrest the further progress of Cornwallis. Other similar checks led Sir William Howe to abandon the attempt to reach Philadelphia by land.

Stirling was then detached with his division up the Hudson, to reinforce the army intended to operate against Burgoyne. He had reached the Highlands, when intelligence of the British army having embarked, with the probable intention of passing round by sea to Philadelphia, led to his recall to reinforce the main army under Washington. Discouraged by the difficulties of ascending the Delaware, Sir William Howe entered the Chesapeake, and, ascending to the mouth of Elk river, moved his army up in the transports as far as it continued navigable, and disembarked his troops to the number of eighteen thousand men. The effective force of Washington did not exceed eleven thousand, a considerable part being militia, in whom he had little confidence. This force he assembled on the Brandywine, to oppose the approach of the British to Philadelphia, and he determined to hazard a battle for the protection of our seat of government.

On the morning of the 11th of September, the British army got in motion to attempt crossing the river, and skirmishing commenced. Cornwallis had been detached from the left of the British up the bank of the Brandywine, and had crossed it at the Forks, without opposition. Washington immediately detached Generals Sullivan, Stirling, and Stephen to oppose this column under Cornwallis, with whom was Sir William Howe, in person. Stirling's and Stephen's divisions formed on favorable ground, having both flanks covered with wood, and the artillery judiciously posted. Sullivan's troops, having made a longer circuit, had not had time to form, when the British commenced their attack with great impetuosity. The American column made a spirited resistance; but the right wing being in some disorder, was obliged to give way. Sullivan succeeded in rallying his command, but being briskly charged, it again gave way, and, the flank of the column being thus exposed, the remainder of the line began to waver. Sullivan, left behind by his flying troops, joined those who continued to resist, and throwing himself, with Stirling and Lafayette, personally into the conflict, made a stand until our forces were completely broken, and the enemy were within twenty yards of them; then, taking refuge in the woods, they succeeded in rejoining their routed followers. Lafayette was wounded, but Sullivan and Stirling escaped unhurt.

Washington soon after pressed forward, with Greene, to the succor of this column; but finding it broken, he succeeded in covering its retreat, and checking the advance of the British. The remainder of Howe's army having crossed the Brandywine, Washington retreated to Chester, and on the following day to Philadelphia. He again offered battle to the British army, and the action had commenced, when a heavy rain coming on, it was suspended. Washington then continued his retreat to Skippack, and the British took possession of Philadelphia, from which, notwithstanding their superior force, Washington had kept them out an entire month since their landing at Elk river.

Howe having extended the cantonments of the British army, Washington thought the moment favorable for attacking the portion of it which lay in Germantown. Stirling was to command the reserve, consisting of the brigades of Nash and Maxwell. At seven in the evening, the various

corps began their march, and falling upon the British advanced parties by surprise, routed them with little difficulty. The plan was well concerted; but an unusually thick fog prevented the Americans from distinguishing friend from foe, occasioned them to lose their way in some instances, and threw every thing into confusion. A very determined and successful resistance was also made by a party of British troops which occupied Chew's house, a stone building of such strength as to resist a cannonade. The attack failed, therefore, in its main object. The reserve under Lord Stirling appears to have been actively engaged, General Nash, who formed part of it, having been among the slain.

Soon after, Washington called a council of his generals, to consider the question of an attack on Philadelphia. Eleven of them were opposed to the attack, and four in favor of it. Stirling, in behalf of this minority, prepared an able plan for attacking Philadelphia at daylight. But the experiment was deemed too hazardous, considering the weakness of our own, and the strength of the British army, and our troops soon after went into winter-quarters at Valley Forge.

Just before this period, the American arms had gained a great triumph on the banks of the Hudson by the capitulation of the entire army of Burgoyne to the forces under General Gates. The successful commander, who, besides being favored by fortune and the errors of the enemy, had conducted himself with ability, immediately became an object of admiration to the whole country. Many were in favor of placing the whole army under his command, instead of leaving it under the more cautious guidance of Washington, who, though he had shown that he could act with great decision and vigor when there was a fair prospect of success, was yet unwilling to hazard the liberties of his country by exposing an ill-provided and imperfectly disciplined army in frequent combats with superior numbers. This opinion had its favorers even in Congress. But the army, estimating Washington at his full worth, with two or three exceptions, was decidedly in his favor. General Conway, an Irishman, educated in France, had come with other foreigners to America to seek advancement in our army. He had been made a brigadier-general, but not having won any distinction in this rank, and having excited Washing-

ton's distrust, he became his secret enemy, and exerted himself to disparage his proceedings. With him originated the secret scheme to substitute Gates for Washington, known as the "Conway cabal," which was brought to the knowledge of Washington through the instrumentality of Stirling. Colonel James Wilkinson, aide-de-camp of Gates, being on his way with despatches to Congress, then sitting at York in Pennsylvania, stopped at Stirling's head-quarters at Reading, and having dined with him, repeated to Major McWilliams, an aid of Stirling, the following passage from a letter of Conway to Gates: — "Heaven has determined to save your country, or a weak general and bad counsellors would have ruined it." Major McWilliams considered it his duty to disclose this communication to Stirling, who in turn felt bound by public duty as well as by private friendship to make it known to Washington. He immediately did so, with the remark, "Such wicked duplicity I shall always consider it my duty to detect."

This led to a correspondence between Washington, Gates, and Conway, and subsequently between Stirling and Wilkinson. Rumors respecting it got abroad, and public sentiment was so aroused against the conspirators, that they were compelled to abandon their ambitious projects. A part of the rancor of these disappointed men was naturally enough directed against Stirling. An attempt was made to disparage him for an imputed violation of the laws of hospitality, by imparting to Washington the scheme which had been divulged at table in a moment of conviviality. Those whose conspiracy could not bear the light, who were themselves plotting treason and circulating calumny, evinced a wonderful respect for the laws of honor and hospitality. But Stirling only communicated intelligence reported to him as a matter of duty by his subordinate officer. It would have been treason alike against friendship and patriotism to have withheld a knowledge of this plot from its intended victim. The course which he pursued was identical with that of Patrick Henry, then governor of Virginia, when the same cabal attempted to poison his mind against the commander-in-chief. He at once informed him of what was plotting for his injury, remarking, "While you face the armed enemies of your country, and by the favor of God have been kept unhurt, I trust your country will never harbour in her bosom the miscreant who would ruin her best supporter."

The army remained at Valley Forge until Sir Henry Clinton evacuated Philadelphia, on the 18th of June, 1778, when Washington immediately started in pursuit, with the intention of hanging on the British rear, harassing its march, and, if a favorable opportunity occurred, of bringing it to battle. On the 28th, the British occupied the high grounds about Monmouth court-house, Sir Henry Clinton having sent forward his baggage under Knyphausen, leaving the flower of his army wholly unencumbered to bring up the rear. At eight in the morning, the British rear having descended into the plains, Lee, who led the advance of the Americans, commenced cannonading them, and pushed forward a force on both their flanks. The whole of the enemy immediately marched back to resist this attack. Part of Lee's troops fell into confusion, and he ordered a retreat, intending, as he afterwards alleged, to rally them in a more defensible position. Washington, who was ignorant of what had occurred, ordered up the rear of the army to support the advance, and rode forward, when he was met by the troops in full retreat. He ordered Lee to rally his corps and make a stand, which he partially accomplished, but was again forced from the ground. At this moment, Stirling, who commanded the left wing, brought forward a detachment of artillery, which played with such effect on the British, who had now crossed the morass, as to check their advance. They then attempted to turn the left flank, but were repulsed by Stirling's infantry. Wayne had now come up with the right wing, and equally checked their advance on his side, compelling the British to retire to the position they had occupied on the arrival of Washington. Washington now ordered the artillery forward to cannonade the enemy, and detached a corps of infantry to gain their flanks ; but before any further impression could be made, night put an end to the battle. At midnight, the British decamped so silently that their retreat was not perceived, and thus got beyond the reach of further pursuit. Lee subsequently requested a court-martial upon his conduct, and measures were immediately taken for his trial. Stirling was made president of the court, and Lee was found guilty of all the charges preferred against him, and suspended from command for a year.

In October, Stirling was ordered to Elizabethtown, to command the troops in New Jersey employed in watching

the British fleet and the army in New York. On the opening of the campaign of 1779, he was ordered to take post at Pompton with the Virginia division, and cover the country towards the Hudson. Major Henry Lee, who, with his light horse, formed part of the command, was stationed in advance to watch the motions of the enemy. Having learned that their advanced party at Paulus Hook was remiss in keeping guard, Major Lee formed a project of surprising it. His suggestion being approved by Washington, Stirling furnished him with the necessary force, and took part in person with a strong detachment to cover his retreat. The enterprise was carried through with great spirit, and was entirely successful, the British post being surprised, and one hundred and fifty men taken prisoners. For the part which Stirling took in this affair, he received the thanks of Washington and of Congress.

The main body of the army having gone into winter-quarters at Morristown, Washington detached Stirling with two thousand men to attempt carrying the British posts on Staten Island. The troops moved rapidly forward on sleds, and having crossed the inlet on the ice, Stirling detached Colonel Willet to attack a British regiment at Decker's, whilst he proceeded with the remainder to the watering-place, where the main body of the enemy lay. Notwithstanding the precautions that had been taken, and the great despatch with which the assailants had moved, the spies of the enemy had gained intelligence, and the British troops were all within their works, prepared for resistance. The projected surprise having thus failed, the works being too strong to be carried by assault, and the communication, moreover, with New York being unexpectedly found open, by which the British could be reinforced, the attack was necessarily abandoned. Some skirmishing took place in the retreat, a charge on the rear from the enemy's cavalry was repulsed, and a few prisoners were brought off by the Americans.

The campaign of 1780 was not fruitful of any important events in the northern part of the United States, where Stirling was employed. Projects were entertained for the recovery of New York, with the assistance of the French, who had now engaged actively in our behalf; but on account of the delay in waiting for our allies, the plans for this purpose were not carried into effect. In 1781, Stirling was or-

dered to Albany, to take the chief command of the Northern army collecting there, to resist another invasion from Canada under St. Leger. He had under his orders Brigadier-Generals Stark, Van Rensselaer, Gansevoort, and Enos, with a small body of regular troops, and militia from New York, Massachusetts, Vermont, and New Hampshire. He collected the main body of his army at Saratoga, and made the most judicious arrangements to maintain the favorable omen of a battle-field already consecrated by victory.

Soon after his arrangements were completed, he had the satisfaction of announcing to his troops the complete triumph of our arms at Yorktown. This decisive event, with the approach of winter, doubtless put an end to the projected expedition of St. Leger. Stirling soon after dismissed the militia to their homes, and transferred his head-quarters to Albany. A scheme was formed for a winter's expedition, moving the troops in sleds over the snow, to reduce St. John's, Chamblee, and Montreal; but it was deemed advisable to remain on the defensive in this quarter, and the project was not prosecuted.

Stirling now resumed the command in New Jersey, and in January, 1782, he repaired to Philadelphia, which was within his military command, and established his head-quarters there for the winter. In the spring of the following year, he was appointed, with the adjutant-general of the army and another officer, on a commission to settle the rank of the subalterns of the Connecticut line; and he proceeded for that purpose to Fishkill, where those troops were encamped. This service being accomplished, he was again ordered to command the Northern department, and established his head-quarters at Albany. There were rumors again of a contemplated expedition from Canada, to join an army of the enemy from New York, and effect the long meditated junction by the Hudson river and the Lakes; but no real movement was made towards this object, and Stirling had only to remain on the watch, and use every effort to keep himself well informed of the intentions of the enemy.

Whilst thus engaged in the service of his country, his useful and honorable career was suddenly brought to a close. "The fatigue of body and mind to which he had been subjected during his command on an important and exposed frontier, superadded to the hard service and constant exposure

he had undergone from the commencemeut of the war, brought on a violent attack of the gout, which soon proved fatal. He died at Albany, on the 15th of January, 1783, in the fifty-seventh year of his age," within a week of the day on which the independence of his country was solemnly recognized by treaty.

"He was buried in the vault of his wife's ancestors, within the walls of the ancient Dutch church in that city; and when that venerable edifice was demolished, his bones were removed to the cemetery belonging to the Protestant Episcopal Church, of which he was a member. His funeral was solemnized with the military observances appropriate to his rank, and the religious rites of his communion; and the ceremonies of the occasion are still remembered by the elder inhabitants of that city, as a spectacle of extraordinary interest and solemnity. He left a widow and two daughters; Mary, the elder, married to Robert Watts; Catharine, the younger, to Colonel William Duer.

"The death of Lord Stirling was lamented by his brother officers, and the troops he had commanded, [embracing every brigade in the American army, except those of South Carolina and Georgia,] as well as by his personal friends. He was regretted, indeed, by all, both in military and civil life, who knew him either in his public capacity or private relations; by many also, who, without knowing him personally, were aware of the loss the public cause had sustained in being deprived of the influence of his character and the benefit of his services."

From what we have thus gleaned from the work before us, it is apparent that Stirling was among the foremost of those to whom we are indebted for the priceless blessings and the daily increasing national greatness that we enjoy. When these States were colonies, we have seen him with patriotic foresight endeavouring to foster their growth by enlightened suggestions to their rulers in the mother country; by advice to his neighbours, and by example, extending the number of objects of agricultural cultivation, and exploring and developing our mineral wealth; with enlightened benevolence aiding to found a library for the diffusion of knowledge among the inhabitants of his native city, and fostering in its infancy an institution of learning, which has sent forth so many youth fitted for a career of usefulness and honor.

An ardent lover of his country and of her liberties, we find him strenuously opposing the earliest attempts to assail

them. The Stamp Act, and the act to lay duties at our seaports without our consent, found in him an equally inflexible opponent. When humble and loyal prayers to a stubborn king and an equally obstinate Parliament failed in obtaining redress, he encouraged the combinations that rendered these attempts at taxation nugatory. And when, at length, an attempt was made to crush all opposition by a large and well-disciplined army, he was among the first to take up arms, and never relinquished them until he died, on the eve of his country's emancipation. In the naval expedition against the king's transport off Sandy Hook, he first displayed his zeal and enterprise; in the battle of Long Island, where he sacrificed himself with a small portion of his troops to secure the safety of the remainder, at Middlebrook, at the Brandywine, at Germantown, and at Monmouth, he met in arms the invaders of his country, and in most of these bloody fields found occasion to signalize the obstinate courage and constancy which were his distinguishing characteristics. From August, 1775, when he first took up arms in New Jersey, until his decease, in January, 1783, he was unremittingly engaged in active service. In the midst of all the discouragements that attended his country's struggle for liberty, from her weak and inefficient confederation, depending for the fulfilment of its pledges on thirteen distinct sovereignties, from her ruined finances, depreciated currency, her starving and half-naked soldiery, rendered mutinous by the penury, and sometimes by the neglect, of Congress, he never despaired of the republic. And so he persevered until death, to the ruin of his private fortune, and with equal disregard of that rank in the mother country, and of the large territorial claims attached to it, which a contrary course would have established; — an honorable example of a man counting nothing of value in comparison with the sacred maintenance of his principles, and sinking every selfish consideration in the one strong and controlling feeling of an ardent patriotism.

ART. VIII. — *The New Timon, a Romance of London.* First American from the Third London Edition. Philadelphia: Carey & Hart. 1846. 12mo. pp. 208.

FLETCHER of Saltoun's apothegm would hardly answer for our latitude; song has no super-legislative force among us. The walls of one of our great political parties were thought to have risen from their ruins a few years ago, like those of Thebes, to the sound of singing; but this Amphionic masonwork was found not to resist our changeful climate. Our national melodies are of African descent. If our brains be stolen, it will never be through our ears; the Sirens had sung in vain to a Nantucket Ulysses. We remember a nomadic minstrel, a dweller in tents, who picked up a scanty subsistence by singing "Proud Dacre sailed the sea," and "The Hunters *of* Kentucky," on election days, and at Commencements and musters. But he was merely the satellite to a dwarf, and the want of the aspirate betrayed a Transatlantic origin. Moreover, only slender-witted persons were betrayed into the extravagance of the initiatory ninepence, the shrewder citizens contenting themselves with what gratuitous music leaked through the rents in the canvas.

Mr. Barlow, we believe, had a beatific vision of the nine immigrant Muses, somewhere on the top of the Alleghany mountains. A judicious selection of place; — for only in some such inaccessible spot would they be safe from the constable. Without question, a ship's captain importing nine ladies with so scanty a wardrobe would be compelled to give bonds. With us the bard has no chartered sacredness; cotton and the stocks refuse to budge at his vaticinations. The newspapers are our Westminster Abbey, in whose Poets' Corner the fugitive remains of our verse-makers slumber inviolate, — a sacred privacy, uninvaded save by the factory-girl or the seamstress. The price-current is our Paradise of Daintie Devyces; and that necromancer, who might fill his pockets by contracting to bring back Captain Kidd to tell us where he buried treasure, would starve, were he to promise merely

> "To call up him who left half told
> The story of Cambuscan bold."

It is not that we are an antipoetical people. Our sur-

veyors might fix that stigma upon us, by whose means Graylock becomes Saddle-mountain on the maps, and Tahconic is converted from his paganism, and undergoes baptism as Mount Everett. All the world over, the poet is not what he was in ruder times. If he ever unite, as formerly, the bardic and sacerdotal offices, that conjunction forebodes nothing graver than the publication of a new hymn-book. The sanctity of the character is gone; the garret is no safer than the first-floor. Every dun and tipstaff sets at naught the precedent of the great Emathian conqueror. Poetry once concerned itself with the very staple of existence. Now it is a thing apart. The only time we were ever conscious that the Muse did still sometimes cast a halo round every-day life was when we heard the "Village Blacksmith" congratulating himself, that Longfellow had had his smithy "drawed as nateral as a picter."

Many respectable persons are greatly exercised in spirit at the slow growth of what they are pleased to call a national literature. They conjecture of the forms of our art from the shape of our continent, reversing the Platonic method. They deduce a literary from a geographical originality; a new country, therefore new thoughts. A *reductio ad absurdum* would carry this principle to the extent of conforming an author's mind to the house he lived in. These enthusiasts wonder, that our mountains have not yet brought forth a poet, forgetting that a mouse was the result of the only authentic mountainous parturition on record. Others, more hopeful, believe the continent to be at least seven months gone with a portentous minstrel, who, according to the most definite augury we have seen, shall "string" our woods, mountains, lakes, and rivers, and then "wring" from them (no milder term, or less suggestive of the laundry, will serve) notes of "autochthonic significance." We have heard of one author, who thinks it quite needless to be at the pains of a jury of matrons on the subject, as he makes no doubt that the child of Destiny is already born, and that he has discovered in himself the genuine *Terræ Filius*.

Never was there so much debate of a national literature as during the period immediately succeeding our Revolution, and never did the Titan of native song make such efforts to get himself born as then. Hopkinson, Freneau, Paine, and Barlow were the result of that travail. It was not the

fault of the country ; it was even newer then than now, and its shape (if that was to be effectual in the matter) was identical. Nor was zeal or pains wanting. It is believed that the " Conquest of Canaan " and the " Vision of Columbus " were read by authentic men and women. The same patriotism which refused the tea swallowed the poetry. The same hardy spirit, the same patient endurance, which brought the Pilgrims to Plymouth rock, was not yet gone out of the stock. A nation which had just gone through a seven years' war could undergo a great deal.

But we must come sooner or later to the conclusion, that literature knows no climatic distinctions of that external kind which are presupposed in this clamor for a national literature. The climate in which the mind of an author habitually dwells — whether it be that of Greece, Asia, Italy, Germany, or England — moulds the thought and the expression. But that which makes poetry poetry, and not prose, is the same everywhere. The curse of Babel fell not upon the Muse. Climate gives inexorable laws to architecture, and all importations from abroad are contraband of nature, sure to be satirized by whatever is native to the soil. There is but one sky of song, and the growth of the tropics will bear the open air of the pole. For man is the archetype of poetry. Its measure and proportion, as Vitruvius reports of the Doric pillar, are borrowed of him. Natural scenery has little hand in it, national peculiarities none at all. Not Simoïs or Scamander, but Helen, Priam, Andromache, give divinity to the tale of Troy. Dante's Italicism is his lame foot. Shakspeare would fare ill, were we to put him upon proof of his Englishry. So homogeneous is the structure of the mind, that Sir William Jones conceived Odin and Fo to be identical.

There is no fear but we shall have a national literature soon enough. Meanwhile, we may be sure that all attempts at the forcible manufacture of such a product (especially out of physical elements) will be as fruitless as the *opus magnum* of the alchemists. The cunning of man can only adroitly combine the materials lying ready to his hand. It has never yet compassed the creation of any seed, be it never so small. As a nation, we are yet too full of hurry and bustle. The perfectly balanced tree can grow only in the wind-bound shelter of the valley. Our national eagerness for immediate re-

sults infests our literature. We wish to taste the fruit of our culture, and as yet plant not that slower growth which ripens for posterity. The mental characteristic of the pioneer has become engrained in us, outliving the necessity which begot it. Everywhere the blackened stumps of the clearing jut out like rocks amid the yellow waves of our harvest. We have not learned to wait ; our chief aim is to produce, and we are more careful of quantity than quality. We cannot bring ourselves to pinch off a part of the green fruit, that the ripe may be more perfect. To be left behind is the opprobrium ; we desire an immediate effect. Hence, a large part of that mental energy, which would else find its natural bent in literary labor, turns to the lecture-room or the caucus, or mounts that ready-made rostrum of demagogues, the stump. If any man think he has an errand for the general ear, he runs at full speed with it, and delivers such fragments as he has breath left to utter. If we adopt a Coptic emblem, and paste it on the front of our pine-granite propylæa, it must have wings, implying speed. That symbol of wiser meaning, with finger upon lip, is not for us. We break our eggs, rather than await the antiquated process of incubation. We pull up what we have planted, to see if it have taken root. We fell the primeval forest, and thrust into the ground a row of bean-poles for shade. We cannot spare the time to sleep upon any thing ; we must be through by daylight. Our boys debate the tariff and the war. Scarce yet beyond the lacteal age, they leave hoop, and ball, and taw, to discuss the tea and coffee tax.

We find talking cheaper than writing, and both easier than thinking. We talk everlastingly ; our magazines are nothing but talk, and that of a flaccid and Polonian fibre. The Spartans banished the unfortunate man who boasted that he could talk all day. With us he had been sure of Congress or the Cabinet. No petty African king is fonder of palaver than the sovereign people. Our national bird is of no kin to the falcon of the Persian poet, whose taciturnity made him of more esteem than the nightingale. We are always in haste ; we build a railroad from the cradle to the grave. Our children cannot spare time to learn spelling ; they must take the short cut of phonography. In architecture, we cannot abide the slow teaching of the fitness of things ; we parody the sacred growth of ages with our inch-board fragilities,

"Their rafters sprouting on the shady side,"

and every village boasts its *papier-machè* cathedral. Our railroad-cars are our best effort in this kind yet, — the emblems of hurry. The magnetic telegraph is of our invention, a message upon which, travelling westward, outstrips Time himself. The national trait is aptly symbolized by a gentleman we know of, who has erected his own funeral monument (what a titbit for honest old Weever!) and inscribed upon it an epitaph of his own composing, leaving vacant only the date of his demise. This is to be beforehand with Death himself. We remember only the *occasio celeris* and not the *ars longa* of the adage. Hence a thousand sciolists for one scholar, a hundred improvisators for one poet. Every thing with us ripens so rapidly, that nothing of ours seems very old but our boys.

A sandy diffuseness of style among our speakers and writers is the result of this hurry. We try to grasp a substantial handful here and there, and it runs through our fingers. How our legislators contrive to sit out each other's speeches we could never conceive. Who reads those interminable debates is a question of harder solution than what song the Sirens sang. In our callower years, we sit down beside them, like the clown at the river's edge. But we soon learn the *labitur et labetur*. Providence, which has made nothing that is not food for something else, has doubtless so constituted some systems as that they can devour and digest these. The constituency of Buncombe, if it find time to read all that is addressed to it, must be endowed with an unmatched longevity. It must be a community of oldest inhabitants. Yet, with all this tendency to prosing, we love concentration, epigrammatic brevity, antithesis. Hence the potency of phrases among us; a nimble phrase in a trice trips up our judgment; "masterly inactivity," "conquering a peace," "our country right or wrong," and the like. Talleyrand's plan for settling the Restoration on a firm basis would have done for us: — "C'est bien, c'est très bien, et tout ce qu'il faut maintenant, ce sont les feux d'artifice *et un bon mot pour le peuple*."

Under such circumstances, we need hardly expect a sudden crop of epics. We must have something that we can bolt. And we need not trouble ourselves about the form or the growth of our literature. The law of demand and supply

is as inexorable here as in every thing else. The forcing system, we may be sure, is out of place. Art cannot make heartwood under glass. Above all, let not our young authors be seduced into the belief, that there can be any nationality in the great leading ideas of art. The mind has one shape in the Esquimaux and the Anglo-Saxon, and that shape it will strive to impress on its creations. If we evaporate all that is watery, and the mere work of absorption, in the mythologies and early histories of the different races of men, we shall find one invariable residuum at bottom. The legendary age of Greece may find a parallel in our own recent history, and "Old Put," the wolf-killer, at whose door all the unfathered *derring-does* of the time are laid, is no mean Yankee translation of Theseus. Doubtless, a freer and more untrammelled spirit will be the general characteristic of our literature, and it is to be hoped that it will get its form and pressure before our social life begins (as it inevitably must) to fence itself from the approaches of license behind a stricter and more rigid conventionality. Where external distinctions are wanting, men intrench themselves the more deeply in forms. When this reaction makes itself felt in our literature, let us hope to find the works of our authors as conscientious in finish, as they should be bold in design and outline. As for expecting that our mountains and lakes and forests should inoculate our literature with their idiosyncrasies, we may as reasonably look to find the mental results of our corduroy roads there, a speculation which might confirm itself by certain metres we have lately been favored with by our poets. The "surface of the country," of which we used to read so much in our geographies, never made and never marred a poet. There are mountains as good as Chimborazo and Popocatapetl in the poet's mind. Were Skiddaw and Ben Lomond the lay-figures from which Bunyan painted his Delectable Mountains? Or was the dead marsh-level of parts of the Excursion an infection from those hills among which Wordsworth has spent his life? Shakspeare had done better than travel in Egypt when he said, —

> "Ye pyramids, built up with newer might,
> To me are nothing novel, nothing strange;
> *Ye are but dressings of a former sight.*"

Hitherto our literature has been chiefly imitative and artificial; we have found no better names for our authors than the

American Scott, the American Mrs. Hemans, the American Wordsworth. There is nothing to fear from too great license as yet. At present, every English author can see a distorted reflection of himself here, — a something like the eidolons of the Homeric Hades, not ghosts precisely, but unsubstantial counterparts. He finds himself come round again, the Atlantic Ocean taking the function of the Platonic year. Our authors are the best critics of their brethren (or parents) on the other side of the water, catching as they do only what is exaggerated in them. We are in need of a literary declaration of independence ; our literature should no longer be colonial.

Let us not be understood as chiming in with that foolish cry of the day, that authors should not profit by example and precedent, — a cry which generally originates with some hardy imitator, the "stop thief!" with which he would fain distract attention from himself. It is the tower-stamp of an original mind, that it gives an awakening impulse to other original minds. Memory was the mother of the Muses. Montaigne says, "In my country, when they would decipher a man that has no sense, they say such a one has no memory." But to imitate the works of another is not to profit by them. It is making them our dungeon. It is better to smell of the lamp than of the library. Yet the most original writers have begun in some sort as imitators, and necessarily so. They must first learn to speak by watching the lips and practising the tones of others. This once acquired, the native force within masters and moulds the instrument. Shakspeare's early poems have the trick and accent of Spenser. Milton's Comus was written with a quill from the Swan of Avon's wing, dipped in Jonson's ink. But even the imitations of an original mind give no small oracle of originality. The copyist mimics mannerisms only. Like Crashaw's minstrel,

"From this to that, from that to this, he flies."

The original mind is always consistent with itself. Michel Angelo, cramped by the peculiar shape of a piece of marble which another sculptor had roughed out for a conception of his own, conquered something characteristic out of that very restraint, and the finished statue proclaimed its author. The poet, like the sculptor, works in one material, and there, in the

formless quarry of the language, lie the divine shapes of gods and heroes awaiting the master's evocation.

The republication of a poem which has made a sensation in England is not without its importance to us. We read of an ancient nation who, every New Year, made clean hearths, and then rekindled them with fire sent round by their king for that end. A rite not unlike this in form, though widely different in meaning, is still maintained by many of our authors. So soon as a new light makes its appearance in England, every native rushlight is ceremoniously extinguished, and the smoking wick set once more ablaze by the stolen touch of that more prosperous foreign flame. From the avatar of this Christmas we cannot remotely conjecture in what shape an author shall choose to appear at the next. But the book, which we have made the text of our somewhat erratic discourse, is not only worthy of notice, inasmuch as it may serve as a model, but still more from its own intrinsic merits, and because it is a strong protest against the form and spirit of the poetry now in vogue. It once more unburies the hatchet of the ancient feud between what are called the "natural" and "artificial" schools.

The dispute in this case, as in most others, has concerned itself chiefly about words. An exact definition of the terms used by the contending parties would have been the best flag of truce. Grant the claims of the disciples of Pope, and you blot out at once the writings of the greatest poets that ever lived. Grant those of the opposite party, and you deny to Pope any merit whatever. The cardinal point of the whole quarrel lies in the meaning attached to the single word *poet*. The most potent champion of *Popery* in our day gave by his practice the direct lie to his assumed theory. The Age of Bronze, the only poem which he wrote professedly upon this model, is unreadable from sheer dulness. His prose letters in the Bowles controversy were far more in Pope's vein and spirit.

The author of the New Timon avows himself a follower of Pope. We shall by-and-by have occasion to try him by his own standard. In the mean time, we shall barely remark, that his allusions to Wordsworth, Tennyson, and Keats are presumptuous and in bad taste. The fact that he misspells the name of one of these poets argues either a very petty affectation, or a shameful unfamiliarity with what he pretends to criticize.

The truth is, that Pope's merit lies in the concinnity and transparency of his style. It is this, rather than the sentiment, which charms. Thousands of readers find no want of orthodoxy in the Essay on Man, who would recoil in horror from the rough draught of Bolingbroke, on which it was based. Fancy, purity of diction, conciseness, unfailing wit, all these are Pope's, and they have given him immortality. But these are not essentially the attributes of a poet. In imagination, the crowning faculty of the poet, nay, the one quality which emphatically distinguishes him as such, Pope is wanting. A single example of the pure exercise of this faculty is not to be found in his works.

A profusion of ignorance and bad temper have been lavished on this topic. Had the controversy been understandingly carried on, there would have been no occasion for ill-feeling. One chief blunder has been the defining of authors as belonging to a certain school because they happened to be addicted to the use of a measure consisting of a certain number of feet, yet not the less variable on that account. Dryden, Pope, and Goldsmith are commonly named together, — authors as dissimilar as Chaucer and Racine. Crabbe, Campbell, and Rogers have all three used the same measure, yet are wholly unlike each other and unlike their three predecessors above named. Byron, who also used the "English Heroic" (as it is commonly called) in the Corsair and some other poems, presents still another totally distinct variety.

What, then, is the secret of that predilection in the minds of many to that kind of writing which is rather vaguely defined to be "of the Pope school"? Many, no doubt, adhere to it on the ground of its age and respectability, — a prejudice which Pope himself has admirably satirized. Others commend it on the score of its being easily comprehensible. Others again are charmed with what they esteem the grace, precision, and finish of its metre.

It is unquestionably the prime merit of style, that it conveys the author's ideas exactly and clearly. But after all, the ideas to be conveyed are of more importance than the vehicle, and it is one thing to see distinctly what they are, and another to comprehend them. Undoubtedly the first requisite is that they be worth comprehending. Once establish the principle, that easiness of comprehension is the chief

merit in literature, and the lowest order of minds will legislate for the exercise of that faculty which should give law to the highest. Every new book would come to us with the ambiguous compliment, that it was adapted to the meanest capacity. We have never been able to appreciate with any tolerable distinctness the grounds of that complacent superiority implied in the confession of not being able to understand an author, though we have frequently seen airs assumed on the strength of that acknowledged incapacity. One has a vision of the lame, halt, and blind dropping compassionate fourpences into the hats of their unmutilated fellow-citizens. Apelles judged rightly in pronouncing Alexander's horse a better critic than his master. The equine was more liberal than the imperial appreciation.

The merit of Pope is wholly of the intellect. There is nothing in him of that finer instinct which characterizes all those who, by universal consent, have been allowed as great poets, and have received the laurel from posterity. His instinct is rather that of a man of taste than of genius. In reading Shakspeare, we do not concern ourselves as to the particular shape which his thoughts assume. That is wholly a secondary affair. We should as soon think of criticizing the peculiar form of a tree or a fern. Though we may not be able to codify the law which governs them, we cannot escape a feeling of the harmony and fitness resulting from an obedience to that law. There is a necessity for their being of that precise mould, and no other, which peremptorily overrules all cavil. With Pope, on the contrary, the form is what first demands notice. It is here that the poet has put forth his power and displayed his skill. He makes verses by a voluntary exercise of the intellect, rather than from the overflow of the creative power. We feel that he had his choice between several forms of expression, and was not necessarily constrained to the one he has selected. His verses please us, as any display of mental skill and vigor never fails to do. The pleasure he gives us is precisely similar to that we derive from reading the Spectator, and is in both cases the result of identical causes. His apothegms are wholly of the intellect, and that, too, of the intellect applied to the analysis of artificial life. He does not, according to Bacon's definition of poetry, "conform the shows of things to the desires of the soul." Yet he dwells in the

shows of things rather than in the substances, and conforms them, sometimes despotically, to the necessities of his satire. He jeers and flouts the artificial life which he sees. He mocks at it, as Lucian derided Zeus, — an atheist to the gods of the day, with no settled belief in any higher gods. He does not confute the artificial by comparison with any abiding real. He impales all contemporary littlenesses upon the sharp needles of his wit, and in his poems, as in an entomological cabinet, we see preserved all the ugly insects of his day. He does not tacitly rebuke meanness by looking over it to the image of a perennial magnanimity. He does not say sternly, "Get thee behind me, Satan!" but mischievously affixes a stinging epigram to horns, hoof, and tail, and sends Beelzebub away ridiculous. His inkstand was his arsenal, but it was not his to use it in Luther's hearty catapultic fashion.

We do not so much commend the New Timon, then, as being a return to purer models, but as a protest against the excesses into which the prevailing school had degenerated. Latterly, poetry seems to have deserted the strong and palpable motions of the common heart, and to have devoted itself to the ecstatic exploration of solitary nerves, — the less tangible, the better. The broad view attainable from those two peaks of Parnassus, which Sir John Denham sensibly defined to be "Nature and Skill," seems to be wellnigh neglected. Our young poets, instead of that healthy glow of cheek earned only by conversation with the robust air of the summit, and the labor incident to the rugged ascent, seem to value themselves upon their paleness, and to think him the better man who has spent most time in peering dizzily down the dark rifts and chasms round the base of the mountain, or in gazing into the potential millstones of its solid rock. The frailer the tissue of the feeling, the greater the merit in tracing it to its extremes, — a spiderlike accomplishment at best. Their philosophy (if we call that so which they esteem as such, and which is certainly nothing else) stands in grave need of Philotas's leaden soles. One might almost expect to see them blown out of existence by the incautious puffs of their own publisher or clique. The farther the poet can put himself out of the common, the more admirable is he. The reflections of Perillus in his bull, of Regulus in his hogshead, or of Clarence in his malmsey-butt, would furnish

an ample stock in trade to any young poet. Or a nearer approach to nature and the interests of every-day life might be found in the situation of Terence McHugh, buried alive at the bottom of a well, and so finding it to be the residence of at least one unquestionable verity.

Mystery, too, has become a great staple with our poets. Every thing must be accounted for by something more unaccountable. Grandgousier's simple and pious theory to explain the goodliness of Friar John's nose would hardly pass muster now. The "mystery of our being" has become a favorite object of contemplation. Egoism has been erected into a system of theology. Self has been deified like the Egyptian onion, —

> "Nascuntur in hortis
> Numina."

Poets used to look before and after. Now, their eyes are turned wholly inward, and ordinarily with as useful result as was attained by the Brahmin who spent five years in the beatific inspection of his own navel. Instead of poems, we have lectures on the morbid anatomy of self. Nature herself must subscribe their platform of doctrine, and that not "for substance, scope, and aim," but without qualification. If they turn their eyes outward for a moment, they behold in the landscape only a smaller image of themselves. The mountain becomes a granite Mr. Smith, and the ocean (leaving out the salt) a watery Mr. Brown, — in other words a Mr. Brown with the milky particles of his composition deducted. A new *systema mundi* is constructed, with the individual idosyncrasy of the poet for its base. And, to prolong the delight of swallowing all this sublime mystification, enraptured simplicity prays fervently, with the old epicure, for the neck of a crane. Fortunately, that of a goose will suffice.

Nor has our mother tongue been safe from the experimental incursions of these philosophers. They have plunged so deeply into the well of English undefiled as to bring up the mud from the bottom. This they call "Saxon," and infuse portions of it into their productions, deepening the turbid obscurity. Strange virtues have been discovered in compound words, and the greater the incongruity of the mixture, the more potent the conjuration. Phrases, simple or unmeaning enough in themselves, acquire force and become

mystical by repetition, like the three *Iods* of the Cabalists, or the Κόγξ Ὄμπαξ of the Eleusinian mysteries. Straightforwardness has become a prose virtue. The poet wanders about his subject, looks for it where he knows it is not, and avoids looking where he knows it is, like a child playing at hide-and-seek, who, to lengthen the pleasure of the hunt, peeps cautiously into keyholes and every other impossible place, leaving to the last the table, under which lurks, with ostrich-like obviousness, the object of his search. It had been fortunate for Columbus, could he have recruited his crews with such minstrels, whose only mutiny would have been at the finding of the expected continent. We have seen the translation of a Hindoo deed which affords an exact parallel to such poetry. It begins with a general history of India, diverges into a system of theology, exhausts all the grantor's knowledge of natural history and astronomy, relates a few fables on different subjects, throws in a confused mass of compound words (one of them containing one hundred and fifty-two syllables), and finally reveals the object of this ponderous legal machine in a postscript of six lines conveying an acre or two of land.

The New Timon, if not the exact reverse of all this, is at least a resolute attempt in the opposite direction. We do not believe it possible to revive the style of Pope. It was a true mirror of its own age, but it would imperfectly reflect ours. Its very truth then would make it false now. The *petere fontes* points to other springs than these. Much less do we believe in confining literature to the strait channel of any one period. That is surely a very jejune kind of conservatism, which, with the Athenian Ephorus, would cut every new string added to the lyre. The critics have too often assumed the office of Ephorus in our commonwealth of letters, and have unfortunately become impressed with the notion, that this chordisection is the chief part of their official duty. As Selden said that equity was measured by the length of my Lord Chancellor's foot for the time being, so has judgment in these cases been too often meted, if not by the length, at least by the susceptibility, of my Lord Ephorus's ear. If every Phrynio had been thus dealt with, the lyre would never have lost that pristine simplicity and compactness, and that facility at making itself understood, which characterized it when it was a plain tortoise-shell, ere

idle Hermes had embarrassed and perplexed it with a single string.

The author is a professed disciple of Pope, but he is wanting in the vivid common-sense, the crystal terseness, and the epigrammatic point of his original. Moreover, he is something of a "snob." His foundling Lucy must turn out to be an earl's daughter; his Hindoo Timon must be a nabob. It is clear that he reverences those very artificial distinctions which he professes to scorn. So much contempt could not be lavished on what was insignificant. Himself the child of a highly artificial state of society, there seems to be something unfilial and against nature in his assaults upon it. His New Timon is made a Timon by the very things which he affects to despise. Pope was quite superior to so subaltern a feeling.

The plot of the story is not much to our taste. Morvale, the hero, is the son of a half-Hindoo father and an English mother. The mother, left a widow,

> "Loathed the dark pledge the abhorred nuptials bore;
> Yet young, her face more genial wedlock won,
> And one bright daughter made more loathed the son.
> Widowed anew, for London's native air
> And two tall footmen sighed the jointured fair;
> Wealth hers, why longer from its use exiled?
> She fled the land and the abandoned child." — p. 21.

In the mean while, a rich friend of Morvale's father opportunely dies, leaving his immense wealth to the son. This self-devotion on the part of the very rich is happily universal in the Utopia of the novel and the melodrama. We are thus introduced to Mr. Morvale.

> "They sought and found the unsuspecting heir
> Couched in the shade that neared the tiger's lair,
> His gun beside, the jungle round him, — wild,
> Lawless, and fierce as Hagar's wandering child: —
> To this fresh nature the sleek life deceased
> Left the bright plunder of the ravaged East.
> Much wealth brings want, — that hunger of the heart
> Which comes when Nature man deserts for Art:
> His northern blood, his English name, create
> Strife in the soul till then resigned to fate;
> The social world, with blander falsehood graced,
> Smiles on his hopes and lures him from the waste.

Alas! the taint that sunburnt brow bespeaks
Divides the Half-Caste from the world he seeks;
In him proud Europe sees the Paria's birth,
And haughty Juno spurns his barren hearth.
Half heathen and half savage, — all estranged
Amidst his kind, the Ishmael roved unchanged." — pp. 22, 23.

We do not profess to be in Juno's confidence, but, unless she is greatly belied, she is not in the habit of examining closely the complexion of a millionnaire. Wealth produces a marvellous change in Morvale, at least. He now travels, converses much with books and men, drinks life at once to the dregs (the favorite beverage of heroes), and becomes one of those profoundly learned men of the world, more familiar to the patrons of circulating libraries than to any other class in society. These singular beings are the antitheses of ordinary natures. They are incarnate contradictions. Fire and gunpowder in them meet on amicable terms. A liberal course of dissipation fulfils more than the functions of a university. In the society of opera-girls, they learn to be fastidious in women; in that of *roués*, they exhaust the arts and sciences. We do not say that Morvale is precisely one of these, but we have hints, every here and there, of something like it. We would only warn him from ground sacred to Madame Tussaud and the melodrama.

Morvale, having run round the elevated circle of the passions, subsides to a less heroic, but much more respectable, stratum of existence. His feelings as a son and brother revive. He accordingly, we are told, "*searched* his mother," a perilous infringement of orthoëpy, or of the rights of the subject, if done without a justice's warrant. He does not find her, however, she being probably one of those highly artificial characters who never carry themselves about with them. She avoids him

"Till Death approached, and Conscience, that sad star,
That heralds night, and plays but on the bar
Of the Eternal Gate, — laid bare the crime."

She leaves her daughter Calantha to his fraternal care. The brother and sister go to housekeeping together in the magnificent isolation of London. But though there is enough affection, there is little confidence, between them. A secret melancholy, the origin of which Morvale tries in vain to dis-

cover, preys upon the spirits of Calantha, — the old "worm i' the bud." Morvale, in one of his walks, encounters an orphan, Lucy, whom he brings home with him, and makes an inmate of his house, where, in good time, a passion springs up between them.

One of Morvale's friends — and it is a little singular, that notwithstanding the barrier of his Hindoo blood, he moves in the most fashionable society — is Lord Arden, a *blasé* like himself, who one day, while they are riding together, relates his own history. Whatever fault we may find with our author's plot, we cannot but approve his method of unfolding it. He tells his stories admirably, and interests us in spite of ourselves. But we must be careful that this does not interfere with our judgment of him as a poet. An author may be a very good story-teller, and a very bad poet. The character of Arden is well conceived. Indeed, it is by far the best in the book. The story had been truer to nature, if he, who had been through life brought into contact with the hollownesses of society, had become the Timon instead of Morvale. A man of the world, and selfish (if we may say so) rather on æsthetic grounds than by nature, he falls in love, while yet quite young, with Mary, the daughter of a poor country curate. Arden is one of the presumptive heirs to an earldom, the present earl being his uncle, and a cunning Scot has barnacled himself to the prosperous ship of his fortunes. Through him, Arden contrives an elopement and clandestine marriage. The Scot, however, knowing that Arden's uncle, the earl, looked upon a wife as merely one round in the ladder of preferment, and would infallibly withdraw his patronage, if he discovered such a mark of unthrift in his nephew as disinterested love, has the ceremony performed by a mock priest. Mary's father, finding the marriage to be a sham, dies broken-hearted, and Mary herself, compelled to believe herself betrayed, leaves her home and wanders no one knows whither. Arden, meanwhile, ignorant of all this, has gone on a foreign embassy. On his return, he becomes aware of the deceit practised upon him in regard to the marriage, but seeks Mary in vain. After the lapse of some years, he meets a lady in Italy, to whom he becomes betrothed. The day for the wedding is already fixed, when he receives letters from England, giving a hope that Mary's hiding-place may be found. Leaving his betrothed with a

hasty and unintelligible explanation, he hastens home, where his search is again unsuccessful. So far Arden is his own biographer.

After a time, Morvale, by means of a miniature worn by Lucy, discovers that she is the daughter of Arden and Mary. He is about to send for Arden to inform him of this fact, when he makes the additional discovery, that Calantha is the nameless lady to whom his friend had been betrothed in Italy, and that his desertion of her was the occasion of that profound melancholy which was gradually killing her. He sends for Arden, and receives him by the death-bed of Calantha. His Indian nature thirsts for revenge, and, after making known his last discovery to the man whom he now considers his deadliest foe, draws a dagger, but is arrested in the act of striking by the entrance of Lucy, who throws herself between them. The relationship between Lucy and Arden is revealed, and she goes home with her father. Morvale, still struggling with his savage thirst for vengeance, wanders over the country on foot, and at last meets with an old man who converts him to Christianity. A chance occurring, he saves Arden from drowning, but leaves him before he has recovered his consciousness, though not before he has been seen and recognized by Lucy. Arden at length dies. By an informality in his will, Lucy is disinherited, and at this juncture Morvale returns in season to have the story end canonically with a wedding.

Our brief sketch does no kind of justice, of course, to the narrative skill of the author, which is, we are inclined to think, his strong point. But the comparative anatomist will see at a glance, that the skeleton is in many parts inconsistent with itself. Even granting (a large concession), that the hereditary savage in Morvale should have withstood all the refining influences of a high artificial culture, and the Mephistophelic polish acquired by attrition with the world, there is still a geographical blunder in the character. It is far less in accordance with what we know of the mild nature of the Hindoo, than with the less tractable idiosyncrasy of our American Indian, which takes the color of the white man's civilization only as a paint through which the Maker's original red shows itself at the first opportunity. But after making this allowance, we feel that the author has not used the character to the best advantage. This fresh, unfettered nature might have been brought into fine contrast with Arden, the artificial

product of the club and the saloon. Indeed, this seems to have been the author's original design, but in point of fact there is little substantial difference between the two characters as they are exhibited to us in the narrative, and they might change places without any great shock to the reader's sense of fitness.* Our author *makes up* his characters. His mind is not of that creative quality which holds the elements of different characters, as it were, in solution, allowing each to absorb only that which is congenial to itself, by a kind of elective affinity. The only savage propensity of Morvale's nature which is brought to bear upon the story is the sentiment of revenge, and for this the motive is not sufficient. Why should Morvale wish, or how could he expect, that Arden should have committed what would have been at least moral bigamy by marrying Calantha? If not, what injury was there to avenge? The story, in fact, ends with Arden's discovery of his daughter; the whole of Morvale's conduct after this event seems to be an unnatural excrescence. The author may plead that he intended to convey a moral; but the moral of a story should always be infused into it, or rather should exhale out of every part of it, like the odor of a flower. It is but an incumbrance, when wafered on. Besides, the means by which he manages the conversion of his hero are ludicrously insufficient to the end. If Horace's rule be true, that a god must not be brought in unless the knot refuses to be unloosed by simpler means, then it follows, *a fortiori*, that, when brought, the god should be competent to the task in hand. It is absurd that Morvale, after holding out so long against more natural inducements, should be converted at last by a very prosy sermon from an old man whom he meets under a hedge, and whom he would have been much more likely to consider a bore than an apostle. The author should have remembered his master Pope's criticism upon Milton. It would have been much more to the purpose, had Morvale been regenerated by his love for Lucy. As the *dénouement* is managed, we feel very much as when we first discovered that the red man of our boyish

* In his tragedy of "Luria," Mr. Browning has finely worked out an idea similar in kind, though with tragic, and not satirical, contrast. We are glad to recognize in the last work of this very promising dramatist a more assured touch, and a chastened, though by no means diminished, vigor and originality.

imagination, the one hero of Cooper under a dozen aliases,

"The stoic of the woods, the man without a tear,"

was powerless to resist the persuasion of a string of glass beads.

We will now proceed to extract some of the passages which have struck us most favorably in reading the book, and which give a fair idea of the author's manner and spirit. In the first part of the poem there are a few sketches of well-known public characters, which, as they are complete in themselves, and have no connection with the story, we will quote first. They do not assume to be complete full-lengths, but must be understood as hit off with a pencil on the crown of a hat. We omit that of Sir Robert Peel, who seems to have puzzled our author, and come to the Duke of Wellington.

"Next, with loose rein and careless canter view
Our man of men, the Prince of Waterloo;
O'er the firm brow the hat as firmly prest,
The firm shape rigid in the button'd vest;
Within — the iron which the fire has proved,
And the close Sparta of a mind unmoved!
Not his the wealth to some large natures lent,
Divinely lavish, even where misspent,
That liberal sunshine of exuberant soul,
Thought, sense, affection, warming up the whole;
The heat and affluence of a genial power,
Rank in the weed as vivid in the flower;
Hush'd at command his veriest passions halt,
Drill'd is each virtue, disciplined each fault;
Warm if his blood — he reasons while he glows,
Admits the pleasure — ne'er the folly knows;
If for our Mars his snare had Vulcan set,
He had won the Venus, but escaped the net;
His eye ne'er wrong if circumscribed the sight,
Widen the prospect and it ne'er is right,
Seen through the telescope of habit still,
States seem a camp, and all the world — a drill!"

— pp. 34, 35.

O'Connell next passes across our magic-lantern.

"But who, scarce less by every gazer eyed,
Walks yonder, swinging with a stalwart stride?
With that vast bulk of chest and limb assign'd
So oft to men who subjugate their kind;

So sturdy Cromwell push'd broad-shoulder'd on;
So burly Luther breasted Babylon;
So brawny Cleon bawl'd his Agora down;
And large-limb'd Mahmoud clutch'd a Prophet's crown!

"Ay, mark him well! the schemer's subtle eye,
The stage-mime's plastic lip your search defy—
He, like Lysander, never deems it sin
To eke the lion's with the fox's skin;
Vain every mesh this Proteus to enthrall,
He breaks no statute, and he creeps through all;
First to the mass that valiant truth to tell,
'Rebellion's art is never to rebel,—
Elude all danger, but defy all laws,'—
He stands himself the Safe Sublime he draws!
In him behold all contrasts which belong
To minds abased, but passions rous'd, by wrong;
The blood all fervor, and the brain all guile,—
The patriot's bluntness, and the bondsman's wile."
—pp. 36, 37.

The drawing of the present premier is still more happily touched.

"Next cool, and all unconscious of reproach,
Comes the calm 'Johnny who upset the coach.'
How formed to lead, if not too proud to please,—
His fame would fire you, but his manners freeze.
Like or dislike, he does not care a jot;
He wants your vote, but your affections not;
Yet human hearts need sun, as well as oats,—
So cold a climate plays the deuce with votes.—
And while its doctrines ripen day by day,
His frost-nipp'd party pines itself away;—
From the starved wretch its own loved child we steal—
And 'Free Trade' chirrups on the lap of Peel!—
But see our statesman when the steam is on,
And languid Johnny glows to glorious John!
When Hampden's thought, by Falkland's muses drest,
Lights the pale cheek, and swells the generous breast;
When the pent heat expands the quickening soul,—
And foremost in the race the wheels of genius roll!"
—pp. 38, 39.

It is impossible to do justice to the narrative parts of the poem by means of detached passages. We shall glean a descriptive passage here and there, as a fairer course toward the

author, these being at least complete in themselves. The following verses, conveying the feelings suggested by night in London, are striking.

"The Hours steal on — and o'er the unquiet might
Of the great Babel — reigns, dishallowed, Night!
Not, as o'er Nature's world, She comes, to keep
Beneath the stars her solemn tryst with Sleep,
When move the twin-born Genii side by side,
And steal from earth its demons where they glide;
Lull'd the spent Toil — seal'd Sorrow's heavy eyes,
And dreams restore the dews of Paradise;
But Night, discrown'd and sever'd from her twin,
No pause for Travail, no repose for Sin,
Vex'd by one chafed rebellion to her sway,
Flits o'er the lamp-lit streets — a phantom-day!" — p. 141.

Here are a pair of out-of-doors scenes. The first is contained in a very few lines, but it is natural and touching. Arden has returned to England, and is seeking Mary at her old home.

"Behold her home once more!
Her home! a desert! — still, though rank and wild,
On the rank grass the heedless floweret smiled;
Still by the porch you heard the ungrateful bee,
Still brawled the brooklet's unremembering glee." — p. 92.

The other is an autumnal landscape. But it must be observed that the author never paints directly from nature, but from the reflection of her in his own mind.

"Now Autumn closes on the fading year,
The chill wind moaneth through the woodlands sere;
At morn the mists lie mournful on the hill, —
The hum of summer's populace is still!
Hush'd the rife herbage, mute the choral tree,
The blithe cicala, and the murmuring bee;
The plashing reed, the furrow on the glass
Of the calm wave, as by the bank you pass
Scaring the glistening trout, — delight no more;
The god of fields is dead — Pan's lusty reign is o'er!
Solemn and earnest — yet to holier eyes
Not void of glory, arch the sober'd skies
Above the serious earth! — e'en as the age
When fades the sunlight from the poet's page,
When all Creation is no longer rife,

As Jove's lost creed, with deity and life —
And where Apollo hymn'd, where Venus smil'd;
Where laugh'd from every rose the Paphian child;
Where in each wave the wanton nymph was seen;
Where in each moonbeam shone Endymion's queen;
Where in each laurel, from the eternal bough
Daphne wreathed chaplets for a dreamy brow;
To the wreck'd thrones of the departed creeds
A solemn Faith, a lonely God succeeds;
And o'er the heathen altars of our youth,
Reigns, 'mid a silence disenchanted, — Truth!"
— pp. 178, 179.

The following night-scene is perhaps the best of its kind in the whole book. The images are all in keeping (a rare thing with our author), and the expression, especially in the verse we have Italicized, condensed and energetic.

"'Tis night, — a night by fits, now foul, now fair,
As speed the cloud-wracks through the gusty air:
At times the wild blast dies — and fair and far,
Through chasms of cloud, looks down the solemn star —
Or the majestic moon; — as watchfires mark
Some sleeping War dim-tented in the dark;
Or as, through antique Chaos and the storm
Of Matter, whirl'd and writhing into form
Pale angels peer'd!

"Anon, from brief repose
The winds leap forth, the cloven deeps reclose;
Mass upon mass the hurtling vapors driven,
And one huge blackness walls the earth from heaven!"
— p. 189.

As we said above, narrative seems the author's true sphere. His reflections are often commonplace, sometimes puerile, and display more knowledge of society than of man. Often a thought slender in itself is invested with a burly air by means of initial capitals. But when he has a story to tell, he is in his native element. He never flags, his versification becomes bolder and more sustained, the transitions are rapid and fluent, and incident follows incident without confusion and with a culminating interest.

The author of the New Timon might have studied Pope to more purpose than he has done. He is often exceedingly obscure. *Brevis esse laborat, obscurus fit.* There are pas-

sages in the poem which have defied our utmost capacity of penetration. Nor is his use of language always correct. His metaphors are frequently confused, as, for instance, on page 154 : —

> " From the way-side yon drooping flower I bore ;
> *Warm'd at my heart, its root grew to the core.*"

A new method of reviving wilted plants. As a metrist he has departed widely from his professed original. In this respect he has done wisely, for Pope's measure is quite too uniform for the abrupt changes and varying inflections of a narrative. But too often he weakens a verse by a repetition of trivial monosyllables ; as,

" Wept tears that seemed *to* sweet founts *to* belong." — p. 28.

" Thou com'st *to* slaughter, *to* depart in joy." — p. 154.

Or by a word not strongly or decidedly enough accented ; as,

> " Not *even* yet the alien blood confessed." — p. 128.
> " Lists the soft lapse of the glad waterfall." — p. 163.

We object, also, to his mode of using the Alexandrine as too abrupt. The metre should flow into it with a more gradual and easy swell. One of our own countrymen, Dr. Holmes, has a much surer mastery over this trying measure. We think the subject of metre one to be studied deeply by all who undertake to write in verse. We cannot quite agree with old Samuel Daniel, who, in his noble " Defense of Rime," asserts that " whatsoever form of words doth move, delight, and sway the affections of men, in what Scythian sort soever it be disposed or uttered, that is true number, measure, eloquence, and the perfection of speech." No doubt, the effect produced is the chief point ; but in truth, the best utterances of the best minds have never been Scythian, coming to us rather " with their garlands and singing-robes about them."

In conclusion, we should say that vivacity, rather than strength, was the characteristic of our author ; that rapidity of action, rather than depth or originality, was the leading trait of his mind. In his contempt of Laura-Matildaism, he sometimes carries his notions of manliness to an extreme which would be more offensive, were it not altogether absurd. He says, for example, that

" Even in a love-song man should write for men ! " — p. 50.

Imagine the author of the New Timon serenading Lord Stanley, who seems to be an object of his admiration, with "Sleep, gentleman, sleep!" It follows, as a matter of course, that his female characters (the simplest test of a creative poetic genius) are mere shadows.

If we might hazard a guess, we should name Bulwer as the probable author of this poem. It seems hardly possible that it should be the first production of a young writer. The skilfulness with which the plot is constructed, perfection in which is perhaps the slowest attainment of writers of fiction, seems to argue against such a supposition. Moreover, the characters and general sentiment are very much in Bulwer's manner. The fondness for personifying qualities or passions, and of giving a factitious importance to ordinary conceptions by means of initial capitals, is also one of his strongest peculiarities. The moral of the story, too, is within his range. Had we time, we might confirm our theory by a tolerably strong array of minor corroborations. But we must perforce content ourselves with merely throwing out the suggestion. It can hardly be supposed that the authorship of a poem which ran at once through several editions can long remain a secret. The fate of Junius is a warning to all authors not to preserve the anonymous too strictly.

ART. IX. — *Views afoot; or Europe seen with Knapsack and Staff.* By J. BAYARD TAYLOR. With a Preface by N. P. WILLIS. New York: Wiley & Putnam. 1846. 12mo. pp. 343.

THERE is something which we like well in the title of this unpretending work; it is straightforward and expressive, suiting well with the character in which the writer presents himself to the world. One of our modern writers, who think it refinement to go as far as possible from the Saxon barbarism of former days, might have described it as views seen when he "was being" on foot in Europe; but with all the evident grace of such forms of speech, which are now in high favor, we cannot help thinking that the plain phrase sounds as well, and conveys the meaning better. We say *better*, be-

cause it is more characteristic; it conveys the idea of a directness of mind, such as does not let "I dare not" wait upon "I would"; such as enables a man to form his purpose, and carry it forthright into action; such as gives him, when he stands in presence of scenes and persons that he has longed to see, sufficient independence and self-feeling to know clearly what his own impressions are, and to set them faithfully down; in a word, such as gives the manly decision which this writer manifested in forming his plans for visiting Europe, when he doubtless had the cold comfort of finding it esteemed the most ridiculous enterprise in the world. He saw that the fulfilment of this bright hope of his early days was a possible thing; and though it must be done with toil and trouble, with humility and self-denial, and with a brave contempt for those social obstacles which are harder to overcome than any which nature throws in the way, he felt that he had power to meet the labor and to make the sacrifice, confident that he should be overpaid for his efforts and privations by the satisfaction and improvement which the pilgrimage would bring. Most ancient men would say, that for a journeyman printer, without property, without friends, without encouragement, to undertake the tour of Europe, was the wildest of all human visions; and we doubt not that Mr. Taylor received rich presents of this kind of sympathy from those who knew his adventurous design. But those prudent and estimable persons were looking, all the while, to external advantages for the purpose, and making no account of inward resources; when experience shows, that, whether to trudge through Europe, or to foot it through life, — for John Wesley says there is no carriage-road to heaven, — the strong mind and strong heart are more than a match for them all.

And yet, in such a pilgrimage there must be a great deal to encounter; for it is a familiar truth, though, when examined, a queer one, that when nature gave us hands and feet, with an evident intent that they should be employed, men should esteem those most respectable and fortunate whose condition is such that they never use them. The great object of social existence is for each to raise himself to a position where he can be as lazy and good for nothing as he pleases; and when he has drawn that high prize in the lottery of life, he is secure of outward homage, even though he cumber and curse the ground. The head may be as empty as

famine, but other heads will bend to it with graceful homage; while, if the same vacuum be in the pocket, where nature abhors it less, and man considerably more, there are none to do it reverence. Should it be the poor man's lot to travel, no full-orbed landlord smiles upon him; the waiter passes coldly by; he must almost scale the heavens to find his barren little upper chamber; and at table the meats are cold as this world's charity, before they are served to him. Those animals, assuming to be human because they go on their hind legs, who are insolent where they have the opportunity, welcome him as a mark for their scorn; and if his comfort depends on the deference and attention of others, he will have but little to enjoy.

If, however, he is sufficient to himself as a man, feeling that the humblest are as much, and the greatest are nothing more; if he can take the world as it is, and not expect to find icicles in August, nor flowers in the snow; if he sets his own price upon himself, and does not submit to the appraisement of those who judge from without of what may be within, —he will find the misanthropy, which looking at the surface is apt to engender, giving place to a healthier feeling. He will no more be angry with boors high and low, than with "briers which prick and scratch, because they can do no other"; he will receive insult and unkindness, not as personal injuries, but as mere illustrations of human nature; and he will be surprised to find how much better mankind appears to one who thus regards them. He will find favor and friendliness in quarters where he least expected them; he will feel the affronts and injuries which afflicted him so much diminishing till they are few and small; and at last he will begin to suspect, that something may depend upon himself; and that, while he who is on the watch for discourtesy is sure to find as much of it as he wants, and rather more, whoever meets men with an open hand and heart will perceive currents of feeling under the roughest ice of manner, and will carry a sunshine with him that shall melt the ice and the coldness away.

Without knowing any thing of Mr. Taylor except from his book, we apprehend that he has made this discovery; or perhaps, as the Transcendentalists would say, he has it by revelation in his nature. He makes no complaint of insolence; if he found others rough and churlish, he did not think it necessary to distress himself therefor. If they withheld

civilities and attentions, he treated it as their affair, not his. He received all kindnesses with manly gratitude, and though not gifted, like the Hebrews in the wilderness, with shoes and raiment that waxed not old, and sometimes obliged to bid the last shilling a sad and affectionate farewell, he managed to see as much, and to enjoy as much, as Rothschild or the Barings would have done in the same expedition, and for an expenditure, we imagine, considerably less than theirs would have been. Those potentates, we surmise, could hardly have kept their subsistence and recreation within the bounds of three shillings a day. But it is doubtful if either of them would have produced a better book than Mr. Taylor, with his two years' outlay of five hundred dollars, which appear to have learned of their owner to travel, so that they might jointly and severally have boasted that never dollars went farther than they.

It may seem superfluous to raise the question, under what circumstances one can travel to most advantage. Using the word *travel* in its ordinary sense, that of passing through a foreign country where one has no time to stay, certain it is, that most men, if they had the power, would choose to go well provided with letters of credit, at least, if not with some show of rank and wealth, such as conveyances at leisure and trains attendant. But this prevailing taste does not settle the question, for we often prefer what is not best for us. And the answer depends very much upon the objects which we have in view. If it is to see the country, with whatever scenes of interest it contains, they are about as much at the service of the poor as the rich. No one can rob him of the right of nature; bricks and stones in their different circumstances and positions are not hidden from his eye; his deliberate way of journeying enables him to see every thing to advantage; and when it comes to ascending mountains, he has prospects before him which gouty toes and fashionable dresses would never undertake to reach. If his aim is to see those distinguished men whose names are familiar to him, he may get a sight of Wordsworth, or hear a speech of Brougham, without money as well as with it. Few travellers find much advantage from their letters, which are given without heartiness, and received without much delight. Besides, a hasty snatch of conversation with an eminent man affords us very little idea of what he is or how he

appears ; men do not open their minds and hearts to a stranger. And this transient acquaintance is so apt to overset enthusiasm, and remove all its imaginative glories, that after we have had such opportunities, we often wish we could restore the old relation of unknowing and unknown.

But if his object is to see man, — and everywhere humanity is the chief subject of interest to man, — he will not satisfy his curiosity, if it be intellectual, with the mere sight of crowns, trappings, and orders ; for the more refined and cultivated must be substantially alike in all countries. He will wish to go deeper, and explore beneath the surface ; for it is with the world of mankind as with the world of nature, where geology has unfolded a whole science of wonderful interest in the earth's foundations, hidden, till of late years, from every human eye. So the study of man teaches the importance of those human strata, which have lain for centuries unthought of and uncared for, and which might have remained so for centuries longer, had they not been upheaved by revolutions, like the primary rocks bursting up into mountain ridges, crushing and overwhelming all that was once above them. These sudden and sharp explosions have made it necessary, and somewhat interesting, to dig into these regions below ; and whoever takes his safety-lamp, and goes down into these human depths, is surprised at the mines of character, the riches of feeling, and the extent and grandeur of those formations, over which proud feet so carelessly tread.

Now, the wealthy wayfarers have no idea of diving into these caverns ; you will not persuade them to go mourning, without the sun, into the damps and darkness of those regions. But the pedestrian, having less reverend care for his raiment, wants nothing better than to see these pillars on which all social systems rest. He therefore goes among " the masses "; he walks and talks with them as an equal. They neither insult nor cheat him ; they show neither servility nor defiance to him who comes like one of themselves. He can study them at leisure ; he learns how climate, government, and similar influences affect them ; he has full opportunity for investigating the great problems of humanity, of which the rich traveller knows as little as the graceful pennon at the masthead does of what is passing in the forecastle below.

But all this depends very much on the purpose, and the outfit — we mean intellectual outfit, of course — with

which one travels. If he has ample resources of time and money, he will go forth like Adam and Eve, with the world before him, though not precisely with Providence for his guide, but rather following the steerage of his own sweet will. He sets forth in gallant trim, like Gray's gilded vessel, not doubting that he shall find brilliant and happy adventures, delightful sights and emotions, and that he shall return at last, laden with treasures of memory, to bless and cheer his days. But alas for his anticipations! As one of our own writers has touchingly said, "human hopes are rotten things." The steamer is unsavory to the sense, and his comrades of the voyage pugnacious and vulgar. The angels of the storm have sea-sickness in their wings; the agents of the customs are rude and unaccommodating; he is stripped of the golden fleece at princely hotels; if there is a landscape to be seen, the sky is darkened with a shower; if he is to explore a romantic country, the almanac has "much rain about this time," running down the whole length of its page. The parliament is indefinitely postponed, and the court in mourning. The weather brings such rain or drought, heat or cold, as was never heard of before. If he flies to the Continent, some servant shall take him in hand for his own special picking; a vagrant prince shall appropriate the post-horses which he had contracted for; by day he shall be browbeaten and lightened of his coin, and at night those small destroyers of peace which make night hideous shall come with grim welcome, seeking whom to devour. In Switzerland, he shall be frozen almost beyond all chance of thaw. When he flies into sunny Italy, the arctic circle shall come to spend the same winter in Rome. When he wants moonlight for the Coliseum, that uncertain luminary shall be in her last quarter; and so, like dark care behind the rider, vanity and vexation shall be the companions of his way. Many times shall he wonder at his own folly in leaving a comfortable home for such varieties of woe. He shall weep aloud at the units daily added to the sum-total of his unmerciful bills; and often shall he swear in his wrath, that if he ever outlives these afflictions, no earthly inducement shall prevail upon him to take to the waves and highways again.

Now, the difficulty is, not that Nature has suspended her usual business in order to vex these travellers, nor that their doom is very different from that which other poor mortals

bear. But in all cases of prosperity, the wants, as Malthus said of population, increase in a geometrical ratio, while the gratifications observe a more lingering rate of advance ; the supply may be very fair, but the demands far exceed it ; as we see that wayfarers, who formerly thought nothing of the delay of a few hours in stages, are ready to put the conductor of the railway train to death if the cars are ten minutes behind their time. The wayfarer on foot takes all these things as matters of course ; he is glad when he escapes troubles, but he is not astonished when they come ; being in that condition to which much in the way of comfort and pleasure can be added, while not much can be taken away from it, he is really best situated for enjoying every thing as he goes. And so, no doubt, he does ; he is not oppressed with the weight of splendid chains ; and whether his cares are light or not, he makes light of them, and so finds them easy to bear.

But after all, the thing most to be regarded in relation to travelling is the personal improvement which it will bring. It is not necessary to observe for the sake of others ; and when one has the prospect of writing a book before his eyes, as we may see in the case of English tourists in this country, he is more apt to ask what is merchantable than what is just or true ; and surely the customers of Peter Pindar's razor-seller were as much beholden to that person, as readers are to those ladies and gentlemen who have undertaken to tell them what America is, and is to be. Neither is it necessary that a traveller should enjoy his peregrinations ; if he is happy in the prospect and the recollection, both of which joys he is sure of, let his experience be what it may, he secures the chief happiness which this strange world affords, though, while he is on the way, he may sometimes " distrusting ask, Can this be joy ? " While these things are of less importance, it is essential that he should find improvement, if nothing else, in his expedition ; and this purpose can be most effectually answered by encountering difficulties and hardships, the more the better. The great object is, to call out the energies of mind and heart. Prosperity lets them snore life away to their own lazy satisfaction ; adversity applies its rough voice, not to speak of its hands, to the sleeper's ears, and lets him know that there is something for him to suffer, and to do. It is true, it is but a pale sort of gratitude we feel to

those who wake us in the morning from any sort of slumber ; still, though rather thankless, the office is severely kind. And nothing renders more effectual service of this sort to the faculties, than travelling with resources at their last gasp, shoes that have almost finished their mortal pilgrimage, with wits which the fear of want sharpens like a whetstone, and a heart which, having nothing else to lean upon, grows brave and strong from the feeling that it depends on itself alone. There are times when years of life seem condensed and crowded into one, and when the effect of a gigantic struggle on the moral nature does more to strengthen it than the patient labor of years. We hear of instances in which a single night of agony has whitened the hair upon the head ; but this, if true, is only an outward presentment of the manner in which difficulties and dangers supply at short notice that experience and maturity which were before entirely wanting.

Let any one who is particularly desirous to secure this advantage set forth, as Mr. Taylor did before him, with a preparation as sparing as that of the first apostles. Let him meet the troubles of wayfaring as manfully, and take the same intelligent pleasure in all that he sees. Let him as cheerfully postpone the wants and wishes of the body in favor of the higher interests of the mind ; and if he is not a wiser and happier man after thus buffeting the waves of the world, it must be, not because the effort is not improving, but because there is nothing in him to improve ; a radical deficiency which sometimes exists in those who travel, as well as in those who stay at home. We think that the community is under great obligation to Mr. Taylor, not only for the pleasant story of his wanderings, but for proving to others that it is not necessary to be rich, in order to secure the benefit of travel ; and, lest they should be unwilling to take his word for it, showing them by his own example how the thing is done. It is not every one whose natural taste and temperament are so well suited to such an enterprise. There are many who, like Lord Anson, might go round the world without ever being in it. But we have many whose natural inclination turns to the Peripapetic school, and who, if they cannot meet the expense of a college education, will be glad to take their degree in the university of the world, where the student must at least be active, and where he will meet

with a tolerable proportion of that discipline and training which other institutions find it hard to supply.

Mr. Taylor tells us, that he had, from his earliest recollection, this enthusiastic desire to visit foreign lands; but his condition, as a printer's apprentice, was far from affording facilities for the enterprise. There are some cases, however, in which difficulties answer just as well, if not better; and in the beginning of 1844, when his time of service was within two years of expiring, finding that a relative was soon to embark for Europe, he determined to realize his youthful dreams. But while the whereunto was settled, the wherewith was not so easy to be found. To raise the means, he published a small volume of poems, which is in general the way to sink the means that one happens to have, instead of gathering more. But he succeeded in giving an impression of his talent which made some editors of periodical works desirous to engage him as a writer of letters by the way; and the sum thus in possession and in prospect, though necessarily small, was his chief reliance to meet the expense of his travels.

Several of his poetical writings appear in this work; but in the early effusions of poets it is not easy to determine whether the inspiration is that of talent or of taste. The mechanical structure of verse is now carried to an artist-like perfection of finish, never known before. Magazines, and other works of the kind, abound in pieces which, fugitive as they are, run away to oblivion with a graceful flow, compared with which the elegies of Cotton Mather, for example, move like a stage-coach without wheels. Nor can we always judge, till after considerable examination, whether the power comes from ambitious effort and sympathy, or whether there is really a spark within which may be kindled into a high and glorious flame. We are not sure that it is not the best way, instead of taking pains to fan it into a fire, to leave it to find its own most appropriate manifestation. Supposing that the young writer should never "write a poem after the manner of John Milton," his imagination may give him a power of painting in language, and a glowing richness of description, of which we see traces here, and which will make a man eloquent as an orator, earnest and inspiring as a writer. If he should never find a voice or a pen, these will throw a living charm over all his intellectual nature, which will prevent his ever walking in darkness, even should he journey to the grave alone.

Mr. Taylor sailed in a packet-ship for Liverpool, in the summer of 1844 ; taking passage in the second cabin, which is not, like the Hebrew fancy of the second and third heaven, a decided improvement on the first ; but where he made himself as comfortable as the absence of light, air, repose, and sundry other blessings, would allow. Just after landing, he took a run into Ireland, to take a glance at that land of mirth and misery, and to get a hasty view of the Giant's Causeway, concerning which he tells us that the highest part is but fifty feet above the water. This goes to confirm Johnson's gracious remark, that it might be worth seeing, but not worth going to see, — a remark which the traveller finds to his sorrow will apply to many other things in this world. He appears to have left the Green Isle after a visit of a single day, and almost immediately we find him on Loch Lomond, in those scenes where human genius has lighted up the beauty of nature with an attraction that will never wear away. He shoots like an arrow to the top of Ben Lomond, to enjoy for an hour the glorious prospect, and then dashes over to Loch Katrine with equal expedition, taking the boat upon the waters, but on shore trusting to that conveyance which nature has so liberally supplied. At times, famished, drenched, and benumbed with cold, as he went through the tangled forest and mountain paths, he must have been agreeably reminded of Fitz James's tour in the same region, though he was better secured against outlaws by his lack of gold and silver, than the monarch by his trusty steel.

He was fortunate enough to have a bright, fine morning for his view of Loch Katrine ; and he then hurried on to attend the Burns festival on the banks of Doon, where a whole people were to pour out their enthusiasm for him who, without the charms of fiction, without the enchantment of romance, without the old glories of the past to aid the effect of his inspiration, but simply by his own mind and heart, brought a nation into sympathy with him, and established a fame which every generation is building up nearer to the skies. With all Burns's infirmities and errors, none could deny that he was a man. It is more as a man than a poet, that he enchains the general confidence and regard ; or rather, his poetry was only the lantern which the bright light of his spirit shone through. The management of this celebra-

tion did not exactly suit Mr. Taylor's republican ideas. A stage was erected in a field, with an inclosure round it; on the stage were the sons and sister of the poet, and those who were to make addresses. But none were admitted within the privileged circle, save those who paid fifteen shillings for a ticket to the dinner; so that the Scottish peasantry could not enjoy the commemoration of one of their number, and the poet himself, had he come to life for the purpose, could not have been admitted to his own celebration. But there was little, too little, time to speculate on these things; after a hasty view of Edinburgh and Abbotsford, the traveller took passage for London. We regret the necessity for this haste; these were the very scenes for his painting, and there was no fear of being too minute in his narratives and descriptions. We do not care so much to know what he thought, or how he felt, in cities and crowded ways, as to know how these places, with their intellectual and romantic associations, affected his thoughtful and observing mind.

His account of London, as might be expected, has nothing peculiar in it; writing it, as we suppose he did, for some newspaper or journal, not much was required save exact description of those sights of which readers are never weary, though they come to them by almost every steamer, and with little variety of form. But when he reaches the Continent, he is more himself; there is a growing life and spirit in his narrative, and he gives us an animated interest in all that he describes. Probably he was himself more deeply excited; for he says, that surrounded with old buildings and their associations, "the fancy is busy reconciling the actual scene with the ideal; but the want of a communication with the living world without walls up one with a sense of loneliness which he could not before have conceived." Landing at Ostend, he passed hastily through Bruges, only remaining long enough to see the belfry, and hear its chimes, which will henceforth ring to American ears with pleasant associations. Neither Ghent nor Liege detained him, though he was dripping like a Naiad from the rain which showered upon him in the open car. At Cologne, he saw for a moment the cathedral which all Germany is now boiling over with enthusiasm to complete according to the original design. But Heidelberg was his aim, and he rested not till he reached that place, the name of which is now so familiar, where

he proposed to learn the language, and make some considerable stay. And here, when he has time to take breath and collect his bewildered senses, which could not be done in the "holy and miraculous tavern," however comfortable it might be, he first begins to convey that full and clear impression of himself, which every traveller, who wishes to interest readers, must contrive to give; and which in this case is so favorable, that we are glad to halt and go over the ground with him more leisurely than the railroad whirl of his former movements would allow.

It is an exceedingly pleasant impression which he gives of this place and the country round it. There is much in which a stranger can employ his time with satisfaction and advantage; but though there are many objects to remind one of Arminius, Luther, and the more peaceful masters of song, few things will be contemplated with more pleasure by the visiter from this country than an ancient *arbor vitæ*, which was transplanted from America in 1618, but which, he says, does not thrive well, probably because the soil is less damp than it requires. When he speaks of ascending the Heiligenberg, and visiting the Library, or pondering amidst the ruins, every thing seems bright and happy; but unfortunately there is another side to the picture. The law requires one out of every hundred inhabitants to become a soldier, and he witnessed the selection of the conscripts, when, as may be supposed, intemperance was their baptism into the wretched life before them. And yet, is there any thing in this more sad than the business of *volunteering*, which is so much vaunted here? Is it not better, in fact, to see men forced into that slavish existence by circumstances or oppression, than to find them, of their own free will, consenting to be military slaves?

In making excursions to some distance in the neighbourhood, he found himself followed, as a native of the New World, with afflicting curiosity. But this was not without its compensations; as he stopped at a prune orchard to buy some fruit, an old man called from a tree, "They are Americans; give them as many as they want, for nothing." This is better than being insulted for the repudiation of some of our States, a compliment not unfrequently paid to Americans abroad; where, as Lord Byron supposed that Washington in his childhood was lulled to sleep with the sound of

Niagara, most foreigners consider Massachusetts and Mississippi so near and intimate neighbours, that the Northern State must needs have indorsed all the paper of the other. He found that many of the Germans were undismayed by what was industriously told them of this country. They had a sort of idea, that other nations were not as pure as paradise before it was profaned by sin, and they were ready to take the risk of its evils, when no longer able to bear the hardships of their own. There are few things more pleasing than the mention of a Bavarian family of this description whom he met in the omnibus for Frankfort. The husband was sanguine and determined; the wife seemed to mourn in silence the prospect of leaving her beautiful fatherland; as night fell, the little girl drew near her father for his accustomed kiss, and then sunk to sleep in a corner of the wagon; while the boy, in the artless confidence of childhood, laid his head upon the stranger's breast.

Mr. Taylor appears to have been edified with what he saw of the German students. There is, no doubt, a full flow of intellectual life and liberty among them; but we do not see clearly why a childish mummery should everywhere be associated with philanthropic and lofty objects; and as to their duels, one of the autumnal sham-fights of our trainbands towers into sublimity, compared with the paltry exhibition. On the contrary, nothing can be more pleasing than his description of the ceremonies with which Christmas and New Year's eve are welcomed; these are youthful, to be sure, but they are meant for the young, and they give older persons the blessed opportunity of renewing for an hour the lost and lamented childhood of their souls. The forests of evergreens that fill the streets, the blaze of lamps, and the sound of happy throngs in the public squares; the mysterious preparation in arranging the presents, the Christmas-tree bright with gilded nuts, sweetmeats, and glittering tapers, and, more than all, the gladness in every face, which evidently shone through it from the heart, made him earnestly wish for a similar observance of the festival in his own distant land. And, Puritans though we are, we entirely agree with him in his feeling; it was a great mistake in our fathers to sweep Christmas with all its associations away. The Thanksgiving which supplies its place is homely and substantial, no doubt; as the pumpkin, which is its emblem, is entirely respectable in its way,

though less graceful and imaginative than some other fruits and esculents. If Christmas is not an honored festival, the best course is to make it so ; and we are glad to see a disposition to replace it in the general affection, to reunite the broken associations into the same bright chain which, in former years and other lands, has bound hearts together in happy and holy sympathy, resisting the tendency of the world's influence to throw them apart from each other, and giving them the most delightful fancy and anticipation of a Father's house on high.

We cannot follow Mr. Taylor in his travels through Germany, though they abound in pleasant description. He went forth to make the tour of that country on foot, with about thirty dollars in his pocket, but nothing dismayed at the prospect of short commons and hard walking. He alludes to the observation which his appearance excited, and "the strange magnetic influence of the human eye," as he happily terms it, which most men are conscious of when in a land of strangers. But he appears to have found acquaintance by the way, and the name of American almost everywhere insured him a welcome. Of Göttingen he has no recollection so vivid as that of sickness, and the sympathatic consumption of the purse which it threatened ; but we soon find him manfully striding off among the Hartz mountains, with that resolution to get to the top of every thing which appears to have been his passion. Through Leipsic, Dresden, and Prague, he made his way to Vienna, a place which had the same attraction for him that it has for all other strangers, since with all that activity and bustle of cities which make a foreigner feel more lonely because he has no part in them, there is an unreserved and social manner in the public walks and gardens, which are universally frequented, such as is found in no other capital in the world. It has many objects of interest ; but what appears to have engaged most of his attention was the pictures, a luxury in which our country is at present deplorably wanting. He mentions in a simple and manly, but enthusiastic manner, those which he liked the best. Of the celebrated Madonna in the Dresden gallery he has given an excellent description, entirely without that pretension to connoisseurship, which is so intolerable, and so easily detected ; since in case of that affectation, the author falls vigorously to work to paint his own emotions, which, all the while, we are tolerably sure he did not feel. Neither

is there any overweening confidence in his attempting these descriptions ; for we believe that what is best in the efforts of every art comes back to simplicity. Many things may be excellent for those who have acquired a taste for them, which will not be appreciated by others ; but we believe that in poetry, music, and painting, the last results of cultivation return to nature, and therefore can be understood and valued by the intellectual and refined without any unusual training in the fine arts.

While he was enjoying his residence in the capital of Austria, it suddenly occurred to him to examine his sub-treasury, and he was agreeably entertained to find, that when his expenses there were paid, he should have four dollars left to sustain him back to Frankfort. To most men this discovery would have been alarming ; but it did not prevent his enjoying the summer climate and scenery of Lower Austria, which seemed to him the most beautiful in the world. It is really curious to hear him speak at one time of walking in the rain, and dining on a short allowance of bread and water, and, in the next sentence, of the delightful region he was passing through. But it teaches a lesson which it is well to know ; which is, that the power of enjoyment is often in an inverse proportion to the means, and many of our happiest recollections grow out of serious trials ; as it has been ascertained by experiment that the fairy-like creations of frost upon the morning window follow the unseen traces left by rough hands that have cleansed the panes.

Mr. Taylor went, of course, to Switzerland ; and without taking notice of his descriptions of that scenery which is served up to us by so many writers, — not, however, because his word-painting is not as good as theirs, — we are more engaged with his humanity, and the social interest which he took in the men whom he encountered. Though he had received a prejudice against the Swiss while in Germany, he was agreeably struck with a look and bearing of independence, which are not found among the lower classes of Germans. The children, too, seemed bright-eyed and beautiful, which he was disposed to ascribe not wholly to their bracing climate, but to their inheriting the birthright of the free. He says that nothing ever made him happier than a little child who ran up to him, clasped his hand in both of his tiny ones, and looked up to him so affectionately that he loved him at

once. The farmers everywhere spoke cheerfully to him. He says, — "We learned a lesson from all this; we felt that not a word of kindness is ever wasted, that a simple friendly glance may cheer the spirit and warm the lonely heart, and that the slightest deed, prompted by generous sympathy, becomes a living joy in the memory of the receiver, which blesses unceasingly him who bestowed it." Many, unfortunately for themselves, travel all the way through life, without coming to an acquaintance with the truth which he here expresses; a truth which, if admitted to the heart, and carried into action, would remove that ill-taste of existence, of which so many are ever complaining, would fill with gladness the dry and vacant channels of feeling, and make glorious summer in wintry and barren souls.

He has less enjoyment in travelling in Italy, where the people are too apt to take vengeance on strangers for the oppression of their masters, after the fashion of other animals, as mentioned in the Pursuits of Literature, when "this dog smarts for what that dog has done." His finances were not in a condition to bear the imposition of landlords; he therefore was indebted to them only for lodgings, and as he and his companion ate their simple meals by the road-side, and moreover were arrayed in long white blouses, he believed that they were taken for pilgrims; at any rate, they excited a curiosity which was more inconvenient than gratifying. He had thus a fair chance for studying the Italian sky, and he allows, that, in the day, it deserves its reputation for depth and transparency, but maintains that the light of its setting suns does not compare with the rich western glory which he has often seen at home. We like the manner in which he speaks of works of art, — the Venus, for example; he neither follows nor defies the common opinion, but simply gives his own. This is much better than making an inventory, as some travellers do, of emotions which they think it highly proper to feel, and would fain persuade others that they do. In the endeavour to convince the world of their enthusiasm they do not at all succeed; but they impose to some extent on themselves, and that is the full reach of the delusion. He evidently cares more for pictures than statues, and more for nature than for either. Nothing can be better than his description, in few words, of the musical echo in Pisa, answering to the notes of the cicerone's voice. "After a moment's pause,

they were repeated aloft in the dome, but with a sound of divine sweetness, as clear and pure as the clang of a crystal bell. Another pause, — and we heard them again fainter and sweeter, followed by a dying note, as if they were fading far away into heaven." The person who can write like this will soon find echoes in the literary world which will delight to answer to his voice.

But it is not necessary to give much account of a popular work like this, which is already in the hands of many, and which many more might read with profit and pleasure, not merely for the animated and intelligent account of most interesting countries which it contains, but for the example of energy in the pursuit of improvement here presented, without the self-complacency with which that bold trait of character is too often attended. It is a new opening for that fearless adventure in which our country abounds ; there is not much money to be made in it, certainly ; neither, to say truth, is there much to be lost ; but intellectual and moral improvement is a full compensation for all the effort and sacrifice required ; and we should not be at all surprised, if many others should follow Mr. Taylor in his enterprising march, and secure the same advantages which he has so well improved. He says that much spiritual and mental experience was crowded into a short time, and though some of it was painful, it was all welcome. He passed through many changes of hope, anxiety, and aspiration, but despondency was a feeling which he was not condemned to know. He says, — " Difficulty and toil give the soul strength to crush, in a loftier region, the passions which draw strength only from the earth. So long as we listen only to the pure promptings within us, there is a Power, invisible, though not unfelt, which protects us ; amidst the labor, and tumult, and soiling struggle, there is ever an eye that watches, ever a heart that overflows with Infinite and Almighty Love. Let us, then, trust in that Eternal Spirit, who pours on us his warm and boundless blessings through the channels of so many kindred human hearts."

Art. X. — *La Guerra del Vespro Siciliano, o un Periodo delle Istorie Siciliane del Secolo Decimo Terzo.* Per Michele Amari. Seconda Edizione. Parizi: Baudry. 1843. 2 vols. 8vo.

It is curious that some of the most important events of history have been so misrepresented by popular tradition as to be understood in their true light by only a few learned antiquarians. We are often taught to believe, that circumstances, in reality the result of a long series of secretly working causes, occur on a sudden, and without the slightest preparation; or that events which are manifested by spontaneous outbreaks of popular feeling — although these, too, have a deep root in the past — are but the result of some petty machination or ignoble conspiracy. The cause of these errors in historical traditions is, no doubt, to be found in that disposition of our nature which leads us to fix our attention upon some one simple and dramatic occurrence, whilst we throw into the shade the minor events which alone can furnish any explanation of the leading phenomenon. By thus reducing history to the simple narrative of those events which we consider as the most important, we lose many of its most instructive lessons. Providence often inculcates the most salutary truths by means of those circumstances which are too apt to escape our notice altogether. To its superintending care no occurrence is insignificant; to us also none would seem so, if it were possible for human eyes to gain the same comprehensive view.

Of all the errors in history which may be attributed to this cause, few are more striking than those which have been propagated on the subject of the celebrated revolution, commonly known as the Sicilian Vespers. It has been generally believed, that this cruel massacre was the result of a conspiracy headed by Giovanni da Procida, in order to place Peter of Aragon on the throne of Sicily. In the work before us, Mr. Amari has endeavoured to show how erroneous is this view of a revolution which was equally just and noble in its origin and important in its effects. The whole aim of his book is to prove that the Sicilian Vespers, far from being the result of a conspiracy, was rather a popular outbreak, the immediate occasion of which was the insolent

behaviour of the French at Palermo, while its remote causes are to be found in the unhappy social and political condition of a people, who were neither accustomed nor disposed to suffer a tyrannical foreign dominion. He remarks in his Preface, that being a Sicilian by birth, and consequently well acquainted with the peculiar genius of his countrymen, he was more capable than any foreigner could be both of understanding and explaining to others the real nature of the Sicilian revolution of 1282, "a revolution wished for, but not planned, — resolved upon and executed in an instant."

The family of Norman princes which reigned in Sicily had become extinct in 1186, on the death of William the Good. Resisting the pretensions of Constance, his aunt, who had married Henry the Sixth, emperor of Germany, the Sicilian nobles wished to raise Tancred, the illegitimate cousin of William, to the throne. On hearing of this design, the emperor hastened to Sicily, defeated Tancred, and took possession of the island. At his death, Frederic the Second, of the illustrious house of the Hohenstauffen, ascended the throne of Sicily, at first under the guardianship of his mother, but after the death of this princess under that of Pope Innocent the Third, who did not fail to take advantage of his situation in order to increase his own power. The long and bloody quarrels which arose between the Holy See and Frederic the Second, during which this prince was excommunicated, did not cease with his death, in 1250. On the contrary, no sooner had this event taken place, than the pope endeavoured to excite the whole of Italy against the house of Hohenstauffen. He partially succeeded in this design, and even prevented Conrad, the grandson of Frederic, from ascending the imperial throne, although he had already been named King of the Romans. In the southern provinces of the peninsula, the efforts of the pope were attended with less success, owing to the courage of Manfred, a natural son of Frederic. The heroic manner in which this prince defended the interests of his nephew enabled Conrad to take possession of the whole of Sicily. He lived, however, but two years to enjoy his conquest, and died, leaving an only son, named Conrad, but commonly called Conradin, on account of the brevity of his life.

Conrad had recommended this child to the care of the pope, which did not prevent Innocent from persecuting

the Hohenstauffen as before. In order to overthrow Conradin, he flattered the passions of the Sicilians, who soon rose against their sovereign and dethroned him. A sort of republic was then established in the island; but Manfred succeeded once more in reconquering the kingdom of his nephew. For a short time, he contented himself with governing in the name of this prince; but he soon caused a rumor of the death of Conradin to be circulated, and on the 11th of August, 1258, he was crowned at Palermo, as sole heir and successor of Frederic the Second, thus usurping the throne of his nephew. The pope, finding himself not sufficiently strong to resist the heroic Manfred, resolved to offer the Sicilian throne to some foreign prince. He accordingly proposed it successively to Richard, Duke of Cornwall, brother of Henry the Third of England, to Charles, Count of Anjou and Provence, brother of Saint Louis, and at last to Edmund, grandson of Henry. The king of England would willingly have accepted this offer for his grandson; but the exactions of the pope were so excessive, and his proposed conditions so unreasonable, that the parliament refused to sanction any act of the king in this affair. Louis the Ninth, on the contrary, refused the crown for his brother Charles; but the pope — who excited the ambition of Charles, and endeavoured to convince the king of the necessity of establishing a powerful government in Sicily, in order to resist the progress of heresy and rebellion in that part of Italy — succeeded in vanquishing his scruples. For the good of the Church, Louis the Ninth, who was sincerely attached to his religion, consented to enter upon an arrangement which at heart he probably disapproved; for he was too good and too wise a prince not to see that it was an act of manifest injustice.

On the 25th of February, 1265, all the preliminary arrangements being terminated, Pope Clement the Fourth, a Frenchman by birth, published a bull, which declared that the territory extending from the Straits of Messina to the frontiers of the Papal States, with the exception of Benevento, should be granted to Charles of Anjou, as a vassal of the Holy See, upon condition that he should pay annually eight thousand ounces of gold to the pope, and lend him military aid in case of necessity. Thus, under the pretence of defending the interests of the Church, was the kingdom of

Naples and Sicily sold to Charles of Anjou. As soon as he could muster an army, this prince hastened to Italy, where, after he had been crowned with his queen at the Vatican, he lost no time in endeavouring to meet his enemy, Manfred, in the field. An occasion soon presented itself; the armies of the two princes encountered each other at Benevento, on the 26th of February, 1266. The French were victorious, and Manfred, finding that all was lost, threw himself into the ranks of the enemy, and found the death which he desired.

But the death of this prince did not deliver Charles from all his enemies. The party of the Ghibellines soon resolved to resist the usurpation of the house of Anjou. Conradin, and one of his relatives, Frederic of Austria, took part in this design; and they hastened to Sicily, followed by a large number of German barons. But they were defeated at the battle of Tagliacozzo, on the 23d of August, 1268. Conradin and Frederic were both made prisoners, and led to Naples, where they were beheaded on the public square, in violation of every principle of justice and public law, even as understood in that barbarous age. This act of tyranny was but the first of a long series of cruelties which were destined to render the reign of Charles of Anjou sadly memorable.

Scarcely had the king got rid of his enemies, when he forgot all the promises he had made to the pope before his accession to the throne. Instead of restoring to the papal government the property which the princes of the house of Hohenstauffen had wrongfully seized, he took possession even of those ecclesiastical lands which his predecessors had left untouched. Avarice alone seems to have guided the new king in most of the acts of his reign. Taxes were imposed, not for the public use, but under pretence of the necessity of reducing by this means an arrogant and dangerous people, and really for the sole purpose of enriching the royal treasury. These taxes were so onerous, and frequently levied in so arbitrary a manner, as to excite great discontent among the nobles and the people. Clement the Fourth wrote twice to Charles to remind him of his engagements, but without effect. Not satisfied with ruining the people by many and heavy exactions, Charles went so far as to seize their lands, and distribute them among the numerous adventurers who had followed him to Italy, and who, for the most part, had been

induced to leave their native country only by the hope of obtaining the spoils of victory. The most futile pretences were resorted to in order to dispossess the landholders of their property. The new barons, in their turn, gratified their retainers with smaller grants, and thus a new feudal division was established in Sicily upon the ruins of the former one.

Another evil inflicted by this prince upon the unhappy Sicilians was the debasement of the coin. During the dominion of the Hohenstauffen, the coining of money had been conducted upon more strict principles than in any other part of Europe. But by order of Charles of Anjou, the ancient *agostalis* was displaced by *carlinis* and half-*carlinis*, which professed to be of pure gold and to have the same weight as the *agostalis*, but were in reality far inferior to it in value. By this fraudulent contrivance, the treasury gained eighty *per cent.* on the coining of money.

Among other tyrannical decrees promulgated during this reign was one which ordered that no grain should be ground in any mills except in those belonging to government; and which threatened with severe punishment, not only those who should disobey this order, but even those who might purchase the forbidden article. No person in Sicily was safe; the lands of the peasantry were seized without assigning any cause or pretext for the forfeiture. At the tables of the foreign lords, men of the most illustrious and noble families were obliged to serve as menials, and young men, born to command in the field, were employed like slaves in the kitchen of their masters. Neither age nor sex was respected; married women and young maidens were grossly insulted in the presence of their husbands and parents. During the reign of the Emperor Frederic the Second, the laws of the state had been for the most part equitable. Charles caused many of them to be changed, and the administration of justice in Sicily was reduced to a degrading traffic. The ancient parliament, which might have obliged the king to retract some of his oppressive decrees, was never assembled.

Charles was not content with thus violating the fundamental laws of the state, and treating the inhabitants of Sicily with so much cruelty; he inflicted a still greater injury upon their pride by transferring the seat of government from Palermo to Naples. Thus, whilst the island was groaning under

the tyrannical yoke of its foreign ruler, the continental part of the kingdom was in the most flourishing condition. Charles had restored the University of Naples to its pristine splendor, and this city presented an uninterrupted scene of gayety, whilst Sicily was suffering all the evils and privations which a despotic power can inflict upon a conquered and dependent country.

The impolitic conduct of the French in Sicily had excited against them the indignation of the natives, and an occasion alone was wanting to convert this feeling into open rebellion. Besides Sicilians, the French had other enemies. Constance, granddaughter of Manfred, had sworn to revenge the death of her grandfather. She was married to Peter, Infant of Aragon, who was called to the throne of that country in 1277, and she had never lost an opportunity of instigating him to undertake an expedition against the French in Sicily, in order to restore her to the throne of her ancestors. Giovanni da Procida, one of the king's favorites and the avowed enemy of Charles, inspired his master with similar thoughts of conquest. This celebrated person, whose name has been handed down to posterity as the hero of the Sicilian Vespers, was born at Salerno. He had distinguished himself at the court of Naples as a physician and a scholar. It has been generally thought that he left that court, because Charles had refused to give him satisfaction for the insults offered to his wife and daughters by some Frenchmen; but from evidence adduced in the work before us, it seems that he was banished because he had taken part with Conradin and the Ghibellines when they conspired against the French dominion. Be this as it may, he sought a refuge at the court of Aragon, where his efforts, combined with those of Queen Constance, succeeded in prevailing upon Peter to attempt an invasion of Sicily. This, according to our author, is the only share which Procida had in the revolution of 1282. Mr. Amari does not believe what has often been asserted, that Procida was sent to form an alliance with the pope. He admits, however, that Peter may have had a secret understanding with a few Sicilian nobles, and that Procida may have been employed in these negotiations; but he insists that the people of Palermo took arms before this conspiracy was ripe.

As we have said, Palermo suffered more than any other Sicilian city from the oppressive government of the French.

In the spring of 1282, the preparations which Charles was making for a war with the Emperor of the East caused new taxes to be assessed throughout Sicily. Heavy contributions were levied on the inhabitants of this devoted city, and even on Easter Sunday, while the people were offering their thanksgivings in the different churches, the rapacious agents of the exchequer did not scruple to penetrate into these sacred places, and to drag from the altar those unhappy persons who had not yet been able to pay the taxes. These and similar acts of cruelty, added to the general ill-feeling which was entertained in Sicily against the French, exasperated to the last degree a people, who, although crushed by a despotic foreign dominion, had not yet lost all hope of seeing their country once more independent.

On Tuesday, the 30th of March, two days after Easter, a religious ceremony was to take place at the church of Santo Spirito. The inhabitants of the town, at the appointed time, hastened to the place of worship, and every thing wore an aspect of contentment and happiness. Among the crowd which was going towards the church was a young lady holding the arm of her husband. A Frenchman who was in the press, under the pretence of searching for hidden weapons among the people, met this couple, and offered a gross indignity to the lady. His brutality alarmed her so much, that she fainted, and her husband, pale with rage, exclaimed, — "Death, death to the French!" At these words, a young man advanced from the crowd and plunged a knife into the heart of the insolent Frenchman. This deed had a more prompt and powerful effect upon the people than any deliberate act of conspiracy could have produced. It seemed to animate them at once with the same purpose, and the air was filled with cries of "Death, death to the French!" This cry, says an author of the time, resounded through the whole country like the voice of God, and penetrated every heart. The ground was soon covered with victims. The multitude, increasing at every step, searched every part of the town, and every person who could not pronounce the word *ciciri* without the hissing sound usually given to it by foreigners was immediately put to death. The French, as if they knew they had merited their fate, made no resistance, and were massacred without pity. Neither women nor children were spared.

But the details of the horrors committed during this dreadful night are too revolting to be related; no less than two thousand Frenchmen were slain before morning. Horrible as this indiscriminate butchery seems to our modern notions of justice and humanity, it is hardly to be wondered at, considering the fervid temperament of the Sicilians, and the magnitude of the provocations they had received. Mr. Amari certainly is less inclined to condemn his countrymen for the cruelties committed by them during the Vespers, than to deplore the atrocity of those acts which urged them at last to set aside all the laws of humanity, in order to free themselves from the chains which their oppressors had riveted upon them. Nine of the principal citizens of the town were chosen by the people as their chiefs, amidst cries of *Buono stato è libertà*, whilst the ancient gonfalon of Palermo was unfurled.

The spirit of rebellion spread like a conflagration throughout the island. Letters were despatched to the inhabitants of Messina, to induce them to imitate the example given by Palermo, and to take arms against the French. In these letters, Charles was termed a Nero and a monster, whilst Messina was represented as the innocent victim of his cruelty. This town soon embraced the cause of the revolution, and from one end of Sicily to the other the French were threatened with total extermination. Charles was at the Papal court when the news of the dreadful massacre of Palermo reached him. Such was his astonishment at the news, that he seemed at first disposed to bow to the stroke as if it were a dispensation of Providence. He was heard to say in prayer, — "Since it has pleased Thee to change my fortunes, grant that my downfall may not be too rapid." His feelings on the subject, however, soon changed, and he hastened to Naples, where he gave way to the most unbounded passion, and made preparations in great haste to inflict a signal act of vengeance upon the rebellious Sicilians. He resolved to proceed immediately, at the head of large forces, to Sicily, and to storm the city of Messina. On the 25th of July, he arrived before this city, which the inhabitants were prepared to defend with the utmost energy. While the siege was going on, the Sicilians, finding that the republican form of government which they had established was not sufficiently strong to enable them to remain independent, resolved to call

Peter of Aragon to the throne. This prince arrived in Sicily about the end of August, and the appearance of his admiral with a powerful fleet shortly afterwards obliged Charles to raise the siege of Messina.

From this period, nothwithstanding the reiterated efforts of the French to reconquer Sicily, their dominion in this island may be said to have ceased. Mr. Amari, in the work of which we have attempted to give a rapid outline of the most important part, has not terminated his account at the Sicilian Vespers, but has brought down the narrative until the peace signed in 1302, at Callabelletta, between Charles the Second, king of Naples, and Frederic, king of Sicily, that being the first cessation of hostilities since the Vespers. From the title of his work, it is evident that his design was not merely to give an account of the massacre at Palermo in 1282, but to embrace the whole period of Sicilian history of which this celebrated event was the principal incident.

In the present article, we have endeavoured to present only a brief sketch of that part of the work which gives an account of the Vespers. It seems to us, after an attentive perusal of this account, and of the highly interesting appendix to the work, in which Mr. Amari has minutely examined all the authorities from which he has gathered his materials, that it is impossible not to view this insurrection in the same light as the author has done. If Peter of Aragon and Giovanni da Procida were the real contrivers of the massacre, it is singular that none of the most esteemed historians of the time should have mentioned the fact. Thus, for example, Saba Malaspina, the secretary of Pope Martin the Fourth, in his history, makes no mention of any conspiracy. Yet this author was a Guelf, a friend to the pope and to Charles of Anjou, and the enemy of Peter; he was, moreover, as he says in his Preface, an eyewitness of nearly all the events which he relates. * Is it likely, then, if the Vespers were the result of a conspiracy, that he would not have said so? And Dante, who in the Divina Commedia is considered most exact in all that appertains to Italian history, mentions the Vespers without saying any thing of a plot formed by Giovanni da Procida. But it would be trespassing too far on the indulgence of

* "*Nec ambages inserere, aut incredibilia immiscere, sed vera, vel similia; quæ aut vidi, aut videre potui, vel audivi communibus divulgata sermonibus.*"

our readers to follow our author in his examination of the comparative value of the different historical accounts of this great event. We recommend the perusal of the work itself to those who may wish to test the accuracy of the story as told by Sismondi, and other late historians.

It should be remarked, that although the Vespers must not be considered as the result of a conspiracy, there is reason to believe that a conspiracy did exist. We have already stated, that Peter of Aragon and Giovanni da Procida formed a plot with some of the Sicilians to restore Constance to the throne of her fathers; that they entered into communication with some Italian noblemen; but that these noblemen would not have been able to overthrow the French government, if the Sicilian people, with that impetuosity and want of prudence which are characteristic of an uneducated multitude, had not undertaken to free themselves from the oppression and tyranny of their rulers. The concerted plan, therefore, remained without effect, until the people, generally more capable of making a revolution than of governing themselves after the revolution is accomplished, were no longer able to resist the attempts of the French to reconquer the country. Pedro was then called to the throne, and the object of the conspiracy finally attained.

The origin of the popular account of the Vespers may be explained without difficulty. The republican government, which was in reality the result of the massacre at Palermo and the insurrection of the Sicilians, lasted so short a time, and the king of Aragon was so soon afterwards called to the throne, that it was very easy to consider the two events as cause and effect, and to believe that the accession of Pedro to the throne of Sicily was the immediate result of the Vespers; yet it was only the effect of the disunion of the people after they had recovered their liberty, and of their manifest unfitness to govern themselves. In consequence of the erroneous account which modern historians have given of this affair, Giovanni da Procida has been chosen as the hero of many a romance and drama, while even the name of the young man who gave the signal for this terrible massacre by striking the Frenchman has not been transmitted to posterity. Such are the caprices of history; the story of the adventurer who sought a refuge at the court of Pedro of Aragon is preserved; the name of him who had the courage to strike the first blow for the liberty of his country has been forgotten.

Looking at the event with the fullest knowledge we can gain of its causes and consequences, it is natural to ask what the Sicilians gained by this bloody insurrection. Was it any thing more than a mere change of name in those who held the reins of government? At first, it was much more. When a change of the reigning family appears to be the only result of a successful rebellion, the government which succeeds is not likely, unless deprived of all freedom of action, to fall into the same errors as its predecessor. But a revolutionary government is apt soon to forget the causes of its origin, and the persons to whom it is indebted for its establishment. This was the case with the government of the house of Aragon in Sicily. At first, the Spanish princes introduced many useful reforms into the administration; but these soon gave way to new abuses, and the island was again involved in all the evils of misgovernment, which it had sought to avoid by the fearful tragedy of the Sicilian Vespers. The people were oppressed by their new tyrants in the same manner as they had been by the house of Anjou, and to a certain degree by that of the Hohenstauffen.

Posterity, however, may gain much by the remembrance of this event. The history of this period places before the eyes of the present oppressors of Italy a terrible example of the energy displayed in defence of their most sacred rights, by the ancestors of the people whom they now trample upon. Let us hope that the Italians, who are still suffering under the odious yoke of a foreign dominion, may never be tempted to repeat in the streets of Venice or Milan the bloody scenes of the Sicilian Vespers; but rather, when the time is at hand for their deliverance, that Italy may be freed from all foreign rule, without any violent commotion and may once more become what it was in former years, the flourishing abode of commerce, civilization, and the arts.

Art. XI. — CRITICAL NOTICES.

1. — *Passages from the History of Liberty.* By Samuel Eliot. Boston: William D. Ticknor & Co. 1847. 16mo. pp. 278.

This little book, planned not only in the spirit of scholarship, but in profound sympathy with the services to humanity rendered by the great men whom it commemorates, is an interesting labor of a student earnestly devoted to high moral and intellectual purposes. The idea is to show, in a connected way, the toils and sufferings borne by isolated individuals, in the cause of reform and human progress, during the mediæval period; to gather, as it were, into one bright picture the scattered rays of light illumining here and there the darkness of that night which preceded the glad dawn of modern civilization and civil and religious liberty. The study of the Middle Ages, and especially of the Italian Republics, in that period of confusion and transition, is necessary to the full understanding of the struggles endured and the progress made by men and states for the last three centuries. In Milton's comprehensive scheme of reading, this department of history is said to have occupied fifteen months. But in Milton's time, all the bearings of that act in the world's drama could not, of course, have been appreciated.

One great source of interest in Mr. Eliot's little book is the true perception he has and so clearly expresses, of the individuality of the men whom he has selected for commemoration. Great as is the influence each has exerted upon the course of human affairs, each stood upon his own strength, contending against overpowering odds of hostile interests, and risking every thing in the encounter. To recall these great but obscured names to our present contemplation was a pious duty to the illustrious dead; and lovingly and piously has that duty been performed. The researches of the young scholar have been given to objects of pure and permanent interest. The motive and design of this work are excellent. Enlightened and comprehensive views of the moral dignity of the persons and scenes he describes, and a religious sense of the dealings of Providence with the history of man, seem ever present to the mind and conscience of the author. The style, with some faults and mannerisms which further experience will remove or amend, is clear and perspicuous. The various scholarship which Mr. Eliot has treasured up in travel and study is used, not for show, but to furnish the

materials of his work, and is consecrated to the high aims of Christian philanthropy.

The materials of the work are distributed in four general divisions. The first embraces the history of the early Italian reformers. In this division, the isolation of the Middle Ages is first graphically delineated; then, under the three somewhat quaint titles of Labor for Liberty, Labor for Peace, and Labor for Country, we have, as exponents and symbols of the principles these topics involve, well-drawn historical sketches of Arnaldo da Brescia, Giovanni di Vicenza, and Jacopo de' Bussolari. The peculiar merits of these men, whose great spirits far outran their ages, are set forth and illustrated with fulness of knowledge, clearness of apprehension, and sympathy of feeling. In the concluding section of this part, the failures in such reforms are ably discussed.

In our judgment, the second division of the book, which is exclusively occupied with the life and labors of John Wycliffe, is the most able and valuable. The services of this truly Christian and most admirable person — who, to most minds, even now is but the shadow of a mighty name, a distant foreboding only of Luther — are here distinctly traced and developed. We see in them the germ of those great additions to human happiness and liberty which have occupied the minds of men during the last three centuries, and some of which even the present age is employed in making or perfecting. The scope of his reforms embraced church and state; and the nineteenth century has scarcely surpassed the wise and Christian spirit in which those reforms were conceived, and so far as lay in the power of the Reformer himself, carried into effect. Mr. Eliot adorns his work with striking expressions from Wycliffe's writings. Among the most remarkable things about this man was the view he took of war, astonishing for his age, for even the nineteenth century is not sufficiently Christianized to renounce this direst work of the Devil. "What honor," exclaims Wycliffe, "falls to a knight that he kills many men? The hangman killeth many more, and with a better title; better were it for men to be butchers of swine than slayers of their brethren."

The third division is occupied with the reforms of Savonarola, and the fourth, with the war of the Communities in Castile. These complete Mr. Eliot's well-considered plan. We regard the book, notwithstanding occasional crudities of sentiment and expression, as a valuable contribution to historical literature.

2. — *The Statesmen of America in* 1846. By Sarah Mytton Maury. London: Longman, Brown, Green, & Longman; Paternoster Row. 1847. 12mo. pp. 508.

We do not wonder it took so many publishers to bring out this book. It is one of the most remarkable productions of the present age. Nor do we wonder at the ill-treatment it has received from a portion of the London press. The journalists of England have always been a prejudiced race, and jealous of American superiority in arts and arms; and the greater part of the English travellers have played into the hands of these narrow-minded gentlemen, by attributing to us the same faults that mark the other portions of the human race. Our orations on the Fourth of July and in the general Congress constantly deny the soft impeachment; but John Bull refuses to be convinced. Mrs. Maury has come out on our side with such unanswerable examples, that Mr. Bull grows angry, and tries to evade the conclusion by railing at "politics in petticoats." He is unwilling that such impartial and strong testimony in our favor should go forth uncontradicted to the world, and thinks to counteract it by an alliteration upon that sacred and characteristic garment, which even Mr. Weller the elder, in his conversation with the old housekeeper, shrunk with delicate awe from mentioning. But pray, what objection can there be, in the nature of things, to politics in petticoats? Does not John Bull, or his organ the London Spectator, know that in the languages of the two most politic and polished nations that have flourished in the world's history, the very science of politics is of the feminine gender? How does he construe ἡ Πολιτικὴ and *la Politique*? And what does he say to himself for submitting to that which good King James used to call "the monstrous regiment of women"? What does he think of Queen Victoria, the source of every political honor he can enjoy? Why, John is under petticoat government himself, but without seeming to know it, though every body is on the broad grin. Let us hear from him, then, no more taunting alliterations, no more unbecoming allusions to one part or another of the feminine dress, remembering that the great Pericles was taught politics and eloquence by the fair lips of Aspasia.

We hope we have disposed of John Bull and the London Spectator. Now let us consider, for a few moments, the extraordinary book which has so stirred up the insular mind. The quality which most strikes us, in the analysis of its contents, is the laudable discrimination displayed in the political portraits. An envious person might possibly insinuate that Mrs. Maury some-

times oversteps the modesty of nature, — that she colors too highly. Suggestions of this sort, however, coming from the source they do, are entitled to no consideration. Mrs. Maury never colors too highly, never is indiscriminate. Her distinctions are great, greater, greatest, — good, better, best; and what better distinctions can any one make than the three degrees of comparison? If she makes no more, it is not her fault, but the fault of English adjectives; for we have not, as the Greeks had, the liberty of constructing double comparatives and superlatives. If we had, we doubt not Mrs. Maury would have applied them, with her usual skill, to at least half a dozen of her heroes. Mr. Buchanan, Mr. Calhoun, Mr. Charles Jared Ingersoll, would certainly have been placed among the superlatives of the second degree.

A short preliminary dissertation disposes of the President and People of the United States. Then — "begin from Jove the strain" — the portraits of individual deities commence with James Buchanan, the Secretary of State, of whom she says that the moment she saw him, at a ball, she knew that she "had looked upon a friend." Her deep intuition was justified by the event; for, says she, "he granted me every indulgence, and accorded my every wish." Even at the most frightful moments of brave talk respecting a war with England about Oregon, she "sought consolation from Mr. Buchanan." To most people this would seem, under the circumstances, a very odd source to go to for comfort; and nothing short of Mrs. Maury's divining-rod could have pointed her thither. "I ever left his presence," says she, "with a light and happy heart." We learn from her, too, that Mr. Buchanan has "an aristocratic address and manner," and a "full-blooded system," both of which are peculiar qualifications for a Democratic Secretary of State. The sketch is followed by extracts from the Hon. Secretary's speeches. Mr. Haywood of North Carolina, whose "compliments are always gratifying," and who "speaks excellent English," comes next to the Secretary of State. Mr. Abbott Lawrence occupies four pages. His "features are very handsome." The general conclusion, — the result of profound reflection, — that "the American forehead is almost always well formed," introduces a peculiarity of Mr. Lawrence's; namely, that it "clearly denotes the immense superiority of the intellectual over the physical nature." So that point is settled. Mrs. Maury made the curious discovery, among other things, that Mr. Lawrence's "religion" is "Episcopalian"; people have generally supposed it was the Christian religion. Of the Hon. Hugh L. White, we are assured that "in personal appearance, dress, manners, and mode of speaking, he *is truly a gentleman.*"

Mr. Benton's recent approximation to a major-generalship (we understand the sword has proved but an air-drawn dagger, after all) has excited the public attention. His Bobadilian tactics have amused the quidnuncs, and, we fear, have not frightened the Mexicans. Mrs. Maury says he "possesses much weight in the Senate," that "he is somewhat inclined to corpulency," and that "he has much senatorial dignity." His "nose is broader, the nostrils more expanded, the lips more full, and the mouth less wide, than is usual in the American contour." Whatever else the Senator can do, then, he cannot suspend an opponent *naso adunco*. In a note upon the description of Mr. Benton, we are favored with a sketch of a typical American, — an American in the abstract. "Their hands and feet are more delicately formed, the shoulders are more falling, the neck has more length and less thickness, the limbs are longer, and the step is more rapid than that of their forefathers." What means Mrs. Maury has of ascertaining how rapidly our forefathers stepped we cannot imagine. Of the Hon. Samuel D. Hubbard, she says, — "Surely no man was ever so maliciously good as this representative of stern old Connecticut; and I can only account for it by supposing that he originally came out of the Mayflower, and landed with the Pilgrim Fathers; — he is their very express image. I envied the Whigs and Puritans such intelligence, judgment, and virtue, and have tried all arts to beguile him from their ranks, but in vain." What an obstinate, hard-headed, pragmatical old fellow he must be. *We*, too, can account for his obdurate resistance to Mrs. Maury's weapons — *Mauri jaculis* — only by the supposition that he came over in the Mayflower, and is one of the slow-paced forefathers of the Plymouth rock.

Mr. Van Buren has until now been greatly misunderstood both by friends and foes. Both have imputed to him a foxiness of character, as well as of whiskers. But it is all a mistake, for "he speaks of himself with that unreserved confidence which is so attractive in a distinguished man." At the same time, however, he has the knack of conjuring "men's hearts out of their bosoms." In obedience to "her husband's positive command," — an apparent recognition of the much-contested doctrine, that the husband *has* a right to command, — Mrs. Maury, with her son "the Doctor," called upon the Ex-President, though without a letter of introduction. "The Ex-President's manners are bewitching, he took me by the hand, laughed heartily at my mode of self-introduction, himself lifted from the carriage my travelling bandbox, first ordered the driver home, and then said, — 'The name you bear, Madam, is of itself a sufficient introduction; of course you will stay here, for it will give us the greatest pleas-

ure.'" So "we sat down in a cool and pleasant parlour; iced water, lemonade, and wine were immediately presented."

We cannot resist quoting another beautiful passage, which would make a good subject for a picture, to be entitled "The Sage of Lindenwold." It describes a ramble through the farm and garden. "The Ex-President gathered flowers for me, *led us to look at his potatoes*, presented me with a branch of delicious red currants, and delighted me by calling my boy 'Doctor,' and walking along the fields with his arm round the little fellow's neck." *Fortunate puer!* to have his neck encircled by such an arm! And what an interest a great man throws around the most common objects! The prosaic esculents of a kitchen garden, the useful but unromantic potato, and the red currant, shall henceforth shine transfigured into wreaths of immortal glory upon the Ex-Presidential brow of the Magician of Kinderhook!

We cannot resist the temptation of copying a few sentences from the chapter on Mr. Winthrop. "I have traced, with curious interest, a likeness in Mr. Winthrop to the features of John Winthrop (the first governor), in a portrait painted by Vandyke, and should I revisit America, as I hope, I shall be strangely tempted to ask his permission to try how becomingly he would look in a starched lace ruffle, such as adorns the neck of the Pilgrim governor." If Mrs. Maury *should* come to Boston, and *should* persuade the dignified representative of the three-hilled city to masquerade it in the ruffles of his ancestor, we say, with the poet of John Gilpin, "May we be there to see!"

It is astonishing how many, and how extraordinary, were the attentions lavished upon Mrs. Maury by the most distinguished persons in the country. The Supreme Court of the United States, as was quite proper, took the lead in these urbanities.

"Before I had ever been presented to Judge M'Lean," she relates, "I was honored by his protection, and gratified by his notice. My little son was, on general occasions, my only escort; he attended me to my seat, and then took leave, generally returning every hour to inquire if I was ready to retire. I was thus alone in the court, and might probably have felt somewhat embarrassed (!), being unknown, and in the midst of strangers; but Judge M'Lean, entering at once into the delicacy of my position, always bowed to me from the bench, as well on my departure as on my entrance. The compliment was the more gratifying, because M'Lean was usually at that time the presiding judge on the bench. Immediately, by this recognition, I felt myself in the society and under the protection of the graceful and benignant judge, and no words can express the relief afforded me by this most delicate and refined attention; the impulse of a heart filled with that charity which surpasses comprehension."

"Mr. Webster," also, "unless when greatly occupied by business,

always acknowledged me in court, and seemed amused with my frequent attendance there; he once complimented me on my good taste and devotion to the law."

From Mr. Webster we pass on to Mr. Hannegan, whose recent passage at arms with General Benton has thrown the country into convulsions of laughter. On one occasion, in the gallery of the Senate, Mrs. Maury grew very enthusiastic. "In the excitement of the moment, I threw down my glove to the speaker; it fell at his side. The chivalrous Hannegan instantly picked it up, pressed it to his lips, looked gratefully up to the gallery, bowed, and placed it in his bosom. The fortunate glove was transmitted by the next day's post to the lady of the Senator, then in Indiana. I preserve the less happy fellow to it."

There are other things equally spicy about Mr. Hannegan. But *paullo majora canamus.* At a ball given by Mr. John Quincy Adams, — sublime moment in the history of political philosophy, scarcely less memorable than Gibbon's barefooted friars and the first conception of the Decline and Fall, — the stupendous idea entered Mrs. Maury's mind of writing the present work. Mrs. Gouverneur playfully charged her with an intention of going home and making a book abusive of the Americans. "Never," said Buchanan, on whose arm I leaned, "never; I answer for her. If she puts pen to paper, it will be to do us justice." Mr. Buchanan's sagacity on this occasion shows how well qualified he is to hold in his hand the threads of our foreign diplomacy. The rest of this historical scene must be quoted.

"'And to show,' I quickly added, 'that an Englishwoman has the sense to appreciate your virtues, to admire your greatness, and to return with gratitude your affection, permit me to offer to *you*, Mr. Buchanan, the dedication of such a book.'

"'Beautifully said,' returned the Secretary, 'and I accept it with the greatest pleasure as a proof of your regard; but what will become of your dear friends, Calhoun and Ingersoll?'

"'Mr. Buchanan,' I replied, 'the Secretary of State is the representative of the Americans in foreign nations, and, therefore, my Guardian and my Friend will both approve of my choice."

Thus Mr. Buchanan, though a bachelor, may claim the honors of paternity to the present work.

We cannot close our rambling notices of this charming volume without alluding to two more of Mrs. Maury's most distinguished heroes, Mr. Charles Jared Ingersoll, "her guardian," and Mr. Calhoun, "her friend," as she designates them in her little speech to Mr. Buchanan. "Remember, Short 's the friend." "To me," says Mrs. Maury, speaking of Mr. Ingersoll, "he accorded his constant, unreserved, and most intimate confidence;

and I declare, and solemnly as I hope for mercy, that the breast of Ingersoll is guiltless of all wilful malice, and free from all vindictive passions. . . . . So gentle, so easily affected is he, that I have sometimes invented a pathetic story, that I might see my Guardian weep." Was there ever so touching and tender a scene as this? Mrs. Maury improvising pathos, and the guileless chairman of the committee of foreign affairs, already turned of sixty-three, weeping. It must be a great comfort to Mr. Ingersoll to have found such a compurgator, for a few unconscious peccadilloes have excited a slight degree of prejudice against him; and his recent report upon the Mexican war, which falsifies every fact in the history of the transaction, and commends a line of national policy that would disgrace a den of robbers, tends to keep up in some ill-regulated minds the same unfortunate prejudices. Even the Senate of the United States did him the great wrong to reject his nomination as minister to France, acting under a similar misapprehension. Now, if the following statements of Mrs. Maury had been pondered as they should have been, the "amiable, sensible, brilliant, and witty Ingersoll, charming at sixty-three," could not surely have suffered the ignominy of a rejection. "He has no secrets, and can keep none [not even those of the State Department]; the only error of his nature being an uncontrollable impulse to utter at once, regardless of time and place, the thing he feels, or knows, or even suspects." It was this unfortunate propensity — one that "displays the most noble and most generous sentiments that can animate the breast of man" — that led Mr. Ingersoll into that fatal collision with Mr. Webster. He certainly did show himself to be, as Mrs. Maury says he is, "open to conviction," but we never heard of his having displayed any earnestness in this particular instance "to ask forgiveness," although his character exhibits "all the warm, uncalculating sensibilities of youth."

Apropos to Mr. Ingersoll, we have a disquisition on wit, which Mrs. Maury thinks the Americans have as yet had no time to acquire, not having "had leisure," like Falstaff, to be either witty themselves, or to be the cause of the wit that is in other men. For this opinion she advances several profound reasons. Mr. Ingersoll, the boy of sixty-three, is the only witty person she conversed with in America. His sparkling sallies are recorded, for the admiration of the European world. One of them is as follows: — "At a ball, after keeping him at least an hour, during which time nobody asked me to dance, I observed, 'that for his sake I was sorry that I had had no offers.' 'Madam,' rejoined the only witty man in America, 'I should instantly have repudiated them.'" Now, when we consider that Mr. Ingersoll is not

only the chairman of the committee of foreign affairs, but solitary and alone the incorporation of American wit, this brilliant rejoinder assumes at once a national importance. It may be, after all, that the Senate rejected him as minister to France because they thought the country could not spare the only wit it had.

We tear ourselves reluctantly away from the fascinating repartees of Mr. Charles Jared Ingersoll. We must even pass over Major-General Gaines, and skip to Mr. Calhoun, reversing the old saw, and reading it, *Inter leges silent arma.* Great as have been all who have gone before him in these pages, stupendous as have been the geniuses hitherto commemorated, we have come now to the greatest man but one in the whole illustrious catalogue. "Calhoun is my statesman," quoth the Spectator's impetticoated Politics. "Through good report and through evil report, in all his doctrines, whether upon slavery, free trade, nullification, treasury and currency systems, active annexation, or *masterly inactivity*, I hold myself his avowed and admiring disciple." It must be an inexpressible relief to Mr. Calhoun to have found at last a congenial spirit to sympathize in all his views, and understand them. His principles "are THE DECALOGUE OF REPUBLICS"; — the capitals are Mrs. Maury's. "If you should ask me," said the Carolina statesman to his enthusiastic admirer, "the word that I would wish engraven on my tombstone, it is NULLIFICATION." We confess, it seems to us such an epitaph would sound rather ambiguous. Nullification is the last word that we should like on a tombstone; it sounds too much like *annihilation*, for us; but that may be a Northern prejudice.

Mrs. Maury is a thorough defender of slavery, though an excellent democrat and firm supporter of liberty and equality. She points out in a luminous manner the advantages which the slaveholders enjoy for training themselves in the arts of government, and she denounces those who "preach emancipation" as fanatics. "An hereditary slave-owner, he [Mr. Calhoun] was born and educated a ruler. His gracious, princely nature, accustomed to give command without appeal, is equally accustomed to receive submission without reserve." — "And to this education in the art of government as slaveholders at home, and from their birth, it is mainly owing that the statesmen of the Southern sections display such rare, such excelling wisdom in the discharge of the offices of the Republic." Born rulers are a great and brilliant discovery for a republic. The art of governing is a crucial experiment, which must be tried upon the African race, — *experimentum crucis in corpore vili*, — before it can be applied to our Anglo-Saxon democracy. A great statesman must keep a little model administration at home, which he can mould

at will, — a machine constructed of black men, women, and children, over whom he exercises command without appeal, — in order to qualify himself to administer the government of a free people. The magnetic telegraph, gun-cotton, and Le Verrier's new planet are nothing to this magnificent result of political invention. Mr. Calhoun's eyes, says Mrs. Maury, *give out light in the dark.* These speculations prove the feline attribute ; there is a place, however (but that is *not* in our model republic), where "Darkness visible serves only to discover sights of woe."

We *must* cite one affecting passage more.

"From a singular coincidence of circumstances, I had the happy fortune to convey to Mr. Calhoun the testimonies offered to his worth by many leading men.

"The President declares that you possess his perfect confidence and his highest personal esteem. Buchanan pronounces you preëminent in talent and virtue. Mr. Crittenden, Mr. Winthrop, Mr. Hannegan, have all expressed, for themselves and their respective parties, the highest encomiums that men can utter of each other."

To this singularly delicate communication, "Calhoun spoke not ; but his eye glistened, and in silence he took my hand and pressed it. *How few have been indulged with such a privilege !*"

We have been obliged to omit many of the plums in the pudding, — to pass without notice many of the stars in Mrs. Maury's milky way of American greatness. An uncommon operation she performed upon the chairman of one of the committees, — that of making him *look nine ways at once*, — a compound strabismus of singular pathological interest we can barely allude to. We take leave of the book by congratulating the country and ourselves, the present generation and the future, that such a chronicler of our illustrious names has arisen ; and most especially do we congratulate the illustrious names themselves, that their fame is placed beyond the reach of the accidents of mortality. That old poet was a fool who said, —

Πιθανὸς ἄγαν ὁ θῆλυς ὅρος ἐπινέμεται
Ταχύπορος · ἀλλὰ ταχύμορον
Γυναικοκήρυκτον ὄλλυται κλέος.

"The female mind too quickly moves,
Too apt to credit what it loves :
But short-lived is the fame
Which female heraldries proclaim."

3.— *Christian Consolations: Sermons designed to furnish Comfort and Strength to the Afflicted.* By A. P. Peabody, Pastor of the South Church in Portsmouth, N. H. Boston: Crosby & Nichols. 1847. 16mo. pp. 312.

It is seldom that a volume of sermons comes within our critical province. Those which are published in this country are, for the most part, of an occasional or controversial character, and are forgotten with the occurrences that produced them. The standard of pulpit eloquence is very low, and there is little chance of improvement in this respect, while the clergy are so much overworked as they are in America. In addition to their parochial duties, which in large parishes consume much time, they are required to produce a greater amount of written matter in the course of a week than most editors of a daily newspaper; and we ought not to complain, therefore, if their sermons are as feeble as the political discussions and "Washington correspondence" of a penny press. They belong to the department of "cheap literature," the quantity given being out of all proportion to the insignificant price that is paid for it. So far as remuneration is concerned, most country clergymen have reason to envy the lot of the "penny-a-liners."

We welcome, therefore, with almost as much surprise as satisfaction, the appearance of a volume of discourses so excellent as these of Mr. Peabody. Though selected from "the author's common parish sermons, written with no view to future publication, at wide intervals of time," they have not a trace of the languid diffuseness, and meaningless repetition of stereotyped phrases, which usually characterize such productions. They are rich in thought, and of a high order of literary merit. Yet the writer nowhere appears over-careful in point of expression, or studious of finish and ornament of style; the rhetorician never assumes the place of the Christian divine. His discourses are sermons, in the strictest sense of that word; they are not mere moral essays, philosophical disquisitions, or imaginative reveries. They do not inculcate stoicism or insensibility, nor do they harshly chide the mourner for the indulgence of grief, which too often exceeds the limits of reason, and violates the teachings of religious faith. With a kind heart and quick sympathies, the preacher touches the broken and crushed affections, and labors to restore the mind to its wonted firmness of tone by the seasonable and impressive suggestion of those great Christian doctrines which deprive the grave of its victory. The sermons bear the marks of deep feeling quite as plainly as they do the impress of

an acute and highly cultivated intellect. We have found nothing in them which indicates the peculiar tenets of the writer; they may be read without protest by the members of any Christian denomination. It is consoling, indeed, amid the turmoil and excitement of sectarian controversies, to remember that the great practical doctrines of our religion, the precepts addressed to the heart and the life, constitute the neutral ground upon which all polemics may meet in the brotherhood of faith. What is to be believed admits of a multitude of interpretations; what is to be done is uttered with one voice by all who admit Jesus of Nazareth as their teacher, and as the Saviour of men.

4.—1. *The Agamemnon of Æschylus, with Notes.* By C. C. Felton, A. M., Eliot Professor of Greek Literature in the University at Cambridge. Boston: James Munroe & Co. 1847. 12mo. pp. 199.

2. *The Iliad of Homer, from the Text of Wolf, with English Notes.* By C. C. Felton. New and Revised Edition. Boston: James Munroe & Co. 1847. 12mo. pp. 581.

A mere announcement of the publication of these Greek classics, edited by Professor Felton, is enough to acquit the critic of his duty. The editor's reputation for various and accurate scholarship, refined taste, and thorough acquaintance with the wants of teachers and pupils, has been so firmly established by his previous labors in the same department, that the public are willing to accept upon trust the fruits of his future industry. The great improvement which has taken place within the last fifteen years, in the school and college editions of the classics that are in use in this country, may be ascribed in a considerable degree to his example and exertions. He was one of the earlier laborers in this field, and what he has accomplished under his own name, besides the aid that he has afforded to others by his criticisms and counsels,—and no one has been more bountiful in this respect, or less avaricious of fame,—has given a new and brighter aspect to the course of classical studies in America. The old pedantic fashion of editing the Greek and Latin authors, which was prevalent in England and Germany, and which amounted to little more than a useless display of various readings, and an announcement of the editor's immense erudition, has given way to considerations of practical utility; and those editions are now alone in use in the lecture and recitation room, which have been

skilfully contrived to facilitate the progress and guide the taste of the learner. Some of the old brown-paper copies of the Delphin Classics, which were exclusively studied twenty years ago, ought to be preserved as curiosities, and to show the present generation how ample are their means and appliances for study when compared with the meagre apparatus on which their fathers were obliged to rely.

The Agamemnon of Æschylus, "the great masterpiece of the Grecian Shakspeare," is here presented in a portable and very neat edition, with copious notes, in which the numberless difficulties of the text are fully considered and resolved, so that a mere tyro in Greek, by the aid of them, can understand and appreciate the genius of the old dramatist. The commentary is enriched with numerous citations of parallel passages from the works of the English poets, which not only throw light on the crabbed expressions in the text, but pleasantly diversify the learner's path, and keep alive in his mind a sense of the poetic beauty of the original. All that it is important to know of the life of Æschylus is agreeably and succinctly told in the Preface.

The Homer is a reprint of the edition which Professor Felton first published about fifteen years ago, and which is here given with a carefully revised text, and more than double the former amount of annotations. Under the modest title of "Preliminary Remarks," the editor has added an interesting and beautifully written essay on the origin of Greek poetry and the characteristics of Homer, with a discussion of the much-vexed "Homeric question." This essay shows learning without pedantry, and a cultivated taste without unmeaning refinement; and it may be recommended as pleasant and instructive reading even to those who are not able to taste in the original the beauties which it is intended to illustrate.

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NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

No. CXXXVI.

JULY, 1847.

ART. I. — *Histoire de la Louisiane.* Par CHARLES GAYARRÉ. Nouvelle-Orléans. Imprimé par Magne et Weisse. 1847. 2 vols. 8vo.

REPUBLICAN institutions seem to have great power in fusing together and assimilating to each other the most heterogeneous elements of national character. Nearly all the nations of Europe have furnished their quota for making up the population of the United States, so that if each stock had preserved its original characteristics, the aggregate of the inhabitants of this country would have resembled the conglomerate or pudding-stone formation in geology, in which angular and rounded pebbles, with every variety of size, shape, and internal composition, are merely held together by a rocky cement,—united by juxtaposition, but by no chemical affinities. A monarchical government, which has extended its dominions by conquest, and holds the greater portion of them merely by the sword, causes only this imperfect and unnatural union among the several classes of its subjects ; — the mortar which binds them may be more or less indurated, according to its degree of native strength, or to the lapse of time during which it has been exposed to the action of elemental forces ; but the pebbles imbedded in it continue unchanged ; their form remains as it was determined by mutual attrition, when they were free to roll over each other under the impulse of the waves and the resistance of the beach. But political freedom acts like a common solvent in chemistry ; the powerful acid takes up the most refractory and dissimilar

bases, and converts them into neutral salts. The particles, as in a state of comminution or perfect solvency, are free to act on each other, and the beautiful laws of affinity come into play, forming compounds in which no trace of the original character of the ingredients can be discerned. The action is not always immediate, it is true; some time may be necessary to allow the solution to be completed and the new crystallizations to take place. But when the process is ended, the change of qualities is complete; it is nature's handiwork contrasted with the imperfect joinery and forced combinations effected by human art, when man attempts to violate or overrule the laws of God.

The history and present condition of Belgium, Italy, Poland, and other countries in Europe which have long been subject to the dominion of foreigners, show how difficult it is to amalgamate two races into one, when they are brought together only by an external force, and are both subject to arbitrary rule. A principle of mutual repulsion exists between the conquerors and the enslaved, the effects of which are continued to distant generations. After the exasperated feelings caused by the original subjugation of the country have subsided, their place is supplied by the distinctions of caste founded upon the same event, which are still more capable than the former of perpetuating the disunion. The miseries of Ireland at the present time may be attributed in great part to the entire separation from each other of the two races by which it is inhabited; the Erse and the Anglo-Saxon blood will never mingle in the country where they were first brought together; mutual and continued irritation is the only consequence of holding them in contact. The forcible measure of a legislative union of the two nations did not create the difficulty; a repeal of that union will not remove it. The disorder is wholly internal; the Irish serf quarrels with his English landlord, and not with the English government, which is a better one than he would probably frame for himself. Yet the descendants of these two hostile nations live harmoniously by each other's side in our own land, and but few generations elapse before they look back upon a common ancestry.

Crossing the breed promotes the excellence of the stock of domestic animals. There is no reason why the same law of nature should not hold good with respect to man, and

the experiment which will establish it is certainly going on upon a large scale in the United States. The descendants of the Dutch in New York, the Germans in Pennsylvania and Ohio, the Spaniards in Florida, and the French in Louisiana, are rapidly amalgamating with the English, who have established themselves in overwhelming numbers in every corner of the land. The process is more or less complete according to the length of time since it commenced. In the instance first named, it is nearly finished, for the Dutch and the English have been intermarrying for two centuries, and both have consequently given way in a great degree to what may be called the native New York breed. In Louisiana it is hardly begun, for little more than one generation has passed away since the country was freed from Transatlantic rule, and annexed, as the phrase now goes, to the "area of freedom." But how much more rapidly are the two currents of human life there already flowing into one than in the similar case of Canada, though the opportunity for union was open in the latter case half a century earlier than in the former! To judge from present appearances, Louisiana will have a homogeneous population, excepting the blacks, long before the mutual jealousy of the two races on the St. Lawrence will so far have died out as to allow the transfusion of blood even to begin.

These remarks have been suggested by a review of the colonial history of Louisiana, to which we were directed by the publication of M. Gayarré's work. His volumes are written in French, and embody some valuable documents, now first published, which throw light on the curious vicissitudes of fortune that this colony underwent in the course of the eighteenth century. It appears from the Preface, that M. Magne, one of the editors of the New Orleans Bee, made a careful examination, while at Paris, of the papers of the marine department of France, and selected from them all which related to the history of Louisiana. These documents were carefully transcribed, and the copies were subsequently purchased by Governor Mouton, in behalf of the State, and deposited in the government archives. They include all the original reports and despatches sent by the authorities of Louisiana to the home government during the whole period of the French dominion in the colony. The letters of Bienville, D'Artaguette, Vaudreuil, and others,

who had an active share in the early administration of Louisiana, are interesting and valuable when combined with other materials of history; but they contain many repetitions, criminations, and profitless disputes, and, when taken alone, they furnish but a meagre record of the progress of affairs. M. Gayarré seems to have published them almost entire, with no principle of selection or abridgment, and to have made but little use of the earlier historians, Du Pratz and Dumont, who wrote from personal experience and observation, and whose works, therefore, are quite as trustworthy as the one-sided reports of selfish and disappointed officials. The volumes now before us are of oppressive dimensions, and might with more propriety be considered as a collection of state papers and other historical materials, than as a finished history. Several documents of considerable length, like the earliest *Code Noir* of Louisiana, have no right to be incorporated into the text of such a book, though they might have found a place in the Appendix. The author is now Secretary of State for Louisiana, and he appears to have drawn the materials of his book almost at random from the shelves of his office. He promises, however, to rewrite the history in English, with great curtailments, and to cast the materials into an entirely new mould. We commend him for this judicious design, and hope it will be executed with diligence and a careful study of the earlier writers upon the same topic.

Frenchmen have been more fortunate generally in the career of exploration and discovery than in their attempts at permanent colonization. Brave, enterprising, and hardy, fond of adventure and quick in the command of their resources, they have been excellent pioneers for the more slow and stubborn race who came after them, both in Canada and the valley of the Mississippi, and who by superior industry and patience have robbed them of the fairest fruits of their labors. In their intercourse with savage nations, they have uniformly shown great tact, and have been eminently successful. Their missionaries have been more fortunate than those of any other nation in planting the cross among the Indian tribes of this continent, though perhaps without establishing much Christianity along with it. The influence which the Jesuit and Recollect missionaries so fairly acquired over their wild converts was skilfully turned by the

French governors to political purposes, and in all their contests with the English for the possession of Canada and the Western territory, the Indians were their faithful and efficient allies. But many of the early French colonists, instead of contributing to the civilization of the red men, were led to adopt their habits, and to introduce among them only the peculiar vices of the whites. The *coureurs de bois* and the *voyageurs* were often hardly distinguishable from the native children of the woods among whom they spent most of their lives. Their more sober countrymen formed settlements in the wilderness, and labored to introduce the arts and comforts of civilized life, and to lay the foundations of a permanent colony. But they were generally careless, indolent, and unambitious ; they preferred meagre fare and insufficient accommodations to the incessant toil which was necessary to procure a more generous subsistence. The settlement continued, but did not flourish. The forest did not fall, the earth did not bring forth its harvests, with that magical celerity which rewarded the more patient efforts of the hardy English emigrant. The infant colony had but a precarious existence, though carefully nursed by the ambitious policy of the home government, and often recruited by fresh bands of adventurers from France.

The early history of Louisiana affords a striking contrast with the rapid progress, under far more unfavorable circumstances, of the primitive settlements in New England. The lower region of the Mississippi valley seems a paradise of natural advantages, in comparison with the inclement sky, the rock-bound shores, and the thin and stony soil of Plymouth and Massachusetts. In view of the sunny climate and luxuriant vegetation of the former place, it seems hardly credible that the early settlers of it should have suffered for many years from famine, or that they were preserved from it only by continued and gratuitous supplies of food from France and the West Indies. But the management of the colony was a blunder from beginning to end. It originated in ideas of political advantage and commercial speculation. The favor of the home government was extended towards it to an almost unlimited extent ; the colony nearly perished, not from inattention or hostility, but from unskilful nursing. Money was lavished upon it, at first from the royal treasury, then from the coffers of the most opulent merchant in France ;

and when he was made nearly bankrupt by the expenditure, the funds of a gigantic financial association, prodigal in the use of its almost unbounded means, were brought to the rescue. And yet, more than twenty years after the colony was founded, Du Pratz, an eyewitness, speaking of the principal settlement at Biloxi, says that the famine there was so great, "that more than five hundred people died of hunger." He adds, — "The great plenty of oysters found upon the coast saved the lives of some, though they were obliged to wade almost up to their thighs for them, a gunshot from the shore."

"It is inconceivable," says M. Gayarré, "that the colony, after twenty-four years' existence upon a soil as fertile as that of Louisiana, should have been reduced, in 1723, to such a degree of misery and famine, that the chief council thought itself obliged to inform the French government, by a despatch of the 24th of January, that 'the inhabitants absolutely cannot subsist, if the company do not send hither by every vessel some salt provisions.' It is evident that the infancy of this unhappy colony was but a prolonged agony; the principle of life seemed to be wanting to it." — Vol. I. p. 195.

At the time of which our author here writes, the seat of government had just been transferred to New Orleans, which then contained about a hundred huts, and somewhat more than two hundred inhabitants. And this city is now one of the great provision-markets of the world! In 1723, its population were prevented from starving by supplies received from France; in 1847, a considerable portion of famishing Europe is fed from its abundance.

The first chapter of M. Gayarré's work is devoted to the apocryphal story of Hernando de Soto's overland expedition to the lower Mississippi, which he discovered in 1541, of his death the following year, and of a remnant of his followers descending the river to its mouth, and thence returning along the shores of the Gulf in safety to Mexico. All this is a romantic and interesting tale; but for how large a portion of it we are indebted only to the vivid fancy of the Spanish historian, it is impossible to say; exaggerations and imaginative details may easily be detected in it by internal evidence. Spain made no attempt to take possession of the country to which this expedition, if real, had given it a valid claim, nor did any of its subjects venture to follow

the track of De Soto's discoveries. More than a hundred and thirty years afterwards, the voyages of Joliet and Marquette first revealed with certainty the existence and direction of the great Western river, which seems, up to their time, to have been known to Europeans only through the vague reports of the Indians. In 1682, the heroic La Salle actually sailed down the whole length of the stream, from the Illinois country, and at its opening into the Gulf of Mexico, challenging to himself the honors of undoubted first discovery, took formal possession of the country on both banks in the name of his sovereign, and called it Louisiana. The vanity of the *Grand Monarque* was flattered by this event, and as he was then still in the heyday of a successful reign, his ambition slumbered not till measures were taken for following up discovery by colonization, and making an immense addition to the foreign possessions of France.

Here was the original fault in the scheme of the Louisiana colony, and the cause of its subsequent feebleness and languid growth. Its establishment was a mere freak of vanity on the part of the grandiloquent Louis the Fourteenth, who was always quite as much puffed up in his own conceit as was seemly for a great king. He essayed by the mere force of his royal will to create for France a colonial dominion on the banks of the great Father of Waters, which should rival or eclipse the flourishing colonies of England on the Atlantic coast, that had been established for her, in their penury and homelessness, by the hard hands and stout hearts of her political and religious exiles. But a great colony cannot be improvised like a copy of verses. Plymouth and Massachusetts Bay were settled by the grace of God, and by the determination of English Puritanism; and the infant establishments grew vigorously to man's estate, amid all the hardships and perils of that wilderness home. Louisiana was colonized at the gracious pleasure and under the special favor and protection of "the very high, very powerful, very invincible and victorious prince, Louis the Great, king of France and Navarre, the fourteenth of that name"; and it was a sickly bantling from its birth, hardly worth the trouble of nursing. It was colonized by involuntary emigrants, sent thither in ships of war, under a military guard, or by those who had been lured from their homes under deceptive representations of the profitable traffic that might be held with the

Indians and Spaniards, or of the gold and silver mines to be found on the banks of the Mississippi. However induced to come to the promised El Dorado, they found it no easy matter, after their expectations had been disappointed, to return to their native land. The governor of the colony, nine years after its establishment, wrote to the minister of marine affairs in France, — "I have ordered a watch to be kept over several inhabitants of La Rochelle, who have formed a design of leaving the country. They are persons who have become rich by keeping drinking-shops. Consequently, it seems to me just to oblige them to remain here." It was a poor mode, as M. Gayarré remarks, of attracting colonists thither, to proclaim to the world that Louisiana was a prison, the doors of which were closed upon all who entered, and were opened only with great difficulty for those who desired to get out.

On his return to France, after his grand discovery of the mouth of the Mississippi, La Salle was received with well merited honors. He was caressed and flattered at court, and his eloquent recital of his adventures, with glowing descriptions of the yet unappropriated region of the New World that he had just visited, kindled the excitable imaginations of the French, and raised glorious visions of an indefinite increase of their colonial dominions. The king ordered his ministers to fit out immediately at La Rochelle a naval expedition, provided with all the necessary tools and supplies, to transport a troop of French emigrants to Louisiana, under the command of La Salle. The fleet was composed of four vessels, one of which was a frigate, the command of the naval part of the enterprise being given to the Chevalier de Beaujeu. Twelve young men of good families went on board as volunteers. A company of fifty soldiers was added by the government, and a liberal offer of money, provisions, and farming tools induced a small number of agriculturists with their families to join the expedition. Laborers also were hired to expatriate themselves, and five priests, one of whom was a brother of La Salle, were to minister to the spiritual wants of the new colony. The fleet left France on the 4th of July, 1684, and was steered towards St. Domingo, where it arrived after a tempestuous voyage, and with the loss of one of the vessels, which was captured by a Spanish privateer.

We need not repeat here a story so well known as that of the unhappy end of this enterprise, and the assassination of its heroic leader. If he had succeeded in finding again the mouth of the Mississippi, and entering it with his ships, so as to meet his old companion, the veteran Tonti, who had descended the river from the Illinois country to join him, he would probably have found an eligible position for the new colony, and under his skilful and energetic guidance, it might have flourished from the outset. But it was ordered otherwise, and the attempt to colonize Louisiana was not soon renewed. He perished in the brave attempt to reach the Illinois by an overland journey, and the body of the emigrants, whom he had left behind at Fort St. Louis, on the coast of Texas, receiving no succour from France, and having exhausted their supplies, were not long able to resist the Indians, by whom they were all massacred. As a great part of this unfortunate band was composed of soldiers and hired laborers, it is evident that the number of those who left France of their own accord, with a view of finding a permanent home in the newly discovered region, must have been very small. There were few temptations then for the French to emigrate; satisfied with their own beautiful land, indolent and careless, few would volunteer for so hazardous an enterprise as that of colonizing the swamps and forests in the interior of America. If the project had been started some years earlier, while the persecution of the Huguenots was going on, particularly at the time that the edict of Nantes was revoked, the ships might have been crowded with voluntary emigrants.

After the failure of La Salle's expedition, as Louis the Fourteenth was at war with half the powers of Europe, he had no leisure to think of the projected colony, and the plan seemed to be given up. After the peace of Ryswick, however, a French officer named Iberville, who had gained much distinction in the war with England, made a proposition to the ministry to renew the trial, and his offer was accepted. The opportunity was a favorable one, for the peace had caused some regiments to be disbanded in which a number of Canadians were enrolled, who had come over to join in the European war, and were now ready to return to any part of America. Including these, with the women and children, about two hundred persons were collected to form the nucleus

of the new establishment. Four vessels, two of which were frigates of thirty guns each, were fitted out for the undertaking, and at St. Domingo another large man-of-war joined the fleet. They arrived at Pensacola in January, 1699, and the Spanish governor of that place not being willing to admit so powerful a squadron into the harbour, they made sail again to the southwest till they reached the Chandeleur islands, where the vessels anchored. Some of the emigrants landed, and constructed huts on the shore, where they were kindly received by the Indians, who belonged to the Biloxi tribe.

The first object was to discover the mouth of the Mississippi, and as Father Anastasius was with them, who had accompanied La Salle in his memorable voyage down the river, and was with him also at his death, there was good hope that the search would be successful. Taking this father as a guide, Iberville embarked with a small party in a boat, and attended by his youngest brother, Bienville, who had charge of a second boat, set off to explore the coast. Three days after leaving the fleet, they entered a river, the waters of which being turbid and the bed very deep, Anastasius declared that it must be the object of their search. Iberville was still doubtful; but having painfully worked their way up the stream for eight or ten days, they arrived at a village of the Bayagoula Indians, who showed them great kindness, and informed them that they were actually on the Mississippi. These Indians also showed Iberville a prayer-book, in which was written the name of one of La Salle's companions, and gave him a letter from the Chevalier de Tonti, dated at the village of the Quinipissas, on the 20th of April, 1685. In this letter Tonti informed La Salle, that he had descended the stream with twenty Canadians and thirty savages, in order to rejoin his old commander, and expressed his sorrow that this hope had been frustrated. The letter, of course, had been carefully preserved by the Indians for fourteen years. It was now March, 1699, a date which deserves to be remembered as that of the first discovery of the mouth of the Mississippi from the sea, an event hardly less important than the first descent of the river by La Salle, seventeen years before.

The party continued their exploration of the stream as far up as the mouth of Red river, where they turned about and

floated down the current again to bayou Manchac. Here Iberville and Bienville separated, the latter continuing to descend the river to its opening into the Gulf, while the former entered the bayou, and passing through lakes Maurepas and Pontchartrain, arrived at a bay which he called St. Louis, and thence returned to the fleet. Bienville arrived a few days after him.

Having now acquired a sufficient knowledge of the localities, it appears strange that Iberville did not choose a site for the new settlement somewhere on the fertile banks of the Mississippi, at least as high up as the spot where New Orleans was founded more than twenty years afterwards. Convenience of intercourse with the shipping, to which they looked for receiving supplies from France and the West Indies, was the chief reason for the unfortunate choice of a position on the sandy and barren shore and islands of the Gulf, a locality to which much of the subsequent distress of the colony is to be attributed. The long and tortuous course of the Mississippi through the flat and swampy country below New Orleans must necessarily render the ascent of the stream difficult and tedious for ships. Most of the emigrants thought not at all of agriculture, but only of mining and trade with the Indians, so that a ready access of vessels with supplies was essential for their subsistence. Others did not expect to labor at all for themselves, but to live on the bounty of the government, which was liberally dispensed under the form of high salaries to the chief officers of the establishment; and these persons preferred a position that would enable them to communicate most easily with France.

After holding a council, it was determined to establish the chief settlement at the eastern extremity of Biloxi bay, about the middle of the southern coast of what is now the State of Mississippi. We quote the description that Du Pratz gives of this place, as it appeared to him when he arrived there, about eighteen years after the colony was founded.

"I never could guess the reason why the principal settlement was made at this place, nor why the capital should be built at it; as nothing could be more repugnant to good sense. Vessels were not able to come within four leagues of it; and, what was worse, nothing could be brought from them but by changing the boats three several times, from a smaller size to

another still smaller; after which, they had to go upwards of a hundred paces with small carts through the water to unload the smallest boats. And what ought to have been a still greater discouragement to making a settlement at Biloxi, the land is the most barren of any to be found thereabouts, being nothing but a fine sand as white and shining as snow, on which no kind of green thing can be raised. It was, moreover, extremely incommoded with rats, which swarm there in the sand, and at that time gnawed even the stocks of the guns, the famine being very great.

"The distress of which I was a witness at Biloxi determined me to make an excursion of a few leagues along the coast, in order to pass some days with a friend, who received me with pleasure. We mounted our horses to visit the interior part of the country, a few leagues from the sea. I found the plains pleasant enough, though less fertile than those along the Mississippi, as they had some resemblance to the neighbouring coast, which supports nothing but pine-trees, that extend a great way, and a few red and white cedars."

Having established the main body of the emigrants on this promising spot, Iberville caused a fort to be erected for their protection against the Indians, on which he mounted twelve pieces of artillery. He appointed his brother, Sauvolle, to command this fort, and Bienville, the youngest of the three brothers, was to act as his lieutenant. Iberville then returned to France with the ships of war, leaving the other vessels for the service of the colony. One of these was immediately despatched by Sauvolle to St. Domingo, in order to procure a cargo of provisions. Another equally indispensable measure for the safety of the colony was to conciliate the good-will of the neighbouring tribes of Indians; and for this purpose, Bienville was sent out with a small party, attended by a chief of the Bayagoula nation, that had always manifested great friendship for the French. He first visited the Colapissas, who inhabited the northern bank of lake Pontchartrain, and were numerous enough to send into the field three hundred warriors. They assumed a hostile attitude when Bienville's party first approached, as they had recently been attacked by the Chickasaws, who had in their company two Englishmen from Carolina, and the Colapissas supposed that this party of whites were also English. But the Bayagoula chief undeceived them, and said that these strangers were enemies of the English; whereupon

they laid down their arms, and received the French with great kindness. After cementing a union with this tribe by the interchange of presents, Bienville visited some smaller tribes on the Pascagoula river, and even penetrated the country of the Mobilians, meeting everywhere with a friendly reception, and arranging terms of future intercourse with the savages.

Early in July, 1699, Sauvolle received an unexpected visit from two French missionaries, Montigny and Davion, who had come from Canada, in the track of La Salle, to teach Christianity to the Oumas tribe, on the banks of the Mississippi. Hearing from the Indians that a new French colony was established on the sea-coast, they descended the river and came to Biloxi. One of them had established his dwelling on a little eminence upon the left bank of the great river, which was called after him Davion's Rock. Fort Adams was afterwards built upon this spot, which is about half-way between St. Francisville and Natchez. Davion labored with great success in his vocation among the savages, baptizing many of them in the rapid waters of the old Meschacébé, as it was then called ; and after his death, his memory was held in so great veneration among them, that Indian mothers brought their infant children to his Rock, in order to draw down upon them the benediction of Heaven.

The great success of the Catholic missionaries among savage tribes is easy to be accounted for ; their doctrine is perhaps the purest form of Christianity which entirely uncivilized men are capable of receiving. The ceremonies and implements of the Romish faith, — the altar, the crucifix, and the rosary, the invocation of saints and the burning of incense, the sign of the cross and the great importance attributed to baptism and extreme unction, — are things addressed to the outward senses, and likely to produce a vivid effect on the simple imaginations of savages ; they may be received with awe, or practised with fervor, long before any glimpse of their symbolical import can reach the ignorant understanding. A faith thus made evident to sense is a kind of natural transition state from gross fetichism to an entirely spiritual religion. The savage will readily give up his amulet, if he can receive a crucifix in its place, which he probably regards with the same feelings ; the brutish rites of idolatry may easily be renounced, if the sign of the cross, and

the imposing ceremonies of baptism in the running stream and of extreme unction, are offered as their substitutes. The visit of the Indian mother with her new-born babe to Davion's Rock is an affecting circumstance ; but performed as a religious rite, and with a view to avert the vengeance of Heaven, it does not say much for the thoroughness of her instruction in the Christian faith. This distinction between the observance of a few forms and a knowledge of the true faith appears simple and obvious enough ; but we fear it is sometimes lost sight of, even by the Protestant missionaries of our own day.

But to return to the history of Louisiana. The English did not disregard the opportunity for further colonization which was afforded by the discovery of the mouth of the Mississippi from the sea. On his return to the lower portion of the river from an expedition to explore some of its bayous, Bienville found there an English man-of-war, of sixteen guns, commanded by Captain Bar, who informed him that he had left another ship of equal force at the mouth of the river, and that the object of the voyage was to take soundings and explore the bed of the stream, in order to ascertain what advantages there were for establishing an English colony on its banks. The worthy captain, moreover, with great simplicity, considering that the party interrogated was French, asked if he was then really on the great river that he was in search of, and which he had been instructed to explore. Bienville gravely answered that he was not, that the Mississippi was much farther to the west, that the place where they then were was a dependence of the Canadian provinces, and that the French had already a fort and many other settlements in its immediate neighbourhood. Captain Bar thanked him for his courtesy in communicating this information, and immediately tacked ship, and made the best of his way down the stream. This is the story told to explain the name of *Détour Anglais*, or English Reach, which is given to a great bend in the river about eighteen miles below New Orleans, the place where the French party encountered the English captain.

While Bienville was giving this remarkable specimen of his adherence to truth, a French engineer who was employed on board the English ship handed to him a memorial, with a request that he would transmit it to the court of France. It

was signed by four hundred Huguenot families, who had taken refuge in Carolina after the revocation of the edict of Nantes. They asked leave of the government to establish themselves in Louisiana, on condition of enjoying while there full liberty of conscience. The Count de Pontchartrain answered them, that the Most Christian king, his master, had not driven the Protestants out of his kingdom in Europe in order that they might form a republic in his American dominions. Never did the spirit of religious intolerance manifest itself more unseasonably, or redound more to the prejudice of the bigot's own interests. Had this modest and affecting request been granted, there can hardly be a doubt that the whole destiny of Louisiana would have been altered, and its early history have exhibited as steady and rapid a growth from its own resources as that which is displayed in the colonial annals of Massachusetts or Pennsylvania. Four hundred families, already inured to hardship, exile, and toil, would have removed to the fertile banks of the Mississippi, with the honest purpose of making a permanent home for themselves and their children. Brought thither without costing a *sous* to the royal treasury, compelled, instead of hunting out illusory indications of gold or silver mines, to devote themselves at once to agriculture, because they could not depend for supplies on the mother country that had already cast them out from her bosom, the earth would have yielded to them her stores in abundance, and the gaunt spectres of penury and famine, which the wealth of all France could not banish without their aid, would never have visited that fair land. Rejecting them, the colony was left to consist of a miserable aggregation of Canadian hunters, vagrant speculators, intent only upon cheating the Indians out of their peltry and upon a wild search for the precious metals, and indolent office-holders who cared for nothing but their salaries. Such was the policy of the *Grand Monarque*. No wonder that his successors were eager to get rid of the province by ceding it to Spain in 1762, and to the United States in 1803 ; for it was never any thing but a drain upon the resources of France from the date of its establishment.

Iberville, who had returned to the colony with a fleet, resolved to anticipate the English in their design of forming a settlement on the banks of the lower Mississippi, and fitted out an exploring party for this purpose in January, 1700.

He took fifty Canadians with him, to go round by the mouth of the river, while Bienville was directed to take the shorter route by the lakes, and obtain guides from the Bayagoula tribe, who could point out to him some spot on the river's banks, the nearest to its mouth, which was not exposed to inundations. They directed him to a strip of land sufficiently elevated for this end, about fifty-four miles from the sea, where he was soon joined by Iberville, who ordered a fort to be built there. About the middle of February, they were agreeably surprised by the appearance of old Tonti among them, the veteran companion of La Salle, who had come down the river with seven men to see what progress the new colony was making. After reposing for some days, the two brothers slowly wended their way up stream with him, and after making some stay with the Bayagoula and Oumas Indians, they came at last to the country of the Natchez. St. Come, a French missionary, had come down from Canada a short time before, and had taken up his abode with this tribe. Here Iberville was so much delighted with the aspect of the country, that he resolved to make one of the chief settlements there ; and selecting for this purpose a fine bluff on the left bank, he traced out a plan for a city and fort, to which he gave the name of Rosalie, in honor of the Countess de Pontchartrain. On the site of Fort Rosalie now stands the city of Natchez. Leaving Bienville to continue his explorations, which he did as far as the country of the Washitas, and even to Natchitoches, Iberville returned again to France to seek further supplies.

The three brothers were now dissatisfied enough with the spot first chosen for the establishment of the colony, and if they could have had their will, they would have removed all to the banks of the Mississippi. But the vanity and egotism of Louis the Fourteenth infected the whole course of his administration ; the home government retained the direction of affairs entirely in its own hands, and would trust nothing to the discretion of the colonial authorities. The king had conceit enough to believe, that his subjects in America had not sufficient judgment to select a proper spot for their own dwellings except under his wise direction. In his letters to the minister, Sauvolle represented in the strongest terms the unfitness of the place for residence ; " I can do nothing here at Biloxi," he wrote, " the environs are so unpromising."

The climate was as little favorable to the colonists as the soil. On this burning sand, even in the month of April, it was so hot, that they could work in the open air only for two hours in the morning, and as much in the evening ; and in winter it was very bleak and cold. The dysentery was also very prevalent among the French, as well as other diseases. The Indian traffic amounted to nothing, for the neighbouring tribes were too poor to keep up a brisk trade. " The more I become acquainted with these savages," said Sauvolle, " the more I see of their misery. If the hope of discovering a mine does not succeed, the court will never be repaid the money which it is necessary to expend here, unless it permits the traffic in beaver-skins to come this way, which will not be ruinous to Canada." But the court thought this measure would ruin the Canadians, and so this most profitable branch of the fur trade continued to have its only outlet by the St. Lawrence. Monopoly was the great feature of the old colonial system, even with respect to the intercourse with each other of different provinces which owed the same allegiance.

" Iberville left for France," says M. Gayarré, " to obtain additional supplies, and confided to Bienville the command of the fort which he had caused to be built on the Mississippi. The progress of the colony threatened to be extremely slow ; the people thought of extending their discoveries only in the hope of finding some mine of gold or silver ; the earth was not cultivated, and it was from St. Domingo that the people received their means of subsistence. Consequently, they were often afflicted by a most dreadful famine ; disease added to their misery ; and their number diminished so rapidly, that in December, 1701, there were hardly a hundred and fifty persons in the province.

" Sauvolle himself could not survive so many misfortunes. He died on the 22d of July, and Bienville succeeded him as governor of the colony. This was its sad situation when Iberville returned with two ships of the line and a brig, which brought troops and a quantity of provisions. According to the king's commands, which he transmitted to his brother, Bienville left twenty men under the orders of Boisbriant at Fort Biloxi, and removed the head-quarters of the colony to the west side of Mobile river, very near where the city of Mobile now stands. Besides this new establishment, they made another on an island not far off, where, at the time of its first discovery, they

had found a great number of human bones, and for this reason had called it Massacre island. This name, which was one of ill omen and not agreeable to the ear, was changed for that of Isle Dauphine. Iberville, seeing that it was necessary to cultivate the ground, if they would prevent the recurrence of a dearth like that which had already afflicted the colony, wrote to the French government asking urgently for laborers. 'Means must be found,' said he, 'for sending laborers to Louisiana, for people who are well off in France do not willingly go thither. Frenchmen are not at all inclined to leave their homes, when they are in easy circumstances there, to remove to so distant a country. The reason why our colonies make so little progress is, that they send thither only beggars who wish to get rich, and who pass their lives there before they are able to undertake any thing, and meanwhile the colony languishes.'" — Vol. I. pp. 74, 75.

Isle Dauphine is one of a line of narrow islands which runs parallel with the coast, and at a short distance from it, along nearly the whole northern shore of the Gulf of Mexico. According to the accounts given of it by Dumont and Du Pratz, the colonists did not gain much by being transported thither from Biloxi. It is very flat, and composed only of sand, which is so fine and white, especially upon the sea-shore, as to be very injurious to the eyes. Upon this parched soil, and under the burning sun of that region, the French succeeded with great difficulty in raising salads and a few other vegetables of trifling nutriment. The cattle that were brought thither suffered greatly for want of sufficient fodder, and the soldiers and other inhabitants lived on fish and rations of salt provisions that were served out to them by the authorities. There had been a tolerably good harbour on the south side of the island ; but this was choked up with sand by a high sea just after the colonists arrived there, so that the settlement was formed at the east end, where vessels were obliged to anchor at two leagues' distance from the shore. The coast of the desert of Sahara would have been as proper a place for the establishment of a European colony. Political reasons probably made the French government adhere so long and obstinately to the settlements near the eastern limits of Louisiana ; the Spaniards had established themselves at Pensacola, and Louis wished to prevent them from spreading farther westward. The only recommendation of Isle Dauphine over other localities on the same

coast was, that fresh water could be had there in abundance, in immediate proximity to the sea.

In 1704, Chateaugné, another brother of Iberville and Bienville, arrived in a ship loaded with provisions, which came very opportunely, as the colonists were again suffering terribly from famine. They had been obliged to wander along the shore for a great distance to pick up shell-fish, and many were saved from perishing only by the aid that was charitably sent them by the governor of Pensacola. The ship also brought seventeen new emigrants, with a great quantity of farming tools, that were much needed ; so it appears that the representations of Iberville had produced some effect.

About this time, also, twenty unmarried women were sent over in one vessel to join the colony, which hitherto had consisted almost entirely of males ; only a few Canadians had brought their wives with them from the north. The minister wrote to Bienville, that these women had been virtuously and piously educated, and that they knew how to work, which would make them very useful to the colony, as they could teach the female Indians how to be good housewives. "In order that no one might be sent who was not acknowledged to be pure and irreproachable in character, his Majesty had commissioned the bishop of Quebec to select them in places that could not be suspected of any licentiousness. You will take care to establish them in as eligible a manner as possible, and to marry them to men who can give them a comfortable livelihood."

M. Gayarré plumes himself very much upon bringing to light this letter, as it serves to refute a tradition, which he admits to be very common, that the ladies first sent over to Louisiana were remarkable for any thing rather than for the purity of their past lives. He forgets to notice a little circumstance which is incautiously divulged by Dumont, that these women, with but one exception, were made to emigrate against their will, and that this brave girl was appropriately called *la demoiselle de bonne volonté.* As soon as they had disembarked, they were all lodged in one house, and a sentinel was placed at the door. No entrance was permitted at improper hours, but during the daytime they received visits, and the eager suitors were permitted to select wives according to their fancies, on the old principle of

"first come, first served." Dumont tells us, that they were all provided for and married without delay, and that the demand much exceeded the supply; for the last who remained was the means of exciting a very serious quarrel between her two suitors, who were about to settle their respective pretensions by single combat, "although this Helen was any thing rather than beautiful, and had more the air of a soldier of the guard than of a timid female." The commandant interfered, however, and obliged them to end the dispute by drawing lots. "It is certain that if, at this time, there had arrived as many unmarried females as there were soldiers and laborers upon the island, not one of them would have been left without a husband."

This first adventure having succeeded so well, the ministry sent over another supply the next year, consisting of twenty-three. But Dumont writes, that the rage for getting married had now subsided a little, so that the maidens were not incommoded by the number of their suitors. The governor was obliged to exhibit his wares before he could find a market for them; he sent a number of them in boats to Ship island, old Biloxi, and other stations, where at last they were all happily married. But they were not without their share of this world's troubles, even after they had become established in life. A great dearth was experienced before they had been twelve months in the colony, and Bienville wrote to the home government, that they were again dependent upon the Spaniards, who could furnish them with nothing but Indian corn. "The men who are in Louisiana," he adds, "have become accustomed to this kind of food; but the women, who are for the most part from Paris, eat it very unwillingly, and scold roundly against the bishop of Quebec, who had given them to understand that they were emigrating to the land of promise." The worthy governor himself did not escape scot-free from these feminine objurgations. M. Gayarré finds a letter written by the superintendent of this cargo of females, in which she complains to the minister, that M. de Boisbriant, recently promoted to the rank of major at Mobile, had intended to marry her, but that Bienville and his brother had prevented him from executing his purpose; upon which she indignantly remarks, "It is evident that M. de Bienville has not the necessary qualifications for governing a colony."

Though our historian prides himself, as we have seen, on the unspotted character of the early female emigrants to Louisiana, it appears from one letter which he publishes, that the ungrateful colonists would have been better satisfied, if the home government had paid a little more attention to the personal appearance of the women who were sent out to become their wives. Judging from the tone of this document, the ministry must have thought that the only incontrovertible proof of purity of life was the possession of a face and figure which under ordinary circumstances would never encounter any temptation. It was the chief commissary of the colony, Duclos, who wrote to the minister in 1713, complaining about the twelve women that M. de Clérembault had caused to embark at Port Louis, and "who were so homely and ill-shaped, that the inhabitants of this country, especially the Canadians, had very little inclination for them."

"Still," he adds, "two of them are now married; but I have great fears that the others will remain a long time on our hands. It appears to me that in making such a selection, M. de Clérembault ought to have regard rather to the external appearance than to the character of the women. The Canadians, and particularly the *voyageurs*, of whom we have found a great number here, who are all good-looking men, are not very scrupulous as to what the deportment of the women may have been before they take them; and if they had found any who were comely and to their liking, perhaps some of these *voyageurs* would have remained to marry them and establish themselves here. This would have augmented the colony. Instead of this, they have all gone back, saying that they preferred the Indian women, whom many of them have married, especially of the Illinois tribe, by the aid of the Jesuit missionaries there. We shall endeavour, however, to get the others married as soon as possible. If all the *voyageurs* and the *coureurs de bois* could establish themselves here, it would be more suitable to send over unmarried women than men, as the latter are already far more numerous than the former." — Vol. I. pp. 99, 100.

In 1707, the colony suffered the irreparable loss of its founder and indefatigable friend, Iberville, who died at St. Domingo of yellow fever. All the benefits which they had received from him and his family did not prevent a portion of the Louisianians from making the grossest and most unfounded charges against the three brothers, especially against

Bienville, who was unquestionably the most active and useful man among them. There is reason to believe, however, that most of these ingrates were inferior officers in the administration who wanted his place, or who found that his authority and watchfulness operated to check their own habits of license and fraud. A year before, the chief commissary, as he was called, who appears to have been the treasurer and accountant of the colony, and in some sort independent of the governor, wrote to the minister, — "The three brothers, Iberville, Bienville, and Chateaugné, are guilty of all sorts of misdeeds, and are mere thieves and cheats, who are squandering his Majesty's property." An ecclesiastic, M. de la Vente, the curate of Mobile, put himself at the head of this discontented faction, and endeavoured to persuade his people that all the misery which they suffered was the governor's fault, who had not informed the king how necessary it was to send them ships frequently with provisions. Bienville was too high-spirited to defend himself at any length against charges so absurd, and the consequence was, that the home government issued an order superseding him in office, and commanding his successor to investigate the matter of these complaints, and if they were well founded, to arrest him and send him to France as a prisoner. Luckily for the colony, which could ill have spared his services at this time, M. de Muys, the person appointed to succeed him, died on his passage out, and Bienville remained in office.

Famine and internal dissensions were not the only evils under which this unhappy colony suffered ; the great heat of summer and the marshy borders of the rivers generated fevers, which reappeared every year, and made great ravages. Intemperate and inattentive to cleanliness, most of the whites fell an easy prey to the terrible malady which still scourges the low country of Louisiana during the hot months, though the native and acclimated part of the population have ceased to fear it. We are not surprised, therefore, to find, from an official report made to the ministry, that the colonists in 1708 hardly equalled in number those who had accompanied Iberville on his first voyage, though a fresh band of emigrants had joined them nearly every year. According to this report, the whole number in the colony was two hundred and seventy-nine, of whom one hundred and twenty-two were soldiers, sailors, or other persons in the pay of gov-

ernment, and eighty were Indian slaves. There were also about sixty vagrant Canadians, who had established themselves among the Indians on the borders of the Mississippi, and were hardly more civilized than their hosts. The natives who had been reduced to slavery were of little use; Bienville complains that they followed the example of their indolent masters, and refused to work upon the soil. If coercion was attempted, they fled to the forests, and perished in the attempt to regain their distant homes through the line of the neighbouring tribes, who were at amity with the French. The governor proposed to exchange them for black slaves with the inhabitants of the West Indies. "We will give," he said, "three Indians for two negroes. The Indians when on the islands cannot escape, being expatriated; and the blacks cannot take to the woods and become bandits in Louisiana, as the savages would kill them." This proposition was examined by the ministry, and rejected, on the ground that the West Indians were not willing to part with their serviceable negroes. The only way to obtain black slaves, they said, who would really be very useful to the colony, was to import them expressly from the Guinea coast, or to purchase them from the importers.

The government was at last convinced, that Bienville had not sufficient means at his command to render Louisiana an important possession for France. The factitious glory and prosperity of the reign of Louis the Fourteenth were now on the wane; the king himself was on the verge of the tomb, and the energies of the country had been entirely exhausted by his long and, of late, disastrous wars. It was thought best to grant the exclusive right of trade with Louisiana, with other high privileges, to some wealthy company or individual, who, in return for such advantages, would defray all the expenses of the colony. Antoine Crozat, an opulent merchant, undertook this hazardous speculation, and received the charter in September, 1712. The grant comprised all the territory belonging to France, from the Carolinas to Mexico, comprising Isle Dauphine, and all the country watered by the Mississippi, the Ohio (then called the Wabash), and the Missouri.

"The territory thus vaguely described was to bear the name of Louisiana, and to be a dependence of the government of New France. The commercial monopoly granted to Crozat was at-

tended by many other privileges, among which was a right to possess and work all the mines of precious metals on condition of reserving one fourth of their products for the king, and to send a ship once a year to Guinea to obtain negroes. All these privileges were to continue for fifteen years, on condition that Crozat should fulfil certain obligations that were imposed on him, and particularly that he should send from France every year two ships loaded with a certain number of emigrants." — Vol. I. p. 95.

The government undertook to pay an annual sum of fifty thousand livres for the salaries of the officers of the king in Louisiana for nine years, after which the whole expense of maintaining the garrison and the administration was to devolve on Crozat. Lamothe Cadillac was made governor in place of Bienville, who was allowed, however, to retain an inferior office. His services were admitted to be of great value in maintaining amicable relations with the Indian tribes, over whom he had acquired vast influence by his generosity and scrupulous adherence to his word, as well as by the firm and equitable manner in which he acted when he was chosen arbitrator to settle disputes among them. Above all, he conciliated their esteem by punishing with great severity any of his own countrymen who wronged them, and compelling full compensation to be made to them for every injury. The new governor had sense enough to leave this department of the administration entirely in his hands, and to devote himself entirely to the search for mines, and to writing long despatches to the government containing the most doleful accounts of the poverty of the country and the weakness of the settlements. At this time, there were only about three hundred whites in Louisiana, more than half of whom were soldiers and other persons in the pay of the king.

Crozat hoped to open an overland intercourse with the Spaniards of New Mexico, and thus to find a market for the products of Louisiana. The jealous disposition and strict revenue laws of the Spanish government formed an insurmountable obstacle to any traffic by sea between the two colonies ; but it was thought that a contraband trade through the interior would be connived at by the authorities. For this purpose, and to prevent the Spaniards from establishing themselves at Natchitoches, an officer named St. Denis was sent from Louisiana in 1714, attended by a small party of

Indians and Canadians, with instructions to form a settlement at Natchitoches, and then to find his way through the wilderness to the Spanish towns on the Rio Bravo. He executed this hazardous commission with great bravery and perseverance, though the expedition had not the desired result. After establishing a small post at the appointed spot on the Red river, he took with him a select party of twelve Canadians and a few Indians, and struck off boldly to the westward, into a wild and unknown region. After travelling twenty days, he arrived at a village of the Assinais, near the place where La Salle had been murdered, twenty-seven years before. Here he obtained guides, who conducted him to Presidio del Norte, the nearest settlement of the Spaniards on the Rio Bravo. Its governor, Don Pedro de Villescas, received him with great courtesy, and St. Denis announced that the object of his expedition was to make arrangements for commercial intercourse between the two colonies, which would be equally advantageous to the French and the Spaniards. As Don Pedro had no power to conclude such an arrangement, St. Denis was obliged to push on to Caouis, a hundred and eighty miles farther, where a superior officer resided. Here he was detained on various pretexts till the beginning of 1715, when the governor said that he must send him under an escort to the viceroy at Mexico. Accordingly, having directed his companions to return to Natchitoches, St. Denis set forward to the capital.

On his arrival, after a fatiguing journey of three months, he was immediately thrown into prison by the viceroy, and languished there for many weeks. He was then released, at the solicitation of some French officers in the Mexican service, and the viceroy, appreciating his merits, sought to induce him to remain there, and accept office under the Spaniards. He refused, and the viceroy then presented him with one of the finest horses in his stables, furnished him with money, and sent him back to Presidio del Norte. Here he was fortunate enough to render some service to his old friend Don Pedro, by negotiating a peace for him with a neighbouring tribe of Indians, and then remained some time under his hospitable roof. During this time, he fell in love with the daughter of his host, and having obtained her consent and that of her father, they were married. After tarrying some months longer with his wife, he bethought himself that it was

necessary to render an account of the expedition with which he had been charged, and accordingly set out upon his return, and arrived at Mobile in August, 1716, accompanied by the uncle of his wife. His report was, that he had failed to make a commercial arrangement, but had effected a matrimonial alliance between the French and Spaniards.

Notwithstanding this failure, Crozat recommended that the attempt should be renewed, and three Canadians were accordingly furnished with merchandise, and sent off by way of the Red river towards the province of New Leon. They were soon overtaken by the indefatigable St. Denis, who accompanied them as far as the village of the Assinais. There they stopped awhile to refresh themselves, while he, being in haste to see his wife, who had remained with her father, pushed forward with a portion of the goods to Presidio del Norte. The three Canadians soon followed him, but ascertained on their arrival, that his wares had been confiscated, and that he had gone to the city of Mexico in the hope of obtaining their restoration. Fearing a like seizure of their own goods, they hurriedly retraced their steps, and returned in safety to Mobile, after a fatiguing and perilous journey. Some months afterwards, St. Denis returned also. On his arrival in Mexico, he found a new viceroy in office, who received him with the usual measure of hospitality in the Spanish colonies towards foreigners, by throwing him again into prison. After a time, his wife's relations obtained his release, and a restoration of his goods, which he sold at a very high price. Unluckily, however, an unfaithful agent cheated him out of the whole proceeds of the sale, and discouraged by his continued misfortunes, St. Denis returned to Louisiana with a report that it was idle to think of maintaining any traffic with the Spaniards.

Crozat himself had already arrived at the same conclusion. During the absence of this land expedition, he had resolved to risk an adventure by sea, hoping that the Spaniards on the coast would be more favorably inclined to trade than those in the interior. He sent a ship, therefore, with a rich cargo to Vera Cruz, having selected the goods with a particular reference to the Mexican market ; but the viceroy, deaf to all representations, would not allow the vessel even to enter the port, and it was obliged to return to Louisiana, where the merchandise was all wasted or spoiled. Disheartened

by these losses, by the enormous expenses of the colony, and by the pitiful returns from the meagre traffic with the Indians, Crozat resolved to return to the government its burdensome grant, and to renounce the profitless ambition of owning a vast province in the New World.

The surrender of his charter was accepted at a council of the ministry held in August, 1717, and it was then determined that the management of Louisiana was too considerable a charge for a private individual, that the king could not undertake it, seeing that his majesty could not enter into all the commercial details that were necessary, and consequently that the best course was to create a company with sufficient capital to carry on the enterprise. The monopoly of Crozat had continued for five years, during which time the colony had made no progress in commerce or agriculture, though its population had somewhat increased, as he had faithfully executed his contract by sending fresh bands of emigrants thither every year. Including the soldiers, the French in Louisiana now numbered seven hundred souls.

The new company formed to take charge of the province was the main feature in the famous Mississippi scheme of the notorious John Law. This daring adventurer in finance, a Scotchman by birth, had cunning enough to gain the favor of the regent Duke of Orleans, by whom the affairs of France were then mismanaged, and under his auspices to carry into effect one of the most stupendous schemes of fraud that the world has ever witnessed. The kingdom itself was to be renovated through a tide of wealth which should flow in upon it from all quarters, under the wonder-working agency of a new bank, with immense capital, that had already been established with Law at the head of it, and of this new commercial association, which was to draw immeasurable riches from the hitherto feeble and sickly colony of Louisiana. It is difficult to tell whether this impudent projector was the dupe of his own schemes, or whether he had his eyes open all the time, and really meant to gain wealth and power for himself by duping and ruining a whole nation. The former is the more probable hypothesis, as it seems incredible that a conscious swindler should have recommended his project with so much zeal and earnestness as to deceive alike the prince, the ministry, the merchants, and the people. A factitious appearance of wealth was easily created at the

outset by issuing a vast quantity of certificates of stock, which through the eagerness of the infatuated purchasers rose to an enormous value, and by sending forth bank-notes without stint to supply the frantic demand for means to purchase. Fictitious values being thus manufactured to an immense extent, every thing wore for a time the aspect of the greatest prosperity; money was abundant, prices rose, the value of the stock was enhanced from day to day. Any question about the basis on which this vast paper fabric rested was met by a reference to the undiscovered mines, the boundless unsettled lands, and the yet unexplored commercial facilities of Louisiana. The excited imaginations of the French supplied all the rest; impudence could not frame fictions that the public credulity would not tolerate.

Law ruined half France, but the consequences of his scheme were beneficial to Louisiana. The new company, of which he was the chief director, in return for the monopoly of trade with the province, and for its right to all the land on which it should cause settlements to be established, was bound to transport to Louisiana, during the term of its charter, at least six thousand whites, and three thousand negro slaves. The bubble burst and the company was destroyed before this plan was wholly carried into effect, but not till its lavish expenditures and the abundant means it had provided for bringing emigrants and slaves into the colony had given strength and confidence to the settlers, and enabled them to rely in some measure on their own efforts. As one of their first measures, the directors reinstated Bienville in office, and he determined at once to seek a proper location on the banks of the Mississippi for the chief settlement. He selected the spot where New Orleans now stands, and sent fifty laborers to clear the ground, though the city was not properly founded and made the seat of government for some years afterwards. The company made extensive grants of lands, on condition that the proprietors should send over a sufficient number of emigrants to form the necessary establishments for cultivating the soil. Law himself took a grant of four square leagues on the Arkansas, and as he could not find Frenchmen enough who were willing to emigrate, he sent thither two hundred Germans, who were soon followed by five hundred slaves from the African coast. A company, among whom were some ministers of the crown, accepted a

large tract upon the Yazoo river, and Hubert, the chief commissary of the colony, with some merchants at St. Malo, undertook to settle an extensive district near Natchez. The emigrants arrived before sufficient preparations could be made for them, so that many perished from famine and the peculiar diseases of the country ; but enough remained, with the aid of the negroes, to clear large tracts of ground, on which tobacco, rice, and indigo began to be cultivated, and Louisiana at last had promise of better days.

Among the Germans who came to occupy Law's grant was a woman who had excited considerable attention in Europe, and of whom we find occasional mention in the memoirs of those times.

"It was said that she was the wife of the Czarowitz Alexis, the son of Peter the Great, and it is certain that she bore a striking resemblance to this princess. The report was, that in order to escape her husband's bad treatment, as he beat her cruelly, she had recourse to a feigned death, and came out of the tomb to take refuge in a distant country. This woman married in Louisiana the Chevalier d'Aubant, who had seen the princess at St. Petersburg, and thought he recognized her under the *incognita* which she had taken, and which she apparently wished to preserve. After a long residence in Louisiana, she followed her husband to Paris and to Isle Bourbon, whither he was sent with the rank of major. Becoming a widow in 1754, she returned to Paris with a daughter whom she had had by her marriage. She died there in great poverty in 1771." — Vol. I. p. 182.

In June, 1722, news was brought to Louisiana, that the royal bank had failed, that Law himself, preserved with difficulty from the popular fury, had become a fugitive and an exile, while consternation and bankruptcy pervaded France. The shock was fatal, also, to the private fortunes of many individuals in the colony, but did not materially impede the general prosperity of the settlements. They had now fairly taken root in the soil, the few years during which they had been under the management of the company having greatly augmented their numbers and resources. Great fears were entertained lest they should be entirely forgotten, amid the general distress that agitated the mother country ; but the India Company was still in being, though with miserably crippled means and credit, and the directors were able even in this disastrous year to send some feeble aid to their prov-

ince in America. The condition of the emigrants, who had most recently arrived to colonize the extensive land grants made by the company, was the most pitiable. The bankruptcy of the great proprietors who had transported them to this country left them suddenly without tools, habitations, or present means of subsistence. Most of Law's German colonists abandoned his lands on the Arkansas, and came in a body to New Orleans, seeking to find passage to France, whence they might regain their native land. Unable or unwilling to assist them to return, the colonial government offered them a tract of land on both sides of the river, about twenty miles from New Orleans, which they accepted, and applied themselves with characteristic patience and frugality to cultivating the soil on their own account. The Chevalier d'Arensbourg, a Swedish officer, was made commandant of this new post. This was the origin of the establishment on that part of the river which is yet known by the name of the *Côte des Allemands*, or German Shore; its industrious inhabitants long supplied the market of New Orleans with every species of vegetables.

The history of Louisiana from this time forward is complicated with Indian wars and European diplomacy, and cannot be made intelligible here without far exceeding our limits. We have followed the accounts of its infancy and its slow and feeble growth with much interest, because they are so unlike the annals of English colonization in America, and show the curious contrast between the characters and actions of the Gauls and the Anglo-Saxons when they attempt to subdue the wilderness, and extend the borders of civilization. We have said that M. Gayarré's work can hardly be called a history; but it furnishes much useful material for the future historian, and we cannot close without expressing our gratitude to him for the zeal and diligence with which he has illustrated the annals of his native State. The two volumes already published bring down the history of the province only to the year 1770; but a continuation is promised which will extend to the present time.

ART. II. — *Cyclopædia of English Literature: a Selection of the Choicest Productions of English Authors, from the Earliest to the Present Time, connected by a Critical and Biographical History.* Edited by ROBERT CHAMBERS. Boston: Gould, Kendall, & Lincoln. 2 vols. 8vo.

WE hail with peculiar pleasure the appearance of this work, and more especially its republication in this country at a price which places it within the reach of a great number of readers. We have been inundated by a stream of cheap reprints, tending to corrupt the morals and vitiate the taste of our community; and are pleased that the publishers have still sufficient faith in the purity of both, to induce them to incur the large outlay which the production of the work before us must have occasioned, and for which they can expect to be remunerated only by a very extensive sale. In England, where the price is yet lower, no less than forty thousand copies of it have been sold. A strong desire has for some years been manifesting itself there for an enlarged acquaintance with the choice writings of the early English authors. Not only is the study of the language and literature of our ancestors diligently pursued by individuals, but several societies, such as the Aelfric, and the Camden, have been formed, which have reproduced the more valuable works of Anglo-Saxon and early English writers, and have thus greatly facilitated the pursuit of these studies. We hope that at no distant period the people of the United States will manifest a similar taste, and that at some of our colleges professorships of the Anglo-Saxon language will be founded, and will dispel the extraordinary and lamentable ignorance which so universally exists respecting the early history of the English language, and the highly interesting and valuable literature of our forefathers.

On this account, we regret that Mr. Chambers has given so meagre a portion of his space to that part of the work which treats of the origin of our language. The opening paragraph contains all that is said upon the subject.

"The English language is essentially a branch of the Teutonic, the language spoken by the inhabitants of central Europe immediately before the dawn of history, and which constitutes the foundation of the modern German, Danish, and Dutch. In-

troduced by the Anglo-Saxons in the fifth century, it gradually spread, with the people who spoke it, over nearly the whole of England ; the Celtic, which had been the language of the aboriginal people, shrinking before it into Wales, Cornwall, and other remote parts of the island, as the Indian tongues are now retiring before the advance of the British settlers in North America."

Our readers may desire somewhat more accurate information, and we therefore proceed to lay before them a brief sketch of the early history of our language. It appears marvellous that so little has yet been done in this department of literature ; that in England, at least, where the minutest shades of difference between the dialects of two petty states of ancient Greece have been investigated with the most patient and careful labor, where these investigations have occupied the time and attention of the most learned and accomplished persons, and have been rewarded with wealth and honor, the origin and formation, the laws, corruptions, and anomalies of the English language should so long have been condemned to almost universal neglect. Surely it must be with languages as it is with nations ; the history of a people becomes important in exact proportion to the influence which they exercise upon the fate of the bulk of mankind; a language becomes worthy of study in proportion to its effect on the moral destiny of the human race, and their general advancement in refinement, civilization, the arts and sciences, and religious knowledge. And what language in these respects ever had the power which our own exercises at this moment, and which yet is as nothing when compared with that which is reserved for it ? The empire of England and of the United States encircles the earth ; the former stretching out her giant arms, and embracing within her powerful grasp countless colonies, which minister to her riches and honor, and to whom she gives in return the blessings of civilization and knowledge ; the latter just entering upon a career the probable limits of which exceed all calculation.

The history of nations is naturally connected with that of languages ; they throw light upon each other, and a link which is wanting in the one may frequently be supplied from the other. Their united testimony furnishes us with the following account of the origin of those tribes from whom the

greater part of the present inhabitants of Europe are descended.

One great division of the human race, which may be called the Indo-Germanic, moved from the birthplace of man, the highlands of Asia, in a northwesterly direction. This large body separated, however, upon the confines of Europe; one branch, the Pelasgic, from which are descended the Greeks and Romans, colonized the southern peninsulas; another, the Celtic, took possession of central and western Europe, and Great Britain; while a third, consisting of the Teutonic tribes, followed in their footsteps, dislodged them from all but their most western settlements, and occupied the whole country extending from the middle of Scandinavia and the Gulf of Riga to the Rhine, the Alps, and the junction of the Theiss with the Danube. These again were followed by the Slavonic tribes, which were less successful in conquest, and, penetrating only as far as the Elbe and the Saale, were afterwards beaten back, and settled in the countries which are now called Russia, Poland, and Bohemia. Distinct from all these, probably, was the Finnish race, whose early history is involved in much obscurity; their modern descendants are the Laplanders, Finns, and some nearly savage tribes on the shores of the Northern Ocean. The Avares, or Hungarians, have also, but with doubtful propriety, been classed in this division. With these last two races we have no further concern; their languages prove them to be connected with the great Indo-Germanic family; but all their intercourse with this family must have ceased at a very early period, and they did not subsequently exercise any direct influence upon the formation of the English language.

From the Pelasgic race are descended the Greeks and Romans; but we must not suppose that the latter were a colony from the former. Their languages bear a striking similarity to each other in many remarkable features, but not such a similarity as would subsist between two languages one of which was immediately derived from the other. It seems probable, that both these nations are descended from the ancient inhabitants of Thessaly; but that the language of the Romans was much modified by admixture with that of the Etruscans, who were doubtless of Celtic origin. When the conquering legions of Rome began to extend the limits

of her empire, they found the Celts in possession of the western extremities of Europe. This race consisted of two divisions, the Gaels and the Cymri. The former had probably been the first inhabitants of Gaul, Spain, and the British islands, but had gradually been dispossessed by the latter, whom the Romans found in possession of western Gaul and Britain. The Irish and the Highlanders of Scotland are the descendants of the Gaels, the Welch of the Cymri.

The Celtic race had been driven to the western borders of Europe by the gradual advance of the Teutonic tribes, from whom the greater part of the modern nations of Europe and their descendants in America derive their origin. These tribes were at an early period divided into those which belonged, and those which did not belong, to the great Suevian confederation. To this division several broad marks of distinction may be traced. The Suevi were all nomadic tribes; they had nobles, freemen, and slaves, and when they were converted to Christianity, they adopted the Arian doctrines. The Non-Suevi were the first to build fixed dwellings and towns, and to cultivate the soil; their tribes consisted of freemen, feudal vassals (*lazzi*, *lati*), and slaves (*sclaven*), who were probably prisoners of war taken from the neighbouring Slavonic race; upon their conversion they all became Catholics. But there is yet another mark of distinction, and one which for our present purpose is of great importance; namely, a difference of dialect. The German language, from the remotest ages down to the present time, has been divided into High and Low German; the Suevi were all speakers of High German, the Non-Suevi of Low German. Among the former were the Alemans, Bavarians, Burgundians, Goths, Vandals, Alans, and Gepidæ; among the latter the principal were the Franks, Saxons, Longobards, Thuringians, and Friesians. In process of time, some of the smaller tribes became extinct; the Suevian confederation was broken up, and others were formed, and the names of the smaller tribes were gradually lost in the more general appellations. Among the most powerful of these later confederations were the Franks, the Alemans, the Saxons, and the Goths.

The language of all these tribes was, however, essentially the same; differences there were, and still are,* between

* A valuable collection of specimens of the popular dialects of Germany

the dialects spoken in different parts of the country ; but the evidence of language and history shows, that an embassy from the Marcomanni on the borders of Hungary might have been delivered, in the dialect peculiar to the tribe who sent it, on the banks of the Elbe and Oder, without the necessity of interpretation. And there is the same testimony to prove, that, during a long succession of ages, this widely-spread language was subjected to but few changes. Two hundred and seventy-eight years before the Christian era, some Teutonic tribes sent forth an army which invaded Greece. After they had been defeated at Delphi, the remnant pressed forward into Asia Minor, and settled in Galatia. Some of the Crusaders, who visited that province after a lapse of fourteen centuries, discovered with surprise that the inhabitants could converse with them in the dialect of their own Bavaria.

Of all the Teutonic tribes, the Goths appear to have been the most distinguished for a noble character and great capabilities. We first become acquainted with them toward the close of the second century after the birth of Christ. From Scandinavia, where a considerable district still bears the name of Gothland, they crossed the Baltic, and pursuing at first an easterly course, afterwards ascended the Vistula, and reached the shores of the Black Sea. Here they increased in numbers and power, and soon became involved in a contest with the Roman empire. Some Gothic princes graced as captives the triumphal procession of the Emperor Aurelian. But the Goths also captured many Romans, among whom were a considerable number of Christians. By these, in process of time, they were converted, and were the first Teutonic tribe which acknowledged the faith of Christ.

This event, interesting in every point of view, is peculiarly so with reference to the history of language. Christianity could not long exist before its disciples would seek to possess the Holy Scriptures. The Teutonic tribes, until this period, had been acquainted with no other written language than the Runic characters, employed chiefly for inscriptions upon monumental or other stones, some of which are still in existence. But the desire of possessing a version of the

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has lately appeared under the title of *Germanien's Völkerstimmen.* The Platt-Deutsch of Holstein and Angeln possesses peculiar interest for English readers.

Bible in their own language involved the necessity of providing themselves with a more perfect alphabet. To Ulphilas, Bishop of the Mœso-Goths, belongs the honor of inventing the one, or at least of adapting to his own language the Greek and Roman characters, and of executing the other. A portion of his work has fortunately been preserved,* almost the sole remaining monument of the Gothic language, and separated by an interval of nearly three centuries from any other composition in any dialect of the great Teutonic race. Its value in a philological point of view is very great, as it resolves innumerable difficulties in the study of the history of the European languages, and by its assistance we can account for the appearance which they gradually assumed. As a specimen, we subjoin the Lord's prayer, adding an interlinear translation.

" Atta unsar thu in himinam. veihnai namo thein.
Father our, thou in heaven, be hallowed name thine;
qvimai thiudinassus theins. vairthai vilja theins sve in himina
come kingdom thine; be done will thine as in heaven,
jah ana airthai. hlaif unsarana thana sinteinan gif uns
so on earth; bread (loaf) our the daily give us
himma daga. jah aflet uns thatei skulans sijaima svasve
this day; and let off us that debtors we should be, as
jah veis afletam thaim skulam unsaraim. jah ni briggais uns
also we let off the debtors ours: and not bring us
in fraistubnjai. ak lausei uns af thamma ubilin. unte theina
into temptation; but loose us from the evil: for thine
ist thiudangardi jah mahts jah vulthus in aivins.
is the kingdom, and the might, and the glory, for generations.
Amen.
Amen.

Even a cursory examination of these few lines will suffice to show, that this must have been a vigorous and original lan-

* The imperfect manuscript copy of this work was found in the abbey of Werden in Westphalia, and is now preserved in the university of Upsala, in Sweden. It is a manuscript of singular beauty; the letters are all silver, except the initials, which are of gold, upon vellum of a violet color. Besides this, a small portion of a commentary on the Gospel of St. John, in the Gothic language, in palimpsest manuscript, has been discovered, and published under the title of *Skeireins aivaggêljóns thairh Jóhannên;* it is appended to the edition of Ulphilas published by Gabelentz and Loebe at Leipsic in 1836–1843.

guage, for it possessed all the inflections of the Greek and Latin, and all their facilities for the composition and transposition of words.

We have already stated, that the version of Ulphilas is nearly three centuries older than any other composition now extant in any Teutonic dialect. The next in order of time are the Anglo-Saxon poems of Caedmon ; the poem of Beowulf was indeed composed at an earlier period, but the most ancient manuscript of it is of later date, and bears internal evidence that it has received alterations and additions from its transcribers.

It has excited no less surprise than regret, that no remains of the literature of this long period should have been handed down to us ; the version of Ulphilas was made between A. D. 360 and 380 ; Caedmon died in 680, and the earliest compositions extant in the dialects of Germany are of still later date. But our surprise at this fact will vanish, if we consider the changes which were taking place during this period. The entire population of Europe was in an unsettled state ; the Teutonic tribes, especially, were seeking new habitations, and ejecting their former possessors. This general migration was unfavorable to the production of literary works, and there is sufficient evidence to show that no advance whatever was made in civilization. War was the sole business of mankind, and their sole recreation was the chase. Only one kind of composition would flourish under such circumstances ; every literary pursuit would fall into neglect, except the creation of poems which should encourage the warrior in battle, and rehearse the valiant deeds of the hero who returned victorious from the fight. How comes it, then, it will naturally be asked, that we are not in possession of any such poems ? The explanation of this fact must be found in another great phenomenon that was taking place during the same period ; namely, the spread of Christianity.

The Western Goths were converted to the Christian faith about the year 375, and the Eastern Goths and Vandals soon afterwards ; the Burgundians at the commencement, and the Franks towards the close, of the fifth century ; the Alemans and the Longobards in the sixth ; the Bavarians towards the close of the seventh, and the Thuringians and Friesians in the eighth. The Saxons were the last to abandon their old religion, and became Christians only on their final subjection

to the Franks, at the commencement of the ninth century. The ancient Britons had accepted the Christian religion at a much earlier date ; harassed and threatened with annihilation by their neighbours the Picts and Scots, they implored, during the reign of Vortigern, the aid of the tribes who inhabited the north of Germany. The first who came to Britain were Jutes, under the command of Hengist and Horsa ; it is worthy of remark, however, that Hengist is said by Maerland to have been a Friesian :

> " Een hiet Engistus, een vries, een sas,
> Die uten lande verdreuen was."

They were rewarded for their services by a grant of the Isle of Thanet, but soon made themselves masters of a considerable part of the southern coast of England and the Isle of Wight. Next came the Saxons, and founded the kingdom of Sussex, under Ella, in 491 ; of Wessex, under Cerdic, in 494 ; and of Essex, in 527. About this time, the Angles began to arrive ; they inhabited a district in Schleswig, which still bears the name of Angeln, and, sending forth successive colonies from 527 until 586, they finally became the most numerous and powerful of the emigrants, and gave their name to the country and the people. The Christian Britons had been obliged to retreat before the invaders into the mountain fastnesses of Wales and Cornwall, and heathenism was once more the prevailing religion of England. In the year 597, St. Augustine arrived at Canterbury, and devoted himself to the noble project of effecting the conversion of our Saxon ancestors.

It is, as we have observed, in the spread of Christianity that we find an explanation of the fact, that scarcely a vestige of the poetry of older times has been preserved. That poetry was doubtless intimately connected with the existing religious system ; it has always, and, it would seem, necessarily, been so among rude nations. We must therefore take into consideration the circumstances in which the first preachers of Christianity must have found themselves placed. We have, it is true, but little positive knowledge respecting the religion of the Teutonic tribes ; but there is sufficient evidence to prove that their heathenism was what may be termed a somewhat developed form of natural religion ; much more like that pure religion which was first given to man, —

much less corrupted, less artificial, less untrue, — than the professed belief of the philosophical Greek or the learned Roman, who looked down with contempt upon the ignorant barbarians, and made it a reproach to them that "they worshipped only those deities whom they saw, and from whose power they received visible aid, and that of any others they had not even heard." * Our Germanic ancestors had forgotten Him who alone is God ; but still they worshipped Him in the manifestations of his power, and they worshipped with faith.

> "They worshipped Nature in the hill and valley,
> Not knowing what they loved."

The sun and moon, through which He dispenses light and warmth ; the fruitful earth, which He blesses with increase ; the mysterious elements of fire and water and air, — these were the objects of their worship, and not idols of wood or stone, the work of men's hands. In the source of stream and river, in the womb of the mountain teeming with metals, in the dark cave and ancient tree, they imagined the dwelling-places of their inferior deities. In the stillness of untrodden forests were the fitting temples of such a religion ; prayer and sacrifice were still, as in purer times, its observances.

It must be obvious, that the conversion of such a people from such a religion ; of a people rude and uncultivated, but highly poetical and imaginative in disposition, from a religion which was simple but striking, which presented itself to their memory in every object that met their eyes, and appealed to their hearts in every solemn tradition of the past, — it is obvious, we say, that such a conversion must have been a far more difficult task than any which the preachers of Christianity, unaided by the power of working visible miracles, had yet been called to perform. And this accounts for the fact which we have under consideration. The zealous men who labored for their conversion could alone have committed to writing and preserved for future generations the legends and songs which were current among the Teutonic tribes ; but so far from desiring to perpetuate this poetry, they were, by the nature of their undertaking, compelled to labor for its utter destruction ; they had no hope of succeeding, unless they could eradicate all recollection of the false deities, the

* Cæsar's *Commentaries.*

demigods and heroes, in whose honor most of those wild songs had been composed. The existence of such poems, however, is a matter of certainty, as they are mentioned by the historians* who recorded the lives of some of those early missionaries, and were probably in their possession.

And there is yet another circumstance which deserves to be mentioned, as it doubtless stimulated the exertions which were made to destroy all traces of the old religion, and with it the poetry which served for its transmission from one generation to another. The Christians of that early age were tinged with a degree of superstition, which we cannot be surprised to find existing at a period when the supposed demoniacal influences that manifested themselves during the time of our Saviour's sojourning on earth were still the subjects of vivid tradition. Accordingly, they did not look upon the heathen deities of our forefathers as the creations of an ignorant or diseased fancy, but as really existing evil spirits, who had obtained, and, if possible, would still exercise, a spiritual dominion over their worshippers. Every object, therefore, which in any way had reference to this worship, was regarded as unholy and to be dreaded ; and this was peculiarly the case with regard to songs and legends, which, if they did not all profess to be charms, were supposed to have the same nature, and therefore to increase and perpetuate the power of the Devil and his angels over the souls of those who used them. The council of Lestines promulgated a formula, according to which the converts were to abjure their old religion ; this formula has fortunately been preserved, and it not only proves this fact, but also possesses peculiar interest, as it records the names of two of the heathen deities, of which we should otherwise have been ignorant. The former of these, in all Teutonic languages, gives a name to the fifth day of the week,† and the latter appears as Saxneat, the son of Woden, in the Anglo-Saxon genealogy of the kings of Essex. As this document is one of the earliest extant in the German language, and illustrates the origin of the Anglo-Saxon, we here give it, with a literal translation : —

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* Jornandes, Paulus Diaconus, and Widukind.

† In early German, *Donarestac*, *Donrestac;* modern German, *Donnerstag;* Dutch, *Donderdag;* Friesian, *Tongersdei;* old Norwegian, *Thôrsdagr;* Anglo-Saxon, *Thunoresdäg;* English, *Thursday.*

" Forsachistu diabolæ ?
dost thou renounce the devil?
Et resp : ec forsacho diabolæ.
Answer : *I renounce the devil.*
end allum diabol geldæ ?
and all the devil's gains?
Respon : end ec forsacho all diabol geldæ.
Answer : *and I renounce all the devil's gains.*
end allum diaboles uuercum ?
and all the devil's works?
Resp : end ec forsacho allum diaboles uuercum end
Answer : *and I renounce all the devil's works and*
uuordum, thunaer ende uuoden ende saxnote ende allum them
words, Thunar and Wodan and Saxnot, and all the
unholdum, the hira genotas sint.
evil spirits which here noted are."

The converts pledged themselves, therefore, to renounce and forsake all the works and *words* of the Devil, by which are undoubtedly meant all the songs and legends, the entire poetry, by which the influence of heathenism was in a great measure sustained. And so successful were the efforts of the missionaries, that, in England, no relics whatever of heathen poetry have survived ; and in Germany, all that is known to exist consists of two short incantations or charms, discovered by Jacob Grimm in 1841,* the former for breaking the fetters of a captive, the latter for curing the sprain of a horse's foot.

Having thus accounted for the fact, that we possess no earlier specimens of the language of our forefathers, we now return to Caedmon, the first Anglo-Saxon writer of whom we have any certain information. Eight kingdoms were founded in Britain before the year 586 ; namely, one Jute, three Saxon, and four Angle. These tribes all spoke Low-German, and their dialects differed but little from each other. The unimportant varieties which existed have continued probably to the present time, and may be traced in the provincial dialects which are still peculiar to different parts of England. Caedmon was a native of Whitby, and wrote

* *Ueber zwei entdeckte Gedichte aus der Zeit des deutschen Heidenthums.* Berlin, 1842.

therefore in the dialect of the Angles. He is said to have been in a dream inspired with the first verses which he composed, and which are in honor of the Creator of the world. These verses have been preserved, and are given in the work which we are reviewing ; but the editor is mistaken in presenting them as the earliest specimen of Anglo-Saxon, when he cites them, not in their original form, or as they appear in the most ancient manuscript, but in the translation of King Alfred, which was made at least a century and a half later. He should certainly have informed his readers, that they are reading the verses of Caedmon in the dialect of another age, and of another part of the country. We subjoin the passage as it is given by Mr. Chambers, and with it the older form, which is preserved in a manuscript of the year 737, in order that our readers may be able to mark the difference of the two dialects.

Caedmon, A. D. 680. MS. A. D. 737.	Alfred, A. D. 885.	English : Literal Version.
Nu scylun hergan	Nu we sceolan herian.	Now we shall praise
hefaen ricaes uard	heofon-rices weard.	the guardian of heaven's kingdom,
metudaes maecti	metodes mihte.	the creator's might,
end his mod gidanc	and his mod-gethonc.	and his mind's thought,
uerc uuldur fadur	wera wuldor-faeder.	glorious father of men!
sue he uundra gihuaes	swa he wundra gehwaes.	as of every wonder he,
eci drictin	ece dryhten.	Lord eternal,
or astelidae.	oord onstealde.	formed the beginning.
He aerist scop	he aerest gesceop.	He first framed
elda barnum	eorthan bearnum.	for the children of men
heben til hrofe	heofon to hrofe.	the heavens as a roof ;
haleg scepen	halig scyppend.	holy Creator !
tha middun geard	tha middan geard.	then mid-earth
mon cynnaes uard	mon cynnes weard	the guardian of mankind,
eci dryctin	ece dryhten.	the eternal Lord
aeftar tiadae	aefter teode	afterwards produced ;
firum foldu	firum foldan.	the earth for men
frea allmectig.	frea aelmihtig.	Lord Almighty !

The Danes established numerous settlements on the coasts of England, and even made themselves masters of the kingdom, which was afterwards wrested from them by Alfred. But the influence of these Northern adventurers upon the language of the country was much less than might perhaps

have been expected, and was limited to the Dano-Saxon, or Northumbrian dialect, in which the noble fragment of a paraphrase of the book of Judith is composed.

The enlightened and amiable Alfred translated several Latin works into the Anglo-Saxon tongue, and thus gave to the West Saxon dialect the same preponderance over the others which Luther, by his version of the Bible, secured for the High-German of modern times. But the most distinguished name in Anglo-Saxon literature is that of Aelfric, Archbishop of Canterbury, who died A. D. 1006. In order that he might be understood by unlettered people, he wrote, as he himself informs us, in the purest Anglo-Saxon, avoiding the use of all obscure words.

Edward the Confessor, who, during the reigns of Cnut, Harold, and Hardicnut, had been an exile in Normandy, returned to England in the year 1042, and brought with him many of the customs, manners, and expressions of the Norman nobles; and thus commenced the formation of that mixed language which is known under the name of English. Before we proceed to describe the changes which were effected by the introduction of a new element, we must briefly revert to the history of the peculiar language which is called the Norman-French.

The confederation of the Franks (freemen) was chiefly composed of the Chatti, Cherusci, and other tribes originally dwelling on the banks of the lower Rhine, and between that river and the Weser, who during the fourth century made themselves masters of a great part of Gaul. At the commencement of the fifth century, they had acquired a considerable degree of importance, and were divided into Ripuarii and Salii; the latter first chose a king in the year 420, and at the same time established a written code, the famous Salic laws. The third king was Merovig, the founder of the Merovingian dynasty, which reigned until 771, and is noted for its strange imbecility, and for the great power which the Frankish nation acquired under the able government of their ministers, who were styled mayors of the palace.

The Franks were among the Low-German tribes; but except a few proper names, we have but scanty remains of their original dialect. That which is called the Franco-

Theotistic * was the language of the High-German tribes whom they conquered. In this dialect there are some very valuable and beautiful remains, among which may be mentioned translations of a Latin homily by Isidore, Bishop of Seville, of the hymns of St. Ambrose, and of the Gospel of St. Matthew; but above all, a poetical harmony of the Gospels, written at the commencement of the ninth century, by Otfrid, a Benedictine monk, in the convent of Weissenburg. The Franks from the time of their entering Gaul had held a close connection with the Romans, whose allies they had generally been, and in whose armies great numbers of them had repeatedly fought. So intimate was this connection, that the Franks gradually assumed the use of the Roman language, and the Salic laws themselves were written in corrupted Latin.

Upon the death of Ludwig (Louis), son of Charlemagne, A. D. 840, his three sons divided the empire between them; Charles, the youngest, took France; Ludwig had Germany; and Lotharius, the eldest, received Italy, Burgundy, and Lorraine, with the imperial dignity. Two years afterwards, the two younger brothers formed an alliance, and in a solemn assembly held at Strassburg they and their subjects took oaths of mutual fidelity, on one side in the Franco-Theotistic dialect, and on the other in the so-called Romance, from which the modern French and a considerable part of the English language derive their origin. It may be interesting to see a few lines of this document, which exhibits very clearly the change that the language was undergoing.

"Pro deo amur et pro christian poblo [1] et nostro commun salvament, dist [2] di in avant,[3] in quant deus savir et podir [4] me dunat,[5] si salvarai eo cist [6] meon fradre Karlo et in adjudha [7] et in cadhuna [8] cosa,[9] si cum [10] om [11] per dreit [12] son fradra salvar dist,[13] in o quod il mi altresi [14] fazet,[15] et ab Ludher nul plaid [16] nunquam prindrai,[17] qui meon vol [18] cist meon fradre Karle in damno sit."

[1] Lat. *populus*, Fr. *peuple*. [2] Lat. *de istâ*. [3] Lat. *ab ante*, Fr. *en avant*. [4] Lat. *sapere et potere* (for *posse*), Fr. *savoir et pouvoir*. [5] Lat. *donat*, Fr. *donne*. [6] Lat. *ecce iste*, Fr. *cet*, *ce*. [7] Lat. *adjutare*, Fr. *aide*. [8] Lat. *usque*

* During the reign of Charlemagne, the German tribes were for the first time collected into one body, and assumed the name *thiot*, *diot*, *deot*, a *people;* from which their modern appellation of Deutsch, or Teutsch, is derived.

ad unum (omnes), Fr. *chacun.* [9] Lat. *causa*, Fr. *chose.* [10] Lat. *quam*, Fr. *comme.* [11] Lat. *homo*, Fr. *homme.* [12] Lat. *directum*, Fr. *droit.* [13] Lat. *debet*, Fr. *doit.* [14] Lat. *alterum sic*, Fr. *aussi.* [15] Lat. *faciat*, Fr. *fasse.* [16] Lat. *placitum*, Old Fr. *plaid* (Engl. *plead* and *pledge*). [17] Lat. *prehendere*, Fr. *prendre.* [18] Lat. *volle* (for *velle*), Fr. *vouloir.*

Almost every word in this sentence shows the transition from the old Latin to the corresponding term in modern French and English, and, yet more strongly, the great change which seems about this period to have taken place in all the languages of modern Europe, by the rejection of inflections and distinctive terminations. The cause of this change is very obvious, and we shall have occasion to refer to it again.

Even before the death of Charlemagne, the repeated depredations of the Normans (Northmen) upon the coasts of France had drawn tears from the eyes of that monarch, and after his death their ravages became terrible, and spread desolation over the fairest provinces of France. At the commencement of the tenth century, Rolf, a Norwegian Yarl, who had been driven from his own country, landed with his followers on the French coast, and established the Norman dominion in Brittany and Neustria. The fifth in a direct line from Rolf was William, surnamed the Conqueror, who gained possession of England in 1066. But during the one hundred and fifty years which had elapsed, the Normans had abandoned their own Danish, and had adopted in its place the corrupted Latin of the people whom they had subdued.

William formed the ambitious design of changing the language of his new dominions ; and his successors persisted in the experiment while any hope of its accomplishment remained. The Norman-French undoubtedly exerted very great influence on the Anglo-Saxon, but it effected a change of the inflections and terminations rather than of the words themselves ; for any person conversant with old English must have observed, that the greater part of the French words which are now so abundant were not introduced until after the Norman-French had become entirely obsolete.

It is a general rule, that a conquered nation gives its language to the conquerors, except where, as in the case of the early Britons, they are altogether expelled from the country. It was so with the Northmen who settled in France ; it was so with their descendants, who conquered England. But on

the other hand, the national language of the conquered is usually found to undergo a considerable change ; the conquerors are obliged to learn the words of their new subjects, in order to make themselves understood ; but they will not take the trouble to acquire the syntax of the language. The infinitive moods of verbs, the nominative cases of nouns, the roots of adjectives, suffice for their necessities ; and thus the entire form of the language undergoes a change. The trunk of the tree remains standing ; but the spreading branches, the slender twigs, and the luxuriant foliage perish in the storm.

The Norman nobles for a long time refused to learn the Anglo-Saxon language. When Robert, brother of Matilda, was taken prisoner in 1142, and his followers endeavoured to escape in disguise, they were recognized by their ignorance of the language. When William of Longchamps, minister of Richard the First, attempted to fly from the country as a dealer in linen, the same cause led to his detection. Richard Cœur-de-Lion understood not a word of a speech addressed to him by his Anglo-Saxon subjects. The first Romance words seem to have found their way into the language through preachers and religious writers ; thus, we find *gemartyrod* in 1013, *chor* in 1083, *clerecas* in 1085, *processionem* in 1125, *martyrs* and *miracles* in 1137. Soon afterwards, lawyers introduced such words as *prisun*, *justice*, *rentes*, *tresor*, *privilegies ;* and at a somewhat later period, the rhymers began to add grace to their verses by adopting *rose*, *lily*, *odour*, *flower*, *fruit*, *joy*, &c.

Translators are under peculiar temptation to adopt words of the language in which the original is composed. About the year 1160, Wace wrote, in his native French, a narrative poem entitled *Le Brut d'Angleterre* (Brutus of England).* There is a metrical English translation of this work by one Layamon, a priest of Ernely on the Severn, of which Mr. Chambers says the date is not ascertained. It is, however, generally acknowledged to have been executed about the year 1200, and it is remarked by Mr. Ellis, that it does not contain a single word "which we are under the necessity of referring to a French origin." At the same time, "the or-

* Published in Ellis's Specimens of the Early English Poets. London, 1801.

thography of this manuscript, in which we see for the first time the admission of the soft *g*," and many other peculiarities in the form of the words and the construction of the sentences, seems to prove that little more than the substitution of a few French for the present Saxon words was now necessary to produce a resemblance to that Anglo-Norman, or English, which came into use in the thirteenth century. Mr. Chambers has given a passage from Wace, and also Layamon's translation, and we here make another short extract from the same works, which, as is justly observed, "we must consider as throwing a valuable light on the history of our language at perhaps the most important period of its existence." It is part of a description of the ceremonies supposed to have taken place at the coronation of King Arthur.

NORMAN-FRENCH, A. D. 1160.

"Quand li service fut finé,
Et Ite Missa est chanté,
Le Roi a sa corone ostée
Qu'il avoit au mostier portée,
Une corone menor prist:
Et la reine ensement prist.
Jus mistrent les greignors ators
Plus legiers pristrent, et menors.
Quand li roi torna del mostier
A son palais ala manger;
La reine à une autre ala
Et les dames o sei mena."

LAYAMON'S VERSION, A. D. 1200.

"Tha the masse wes isungen,
Of chircken heo thrungen.
The king mid his folke
To his mete verde
And mucle his dugethe:
Drem wes on hirede.
Tha quene, an other halve
Her hereberwe isohte:
Heo hafde of wif-monne
Wunder ane moni en."

These specimens show, that, at the end of a century and a half after the Norman conquest, the Anglo-Saxon language remained free from Norman words. But after the commencement of the thirteenth century, they begin to appear;

the language altered its whole appearance during this century, and the year 1300 may be assumed as the period at which the transformation was effected, and the English language had taken the place of the Anglo-Saxon.

The poem of Wace is taken from a fabulous history, written in Latin a few years before, by a monk named Geoffrey of Monmouth. About the year 1297, Robert of Gloucester wrote a metrical English version of this chronicle; his language is full of Saxon peculiarities, which, it is supposed, might be the result in part of his living in so remote a district. But a comparison of the same passage with the version of Layamon will show not only an admission of many French words, but an increase of French idioms and modes of expression.

"The kyng was to ys *paleys*, tho the *seruise* was y do
Ylad wyth thys *menye*, and the quene to hyre also.
Vor hii hulde the olde *usages*, that men wyth men were
By him sulue, and wymmen by him sulue also there.
Tho hii were echone yset, as yt to her *stat* bycom,
Kay, kyng of *Aungeo*, a thousand kyngtes nome
Of *noble* men, yclothed in *ermyne* echone
Of on sywete, and *seruede* as thys *noble feste* anon.
Bedwer, the *botyler*, kyng of *Normandie*,
Nom also in ys half a uayr *companye*
Of on sywyte, vor to *seruy* of the *botelerye*.
By uore the quene yt was also of al suche *corteysye*
Vor to tell all the *noblye* that ther was ydo
They my tonge were of stel, me ssolde nogt *dure* thereto."*

After this period, our language did not suffer any more violent changes; the slow and certain march of time produced many alterations; and as learning advanced, as the ancient classics were more extensively studied, as the progress of science and art rendered new terms necessary, more words were constantly borrowed from the Latin and French, and the language gradually assumed that form in which we find it in those two works which may be considered the standards of pure English, our version of the Bible and the writings of Shakspeare.

The selections given by Mr. Chambers from the works of the early English writers are so copious and so judiciously

* Hearne's edition, p. 190.

made, that we shall content ourselves with adding one or two short passages in the original spelling, for which, in order to make his work more generally useful, he has substituted a modern orthography. The first of these shall be two forms of the Lord's prayer; one of them is in the common English of the commencement of the fourteenth century, and contains, it will be seen, exactly the same number of Romance words as that which is in use at the present day; the other dates from 1340, but is in the dialect which was peculiar to Kent, and is still purely Saxon.

ENGLISH, beginning of the fourteenth century.

"Fader oure in hevene, Halewyd be thi name, Come thi kindam, Thi wille be don as in hevene and in erthe, Oure uche dayes bred geve us to day, And forgeve us oure *dettes*, as we forgeven oure *dettoures*, And lede us not into *temptatioun*, Bote *delyvere* us of yvel. Amen."

KENTISH DIALECT, A. D. 1340.

"Vader oure thet art ine hevenes, Yhalged by thi name, Cominde thi riche, Yworthe thi wil ase ine hevene and ine erthe, Bread oure eche dayes yef ous to day, And vorlet ous our yeldinges, ase and we vorleteth oure yelderes, And ne ous led nagt in to vondinge, Ac vri ous uram queade. Zuo by hit."

The following is the account given by Mr. Chambers of the poetry of this period: —

"The reign of Edward II. (1307–27) may be set down as the era of the earlier English metrical romances, or rather of the earlier English versions of such works from the French, for they were, almost without exception, of that nature. *Sir Guy*, *The Squire of Low Degree*, *Sir Degore*, *King Robert of Sicily*, *The King of Tars*, *Impomedon*, and *La Mort Artur*, are the names of some. Others, probably of later date, or which at least were long after popular, are entitled *Sir Thopas*, *Sir Isenbras*, *Gawan and Gologras*, and *Sir Bevis*. The metrical romances flourished till the close of the fifteenth century, and their spirit affected English literature till a still later period. Many of the ballads handed down amongst the common people are supposed to have been derived from them."

Towards the middle of the fourteenth century several poets wrote, whose works plainly prove that a considerable progress had been made towards a literary style; among these, we may mention Lawrence Minot, whose writings

were edited at the commencement of the present century by Ritson, Richard Rolle, a hermit of the order of St. Augustine, and Robert Langland. The celebrated Vision of Pierce Ploughman by the latter is one of the most important works that appeared in England previous to the invention of printing. It is the popular representative of the doctrines which were silently bringing about the Reformation, and is a much purer specimen of the English language than the poems of Chaucer.

"It is in fact," as Mr. Chambers well remarks, "both in this peculiarity and in its political character, characteristic of a great literary and political revolution, in which the language as well as the independence of the Anglo-Saxons had at last gained the ascendency over those of the Normans. Pierce is represented as falling asleep; and in describing the visions which he sees he exposes the corruptions of society, but particularly the dissolute lives of the religious orders, with much bitterness."

The Vision of Pierce Ploughman is closely allied to a class of works which, in Germany, was at this period much more numerous; satirical poems, the compositions of the most popular minstrels, which were repeated and committed to memory throughout the length and breadth of the land, which were familiar to every ear and heard from every tongue, and which, treating as they did of the venal profligacy of the Papal court, of the false assumption of supremacy by the bishops of Rome, and of the corruptions and errors introduced by them into the Christian doctrine, contributed perhaps more towards preparing the great body of the people for a religious reformation, than all the learned disputations and voluminous writings of a Huss and a Luther. Among such poems are *Reineke de Voss*, *Reinardus*, and Fishart's *Bienenkorb des heiligen Römischen Immenschwarmes.* Of a somewhat different nature are the noble strains of Reinmar von Zweter, and the exquisitely graceful poems of Walther von der Vogelweide; these were equally popular with the former, and treat of the same subjects; only they speak not in the language of satire, but in the sad and earnest tones of heartfelt grief.

We have been led into this digression by a desire to show how thoroughly the Anglo-Saxon element still predominated in the spirit and in the language of the people of England,

and how entirely it had gained the ascendency over the Norman.

All the specimens which we have as yet seen of the English language have been poetical ; for poetry, in the history of every language, is of earlier date than prose. The first prose-writer entitled to any consideration is Sir John Mandeville, who was born in the year 1300, and travelled during many years in Eastern countries. Upon his return to England, he published an account of all that he had seen and heard ; his work was originally written in Latin, then translated into French, and finally into English, — "that every man of my nacioun may undirstonde it," — and contains, as may readily be supposed, much that is romantic and fabulous mixed up with a great deal that is interesting and true. To the extracts given by Mr. Chambers we add one, in the original spelling, which to great force of thought adds considerable beauty of expression.

"And I, John Maundeville knyghte aboveseyd (allethough I be unworthi), that departed from our contrees and passed the see, the zeer of grace 1322, that have passed manye londes, and many yles and contrees, and cerched manye fulle straunge places, and have ben in manye a fulle gode honourable compañye and at manye a faire dede of armes (alle be it that I dide none myself for myn unable insuffisance), now I am comen hom (mawgree myself) to reste ; for gowtes, artetykes, that me distreynen, tho diffynen the ende of my labour, azenst my will (God knowethe). And thus takynge solace in my wretched reste, recordynge the tyme passed, I have fulfilled theise thinges and putte hem wryten in this boke, as it wolde come into my mynde, the zeer of grace 1356, in the 34 zeer that I departede from our contrees. Wherefore I preye to alle the rederes and hereres of this boke, zif it plese hem, that thei wolde preyen to God for me: and I schalle preye for hem. And alle tho that seyn for me a Pater noster, with an Ave Maria, that God forzeve me my synnes, I make hem partneres, and graunte em part of alle the gode pilgrymages and of alle the gode dedes that I hav don, zif ony be to his plesance : and noghte only of tho, but of alle that evere I schalle do unto my lyfes ende. And I beseche Almyghty God, fro whom alle goodnesse and grace comethe fro, that he vouchesaf, of his excellent mercy and abundant grace, to fulle fylle hire soules with inspiracioun of the Holy Gost, in makynge defence of alle hire gostly enemyes here in erthe, to hire salvacioun, both of body and soule ; to worshipe and

thankynge of him, that is three and on, withouten begynnynge and withouten endynge; that is withouten qualitee good, and withouten quantytee gret; that in alle places is present, and alle thinges contenynge; the which that no goodnesse may amende, ne non evelle empeyne; that in perfeyte trynytee lyvethe and regnethe God, be alle worldes, and be alle tymes. Amen."

It will be observed, that this extract contains a great many Romance words and phrases; but this will not create surprise, when we remember that the author had travelled for thirty-four years in countries where the Latin language must have been his sole medium of communication, and more especially that his book was composed in Latin, and translated into French, before the English version was made.

The next prose author of whom we must make mention is John Wickliffe, professor of theology in the University of Oxford, the translator of the Bible, and the reformer of the faith of his countrymen. As a specimen of his style, we subjoin his version of the Lord's prayer, which may be advantageously compared with those of a somewhat earlier period, given above. It dates from the year 1370.

"Our fadyr that art in heavenes, Halloed by thy name, Thy kingdome come to, Be thy will done in erthe as in heavene; Geve to us this day our bread over other *substance;* And forgif to us our *dettis,* as we forgeven to our *detters;* And leed us not into *temptatioun;* But *deliver* us from evel. Amen."

In the year 1328 was born Geoffrey Chaucer, who is generally termed the father of English poetry; he was, however, preceded by John Gower. Mr. Chambers places Gower after Chaucer, though he says that the former is supposed to have been a few years older; he should, we think, have noticed that Gower himself, in his Confession of a Lover, calls Chaucer his disciple. But they were before the public at the same time, and it is probably owing to the immense superiority of his contemporary in all the true qualifications of a poet, that the reputation of Gower has never been very great. Chaucer has always had his ardent admirers, and ample justice is rendered to him in the work before us.

"His early pieces have much of the frigid conceit and pedantry of his age, when the passion of love was erected into a sort of court, governed by statutes, and a system of chivalrous my-

thology (such as the poetical worship of the rose and the daisy) supplanted the stateliness of the old romance. In time he threw off these conceits, —

> 'He stooped to truth, and moralized his song.'

When about sixty, in the calm evening of a busy life, he composed his *Canterbury Tales*, simple and varied as nature itself, imbued with the results of extensive experience and close observation, and colored with the genial lights of a happy temperament, that had looked on the world without austerity, and passed through its changing scenes without losing the freshness and vivacity of youthful feeling and imagination."

As a poet, Chaucer certainly deserves all the praise which has been so liberally bestowed on him ; but there have not been wanting those who charge him with having exerted a baneful influence upon the subsequent fate of the English language. He had visited France and Italy, and one at least of his tales is taken from the Italian of Petrarch. Skinner somewhat harshly blames him for having vitiated his native speech " by whole cartloads of foreign words."

Two Scottish writers, John Barbour, archdeacon of Aberdeen, and Andrew Wyntoun, prior of St. Serf's monastery in Lochleven, the former the author of The Bruce, the latter of a metrical " Orygynale Cronykil of Scotland," complete the first period of the literature of England, ending with the year 1400 ; but we think that mention ought to have been made of Lydgate, a monk of Bury, who was nearly contemporary with Chaucer. A single stanza from his Fall of Princes will show that he lays no claim to great poetical powers, and will at the same time form a fit conclusion to our series of quotations illustrating the progress of the English language.

> " I meane as thus I haue no fresh licour
> Out of the conduites of Calliope,
> Nor through Clio in rhethorike no floure
> In my labour for to refresh me ;
> Nor of the sisters in number thrise three,
> Which with Cithera on Parnaso dwell,
> They neuer me gaue drinke once of their wel."

This, then, was the appearance which our language wore at the commencement of the fifteenth century. The works which we have described had meanwhile given an importance

to the popular language which more than sufficed to counterbalance the advantage that the Norman-French possessed as the language of the court, of legal documents, and of education. In 1362, Edward the Third found himself compelled to substitute the use of English for that of French in judicial proceedings; and "in the same reign, schoolmasters, for the first time, caused their pupils to construe the classical tongues into the vernacular." In Parliament, on the other hand, the French maintained its place until the year 1483; but before that time, it was often found necessary in public documents to add the English translation of many French words. Thus we read, — "Notre dit soverain seignur le Roi ad ordeigne qe null merchant, amesne maunde ne convoie ascuns de cestes *wares* desoutz escritèz: laces, corses, ribans, frenges de soie, aundirons, gridirnes, marteus vulgarement nommez *hamers*, pinsons, *firetonges*, *drepyngpannes*, *dises* (dice), tenys balles, *daggers*, *vodeknyves*, *botkyns*, *sheres* pour taillours, cisours, rasors, *shethes*, agules pour sacs vulgarement nommez *paknedles*, &c."

It must strike an observant reader of more modern English works, that there is a considerable difference between one author and another, with respect to the proportion of Germanic and Romance words which they employ. An examination of some passages taken indiscriminately from their writings proves, that for one hundred words of Germanic origin the translators of the Bible use four of French; Shakspeare and Cowley, fifteen; Spenser, Milton, Thomson, and Addison, twenty-two; Locke and Young, twenty-seven; while Robertson employs more than forty; Pope, fifty; and Hume and Gibbon nearly sixty. Swift, on the other hand, has scarcely as many as Shakspeare. It is evident that the more energetic and forcible, and the more popular writers, those, in fact, whose books are in the hands of the people, use more Germanic words than those who have written for scholars and men of science, and whose style is classical and refined.

The greater part of the vocabulary which we make use of in common conversation we have received from our Saxon ancestors; for the subjects of common talk are generally material substances, which are mostly designated by Germanic words. The heavenly bodies, as *sun*, *moon*, and *stars*; the elements, *earth*, *fire*, and *water*; the divisions of

time, *spring*, *summer*, *fall*, *winter*, *day*, *night*, *morning*, *evening*, *noon*, *midnight*, *year*, *month*, *week*; the phenomena of nature, *light*, *heat*, *cold*, *frost*, *rain*, *snow*, *hail*, *sleet*, *thunder*, *storm*, *wind*, *lightning*; the various parts of our habitable globe, *sea*, *land*, *wood*, *stream*, *hill*, *dale*; the produce of the earth, *wheat*, *rye*, *barley*, *corn*, *oats*, *straw*, *hay*, *beer*; *woods* and *forests*, and the trees of which they consist, *oaks*, *birches*, *beeches*, *elms*, *ashes*; the animal creation, *lamb*, *sheep*, *goat*, *kid*, *ox*, *cow*, *steer*, *heifer*, *calf*, *swine*,* *dog*, *hound*, *cat*, *horse*, *mare*, *cock*, *hen*, *chicken*, *dove*, *bear*, *boar*, *wolf*, *fox*, *hart*, *stag*, *doe*, *deer*, *hare*; — these all are Germanic words, and are just the words which form the largest part of the conversation of every-day life. But further, from the same source are derived all the terms which represent the positions and motions of animated beings, to *sit*, *stand*, *lie*, *run*, *walk*, *leap*, *stagger*, *slip*, *slide*, *stride*, *glide*, *yawn*, *gape*, *thrust*, *fly*, *swim*, *creep*, *crawl*, *spring*. From Germany we have received all the words which express the most endearing and intimate relations, and which are therefore enshrined in the hearts of the people; *father*, *mother*, *husband*, *wife*, *brother*, *sister*, *son*, *daughter*, *child*, *bride*, *home*, *kindred*, *friend*, *hearth*, *roof*, *fireside*, *love*, *hope*, *sorrow*, *fear*, *smile*, *laugh*, *sigh*, *blush*. Germanic is the language of the merchant, the farmer, the seaman; Germanic are almost all our proverbs and popular sayings; Germanic the language of all strong emotions, of hatred and contempt, of anger and love. Of French extraction, on the other hand, are the expressions of science, of the learned professions, and of fashionable society; hence it comes, that general terms are French, while all the individuals comprised under them are Saxon; *motion* is French, but to *go*, *walk*, *ride*, *drive*, *run*, *lie*, *stride*, are Saxon; *sound* is French, but *buzz*, *hum*, *clash*, *splash*, *hiss*, are Saxon; *color* is French, but *white*, *black*, *green*, *yellow*, *blue*, *red*, *brown*, are Saxon; *member* and *organ* are French, but *ear*, *eye*, *hand*, *foot*, *lip*, *mouth*, *hair*, *finger*, are Saxon; *animal* is French, but *man*, *ox*, *cow*, *sheep*, *calf*, *dog*, *cat*, are Saxon; *number* is French, but every single number, except *million*, is of Saxon origin. All the terms of the law, all the expressions referring to ju-

* But when they were taken from the woods and fields, and had the honor of appearing upon the tables of the Norman nobility, they became French, as *beef*, *veal*, *mutton*, *pork*, *venison*.

dicial proceedings, *parliament*, *session*, *jury*, *judge*, *advocate*, *plead*, *defend*, *condemn*, *forfeit*, and the whole vocabulary of the physician, are of Romance extraction. In fine, when we would be forcible, energetic, easily understood, we should seek for Germanic words ; when we would be learned, refined, polite, we should express ourselves in those which are borrowed from the French. The English language furnishes many examples of synonymes, and it will be found to be a general rule, that the Germanic word is forcible, but vulgar, the French less expressive, but better adapted to ears polite ; such, for instance, are to *sweat* and to *perspire*, to be *drunk* and to be *intoxicated*.

We have thus given a brief outline of the history of the English language ; it has necessarily been so brief that it could not be otherwise than defective. We will conclude, as we commenced, with expressing a hope that the publication which has called forth our remarks will exert an influence in directing the attention of the public to the literature of our forefathers, and more especially in encouraging the study of the Anglo-Saxon language, the long and strange neglect of which we cannot but regard as a disgrace to England, and in a less degree to this country. In England, as we have already remarked, great efforts are now making to recover the lost ground, and we would fain be permitted to hope, that in this, as in every thing else that is good and useful, we shall be ready to compete with her in honorable rivalry. "The literature of our Anglo-Saxon forefathers may be regarded as a creditable feature of our national history, and as something of which we might justly be proud, if we did not allow ourselves to remain in such ignorance of it."

ART. III. — *The Crescent and the Cross ; or Romance and Realities of Eastern Travel.* By ELIOT WARBURTON, ESQ. New York : Wiley & Putnan. 1845.

SINCE the day when the Hebrew, grown up from the small beginnings of Joseph and his brethren to be a terror to the powerful people of the Pharaohs, went out from the

land of Egypt, its soil has not ceased to be the theatre of deeds as bold as those that marked the career and formed the fame of the great lawgiver of Israel, and as dark as the doom from which a homeless people were rescued by the angry waves of an avenging sea. Her river was the nucleus of the only nationality which has survived the dreary centuries that immediately followed the flood, and on its banks have shone, in never-ceasing succession, Pharaoh and Ptolemy, king and emperor, consul and satrap, caliph and pasha, Napoleon and sultan. The Pharaohs have been laid in the pyramids or the catacombs, and the Ptolemies are with them. The names of most of the places that knew them are forgotten. The Nile in elder days had brought its rich tribute from the highlands of the south ; the revenues of the granary of the world gleamed in the coffers of its queen ; pearls melted in the wine-cup of the foe of Cicero. The master of half the world was at the feet of the mistress of Egypt, his victorious captive. Her beauty had done its work, and bound to her car the first of Cæsar's iron captains ; it wooed the venom of the asp, and, passing from earth, won for its mistress an apotheosis in the poetry of that clime whose sons are gazing from out an isle of the Atlantic upon the country of Cleopatra, and already in their strong will are moulding it into the tributary thoroughfare to their empire in the East. The leading of the world was staked at Actium. The queen of Egypt had favored the vanquished rival ; her love, burning under the same sun that now looks fiercely down on the intruding Frank, was the fatal gift that at once crowned his fame and clouded his career. At the hour when his strength was broken, her country became a fraction of that power whose capital on the seven hills of the Tiber gave laws to a realm coextensive with the known earth ; and the clime that Rome bid furnish corn to her teeming millions is now in name a province of the empire founded by the successors of that Arabian prophet who traced, amid the mouldering temples of the religion of Numa, the foundations of a faith itself now gray with years.

Egypt is in name a province of the Ottoman empire. And in saying that it is so but in name, that, nominally a dependency of the Porte, it is actually at this hour the foremost nation that musters its forces under the crescent, that within the lifetime of one man it has arisen from provin-

cial insignificance to alarm by its formidable progress the nations of Europe, we have but to pronounce in explanation the name of Mehemet Ali.

In all the elements of national power and greatness, in the development of agricultural resources, in the improvement of towns, in the refinements of social life, in the dissemination among the people of literature and science and arts, the movements of Egypt since the days of her beautiful queen have been but stages in the march of degradation. Her present ruler is involved in this reproach, for her peasant was once the proprietor of the soil he tilled. Whatever was the tenure, whatever were the exactions of government, the peasant, watching tremblingly the rising of the river which he calls the sea, knew that it would fertilize earth that he could deem his own. But the ruler rose up one day and uttered the word that he was the owner of the land of Egypt; that he was lord of the country, and that its soil was his; and from that moment the Fellah became a mere adjunct of the glebe he wrought upon.

The character of a people sinking daily, while their country is taking long strides in power and consideration, is a spectacle that contrasts sharply with the tendencies of the age; and one may well be curious respecting the causes of such a result. Arithmetic will aid us but little; figures that are so eloquent with us give but little information about the East; political economy is there at fault. One inquirer will be satisfied when he is told, "So it is in the East"; another will seek to solve the problem by an examination of Oriental institutions. But we cannot institute such an inquiry, nor attempt to delineate these institutions here. Could the subject be pictured, our limits are too narrow for so vast a painting, and we must rest content with offering an outline sketch of the figure in the foreground.

When the present ruler of Egypt, sent by the governor of his native province to act with his contingent against the French, landed with his three hundred Albanians on her shores, he found the soldiers whom he was to join, and who formed her army, were a mutinous rabble, whose tactics were in no respect unlike those of the Arab hordes who prowled in the deserts around them. A set of disorderly ragamuffins, under the squeaking discord of Moorish fifes, no two dressed alike, each bearing a pipe while a servant bore

his gun, formed altogether an array that would have shamed a village muster. Soldiers smoked, sang, or shouted in the ranks, if ranks those groups of stragglers could be called, who moved just as they pleased, and obeyed such orders as they saw fit. If the state of the army in such climes is a decisive sign of the condition of the country, it was in this instance neither the darkest nor the only indication of her weakness. Her finances were exhausted by the mismanagement and wastefulness of agents, who, under one title or another, exercised the authority of the sultan, and, so far from relaxing their hold upon a dollar of the revenues they ground from the wretches under them, had the audacity to demand from Constantinople funds to build and repair public works in the country they pillaged. The rapacity of the ruler for the time being, whose exactions exceeded even the proverbial rapacity of military rule, was not the only drain upon the resources of the country. The corps of Mamelukes alone absorbed a sum that would be deemed a large appropriation for any department of our federal administration. Their annual extortions amounted to no less a sum than seven millions. The government was but a succession of different phases of anarchy, whose mutations none could foresee. The cry of slaughter at any hour might resound through the land, and the people heard with stupid indifference that the career of their late ruler had ended in flight or death. To-day the Mamelukes, whose horsemanship formed a bond of sympathy between them and their allies, the Bedawee Arabs, were masters of the capital and the country. Their splendid apparel and magnificent trappings gleamed in the courts of a victorious chief. The night brought tumult; scimetars flashed, and on the morrow some Turk held mastery, and arrogated to himself the pashalic of Egypt. Anon, Albanian soldiers, in whose constitution a craving for butchery seems innate, mutinied for pay or from the love of mutiny, and the government was again overturned, and a favorite chieftain made the disposer of viceregal power. Private property was his who held it by the right of possession and a strong sword. The marine of Egypt was a forgotten word. Commerce had died out on the shores of the country that once furnished the richest traffic of the world; and the city that bore the name of the Macedonian conqueror, the happy creation of his genius, and the emporium of the commerce of his time, the

city which the greater conqueror of Corsica called "the *dépôt* of Europe and the Indies," — Alexandria, gave up its neglected harbour to be the asylum and sally-port of pirates.

All this is changed, and the transformation has been effected by one man. Mehemet Ali was born at Cavala, a small town in Roumelia, which lies on the northern shores of the Ægean. If coincidences in time and locality are of value in the mind of the Egyptian ruler, he may conclude that the Fates smiled upon his birth. A glance at the geography of the country will show that this province of the Ottoman empire embraces the ancient Macedon, so that he and Alexander were countrymen. The year of grace 1769 was prolific of military captains, and many who recognize it as the beginning of the career of Napoleon and the Duke of Wellington, may be reminded that it is also the date of the birth of Mehemet Ali. The islands and coasts of the Mediterranean were listening at one and the same time to the cradle cries of a pair of infant Hercules. Egypt has been the common theatre of their fame ; the pyramids have witnessed the deeds that distinguished the Albanian adventurer, and have thrown their shadow across the path of him who "chained to his biography the history of Europe." Napoleon was earliest in the race. The swell of revolution had lifted him up before Mehemet Ali had found a sphere of action, and already had he won in Italy the splendid successes which gained for him the title of the first general of the world, when Arthur Wellesley was a subaltern in the army of India, and the viceroy of Egypt was a tax-gatherer and tobacconist in the obscurity of his native province.

Mehemet's father was a fisherman and a shepherd. The son chose the more adventurous branch of the paternal profession, and his activity gained for him a situation in the government of his village as a subordinate collector of taxes. His first exploit afforded an index of his future career. The inhabitants of a village refused payment of their taxes and rose in rebellion. This was unusual spirit ; the governor, who had become the patron of Ali, was alarmed, and in his perturbation he sent for his favorite. Young Mehemet assembled a few of his companions, announced to the malecontents that he was intrusted with a secret mission, and, entering a mosque, invited the heads of the village to hold a con-

ference with him. They came in without suspicion, and the tax-gatherer diplomatist began and ended the colloquy by binding them hand and foot. He then set out on his return, overawing the multitude who surrounded him by threatening to put his prisoners to death. The taxes were soon forthcoming, and the captives were then released.

This feat, while it procured for him the rank of Boulouk-bashi, had another influence on his life. It introduced him to the notice and gained him the hand of a rich widow, who saw that he was too promising a young man to be neglected. His wife's capital enabled him to add to his business of tax-collector, and leader in general of the small wars about the province, the traffic in tobacco. This use of his funds greatly enhanced his consideration in a quarter of the world where trade is looked upon as one of the highest professions, and where it rarely interferes with military duties. His speculations in this new branch exploded just in time to allow him to give "his undivided attention" to the military operations of his country against the French. He started for Egypt at the head of three hundred of his countrymen, with the rank of Bimbashi, which compares with the one his tax-gathering exploit had won for him as a major in European armies does with a captain.

He had brought his abilities to the right market. His conduct on the battle-field soon attracted the attention of Kusruf, governor of Cairo. The noted massacre of the Mamelukes at Aboukir, which promoted his interests though perpetrated by others, resulted in his obtaining the command of a division in the army of Youssef Bey. Youssef was sent against the insurgent Beys, who were in Upper Egypt, at the head of the remainder of the Mamelukes. He met them at Dumanhour, and when routed by them he charged the failure of the expedition on the cowardice of Mehemet. It is more probable that he was suspected of treachery than of a want of courage; but at any rate, the governor formed a determination to get rid of him. He saw that he had a dangerous man in his borders. The pay of the whole Albanian troops was in arrear, when Mehemet, at that time encamped near Cairo, was invited to an interview with the governor in the night. To understand the probable nature of the interview, he might have recurred to his own proceedings in the Roumelian mosque, as well as to the impression which

is common in an Oriental court, that the guest, who accepts such an invitation, is generally so affectionately entertained that he finishes his life within the walls of his host. He communicated the invitation to his soldiers, knowing that he could sufficiently rely on them to justify the answer, that "he would come." And he went. Kusruf saw the storm, and sent for Taher Pasha, either as a mediator, or to counteract, with the Albanian guards under his command, the operations of those without. But Taher Pasha's Albanian guards were in the same category with those of Mehemet; they were unpaid troops, and however they might differ on more abstract points, on the subject of cash they were likely to be unanimous. The Albanians under both officers attacked the palace; Kusruf fled, was pursued, brought back, and imprisoned. The viceregal power fell to Taher Pasha, Mehemet consenting to the arrangement; he was content to be the Metternich of that administration.

Taher Pasha was a poor tool, and his tyranny lasted only twenty-one days. The next rulers were the Mamelukes, whom Youssef Bey, through the *cowardice* of Mehemet Ali, had failed to exterminate. Cowardice is sometimes farsighted. The leaders in the new government were the aged Ibrahim, once governor of Cairo, Osman Bey Bardissi, and Mehemet Ali, the same general of division who had figured at Dumanhour. To be sure, the Porte had sent a pasha of high rank to assume the direction of affairs; but the power of the Beys met him at Alexandria, and robbed him alike of his commission and his life.

Mehemet soon began his machinations against his colleagues and their Mamelukes. Osman Bey was a hair-brained fellow, whom he easily embroiled with the other chiefs. They fell into dissensions, and after a short time Mehemet ventured, on the 12th of May, 1804, to attack Ibrahim and Osman in their palaces. The brave fellows cut their way through, and escaped with their command to the desert, while Mehemet took Kusruf out of prison, and reinstated him in power.

But the eye of the Sultan was now upon him who reaped the profit of these convulsions, and an order came that the Albanian troops should be sent to their own country. But there was yet work for them in Egypt. Mehemet answered the pasha who delivered the command, that the Mamelukes

were still strong, that they breathed a spirit of undying hostility to the authority of the Porte, and that the Albanians were the only check to their dominion. Whatever credit these representations gained at Constantinople, the following year a firman arrived, conferring on Mehemet the eligible appointment of Pasha of Djidda (Jeddi) and of the port of Mecca on the eastern shore of the Red Sea. He went so far as to assume the cap and mantle of that office, when the army, whom their leader had educated for such scenes, gathered around him and swore they would pillage the country, if their arrears were not discharged. Nobody but Mehemet Ali could rule this tempest; all entreated him to remain, to take upon himself the duties of viceroy, and to save Egypt from anarchy and pillage. His benevolence was overcome by the picture of disasters that his departure would inflict upon his beloved country, which was so important a province of his master's empire; he relented, and a shout from hoarse Albanian throats proclaimed him the Egyptian representative of the Sultan's power.

Kourschid Pasha arrayed the Mamelukes for a counter revolution, and, as some accounts have it, became master of the country under Mehemet Ali. But the Capitan Pasha suddenly cast anchor before Alexandria, and, directing Kourschid to deliver up the citadel to the Roumeliot, summoned him to repair to head-quarters on the coast. Kourschid obeyed, and, engaging in the service of the Sultan, soon after lost his life in a distant portion of the empire. The Mamelukes, however, who had rallied under him, were unwilling to lay down their arms without a trial of strength with their old foe. They encamped in the vicinity of Cairo, and Mehemet, undisturbed by their hostile attitude, only wished to get them into some position unfavorable to the operations of cavalry. An attack by them upon the city was not to be trusted to the ordinary chances of war, and Mehemet engaged a number of the Sheikhs to *betray* Cairo to the enemy. In pursuance of this scheme of double treachery, a gate was left open, and the Mamelukes rode in. There was but a show of resistance, and they were parading exultingly through the narrow streets, when, all at once, a murderous fire of musketry was opened from the houses about them. They sought to retire, but found every avenue closed. Their sabres, so irresistible in the open plain, were useless against an unseen foe. Each

sat in his saddle to die. After the slaughter of that day, this once terrible soldiery ceased to be formidable.

But the Divan, satisfied that Mehemet Ali's ascendency boded no good to the Ottoman power, now determined to support the Mamelukes, and accordingly sent a capitan pasha with instructions to assist Elfy Bey, who had just returned from England, and had joined Ibrahim and Osman Bardissi. The envoy, informing Mehemet that his master desired to bestow upon him the government of Salonica, summoned him to his head-quarters to receive the insignia of that office. Salonica had claims on Mehemet, as a city of the province of his birth; but it was not the location that suited his present views. Besides, he had not the most implicit confidence in Constantinopolitan faith. One thing was clear; that affairs between him and the Sultan had reached their crisis, and that the termination was at hand. He looked about him, and saw three thousand soldiers, the best in the East, his countrymen,* his companions in arms, and his admirers. He remembered the day when he landed on the shores of the Delta with a tenth of their number; he reviewed his career thence, and gathered confidence from his successes. "Cairo is up for sale," he exclaimed; "whoever will give the hardest blows shall win it, and be its master." This speech was just the thing for the Albanians; with the currency which was to effect the transfer of so large a city none were better acquainted than they. No collision, however, took place; the tender sufficed, and Mehemet's title to the capital was as good as if any amount of slaughter had attended his accession.

Elfy Bey had promised fifteen hundred purses (worth about one hundred dollars each) to the Grand Vizier to secure the viceroyalty of Egypt. But the hostile attitude which his country had assumed towards Russia prevented the minister from fulfilling the engagement. With a war against that power on his hands, the Sultan could ill afford to contest the sovereignty of Egypt, and the last hopes of the Beys were extinguished. The spirit of Osman had long been fretting itself away, and now in grief and despair the proud heart of the Mameluke broke. Death soon relieved

* This is not strictly true. The provinces of Roumelia and Albania are contiguous, and much alike, each furnishing the same quality of troops.

him, and Elfy survived but a little while. Their followers were disbanded; five hundred joined the service of Mehemet, and ten pieces of English artillery, served by European cannoneers, also fell into the hands of the Roumeliot.

There were still spared twenty-five hundred Mamelukes, who remained at bay in Upper Egypt. A change in the relative position of the European powers had its effect on the affairs of Egypt; the French influence was now predominant at Constantinople, and, to prevent the province from falling into the hands of that power, the British ministry projected an expedition to the country of the Nile. The command was given to General Mackenzie Frazer. The Mamelukes were now needed, and Mehemet Ali was not long in making them his allies. In March, 1807, Alexandria yielded to General Frazer, after a trifling resistance; but the flower of his army, a division under Generals Wanchope and Meade, was cut off at Rosetta. They had penetrated into the town unopposed, but in its narrow streets they met a fate like that which had been the portion of the Mamelukes at Cairo. Three hundred officers and privates fell by the musketry of an invisible foe. They retired as they might, and the army of Frazer proceeded to invest the city in regular form. Little impression, however, could be made on the solid masonry of the buildings. The inhabitants, indeed, suffered to some extent, but this was a matter of indifference to Beys, Mamelukes, and Mehemet Ali. The expedition proved a failure, and the English forces left Egypt without effecting any thing.

No sooner were the shores of the country clear from their invaders, than Mehemet set about the destruction of the allies with whose aid he had fought them. An occasion soon presented itself. A war had for a long time been smouldering between the Sultan and the Wahabees, a sort of Puritans, Mr. Warburton calls them, who greatly annoyed the established church. This sect was founded by the Sheikh Abd-el-Wahab, who brought together in the regions that first worshipped Mahomet that class of men whose fanaticism ever finds fuel in the laxity of a long-established faith, and with them took the cities of Mecca and Medina. This happened in 1810, and at this time, in the height of their power, the insurgents were following the impulses of their wild nature in indiscriminate plunder of the caravans, no matter what was

the faith of those who were engaged in the rich commerce of the desert. The Sultan thought the energies of the viceroy of Egypt were well fitted for a contest with these schismatics, and in the true spirit of Oriental policy, he cared not whether the one or the other array of dangerous and rebellious subjects was annihilated by the blows of its antagonist. Mehemet accepted the commission with an alacrity which the Sultan rewarded by conferring on his son Toussoun the dignity of a pasha of the second order. The ceremony and expense that attended the investiture of the office Mehemet resolved should not be lost, and on the day appointed, March 1st, 1811, he invited the Mamelukes to be present at the festivities. They were received with the greatest courtesy; pipes, coffee, and all the insignia of Oriental hospitality abounded. On leaving the citadel, the scene of the ceremony, the procession defiled through a cut in the rock; the Pasha's own troops led the way. On passing the farther gate, it was closed behind them. The treachery now flashed upon the minds of the hitherto unsuspecting Mamelukes; with a terrific yell, they sprang towards the opposite gate; it was closed. Shut in by high perpendicular rocks, escape was impossible. The summit of the steep bristled with their foe's infantry, that in horrid leisure poured down death. Mehemet himself counted four hundred and seventy of the slain; a thousand fell. One man escaped, Amim Bey, brother of the celebrated Elfy. Detained by some accident, he waited within the citadel to resume his place in the procession when it should have defiled through the rock. He saw the gate closed, and heard next the crash of the musketry. He waited for nothing farther, but spurring his horse up an almost perpendicular ascent, leaped him from its desperate height to the ground. The horse was crushed to a jelly, but the bold rider was saved. "The rampart was estimated at thirty or forty feet high," says Finati, "and even more"; Sir Frederick Henniker compares it to "leaping out a four-pair-of-stairs window." But the daring horseman preferred the chances without to the certainty within, and he made good his way to the desert. He may still be seen, a white-haired man, in the streets of Cairo.

Domestic difficulties settled, Mehemet set about complying with the wishes of his master. Young Toussoun departed for Arabia, whither his father soon followed him on

the expedition against the dissenters. He soon successfully closed his operations in this quarter, having shown much strategic ability and other prominent traits of his character. Old Shereef Ghaleb held court at the port of Djidda, and was passing there a life of dignified and opulent leisure. Great stores of wealth were in his palace, and the Pasha saw fit to suspect him. He ordered another of his likely sons to bind his father's host, and convey him to Cairo. The vast plunder seized upon he divided with the Sultan, who, however, when he learned the manner in which the booty had been obtained, had the good sense to return it to its owner. There can be no mistake in the relation of an incident such as rarely adorns the history of Oriental potentates. As to the rest of the story, it would be well if we could hear Mehemet Ali's version. Djidda, it will be recollected, was the pashalic the Sultan had just before offered Mehemet. He had taken advantage of his absence on this expedition to proclaim through his minister, Mohammed Laz, that the soil of Egypt was thenceforth his property.

These enterprises had absorbed the available resources of the Pasha, but every dollar spent in them showed where two more could be obtained. The Sultan intended that his subject's power should be exhausted in the execution of the commands he had laid upon him. A child in Mehemet's place would have perceived this, nor did it require any remarkable sagacity on the Sultan's part to see that the alacrity with which the Pasha acted resulted from no desire to increase the dominions and glory of his master. He seized upon these commands as capital pretexts for the increase of his military establishment ; the more important and expensive the project, the better was the viceroy pleased. Every skirmish was so much capital to him in the experience that his army gained, and if the number of the slain was great, he mourned only that so much instruction had been thrown away, and cursed Death, that had interposed his skeleton form between so much good discipline and the results with which it might have enriched his future.

He now found leisure for his schemes of innovation. The army, of course, claimed his first care ; his warfare against European troops had long before determined him to drill his Turks and Arabs in the tactics of the West. There were Frenchmen enough, who had deserted during the ex-

pedition into Egypt, to serve him as drill officers ; the difficulty was not so much in finding instructers, as in the want of proper docility in the pupils. They were tenacious of their garb, and could ill brook to see the turban doffed, and the flowing caftan and trousers replaced by the tight coat and Frank pantaloons. Their jealousy of foreigners operated in impeding the attempt ; they shot the subaltern officers on parade, and it was not long before their indignation was turned against the great reformer himself. On the fourth of August, 1815, an organized revolt broke out, and the rebels, after murdering many of their officers, marched in a body to the citadel. The viceroy's accidental absence saved his life. Balked in the prime object of their movement, the rioters occupied themselves for some hours in plundering the shops of the city ; great was their rage when they found that their intended victim had lain concealed in a palace which they had passed and repassed repeatedly during the day. He was found there by a brave and faithful Albanian, Abdim Bey, who, at the head of three hundred of his countrymen, cut his way to the citadel, and placed his master in security. Early in the day, Mehemet had bethought himself of the Frank residents, and exhibited his presence of mind by sending them some hundreds of muskets for their protection. A general amnesty was resolved upon, and with a pledge that the obnoxious system should be discontinued, quiet was restored before morning. A movement of so daring a character must, of course, have had some prime mover ; but no leader of the insurgents could be found, though considerable pains were taken to ferret one out. Belzoni, famous for his acquaintance with all sorts of dead Egyptians, who was in the country at the time, observes that, shortly after, several persons " died of sudden deaths, and, indeed, many of the chiefs and beys disappeared."

The turban was again in the ascendant, but its time was short. This was the last serious check that Mehemet experienced for some ten years. He soon resumed the project of introducing Frank discipline. These mutinous troops he sent into the interior to die, and tried, among other expedients, the formation of an army of blacks. Thirty thousand were collected at a camp of instruction at Assouan ; but disease broke out among them, and they died in such numbers that scarcely a single regiment remained. He

transferred the officer in charge to a camp which he had established at Farshoot with a nucleus of natives who were veterans. This officer was Suleiman Bey, who had been an aid-de-camp of Marshal Ney, with the name and rank of Colonel Sève. In a few years, Mehemet had eighty thousand men in a respectable state of discipline. To be sure, in the early stages of the thing, an occasional ball whistled around the head of Suleiman; but the Frenchman was not to be terrified at trifles, and soon the Arab and his irregularities disappeared from the army of Egypt. The material of Mehemet's army was now little different from Frank soldiery.

The Pasha had never yet gained the favor of the Sultan; he knew that the bowstring would be his fate as soon as its application was possible. But the Greek revolution had broken out, and Mehemet came to the aid of his master in time of need, offering — it is said, for the consideration of Syria — to send an armament for the subjugation of the Morea. In 1824, sixty-three sail, with one hundred transports, having on board sixteen thousand infantry, seven hundred cavalry, and a large artillery train, left Alexandria under the direction of Ibrahim Pasha. He took Candia, and the fleet made some demonstrations elsewhere on the coast, but was burnt and blown to pieces by the combined squadrons at Navarino. Ibrahim led back the fragment of his army. His father did not receive the pashalic of Syria; but he held on to Candia, and intended to have Syria.

It was not long before Abdallah, Pasha of Acre, personally his enemy, ventured to harbour some Egyptian deserters, and refused to deliver them on the demand of Mehemet. Ibrahim, with twenty-four thousand infantry and four thousand cavalry, laid siege to Acre, and after six months it fell into his hands with its pasha. Mehemet had informed Abdallah that he would "come and take the deserters, and one besides." The war between the Porte and the Pasha was now fairly begun "by the act of" the latter, and in 1832 their armies met at Homs, where Ibrahim defeated the Turks. The Grand Vizier, the best general of Turkey, Hosseyn Pasha, now took the field with fifty thousand men, whom he was to conduct to Aleppo and thence to Egypt. This array was routed at Beylau, and the victorious army was master of the passes of the Taurus, with a clear way to Constantinople. Russia interfered, and saved the empire.

In the hour of victory, Mehemet had only arrogated to himself the pashalic of Syria. He now fell back with confidence upon this claim, and it was awarded to him by the convention of Kutayah, on the fourth of May, 1833. The revolt of the Druses and several minor rebellions furnished employment and pretext for a large army in Syria.

It is said that Mehemet was not satisfied with his pashalic, and desired to hold the country in independent and hereditary sovereignty. At any rate, the Allied Powers chose to ascribe these views to him, and warned him against any step towards their fulfilment. But it is not easy to be certain of any thing in the cloud of Eastern or Western diplomacy that enfolds this question, though one may sympathize with the indignation which the fiery graybeard of Egypt felt on the ever officious intervention of the European powers. The most probable hypothesis is, that the Sultan, stung by his defeat at the hands of his bold subject, was determined to regain Syria. It is certain that a Turkish army was sent thither, and that, on the twenty-fifth of June, 1839, it was almost annihilated at Nezib. The powers of Europe, frightened at the prospect of a Roumeliot sovereign on the throne of Turkey, went into earnest execution of their threat of armed interference; and in the autumn of 1840, England, Russia, Prussia, and Austria were engaged in bombarding Beyrout and battering down the walls of St. Jean d'Acre. They were of course triumphant; Syria was restored to the Sultan, and Mehemet was confined to his own province, with the dignity, however, of its hereditary ruler.

And so things have remained. Mehemet Ali, a man beyond the threescore years and ten, silver-bearded and active, his eye undimmed, and the fire of his nature still unquenched, is engaged with his factories and schools. Unabated physical and mental energy are still observed in a high and fair forehead, and the lines of a sensual mouth. He respects the religion of Mahomet, but endures no bigotry. His palaces are filled with European furniture, and, in spite of the Koran, his table is furnished with the wines of France. The Pasha has earned the right to indulge in generous dinners, and certainly he is yet a hard-working man. Besides dealing extensively, as we have seen, in armies and provinces, he has to trade yearly in twelve millions of dollars' worth of wheat, cotton, rice, and indigo, and in nearly an equal value of

cloths, linens, timber, iron, paper, glass, oil, and wine. Nine thousand pupils are furnished with instruction, food, and lodging at his expense ; they are educated in sixty-six *primary*, two *preparatory*, and various *special* schools, in the last of which are taught medicine, agriculture, the arts, foreign languages, music, engineering, and military tactics. Nor is he done with these scholars when their education is completed. He supports no expensive academy that may dispense at great cost unrequited favors. He takes care of his children through life, whether they will or no. These cares are added to his employment of supervising the departments of a government whose revenue is sixteen millions of dollars, whose navy is as large at times as ours, and whose army falls but little short of one hundred thousand men.

Was ever sovereign so thrifty ? Is Louis Philippe, king of hard-workers and hard-working king, more efficient in administration than the ruler who, in the short time during which he was master of Syria, that stronghold of misgovernment, bribery, and banditti, frightened desert and mountain into order ; under whose government Bedawee and Druse forgot to rob, and life and baggage were secure ; when commerce came back that had almost deserted the shores where Tyre and Sidon had stood ; when mines were worked, and manufactures started into life ? He has found the charm of success. Thousands of men have been ere now upon that long coast, from old Alexandria round to older Troy, who had the great views, the eagle eye, and the lion heart of Mehemet Ali ; but when Fortune touched him with her wand, she whispered in his ear, that the triumphs of achievement and the favors of fame were to be won only by ceaseless, rugged, irresistible labor.

How often must the old man's present cares vanish in the retrospect of the seventy eventful years of his history ! How often does he see himself playing, a careless child, amid the rocks that were the scene of his father's humble toils ! And then the foreign governor noticed the bright-eyed boy, and invited him to his home, which seemed to the inexperienced eyes of the young Roumeliot a gorgeous palace. What dreams of future fame filled his mind, when, in command of his troop, he stepped upon the soil that was to become his hereditary sovereignty ! And how has the wildest

of those dreams been eclipsed by the reality, which, in the passes of the Taurus, with the sceptre of the Ptolemies in his hand, and the armies of the Sultan scattered by his prowess, presented to his view the glittering city of Constantine, with but a step between him and the throne of the Othmans! Stirring has been the drama of life in his day, and foremost upon its stage have been those children of '69. A quarter of a century have the two outlived the third, and the survivors may well be proud that circumstances have linked their fame with his. The second still lives to smile at the fulsome ways of his countrymen, the reviewers and journalists, and he doubtless would ere now have read himself into the belief that he was one of the giants of the earth, had he not remembered that England was not the country of great captains. The iron Pasha lives in a country where newspapers do not abound; but the absence of the flattery of journalists can make him none the less the man who owes less to fortune and more to himself than any one at present in fame and high place. Though the road to eminence is in all climes beset with obstacles, though watchful rivals hang on every step and crowd every avenue to advancement, still a difference must be allowed to exist between those countries in which the promotion of the civilian or the soldier observes fixed rules, where a bold *reconnoissance* wins a captaincy, and a brave charge makes a major, and where tables of grades with their prices annexed might be well inserted in the army regulations, — between such a turnpike-road to high station, and the rough paths to command which the adventurer in the East must travel. Mehemet's life is the best illustration of this remark; every foot in his progress has been taken at the hazard of his life. Sultan, Mameluke, and Arab have thirsted for his blood. Indomitable courage and unconquerable perseverance have been the indispensable qualities of his daily life. Foe after foe has sunk before him, some of them, to be sure, by treacherous massacre; but butchery is a part of the trade of a ruler in the East, and one must be slow to pronounce him guilty of gratuitous cruelty. We have somewhere seen the remark, — "Were it not that Mehemet Ali's fame is stained with crime and blood, he might be called a second Saladin."

But enough of the present ruler of Egypt. Who will succeed him?

"And now the Pasha's days must needs be drawing to a close; his son Ibrahim is yet older, owing to his sensuality and intemperance; Seyd Pasha, though kindly disposed, is devoid of intellect. The character of Abbas Pasha, the only other of his family arrived at man's estate, exhibits a union of ferocity and vice, for which we can only find a parallel among the Roman emperors. And what is to become of Egypt?" — *The Crescent and the Cross*, Vol. I. p. 268.

A pertinent question, truly; no one but must be interested in its solution. Egypt is a word of significance to all of us. The Bible, Herodotus, Shakspeare, all literature, is full of Egypt. The waters of the Nile have moistened the roots of the nations' tree of life. The immense natural advantages of the country — skirting with its prolific soil thousands of miles of burning sands, its river forcing upon it an annual tide of fertility, its position on the seas, on the Mediterranean as the key of the African continent, on the Red as opening the command of the East, and its power of linking the two — marked it as the pride of the geography of antiquity, and secured for it the earliest fruits of human culture. The birthplace of civilization, it sent forth the colonists whose descendants scoffed with the satire of Aristophanes, and were swayed by the eloquence of Demosthenes, or died amid the rocks of Thermopylæ. It looked upon the infancy of that nation who heard the voice of their religion in the thunders of Sinai, and whose history, a story of strong-willed and stout-hearted men, is crowned by the life of the Redeemer of the world. It was old before the other antiquities of earth were dreamed of. It glittered like a jewel in the eyes of Alexander three hundred years before Christ, and of Napoleon eighteen hundred years after. The nations of the world have ever been gazing upon that clime; its name was a word of meaning in the agoras of Greece and in the forum of Rome, as it is now in the chambers of France and in the parliament of England. It is well, then, that we may ask, resuming the paragraph just quoted, —

"What is to become of Egypt? Is the Porte once more to extend its baleful authority over this unhappy country, with all the withering influence which it never ceases to exercise? Shall we replace the ignorant and fanatical followers of the Crescent in the province which became a kingdom through their imbecility, and allow them to interrupt our commerce here, as they

have been permitted to arrest the building of our church at Jerusalem?

"Heaven forbid! When the old man who has bravely won this fertile province ceases to exist, let his selfish power perish with him. Let England not prostitute her influence to restore emancipated Egypt to the imbecile tyranny of the Porte, but endeavour to infuse into the country of her adoption the principles, together with the privileges, of freedom. Let her — laying aside all morbid delicacy and political sentimentalism — boldly assert her 'right of way' through Egypt to India, while she leaves unquestioned that of France through Algiers to Timbuctoo.

"English capital and industry would make Egypt a garden; English rule would make the Fellah a freeman; English principles would teach him honesty and truth; and as to the comparative advantages of Turkish or English politics to the people they are to influence, let the world be the judge between Asia Minor and North America, between the influences of the Crescent and the Cross." — *Ib.* p. 268.

Thus the rhetoric of the eloquent Englishman solves the problem: — "Mehemet is a usurper, very selfish; his son is of free habits; Seyd Pasha is not a man of genius; his grandson is of unamiable temper; the government of Turkey is not like that of England, and Egypt may come under Turkish rule; — therefore, indulge in no 'political sentimentalism,' wink at the infernal *razzias* of the French in Algiers, seize upon Egypt as soon as the 'brave old man's' breath has left his body, silence Copt, Turk, and Arab, and if the world opens its mouth, bid it *look at the workings of our politics in North America*, and make its election between the ends of the title of my book." Good! But let us see if there is an imperative necessity for the conclusion, on the part of England, that the Pasha dies intestate, and that she is the public administrator of the nations.

The career of Mehemet Ali has done little for the real elevation of Egypt, but it has demonstrated that the genius of a strong man may create, from the dust of a coffined civilization, the engines of modern civilization. He found no people to raise. The Fellaheen, or peasantry, regarded as the substratum of the population of the country, are no race of themselves; degenerate fragments of the desert hordes, they have abandoned their Ishmael patrimony for a slavish home on the banks of the Nile. If, in the proper sense of

the term, there is no people in Egypt, still there are qualities among its inhabitants which may, in the course of years, be fused together into a high national character. There is a hardy people among the highlands of Abyssinia, far before the ancient Britons, full of courage and energy, with many of the physical characteristics of the American savage, who in constancy, tenacity, and power of endurance has never been surpassed. The religion of Christ, seen dimly, indeed, through clouds of superstition, has been long on the Upper Nile. A church was planted there in the days of the first disciples, which has never acknowledged the dominion of Rome. With the elements of progress which the century possesses, too vigorous to be repelled by differences of clime, the Abyssinian, the Copt, the Turk, and the Arab may yet rear on the banks of the Nile a proud empire, overshadowing the seas that bore the bark of Jason and whelmed the hosts of Pharaoh.

There is little encouragement from the present social state of Egypt; here lies the dark cloud over her future. The country now presents a strange amalgam of modern appliances and antique notions; there are mingled together all the powerful engines of the civilization of the nineteenth century and all the baleful ideas of the Oriental mind. The traveller finds her custom-house and consul regulations the finest in the world. He travels in the desert, and feels his boyhood impressions of the robber and wild Arab dispelled. The sands of Egypt are safer than the streets of New York. He arrives in a steamer, and the recollections of Actium and triremes are disturbed by paddle-wheels and smoke-pipes. He hears the whiz of the steam-engine on the sites of the shrines of Isis. If he is one of those who exult in the age of trade, who esteem the King of the French less as king than as kingly trader, he will certainly remember that the sovereign of this country is the most extensive broker in the world, for he has monopolized the trade of a nation. His works of internal improvement are not surpassed in any country. One traveller speaks of seeing a *dépôt* of thirty-six thousand muskets, with pistols and sabres to match. At Shulna there are one hundred looms, with a printing establishment. Extensive iron-founderies are seen at Boulac, the port of Cairo. At the last-named place there is a military school with four hundred pupils. The Pasha has his own

code of criminal justice; no one is capitally punished without his leave. Some years ago, a man of high rank killed a slave, and was called to account for it by the Pasha. "He was my slave," was the defence; but the ruler rejoined, "He was my subject"; and the homicide was executed. On the other hand, we have the fact, that, under the oppression of the governing power, thirty thousand people perished in the building of the Mahmoudieh canal. Again, complaints came to the Pasha that his son-in-law, the Defterdar, was cruelly exercising his authority in a province. Mehemet resorted to none of the prosaic methods practised in the removal of officers in Occidental countries. The poisoned bowl was speedier, and the Defterdar suddenly died. These instances, taken at random, are fair samples of Egypt governed by a despot with none of the old-fashioned despot's conservatism.

None of these facts, however, refer to organic difficulties in the way of the regeneration of Egypt. The only real obstacles are the low condition of woman and the religion of the country. The proud daughters of those mothers who, centuries ago, on the rocks along whose base the navies of Northern Europe now ride, watched the coming of the spoil-laden viking, feel the blood start to their lily cheeks, and the tears gather in their blue eyes, as they read the record of their sisters' degradation in the Orient clime. But accounts of the social laws of the East come to us arrayed in all the strength of antithesis, through the medium of Frank prejudices, and must be taken with many grains of allowance. Woman there is not the abject thing that many suppose. Her influence, like the influence of the gentler sex in our own climes, is deeper than we see, and more powerful than we are willing to acknowledge. "The light of the harem" is the same expression as the light of home, and the home of the Osmanli is as dear, and, we venture to say, as gentle a refuge for his troubled spirit, as home is with us. Constraint, freedom, imprisonment, are in their social significations relative phrases, the expression of conventional facts and forms. The slavery of woman in Egypt is but a slavery of form, no stronger than a lattice or a whim. When Mehemet Ali, some thirty years ago, promulgated his celebrated decree, that he claimed the soil of Egypt, it was the women who had to be appeased before it could be carried into effect;

in comparison, the men tamely submitted. It was but a few years ago, that the women of Cairo rose against a change in the bread regulations, and the government was forced to submit to them. These facts are slight, but they show that the sex are not, as many deem them, mere slaves. There is still hope for Egypt through them.

The mind of the Moslem is strongly colored by his religion, and fatalism, that is its essence, has a strong hold upon his life. If this faith be in the way of social and political progress in the country where it prevails, it is an obstacle not easily surmounted. The religion of a people is not a thing to be put on and off; it refuses to submit to edicts and inquisitions. In all ages, whether of fighting and chivalry, or of steam and competition, man after all is swayed by metaphysical notions. The belief of an hereafter, despite the complaints of the preacher, directs, albeit silently, the courses of our life, and life varies with our ideal of the great future. The red man in his mighty forest felt, indeed, the presence of a creating power; but, save in the poet's fancy, he heard no God in the breeze that waked the trees to music, and saw no deity in the cloud that canopied them. The divine was but as a faint and dim impulse in his nature. If the shadowing forth of an existence that lay beyond the foray, the hunt, and the death at the triumph-fire of his foe, furnished him with the semblance of a theology, how different was it, in itself and in its workings, from that throng of supernal influences that played and floated in the visions of beauty-enamoured Greece, and caught its tone and hues from the stories that lived in Homer's song! With the savage, it controlled not the present, and was but the rude primitive workings of the ever-active faith which underlies our being, whispering more or less distinctly to each soul its immortality. The Indian, certainly in his wild way an orator and a poet, remains still rude, still savage, up to the limit of his earthly pilgrimage; while Greece and her mythology, through the marbles of her sculptors and architects, shall live till time is no more.

It is, then, the religion of the Egyptian that constitutes the great difference between him and the European. But we may remember that the age is full of light and progress, and that steam and commerce are more potent missionaries than Jesuit or Protestant. And these agents are in motion

beside the pyramids. Let us be skeptics in patent panaceas, in the national aid of foreigners, and in propagandism of all sorts; and we may still hope that the pagan on the Nile may one day be cheated into Christianity by admiration of the results worked in his own land through the agency of those arts which have grown up under the auspices of the cross.

In any speculations, however, on the future of Egypt, that do not embrace a view of the intentions and policy of England, we feel that we are reckoning without our host. "Unto him that hath shall be given." Downing street already rules a large share of the civilized earth, and the "Englishman, leaning far over to hold his loved India," is determined to make the world believe that Providence calls him to "sit in the seats of the faithful." In view of the Turk and Arab anarchy that preceded Mehemet Ali's reign, he who should unqualifiedly and inconsiderately declaim against the advantages of strong government and efficient police that would accrue to Egypt from the introduction of British rule might be deemed wanting in a decent charity for the country of the Pharaohs. The extension of British power is doing much good; but there is no need of implicitly acquiescing in the doctrine, that the world's whole hopes depend on "British faith," or "British civilization," or any other of the emphatic phrases that have been the watchwords of the nation in its horse, foot, and dragoon mode of aiding the progress of humanity, in extending its power and protection to every country too weak or too ill governed to repel its invaders. No advocate could have made a happier hit, in the comparison of English with Oriental politics, than to challenge inquiry into their respective results in Asia Minor and North America; but it better suits the present issue to limit the inquiry respecting the effects of the former policy to that country which is most completely under the influence of Great Britain. We refer to India.

It were long to tell by what sacrifices of "morbid delicacy and political sentimentalism" England has acquired province after province east of the Indus. All questions of title waived, it is certainly pertinent to ask in what manner these acquisitions have been administered. The question occurs, Has England done more in India than to find places for younger brothers? She has sent thither Hebers and Mackintoshes; she has supplied bishops, judges, governors-general,

and adventurers of all sorts, who have returned with sallow visages, diseased livers, and some savings. She maintains, with the aid of the East India Company, a splendid army, which is not kept up for the sole purpose of the commissions it requires. Witness the Punjaub. Is all this any better than a mere military conquest? Napoleon, had he not "missed his destiny at Acre," or at some other point in the long way to the Indies, could have done no more than this. If no "Hyder Ali now ravages the whole Carnatic," we believe that the Corsican, also, on his Indian throne, would have cared that nothing of the sort should bring obloquy on his empire. He could have sent some divisions of grenadiers to secure the aid of China in the great measure of narcotic dissipation, and the Chinese opium *roué* might have huzzaed at the sound of Drouet's artillery. But though the institution of castes be, as it is thought, the most insuperable obstacle in the way of renovating the social fabric of the East, neither Napoleon, nor Wellesley, nor Omar could have devised a more fiendish scheme to rivet the chains of an abject slavery than the employment of a Sepoy force. Two hundred thousand of this soldier caste are in the pay of Great Britain; a pay that enables each man to employ two of a lower caste as menials. And this force will be maintained while there is a province to be overrun, or a prince to be dethroned. Give us "the imbecile tyranny of the Porte" in preference to this array of two hundred thousand slave-drivers, whose sole object is to crush every thing like liberty and nationality. In speaking of this slavery, we can say nothing, to be sure, of fetid prisons and leg irons, the symbols of the servitude at which most of the declamation of the day is justly levelled; but the problem being to convert men into animals, it is of little consequence what may be the outward marks of their new condition, and any philanthropist out of Exeter Hall will admit, that the negro of the Southern States is a happier specimen of the man-animal than many a Hindoo on whose condition less eloquence is spent.

The career of every ruler whom England has sent out to India has had for its main object England's aggrandizement. The extent and riches of the climes he has brought under the English yoke have been the measure of the approbation bestowed on him at home. What can be the progress of a

people whose government is conducted by those who, born abroad, and wedded to the habits and notions of a distant clime, have no feeling but aversion for the country whence they draw their gains, are intent upon these, and intend to return as soon as they have amassed fortune enough to enable them to live at home? Under such circumstances, whatever the people were before, they cease to be a people. No encouragement is given to the intellectual cultivation of the natives, no instruction in mercantile or political affairs is afforded them. England may make any amount of professions of desire to improve the social and intellectual condition of India. She may set on foot, or make the world believe she has set on foot, any number of schemes for their amelioration. This is expected and understood. But the leading idea of the government is to subjugate the country, to find in it places and pay for adventurers of English birth, to drain its wealth. They provide from the home treasury, it is true, for the salaries of the governor-general and other dignitaries; but this is only the factor's per centage that England pays for the wealth of India, — an item of the bargain whereby they receive the wealth of the nation, and cancel the claim by a penny on the pound paid to the solicitor-general who becomes the Indian chief-justice, to the rector of administration politics who becomes the bishop of Calcutta, and to the major-general who presides over all the pens and bayonets that levy, record, and guard this wealth.

"So entirely devoted I am," writes the Marquis of Wellesley to Lord Clive, "to the indispensable duty of providing a large force in the field and an efficient system of alliance, that my estimate of character, and my sentiments of respect, and even of affection, in this country, are regulated absolutely by the degree of zeal and alacrity which I find in those who are to assist me in this great struggle. Nor can I conceive a more firm foundation or a more honorable bond of friendship, than a common share in the labors, difficulties, and honor of defending and saving so valuable part of the British empire." — 14*th Nov.*, 1798.

The Marquis of Wellesley is spoken of by Alison, a peculiarly British historian, as one of the ablest of the rulers of India, who "in the union of wisdom in combination, foresight in council, prudence in preparation, with the courage of the hero and the heart of the patriot, was unrivalled."

A high character, indeed! But he who seeks to know

the true signification of proconsular "patriotism" will not dwell upon the pages which, under the pretence of being meant for mankind, are little better than partisan declamation in the revered garb of history, — an elegant summary of the election harangues of that class who have been ousted from their stronghold of prescriptive plunder by the vigor of Manchester and the high courage and honest statesmanship of Peel. Let him look farther. A man bred under the influence of "English politics in North America," Lathrop, a Bostonian, a scholar of Harvard, being in India for the improvement of his fortune, became interested in the education of its people. Among other efforts in their behalf, he proposed to Lord Wellesley a system of schools for the natives. We quote his Lordship's answer: —

"No, no, Sir; India is, and ever ought to be, a colony of Great Britain; the seeds of independence must not be sown here. Establishing a seminary in New England at so early a period of time hastened your revolution half a century." *

Away with "political sentimentalism"! No schools, no education, Sir, in this clime. It is our farm, our factory, our colliery; "the seeds of independence must not be sown here." It is evident that the Indian functionary most praised and petted at home was not satisfied with one phase of "English politics in North America."

We are not sure that "North America," in the extract from Mr. Warburton, refers at all to the United States; possibly it is a figure of speech for Canada. But that part of the continent now held by Great Britain owes many elements of its character to the Gaul, England's hereditary foe; the Frenchman made Canada. He cannot mean Jamaica and the Bermudas; our first supposition must be right. The United States are, indeed, a fine specimen of "comparative advantages"; laws, education, arts, sciences, railroads, banks, custom-houses, people, — every thing bespeaks progress. How far that progress is attributable to the working of true *English* politics, to the blessings of British rule, as they are now exhibited in India, let history decide. Our country is remarkable for one thing, the queer way in which property descends; every child shares alike.

* See S. L. Knapp's *Biographical Sketches of Eminent Lawyers, Statesmen*, &c. Boston. 1821. p. 180.

It is not certain that John Milton, and Cromwell, and the men of that class and age, had any hand in producing this peculiarity; but it is certain that there was a revulsion in English politics about their time. One of their leaders, Protector as he called himself, did indeed get into power, and slay a mild and injured sovereign, and fondly imagine that he was to be perpetually remembered as one of the rulers of England. But true English politics soon got the better of him, and have kept uppermost until this day. Some enthusiasts, to be sure, who worship all tall, armed ghosts, wishing to smuggle him into the good opinion of the people, were anxious to get his statue placed among those of the kings in the New Houses of Parliament; but, thanks to good taste and indignant religion, this was not endured.

But enough of this. Let us ask Mr. Warburton, did he put "North America" into this passage for rhetoric? Or did he put it in deliberately? If the latter, his fortune is made; he may consider the Foreign Office as his own parlour; Palmerston is but *locum tenens.* Such splendid arrogance cannot go unrewarded in England; the nation admires such qualities. Wellesley and Hardinge, Clive and Hastings, are her darlings; let Warburton be added to the quaternion. He has reduced to her sway the rich and extensive province of "North America."

Hear another voice from an Englishman, who probably does not aspire to be Foreign Secretary. We quote from an able article, called "Tutelage," recently published in Chambers's Journal.

"Carrying our eye northwards along the American continent, we are presented with a lesson of another kind. Seventy years ago, Britain owned a number of dependencies facing the Atlantic, the seat of a peaceful and industrious population. Governed on this led-farm * principle, there cannot be a doubt that the inhabitants would in time have become etiolated,† and unfit for any independent line of action. A strange piece of mismanage-

* When an agriculturist gets uncomfortably rich on a good farm, he begins to have a fancy to take another, which he understands is to be let a number of miles off, and which he proposes to manage by means of servants and post-letters. This is called in Scotland "taking a led-farm."

† Etiolation is that condition of a plant in which all the green color is absent. Such a state is produced by want of light, and is artificially obtained by keeping plants in the dark in order to insure their being more tender and insipid than is natural to them. Etiolated plants become green by exposure. — *Brande's Dictionary of Science.*

ment, however, on the part of the mother country, saved them from this disaster. One day in the year 1764, an aged military gentleman presented himself to an assembly of notables in these distant settlements, and communicated orders to the following effect, in answer to certain remonstrances previously sent to the mother country. 'In the first place,' proceeded he, 'you, the people of this led-farm, are not in future to buy any article of manufacture whatsoever from any country but England. Secondly, you are not to sell any of your produce to any country but England. Thirdly, all the articles you buy from England shall pay a tax before you get them. Fourthly, you are not to manufacture a single article yourselves, in order that English tradesmen may not be cheated of your cash. Fifthly, these and all other arrangements, according to statute made and provided, must be submitted to without inquiry or interference; for, Gentlemen, it is my duty to tell you that you have nothing to do with the laws but to obey them.' This oration, though uttered with all the becoming dignity of a courtier, and although followed by an inspiring anthem from a regimental band, failed to have that weight which the venerable and too-confiding speaker anticipated. A good deal of haranguing, brawling, and fighting ensued; and the end of it was, that the aforesaid notables never stopped till they had turned out of the country all the old colonels and broken-down men of fortune who had been sent to etiolate them. After that, people bought and sold as they liked, manufactured what they liked, and managed their public concerns as they liked. Thus was insolence properly punished."

It would not be fair to garble the writer's views. We give his next paragraph, which, in our opinion, is a high compliment to the country. We hope never to see the day when an individual with British blood in his veins shall forget to call us "contumacious."

"Without feeling any very decided prepossession in favor of the descendants of these contumacious Americans, it is impossible not to see that their minds are any thing but etiolated. Two or three of the neighbouring States, which accidentally continued as led-farms at the great upbreak, have to all appearance got far into the etiolated condition; but beyond the early stages of the disease the Americans never went; and if any thing be wrong with them now, it is an over, not an under, activity of brain. I repeat, they may not be a people with many qualities to be admired; but, considering what they have done in seventy years, merely from being left to the untrammelled exercise of their own faculties, they may be allowed to have some grounds for boast-

ing. In these seventy years, they have achieved greater things than they could possibly have attained under the deadening influences to which they were originally exposed. How fortunate for human progress, how fortunate for Great Britain, their escape from etiolation!"

England has a colony in Australia, composed mainly of unfortunate poachers and *chevaliers d'industrie*, who have not been permitted to indulge at home the instincts which the government are determined shall be monopolized at the Foreign Office. New South Wales is at this hour the colony of England from which the most may be hoped in intellect, government, and civilization, presenting the fairest promise of a future nation to which the travelling Briton of another century may point with pride in a comparison of the influences of "the Crescent and the Cross." The Warburtons of a future generation may find at the antipodes a more apt illustration than any which they have yet discovered of the beneficial effects of British institutions upon the condition and prospects of the people who are subject to them. But before that time, the institutions themselves may have undergone a considerable change.

We have protested in this wild way against England's assumption of a province to which she has no more claim than that which is founded on the poetry of Shakspeare. Egypt, bad as she is, is too good for England to *Indiaize* and *Irelandize*. She has ports to which the commerce of all the world resorts; she has steam-engines and all the material agents of modern improvement. She is safe, if let alone. She will become an enlightened nation, though we may not be able to foretell the precise number of her phases of anarchy yet to come. She will become an enlightened nation, even under England. But let her escape the centuries of etiolation she must in such case first endure. Let England exercise "morbid delicacy and political sentimentalism" for once, and find some other way to India, or purchase one through Egypt. Let her foreign merchants admit that they are beaten in that country at their own game, and be content with the rest of the world that is open to them. Let her politics work as they may, but without the presence of "broken-down colonels"; and we believe that Egypt will yet, in the lapse of years, become a proud exemplar of the influences of the "Crescent *and* the Cross."

ART. IV. — *Les Œuvres de* M. DE BALZAC. — 1. *Annette et le Criminel.* — 2. *Le Vicaire des Ardennes.* — 3. *Physiologie du Mariage.* — 4. *Les Derniers Chouans.* — 5. *Wann-Chlore, ou Jane la Pâle.* — 6. *Scènes de la Vie Privée.* — 7. *Scènes de la Vie Parisienne.* — 8. *Scènes de la Vie de Province.* — 9. *Ursule Mirouet.* Paris. 1822 – 1843.

THE noise made by M. de Balzac and his cane seems to have subsided in Paris. The novelist, who was more prolific than Mademoiselle de Scudéry, and the cane which was as celebrated as her tomtit, seem to be both growing as unfashionable as the deceased author of the still more deceased Grand Cyrus, Clelia, and other interminable romances. We have heard of no new book by M. de Balzac since his disastrous retreat from Russia, and no later romance upon his walking-stick, the very fashion of which has passed away, than *La Canne de Balzac*, by a female admirer, published some dozen years ago in Paris. Perhaps he may be only diving very deep, and staying under very long, in some very remote and profound ocean, to come up all fresh and dripping again, with his hands full of pearls. At any rate, he has performed this trick more than once already, and he may be again searching for something new and startling, to awaken the public who have gone astray after Eugene Sue, George Sand, Alexander Dumas, and other strange gods. If he were an Englishman, we might think that he had "written himself out"; but a Frenchman never writes himself out, and if he writes himself down, he is sure to find some means of writing himself up again. If his eyes are out, he will scratch them in again. Balzac, moreover, has been all his life the most indomitable of Frenchmen and romancers. Since he was one-and-twenty he has been writing romances, and now, like Lear's friend Kent, he "hath years on his back exactly forty-eight"; like Cromwell, he is just one year older than his century, having been born in Tours, in Touraine, in the year 1799. Now, as he himself expresses great confidence in the "*Cinquantaine*," and, in fact, in the *Physiologie du Mariage*, distinctly fixes upon fifty-two as the most captivating, brilliant, and effective epoch of a gentleman's existence, we may suppose that he

has not yet the slightest intention of abandoning the field and joining the melancholy troop of the *devastés*. Perhaps, then, before he blazes upon the world in some new phases, this may be a favorable moment for casting a glance at his works, or rather at his "work," — for M. de Balzac is fond of denominating his eighty volumes his "*œuvre*."

With all his faults, Balzac is essentially an artist, and not a mechanic. It is, perhaps, a result of this very quality that he has found himself growing less popular. He has been unable to sympathize with the sudden moral movement of the French mind. The late rush into morality has been terrific in Paris. Those volatile gentlemen, the *feuilletonistes*, have, as it were, discovered it all at once. Morality is like the mines of Mexico to them, and they are all hammering, digging, and picking, with might and main. The sudden demand for works of an elevating, humanizing, intensely moral fabric, which has sprung up in Paris since the great success of Mr. Dickens in English literature, has been partially supplied by Eugene Sue, George Sand, and others ; but Balzac has not set himself to the work. Nothing, by the way, illustrates more aptly the great fertility and versatility of the French literary mind of the present day, than this sudden change in their style of writing and thinking. The *feuilletonistes*, like manufacturers, watch the popular taste, and they are all at this moment working double speed, and turning off morality, and democracy, and philanthropy, and articles of that nature, by the yard, like so much *mousseline de laine*, because they happen just now to be popular. After publishing legions of books of the most unblushing immorality, they are all at once grown as unblushingly moral. There is a change in the fashion.

Now it strikes us that Balzac has been writing out of himself all his life, working up the stuff which is in him, but that he is too idiosyncratic to fall in with this sudden revolution in literature. He has been very popular in France, but he has been little translated, and is but little known in England or America. We are not surprised at this, but upon the whole, if there is to be so large an infusion of French novels into our literature, we should rather recommend Balzac than either Sue or Sand. The writers who have been naturalized in this country are worse, because they are both socially and politically disorganizing. Balzac, on the con-

trary, is an artist. He is neither moral nor immoral, but a calm and profound observer of human society and human passions, and a minute, patient, and powerful delineator of scenes and characters in the world before his eyes. His readers must moralize for themselves. There is no doubt that the audacity of the modern French literature gives an author an advantage which the squeamishness of the English denies. French imaginative literature, that portion of it, for example, which may be represented by Balzac, is able to anatomize society more boldly and scientifically, because less trammelled by prudery. The strict administration of justice in the concluding portions of every English novel, where the characters are all drawn up, as on the day of judgment, in two lines, the vicious all whipped and the virtuous all married (that being considered the highest earthly reward of virtue) ; where, in the last chapter, a great Christmas pie is regularly served up to the meritorious, each one of whom puts in his thumb and pulls out a plum, and says, What a good boy am I ! while the villains look on and gnash their teeth in despair, — this sort of romantic jurisprudence, with which even Scott, while he ridiculed it, was often forced to comply, has been out of date in France since the days of the Grand Cyrus.

It is odd, and a good subject to be pondered upon, if we had the time and space, — the striking contrast sometimes presented between the character of an age and its literature. Ninon de l'Enclos, Bussy, Maréchal de Bassompierre, would hardly be cited for their austere morality ; Cardinal de Retz was not exclusively addicted to the practice of all the cardinal virtues ; yet De Retz, Bassompierre, Ninon, and their friends and contemporaries, would tolerate no romances but the " severely proper " and ponderous productions of Scudéry. They order matters differently in France at the present day. It is very certain, that De Balzac has not yet, like Charles Lamb, found himself a disreputable personage. Nobody in Paris ever dreamed of his being immoral. He is, as we before observed, essentially an artist, and deals with materials which society affords him. If his pictures be dark, they are none the less truthful copies from human nature. If they reveal a vicious or disorderly condition of society, society, and not the artist, is reprehensible. An author is not responsible for the disorders which he depicts.

In certain parts of China, where the population is redundant, we think we have heard that infanticide is considered rather an amiable foible than a crime. Pictures of such a state of society would not be necessarily immoral, and the author who should deal with such a state of things as a proper matter for his art, would not necessarily be in favor of a general introduction of infanticide into more correct countries.

Balzac's pictures of society are like daguerreotypes rather than paintings. There is the same painful and indisputable resemblance, the same accurate delineation of the most minute characteristics and infinitesimal blemishes ; and there is the same sombre hue and slightly distorted expression. Moreover, a casual observer might not immediately discover their extraordinary merit. Like the daguerreotypes, they must be held in a certain light, and curiously pondered, or the shifting but striking portraits will not reveal themselves to the observation.

We have said, that we consider Balzac as eminently an artist, and not an artisan. It is for this reason that we have thought his books worthy of serious examination. The first romance which we ever read from his hand seized upon us with hooks of steel. It was impossible to struggle with the fascination. We felt ourselves in the power of an enchanter whom it was useless to resist. The impression made by the first was continued by every subsequent romance which we read from his pen ; and although we soon became aware of some of his tricks, and soon opened our eyes to many of his foibles, yet we felt more and more convinced, that, with all his sins, we had met with a powerful, original mind, and with a consummately artistic hand.

Balzac is an artist, and only an artist. In his tranquil, unimpassioned, remorseless diagnosis of moral phenomena, in his cool method of treating the morbid anatomy of the heart, in his curiously accurate dissection of the passions, in the patient and painful attention with which, stethoscope in hand, finger on pulse, eye everywhere, you see him watching every symptom, alive to every sound and every breath, and in the scientific accuracy with which he portrays the phenomena which have been the subject of his investigation, — in all this calm and conscientious study of nature, he often reminds us of Goethe. Balzac, however, is only an artist. He walks through the world to observe, but he observes phenomena

only to furnish materials for his art. Goethe we have always considered a great naturalist. His pursuit is always truth, natural truth, which he delights to track, through all its external manifestations, up to its living principles. He, too, was no moralist, but a student of universal nature, both physical and metaphysical, who watched the sprouting of a hyacinth or a passion, the combination of an alkali and an acid, and the conflict of the affections, the efflorescence of a carnation, the revolution of a people, the eruption of a volcano, all with equal attention, and classed them all as natural phenomena, each as worthy to be studied as the others. To your true physician, the development of a cancer is as beautiful as the flowering of a rose. To Goethe, all manifestations of nature were interesting, for he studied truth. He gave to the world the results of his investigations with the most scrupulous fidelity to truth, so far as he could reach it, and let consequences take care of themselves. It is for this reason, among others, that many people have discovered that he is a very immoral writer. The same persons should denounce the immorality of Professor Agassiz, because, for instance, he informed the respectable people of Boston, that, in a certain family of the *Radiata*, every female always marries her grandfather. The impropriety, if it be one, belongs to Nature, and not to her student.

Balzac stops short of Goethe, however. He is no naturalist, except to serve the purposes of his art. His object in observing nature is to furnish himself with material in his profession. Like a painter, he will stop under a *porte cochère* in a shower, and sketch you a beggar's head with the most striking accuracy, not knowing whether it is to serve at some future time for Belisarius or Judas Iscariot. Take for instance, in the *Histoire des Treize*, the following description of Ferragus. It is impossible not to believe that it is an actual portrait from nature.

"A personage leaning very carelessly against the wall opposite to M. de Maulincour, like a fantasy sketched by a skilful artist on the reverse of some canvas in his studio. It was a long, dry man, whose leaden visage betrayed a profound and icy thought. He dried up pity in the hearts of those who observed him, by an attitude full of irony and a dark glance, which announced his pretension to treat with them upon an equal footing. His face was of a dirty white, and his wrinkled skull, destitute of hair, had

a vague resemblance to a lump of granite. A few flat, gray locks, placed upon each side of his head, fell upon the collar of his greasy coat, which was buttoned to the chin. He resembled at once Voltaire and Don Quixote; he was jeering and melancholy, full of contempt, of philosophy, but half deranged. He seemed to have no shirt; his beard was long, and his miserable black cravat, entirely worn out and ragged, exposed to view a protuberant throat, deeply furrowed and composed of veins as thick as ropes. A large, brown, and bruised circle described itself under each eye. He seemed to be at least sixty years of age. His hands were white and clean. His boots were tattered and worn down at the heel; his blue trousers, patched in several places, were whitened by a sort of down which rendered them ignoble. He cast upon the officer his calm, expressionless glance, the celebrated glance of M. de Talleyrand, a *coup d'œil* which was dull and without warmth, a kind of impenetrable veil under which a strong soul conceals profound emotions and the most exact calculations upon men, things, and events. Not a furrow of his visage was deepened; his mouth and forehead were motionless; but his eyes dropped by a movement of noble and almost tragic slowness. There was a whole drama in the movement of his faded eyelids."

We have quoted this passage because it is a good specimen of his manner, and exhibits some of the strong points and some of the striking defects of his style. What can be better than the bruises under the eye, the greasy coat, tattered cravat, the worn-out boots, and whitened blue trousers? And what could be more absurd than that "whole drama in the movement of his faded eyelids?" Sir Fretful Plagiary's interpretation of Lord Burleigh's nod is nothing in comparison, and yet nothing could be more like Balzac.

Such pictures as these are, however, comparatively rare with our author; for he belongs peculiarly to what has been denominated the silver-fork school. He is preëminently a fashionable novelist by nature and education; and it is for this reason, probably, that he has been unable to modify himself to suit the prevailing taste of the times. He must work upon the stuff which is in him. Like the silk-worm, he must feed on mulberry-leaves and spin silk. His works are, after all, nothing more nor less than fashionable novels. To an observer of the sentiments and passions, there can be no doubt that the highest and most curious field of study will always present itself wherever social culture has reached its

greatest intensity, wherever the arts of refinement, acting upon the most impressionable and sensitive organizations, have produced the most luxuriant and tropical development. The play of the passions is most fearful, the phenomena of the heart are most varied and striking, amid those scenes which it is the province of such writers to describe.

We have no particular objection to this kind of writing. Indeed, we have a pet motto, a very old one, which we always throw over, as our best bower-anchor, in the shifting and perturbed sea of literary change, — "*Tous les genres sont bons hors le genre ennuyeux.*" It has long been thought the most indisputable mark of a man of sense to sneer at the *lackey* school of literature (as the Westminster Review denominated it some years ago), and to laugh at its *flunkyism* (which we believe is the latest Carlylism). Very probably there may be much truth in these criticisms, for we are not sufficiently well read in the school to be competent judges. Still, we repeat, that we have never had any personal objections to a style which has become comparatively rare ; but on the contrary, we are getting rather tired of the reeking and somewhat filthy character of the literature by which it has been superseded. There is a rank, Old Bailey-ish, cheese-and-sausage odor about modern fictitious literature, a very ancient and fish-like smell, which we like not "betwixt the wind and our nobility." Up in our quiet garret, we claim the right to enjoy a pure atmosphere, and we have perhaps a greater aversion to very noisome effluvia than our betters. We cannot help it. This is our taste, and we see no objection to stating it manfully. Neither are we quite converted to the philosophy of the moderns, nor do we quite understand that broad, genial, and universal sympathy so much commended of late, and which seems to sympathize only with the degraded. We think it odd that the new school should find so much favor in our own land. In the countries of the older world, where the *prolétaire* is starving, and the Pariah writhing like a worm in the dust, and both are crushed into insignificance by privileged heels, we can understand this movement, this literary and social tendency ; but in a country where there are neither Brahmins nor Pariahs, no castes and no classes, no top and no bottom, — where the handcart-man of yesterday is the "respectable man" of today, "with two gowns and every thing handsome about him,"

— where mill-boys, wagoner-lads, and printer's apprentices become the statesmen and warriors of the land, and are proud of their origin, — we don't see, we confess, so much danger to the elevated position of the people. If there is any body in this country but the people, we should be glad to be introduced to him.

It is owing, perhaps, a little to this idiosyncrasy of Balzac that we have taken so much pleasure in his productions. Very possibly we may be wrong ; but we read novels, first of all, to be amused ; and we feel rebellious at an over-dose of the didactic smuggled into them against our will. It also seems to us, that an author is taking advantage of his position, when he moralizes too severely. Not that we do not reprobate works of an immoral tendency ; but after all, what is the moral of the Farnese Hercules, or the Venus de Medicis ? We are not quite willing to subscribe to the doctrine of Catullus, —

> " Nam castum esse decet pium poetam
> Ipsum ; versiculos nihil necesse est " ;

but at the same time, we look for gratification of the taste in all works of art. The beautiful in the true we consider to be the object of all the fine arts. We have been a little fatigued with the reforming tendency of writers of fiction, the authors who are for changing every thing, abolishing every thing, and who have a radical objection to every thing in existence. We have not the slightest intention of scoffing at real reformers. On the contrary, we have a profound respect for the conscientious and untiring zeal by which abuses are ploughed out of our society almost as soon as they have taken root. Certainly the world should be reformed, but not entirely by novel-writers. The reformation of society must go on, and we have no intention of speaking otherwise than seriously upon that subject. But fiction has assumed too much of the work. Slavery must be abolished, intemperance must be annihilated, the prisons, the schools, the hospitals must all be overhauled ; Congress must be purged, the White House swept clean ; the press, the pulpit, and the court-house looked after ; our agriculture, which in New England is three centuries behind the age, must be remodelled, and the farmers impressed with the virtues of soda and electricity ; pigs must be placed in their true position ;

that animal, which the benevolence of the present age has discovered to be cleanly, must be redeemed from his filth and sent up stairs to bed like a Christian; but all these great topics are not necessarily good material for the novelist. No doubt the country needs reformation, the world needs it. Reform every thing, and as reformation, like charity, should begin at home, take the advice of a respectable colored gentleman who drives about the streets of Boston in a cart inscribed with letters of gold, — take his advice, and "reform your tailors' bills." Reform all the abuses in the universe; remonstrate with the Hindoo widows; exterminate the Thugs; but in the mean time, let us occasionally be amused, and let novel-writers think less of reforming and more of amusing.

George Sand is, no doubt, a philosopher, and her style is better than that of any modern French writer; but she always reminds us of what Yorick told the Count de B. in the Sentimental Journey, — "The only fault I have to find with your nation is that you are too serious." Balzac takes the world as it is. He does not look for all the virtue in one place, and for all the vice in another; and we are inclined to believe he is right. For ourselves, we have arrived at the conclusion, that all the "natural nobility" is not monopolized by the almshouse, nor all the temperance by the reformed drunkards, nor all the chastity by the penitent Magdalens. There is a sprinkling of virtue and vice throughout all the strata of society.

We have said, that what we considered the best characteristic of Balzac is his naturalist-spirit. We have also said, that he is a writer of fashionable novels. He has studied high life in Paris with the calmness of a scientific inquirer and the eye of an artist. We know no pictures of society, in any novels, which are superior to his. There is an extraordinary richness and delicacy in his coloring. He is the Petronius Arbiter of Parisian life. We cannot help being charmed with the striking elegance of his workmanship, and in accordance with the views which we have before advanced, we confess to the extraordinary fascination which he contrives to exert over his reader. Like one of the "shabby fellows" whom Tony Lumpkin entertains at the "Three Jolly Pigeons," and who is fond of the squire "bekays he never gives us nothing that 's low," — like that excellent person of humble condition but elevated taste, we

hold that "the genteel thing is the genteel thing at any time, if so be as a gentleman is in a concatenation accordingly." We find an extraordinary power in anatomizing the passions, laying bare the fibres, tracing out the most minute filaments of feeling and sensation, exerted in every one of that striking series of tales called the *Scènes de la Vie Parisienne.* The female character he has anatomized with the most wonderful accuracy. The pathology of the female heart, in particular, he has studied like a science, and he seems to display in its treatment the combined knowledge of a family physician and a father confessor. The two great genera, the *femme incomprise* and the *femme abandonnée*, he has studied in the minutest detail, and so entirely mastered, that should both races perish, he could reconstruct them out of a single scale in red sandstone, out of a single ringlet or ribbon, with the unerring accuracy of an Agassiz.

Before we proceed any farther, however, it may be as well to say the little which we know about the literary history of the author whom we are discussing. Honoré de Balzac was born at Tours, in Touraine, in 1799, and came, pen in hand, to Paris in 1820, to seek his fortune in literature. Nine years he wrote, without being wearied, and without making the slightest impression upon the public. To use the language of the witty "*homme de rien*" who has included our author in his *Galerie des Contemporains Illustres*, and from whose brilliant sketch we have derived most of our knowledge of his biography, besides a few critical suggestions, he "made twenty assaults upon fame, and had forty volumes killed under him." He assumed all kinds of *noms de plume*, — Horace de St. Aubin, Villerglé de St. Alme, and among others, the hieroglyphical title of *Lord R'hoone!* All would not do. The *Vicaire des Ardennes*, the *Centenaire*, *Annette et le Criminel*, *Wann-Chlore*, &c., &c., all perished as soon as they saw the light. As was the case with poor Goldsmith, when he wrote any thing, the world made a point of knowing nothing about it. But Balzac was more obstinate than the world. The material was in him, as it had need be in any man who would write himself into notoriety in Paris. Nothing, by the way, impresses us with a more vivid notion of the fertility of the French mind than the immense profusion of novels, romances, operas, comedies, farces, and vaudevilles which are turned off every

season, all of them sparkling, brilliant, striking, and which, precisely like the contents of the *Magasins de Nouveautés*, are worn out and forgotten when the next fashions come in. The great wheel is turning, ceaselessly turning, the mill-race runs, and foams, and flashes in the sun ; and so it goes on, year after year, without pausing, without flagging, and without diminution in the exuberance of production.

At last, in 1829, he made a hit with *Les Derniers Chouans*, a work which, although by no means one of his most striking or most interesting, is less objectionable in point of style, and less crammed with the euphuistic affectations by which all his works are disfigured, than his previous romances. This was followed, the next year, by the *Physiologie du Mariage*, a work for whose success it seems difficult to account, distinguished as it is by the cynical ribaldry of its philosophy and the ponderous pleasantry of its style, in which the manner of Sterne is most unsuccessfully copied. Even the typographical capers of this delightful author, whom Balzac seems intensely to admire without thoroughly comprehending him, are imitated in the *Physiologie du Mariage*, in which are four or five pages of types thrown heterogeneously together, upside down, and interspersed with punctuation marks and notes of interrogation, presenting a hodge-podge which is supposed, for some unknown reason, to be highly ludicrous.

In 1831 – 2, and afterwards, appeared the *Scènes de la Vie Privée*, *Scènes de la Vie Parisienne*, and *Scènes de la Vie de Province*, which, with *Le Père Goriot*, which we believe is not included in either of those three series, comprise all that is most admirable in his writings. The last book which we recollect reading was a story of provincial life, entitled *Ursule Mirouet*, executed in his most quiet and artistic manner, and containing but few of his habitual blemishes. Since the appearance of that work, which was, we believe, in 1843, we have heard of nothing from his pen.

All the novels which appeared previously to the *Les Derniers Chouans* are strongly marked with his characteristics, and yet they are much inferior, both in conception and execution, to their successors. There is no one of his works, for instance, which is more crowded with his monstrosities than *Wann-Chlore*, *ou Jane la Pâle*, while at the same time it contains passages of passion, scenes, situations, and cir-

cumstances such as he always delights to deal with, and in which he always displays extraordinary power. We mention this book because it is so strikingly characteristic of Balzac, although it is undoubtedly one of his most indifferent novels. Moreover, the curious in such matters would be amused to observe again in this book his constant tendency to pilfer, "convey, the wise it call," from our English Sterne. There is a *valet de chambre* in this book copied entirely from Corporal Trim. There is a courtship of a *femme de chambre* undertaken by the said valet, which is almost literally copied from the loves of Trim and the Widow Wadman's Bridget; and there are half a dozen verbal expressions which the reader familiar with Tristram Shandy would instantly recognize. Not that we consider this a heinous offence; far from it. We even love Balzac the better, and appreciate him the more, because of his entire sympathy with that most delightful and original of writers.

We have said that the fame of Balzac must rest upon his *Scènes de la Vie Parisienne*, and *Scènes de la Vie de Province*. The first of these series is made up generally of short stories, or rather episodes, in a sort of grand epopee of Parisian life, which seems to exist unwritten in Balzac's brain. Of these stories, all of which are striking, we should perhaps select a tale entitled *Ne touchez pas à la Hache*, as a masterpiece of brilliant handling, startling effect, and artful management. There is a midnight scene, in which the hero, a certain General de Montrireau, assisted by two or three friends, masked and cloaked, resolves to punish the heroine, a beautiful duchesse, for her coquetry, by branding her upon the forehead with a red-hot needle, which we consider a *chef d'œuvre* of illusion. Certainly, nothing could equal the colossal impudence of such a literary conception but its entire success. The scene is so well worked up, the details so minutely delineated, the *chiar'oscuro* so artfully managed, that the effect is wonderful.

Another of the most brilliant of these episodes in the Parisian epic is the *Histoire des Treize*; — and, by the way, it should be observed that none of the characters in the different novels of Balzac are indigenous to the book where they first appear, but walk about from one novel to another, reappearing here, there, and everywhere, just as it suits the pleasure of the author, and the purposes of his grand epopee.

"The Thirteen" compose nothing more nor less than a subterranean fraternity, in which dashing nobles and generals are banded with stamped galley-slaves and distinguished pickpockets, for mutual self-improvement and common defence. By this fortunate combination, the dandy in high life is able to accomplish many things in a masterly and mysterious style, which would have been less feasible but for the assistance of his underground associates. Balzac has an inordinate love of the atrocious, but manages it better than any of his contemporaries. His corrupt taste seems rather to belong to his epoch than to himself. More than any of the modern Parisians, he seems to us essentially to represent a literature which is *blasée*, and which, in its morbid and depraved appetite for the original and the fresh, is constantly feeding upon the monstrous. Strictly speaking, perhaps, there is nothing absolutely new in this general conception of "The Thirteen." Yet, such is the singular power of the delineator, who produces his efforts now by a bold, startling, Caravaggio-like effect, and now by a patient accumulation of minute details, worthy of Gerard Douw or Ostade, that we defy the most phlegmatic of readers to maintain his composure through a midnight perusal of these striking narratives. The Circean power

> "to lull the sense,
> And in sweet madness rob it of itself,"

belongs to this juggler in an eminent degree, and he must have potent nerves who can entirely resist the fascination.

It is in these episodes that the type of the Balzac hero is most fully developed. We cannot say much in favor of this form of the heroic, although the model is somewhat original. We are not sure whether it would pass muster with Carlyle; yet certainly these heroes are not pale and conventional, like the flunky whom he abhors, but are up to any thing in the way of energetic, unscrupulous working. We fear, however, that there is a little too much outside about them for Carlyle. The hero after Balzac's heart, call him De Marsay, De Trailles, Ronquerolles, Rastignac, or what you will, is invariably a dandy of the first water; but the natural insipidity of the dandy is always relieved by criminality of the deepest dye. In person, he presents a

curious combination of John the Baptist and Fra Diavolo, with a slight touch of the youthful Werther, *gants jaunes* being substituted for the yellow buckskins. To an historical name, always provided with the "*particule*," great personal beauty, and an uncommonly fine head of hair, he unites extraordinary genius, such as would have easily placed him at the head of the statesmen, warriors, philosophers, or poets of his epoch, if he had ever thought it worth his while to engage in such pursuits. But the hands

> "Which the rod of empire might have swayed,
> Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre,"

remain in comparative idleness, to all appearance, although some how or other they accomplish a great deal.

The hero, who generally arrives at Paris aged twenty, provided with three hundred francs a year and the aforesaid accomplishments, soon reaches the summit of society, and finds the whole "world and his wife," particularly the latter, at his feet, with the least possible delay. How this effect is accomplished remains somewhat enigmatical, and savors of the supernatural. Such is, perhaps, the intention of the author, who wishes to represent to our imagination a hero of fabulous beauty and superhuman genius, a kind of fallen archangel, walking the world in patent-leather boots, and making love to the daughters of earth, while at the same time he is in league with all sorts of desperadoes and demons below stairs. The stage on which these brilliant Parisian scenes are represented seems a sheet of polished glass spread over the flames of hell, — rather warm work, and rather slippery footing, on which only the very adroit can maintain their equilibrium.

A severe and cynical analysis of the ingredients out of which so much effect is produced would give but a faint notion of the author's genius; but let any one read the history of Ferragus, for example, and then deny, if he can, the power of the artist. In this book, a young officer, who incurs the hatred of one of the Thirteen, is one day nearly crushed by the apparently accidental falling of a large block of stone from a new house upon which the masons are at work. Escaping with the loss of his cabriolet and his tiger, and with a severe contusion, he afterwards goes to a royal ball, and comes home with a duel upon his hands. Des-

perately but not mortally wounded in this affair, after a long interval he again appears at an ambassador's ball, where, to his surprise, he meets a certain beggar whom he has offended. The beggar, who, by the way, is the same whose portrait we have given in a former part of this article, is now presented to him as a Portuguese grandee of the first class, and requests the pleasure of a few moments' private conversation with him. The two retire together to a boudoir, where the beggar, grandee, galley-slave, and captain of the Thirteen, — for Ferragus unites all these dignities, — suddenly seizes the officer by the hair, twists him round a little, and then disappears. The officer goes home, sickens, and dies a horrible and lingering death from the effects of a poison introduced into his hair in this extraordinary rencounter. Such is a specimen of the style of proceeding adopted by the Thirteen ; and it should be observed, by the way, that many of the heroes of other novels by this author seem to be connected with this singular fraternity.

The three romances upon which Balzac may most securely rest his fame are *Le Père Goriot*, *Eugenie Grandet*, and *La Recherche de l'Absolu*. These are all less disfigured by his characteristic faults, and more distinguished by masterly portraiture of passion and minutely accurate delineation of character and scenery, than any of his other productions. We have no time nor inclination to analyze these novels. *Père Goriot* is the history of a Lear in private life, a rich maccaroni-maker, who divides his fortune between his two daughters, the Baronne de Nucingen, and the Comtesse de Restand, and who, although cruelly neglected by them, and allowed almost to starve to death, is unfaltering and sublime in his passionate affection for his unworthy offspring. The boarding-house where he lives, the "*Maison Vauquer, pension bourgeoise des deux sexes et autres*," is also the residence of several prominent characters, some of which are the most striking and finished pictures which his pencil has ever drawn. The old maccaroni-maker, the *forçat* Vautrin, otherwise Trempe la Mort, the Demoiselle Michonneau, and Madame Vauquer née de Conflans, the mistress of the boarding-house, are all conceived and executed with consummate skill. The boarding-house itself is a character, — nay, the very street where it is situated has a physiognomy of its own. No one who has read *Père Goriot* can ever forget the extraordi-

nary power with which that *pension bourgeoise*, the odor of the house, the character of its furniture, the color of its walls, the locks of its doors, are presented to the imagination, blended with the various but minutely depicted portraits of the inmates, the sound of their voices, the expression of their features, the strain of their general conversation at table, their meagre *table-d'hôte* fare, their boarding-house jokes, their conventional witticisms, their petty plots, their interior heart-burnings. Nor is less to be admired the artful manner in which the counterpart to this musty fusty *pension* life is managed, the magic-lantern style in which suddenly flash upon the view the brilliant ball-rooms of the Faubourg St. Germain, with all their soft crush, and flutter, and glitter, their beauty, music, flowers, their diamonds, dalliance, and dance. The obscure Maison Vauquer is connected by two links with the dazzling scenes of Parisian life; the Père Goriot and the hero Eugène de Rastignac are both inmates of the boarding-house.

The two masterpieces of Balzac, however, are unquestionably *Eugenie Grandet* and *La Recherche de l'Absolu;* both of which are included in the *Scènes de la Vie de Province.* The story of *Eugenie Grandet* is nothing, a mere narrative of every-day life, in which the self-abnegation of woman and the egotism of man are depicted in a series of interior, exquisitely finished scenes, which inevitably suggest, to be sure, the works of the Flemish painters, but to which we are disposed to assign a much higher rank in literature than those pictures occupy in art. Moreover, there are passages of passion, strokes of nature, scenes of light and shadow, which reveal so broad and profound a knowledge of nature and of the heart, that we consider this comparison as an undervaluation of Balzac.

Eugenie Grandet is the daughter of a provincial miser, whose life is wasted in devotion to an inhuman father and a worthless lover. It is a story without a catastrophe, and therefore the more lifelike. The father, a miser, whose picture is admirably drawn, and well illustrates the effect which may be produced by the accumulation of delicate touches, after having kept all his family upon the rack during his whole life, dies at last with his money-bags in his arms, and leaves many millions to his daughter. The lover has, however, in the mean time, deserted her and married another.

There is no need of making an analysis of the story, for it would disappear in the attempt. So meagre and minute are the incidents, so slight is the framework of the novel, that it would seem impossible that the interest could be sustained; and yet it is hardly possible to conceive of a work of more absorbing and enchaining interest. The consummate skill with which petty and every-day events are handled, and the lifelike portraiture of the characters, constitute the charm of the book. In the heroine, Balzac has, for once at least, approached the ideal. Eugenie is the perfection of the moral-beautiful evolved from the true; a type of woman which to the vulgar mind might be vulgar, but to the moralist, as well as to the artist, is one of inestimable beauty and sublimity. In the author's own words, "Eugenie Grandet among women will be a type, — that of devotions thrown into the tempests of the world, and buried there, as a noble statue taken from Greece, which, upon the passage, falls into the ocean, where it will for ever remain unknown."

The personal portrait of Eugenie Grandet, who is far from beautiful, and whose features are even slightly swollen by a "clement small-pox," and who yet reminds you at every step of Raphael's Madonnas, broad, vigorous, peasant-like, and yet simply and unconsciously angelic, is admirably in accordance with her character, which is natural and simple, but strong. Her self-abnegation results from the generosity of a robust and healthy mind, not from the non-resistance of a feeble organization. In this respect she is happily contrasted with her mother, whose devotion, although in itself exquisitely depicted, savors a little of imbecility. And yet it is a curious effect of the artist's power, that towards the end of the book, where the devoted mother and wife is dying, she appears absolutely to assume a countenance of earthly beauty, so much of the morally sublime seems to radiate from a face which, in the opening chapters, is described in the following sentences; we quote them because they are a good specimen of the author's manner.

"Madame Grandet was a dry, lean woman, yellow as a quince, awkward, slow; one of those women who seem made to be tyrannized over. She had large bones, a large nose, a large forehead, large eyes, and presented at first sight a vague resemblance to those spongy fruits which have neither savor nor juice. Her teeth were black and few, her mouth was wrinkled, and her

chin was of the form sometimes denominated '*en galoche.*' She was an excellent woman, born De la Bertellière. The Abbé Cruchot took occasion sometimes to tell her, that she must have been good-looking, and she believed him. An angelic mildness, the resignation of an insect tormented by children, a rare piety, an unalterable equality of soul, a good heart, made her universally pitied and respected. Her husband never gave her more than six francs at a time for her personal expenses."

The character of the miser Grandet, from the commencement to the close, is developed in the most admirable manner. His portrait is one of Balzac's best; and the short, square man, with his gray hair, basilisk eyes, his heavy nose "supporting a veined wen," his white cravat, *gens-d'armes* gloves, and shoes with leather strings, will continue to walk through the memory of every one who has ever read the book, long after the incidents and events of the story have vanished. Although, as in all Balzac's workmanship, the character is worked up by accumulation, yet occasionally a startling light is thrown upon the miser's egotism by a slight but striking incident. For example, his brother, a Paris banker, finding himself bankrupt, consigns his son, the lover of the piece, to the tender mercies of the miser, and then blows out his brains. Although prepared for this event by letter, the miser receives the first information of its actual occurrence in a newspaper paragraph pointed out to him by an acquaintance. He reads it through, and then resumes his calculations concerning some money transactions, and arriving at home, he "jots down the figures of his speculation upon the margin of the journal in which his brother's death was announced, hearing all the time, without listening to, the groans of his nephew."

The *Recherche de l'Absolu* is an admirable reverse to the story of the provincial miser. It is the history of a Flemish gentleman of high family and vast fortune, who squanders his whole property in a search for the philosopher's stone. As in *Eugenie Grandet*, the current of the story is monotonous and the incidents are few; and here, too, the great charm is derived from the generous, although mistaken, devotion of woman. Balthazar Claes, the alchemist, is at the beginning of the book devotedly fond of his wife and daughter, and surrounded by every luxury which wealth could purchase. In his absorbing and insane search for "the absolute," he

melts down in his crucible not only his houses and lands, his ducats and his forests, his wife's dowry and his own inheritance, but also, what to Madame Claes is a more inestimable treasure, his fondness for her, which, in its transition from intense passion to preoccupied but gentle estrangement, and at last to entire and icy indifference, is depicted in a very artistic manner. The scientific madness, which grapples him slowly, but with the sureness of destiny, in its iron embrace, fastening, as it were, one after another, its myriad talons into every portion of his being, is skilfully delineated ; but, as we have had occasion so often to repeat, Balzac almost invariably produces his effects by a patient observation of minute detail. He occasionally, however, employs more striking touches, and reveals, as it were, in a flash, the passion or the sentiment of a situation. Take, for instance, one of the concluding scenes of the story, in which Madame Claes, whose heart is at last broken by the incurable egotism and half-insane devotion of her husband to his pursuit, lies upon her death-bed, and, after having received the last sacrament, is anxiously expecting the entrance of her husband, whom she is now to see for the last time upon earth. Just as the ceremony of the sacrament is concluded, Balthazar enters, his face radiant with triumph.

"'T is done,' he cried with a joyous air; 'azote contains oxygen and a substance of an imponderable nature, which probably is the principle of the ——'

"Murmurs of horror arose, which interrupted him, and restored to him his presence of mind.

"'But what have they been telling me?' he resumed; 'you are worse; what has happened?'

"'It happens, Sir,' whispered the Abbé de Solis indignantly in his ear, 'that your wife is dying, and that you have killed her.'"

To resume in a few words an estimate of this writer's powers, we should say that his excellences and defects spring mainly from two sources, which, if we were inclined to be pedantic, we would call his micrology and his neology. To his patient, minute, but artistic observation of the world before him, with its various scenes and characters, and to his constant tendency to philosophize, refine, and subtilize upon all he sees, are attributable both the fidelity of his scene and character painting, and the occasionally laughable philosophy

which he expends upon trifles. Secondly, the depraved appetite for the new, which, as we have observed, seems to characterize French literature, is eminently a characteristic of his mind, — a besetting foible, which, while it has sometimes led him to fresh and sparkling fountains, has after all engendered most that is monstrous and offensive in his writings. Both these traits, however, run together, and we will illustrate both in one or two short extracts. His micrologic tendency, moreover, often deprives him of much of his real power. Very often, for instance, after laying bare the breast of a character in very scientific style, instead of proceeding at once to the main purposes of the autopsy, he will wander off into the most remote ramification of the nervous system, or discourse of ruptured filaments or discolored membranes, and all sorts of pathological nonsense, till you are wearied beyond endurance, and all the effect of his science is lost. In the extracts, which we have chosen because we think them illustrative of his style, it will be observed how fond he is of pressing physiological, physiognomical, pathological, and sometimes craniological science into his service. He has apparently considerable acquirements in many of the *ologies;* but we cannot help observing, at every step, that he has never studied science for itself, from an innate desire to arrive at truth, but rather to make use of it as an auxiliary in his profession, as an artist studies anatomy only that it may assist him in his art. His love of minute detail is nowhere more strikingly exhibited than in his description of the personal charms of his various heroines. Every feature is conscientiously inventoried, and every possible deduction, according to the physiognomical laws as he understands them, from the setting of the eyebrows, the color of the eye, the chiselling of the chin, and so on, as to the character of the individual, is made with untiring assiduity. Olivia's brief catalogue of her charms — "*item*, two gray eyes with lids to them; *item*, two lips indifferent red, one nose, and so forth" — would never answer his purpose; for Balzac, when describing a heroine, is of the humor of the lover in one of Marston's comedies, who says of his mistress, that

> "There 's more philosophy, more theorems,
> More demonstrations, all invincible,
> More clear divinity drawn upon her cheek,

Than in all volumes' tedious paraphrase
Of musty Eld."

It is inconceivable how much minute philosophy this lively Frenchman contrives to extract from the physiognomy of his various characters. We have unsuccessfully turned over a dozen of his novels in search of one particular passage highly illustrative of this tendency, which we should like to quote; but we have forgotten the diction and the name of the romance in which we found it. We only remember, that certain black points upon the pupil of the heroine's eye, and certain other black points upon the tip of her nose, were very accurately noted and described as the unquestionable indications of several mental attributes; but what they were has unfortunately escaped our memory. We are, however, inclined to look with less incredulity, perhaps, upon infinitesimal philosophy like this, or rather upon deductions so vast from symptoms apparently so trifling, since the wonderful discoveries recently made by another ingenious Frenchman, M. Guenin, as to the physiognomy of "cows' escutcheons." As it has been found that the quantity of milk, the weight of butter, the mental disposition, and all other personal qualities of the cow, can be inferred in an instant from *indiciæ* so very slight, we begin to think that Balzac may have more method in his madness than we used to believe.

As a specimen of his minute and refining style of description, take the following portrait of Mademoiselle Evangélista, the heroine of *La Fleur des Pois.*

"Her beauty, which was truly wonderful, proceeded from an excessive regularity of features in harmony with the proportions of the head and body. This perfection is of evil augury for the mind. Few exceptions are found to this rule. Every superior nature has slight imperfections in form, which become irresistible attractions, luminous points, where shine conflicting sentiments, and which arrest the attention. A perfect harmony announces the coldness of mixed organizations. Natalie had a rounded figure, a sign of force, but an unerring indication of a will which often amounts to obstinacy in persons whose mind is neither lively nor enlarged. Her hands, like those of a Greek statue, *confirmed the predictions of her countenance and figure, by announcing an illogical spirit of domination, a will for the sake of the will.* Her eyebrows met, and, *according to observ-*

ers, this trait indicates a tendency to jealousy. . . . . . Her eyes, apparently black, but in reality of an orange brown, contrasted with her hair, of which the pale reddish *blonde*, so prized by the Romans, is called *auburn* in England, and which almost always belongs to a child born of two persons with black hair, as was that of Monsieur and Madame Evangélista. . . . . Although the contour of her face had something august in character, yet the chin of Natalie was slightly *empaté*, a painter's expression, which may serve to *explain the preëxistence of sentiments whose violence would hardly declare themselves before the middle of life.* Her mouth, slightly compressed, expressed a fierce pride in harmony with her hand, her chin, her eyebrows, and her beautiful figure. Finally, last diagnostic, which alone would have determined the judgment of a connoisseur, the pure voice of Natalie, that voice which was so seducing, had metallic tones. Howsoever gently the metal was managed, despite the grace with which the sounds flowed through the spirals of the instrument, *this organ announced the character of the Duke d'Alba, from whom the Casa Reale* (the family of Natalie's mother) *was collaterally descended.* These indications all suggested passions which were violent without tenderness, sudden devotions, irreconcilable hatreds, *esprit* without intelligence, and the desire of dominion natural to persons who feel themselves inferior to their pretensions."

Without any comment upon the beauties or absurdities of this passage, let us take another, equally characteristic. It is the description of Madame Claes, the wife of the Flemish alchemist. It will be perceived, that, in his rage for the new, Balzac has here invented quite a new kind of heroine, quite an original style of beauty. Madame Claes is of the ripe age of forty, lame, and slightly deformed; and yet, such is the effect of his art, wilfully and absurdly exerted as it is, this heroine produces upon the reader the effect of exquisite beauty.

"The physiognomy of this lady, aged about forty, but at that time much less removed from beauty than she had been in her youth, presented none of the characteristics of the Flemish woman. Thick, black hair fell in curls upon her shoulders and along her cheeks. Her forehead, very much arched, narrow at the temples, was yellowish, but beneath this forehead scintillated two black eyes, which cast forth flames. Her face, entirely Spanish, brown in tone, faintly colored, ravaged by the small-pox, arrested attention by the perfection of its oval form, whose contour preserved, in spite of the alteration of the lines, a finish

of majestic elegance, which sometimes reappeared entirely, if any effort of the soul restored to it its primitive purity. *The trait which gave the most distinction to this vigorous face was a nose curved like the beak of an eagle, and which, too much arched towards the middle, seemed to have an interior malformation; but there was an indescribable delicacy about it, and the partition of the nostrils was so thin, that its transparency permitted the light to redden it strongly.* The sinuosities of the mouth, whose somewhat large lips were very much folded, betrayed the pride inspired by high birth, and a natural kindness strengthened by constant happiness, and polished by education. It was a face at once vigorous and feminine, whose beauty might be disputed, but which commanded the attention. Thus, although this woman passed for ugly, here and there, in the world, when she was still a girl, men would turn to look at her, strongly moved by the passionate ardor which her head expressed, and by the indications of an inexhaustible tenderness; and they remained under a charm irreconcilable with her visible defects; for she was *small, lame, humpbacked, and people obstinately denied her intelligence.*"

The last extract which we shall make is from *Le Lis dans la Vallée.* It is another description of a heroine, and is, if possible, still more characteristic and more full of affectation than the preceding.

"I gave myself up to the delight of hearing the voice of the countess. *The breath of her soul displayed itself in the folds of her syllables*, as the sound divides itself under the keys of a flute; it expired undulatingly upon the ear, whence it precipitated the action of the blood. *Her manner of speaking the terminations in* i *suggested the song of a bird; the* ch *pronounced by her was like a caress; and the manner in which she attacked the* t-*s revealed the despotism of the heart.* She enlarged thus, without knowing it, the sense of the words, and carried away your soul into an immense world. . . . . I could pencil for you the principal features, which everywhere would have distinguished the countess as an object of observation; but the most correct design, the warmest color, would express nothing. Her face is one of those the portraiture of which requires the artist, never to be found, whose hand can paint the reflection of interior fires, and knows how to *depict that luminous vapor which science denies, which language does not translate, but which a lover sees.* Her *fine, ash-colored hair often caused her pain*, and this suffering was doubtless caused by sudden determinations of blood to the head. Her rounded forehead, prominent like that of Joconde, appeared full of unexpressed ideas, of repressed sentiments, *of*

flowers drowned in bitter waters. Her greenish eyes, dotted with brown points, were always pale; but if there was question of her children, if there escaped from her any of those lively effusions of joy or grief, rare in the life of resigned women, *her eye emitted a subtle light which seemed to be kindled at the sources of life*, and which was sure to exhaust them. . . . . The lower part of her head did not present those hollows which make the nape of the neck in most women resemble the trunks of trees; her muscles did not form cords; and everywhere the lines were rounded into flexuosities as tormenting to the eye as to the pencil. A tender down died along her cheeks, and in the creases of her neck, retaining the *light, which became silken there.* Her small and well-turned ears were, according to her own expression, the *ears of a slave and a mother.*"

We feel as if we had perhaps done our author injustice by these extracts. Certainly their absurdity is almost incredible; and yet we assure the reader who is unacquainted with Balzac, that they are eminently characteristic specimens of his style, which is very vicious. His merits, which we have already endeavoured to indicate, can hardly be exhibited by quotation. It is perhaps his defective style more than any thing else which will prevent his becoming a classic, for style above all other qualities seems to embalm for posterity. As for his philosophy, his principles, moral, political, or social, we repeat, that he seems to have none whatever. He looks for the picturesque and the striking. He studies sentiments and sensations from an artistic point of view. He is a physiognomist, a physiologist, a bit of an anatomist, a bit of a Mesmerist, a bit of a geologist, a Flemish painter, an upholsterer, a micrological, misanthropical, skeptical philosopher; but he is no moralist, and certainly no reformer. We have not the least intention of recommending his works for general circulation in this country; but looking at him as an artist, and from the *standpunkt* of his own nation and no other, we have considered him worthy, by his genius and the magnitude of his "*œuvre*," to be noticed thus somewhat elaborately.

ART. V. — *The Library of American Biography*, conducted by JARED SPARKS. Second Series. Vol. XII. *Life of Edward Preble*, by LORENZO SABINE; *Life of William Penn*, by GEORGE E. ELLIS. Boston: Little & Brown. 1847. 12mo. pp. 408.

THE volume before us contains Lives of Edward Preble and William Penn. Mr. Sabine, whose minute accuracy and extraordinary extent of information, in several important departments of our national and diplomatic history, have been displayed to the readers of this journal, has collected, with his usual industry and zeal, the particulars of the career of one of our earliest and ablest naval commanders. His account of the operations of the Mediterranean squadron under Commodore Preble, in the years 1803 and 1804, is a valuable and durable contribution to American history. It was then and there that the navy of the United States received, from the genius and spirit of that gallant and resolute, daring and skilful officer, the stamp of heroism and efficiency which has marked it ever since, and which subsequent achievements have but burnished into greater brightness. The following paragraph, from Mr. Sabine's memoir, illustrates the interest and value that belong to Commodore Preble's Mediterranean command.

"It has been remarked, that at the first Preble's officers disliked him; but he had won their affection, and, on his retiring from the command, they, with entire unanimity, presented to him an address expressive of the kindest sentiments. A paper of this description, as from inferiors to an official superior, is, perhaps, seldom proper; but in this case, if we regard the peculiar circumstances under which this superior and these inferiors met and parted, the motive alone may be considered, and thus not only excuse the act itself, but render it one of the most certain proofs which have been preserved of the Commodore's personal and professional merits. This address bears the signatures of no less than fifty-three officers; and if we take into view, that among them were Stewart and Hull, who subsequently gained honorable victories from the deck of his own flagship; Decatur, the vanquisher of the Macedonian; Lawrence, who captured the Peacock, and who with his dying words forbade the surrender of that ill-omened ship, the Chesa-

peake; McDonough, the victor on Lake Champlain; Burrows, who fell in the contest with the Boxer; Chauncey and Morris, and many others, whose names are dear to the nation; we can estimate the worth of the testimonial. Immured in prison at this time were Bainbridge, who a few years afterwards sunk the Java; and Jones, who captured the Frolic; and Biddle, who closed the series of memorable exploits upon the ocean by sinking the Penguin. Thus it happened, that a large proportion of the successful commanders in the war of 1812 acted under Preble's orders. To have had any share in training these officers is of itself an honor." — pp. 160, 161.

The memoir of William Penn is by the Rev. George E. Ellis of Charlestown, Massachusetts. It is well known that Mr. Ellis's researches, abroad and at home, into the literature and history of the Quakers, have given him preëminent advantages as the biographer of the most illustrious name connected with that denomination. His habits as a student and writer assure us, that he entered upon his work with all the materials spread before him which untiring exploration and the most thorough learning could collect. He has used them with the most perfect fairness and candor, from a point of view where no sinister sectarian bias and no local or partisan influence could reach him; and the result is a biography that may be regarded with confidence, and a narrative of the life and labors of his subject which answers the demands of truth and justice.

The name of William Penn is invested with a celebrity throughout the world, and will be remembered in all coming ages with an interest which will entitle it to be inscribed among the truly great ones of the earth. No list of eminent and distinguished persons, taken from the entire range of human history, could be formed, however select or brief, from which it could properly be left out. Very few have impressed themselves so distinctly upon the universal observation of mankind. The peculiarity of his religious profession, and the auspicious associations connected with the part he bore in laying the foundations of civilization in America, no less, if not more, than any preëminence of genius or virtue, have contributed to render his fame thus extensive and illustrious.

The only thing that has threatened to cause a serious and lasting detraction from his fame, the only accusation that has

made any impression upon the judgment of fair and enlightened minds, arose from his peculiar personal and political relation to the family of Stuarts, during the reigns of Charles the Second and James the Second. It was generally thought at the time, and has been thought by many since, that he could not have maintained that relation without a dishonest compromise of his professed principles, and a secret sympathy with those princes in their now ascertained attachment to Popery, and in their alleged design to establish absolute monarchy on the ruins of the British constitution. We would venture the opinion, that the character of Penn will come forth with undiminished brightness from this charge, and that his course will be found to have been more consistent with his principles, and altogether wiser, than that pursued by the other leaders of Dissenting interests at that time.

On the restoration of the Stuarts to the British throne, the most absorbing and intense interest was felt throughout the empire in reference to the effect which that event would produce upon the state and tendency of religion. The Dissenters, of every form, were clamoring for relief from the disabilities to which they were subject. Every sect was eager in its efforts, and in its expectations, to obtain the favor of the court; and this was one of the causes of that strange burst of universal acclamation with which Charles was welcomed back. Catholics, Episcopalians, Presbyterians, Independents, all vied with each other in their expressions of congratulation. The government at once proposed a generous and comprehensive toleration, and such an establishment as would open its arms to receive, and with a liberal charity spread its shelter over, Christians of all varieties of creed and worship. Instead of availing themselves of this disposition of the court, the leading Protestant sects conceived the utmost jealousy and suspicion of the motives that led to it, and steadfastly refused to accept the terms that were offered, fearing that it was their design, and would be their effect, to let in Papists, on the one side, and Socinians, as they were called, on the other. This determination of the principal Dissenting bodies has had a decisive, and, we think, a disastrous influence upon the condition and prospects of Christianity to this day. Whatever were the motives of the court, if their terms had been accepted, Popery and

heresy would have stood no better chance for prevalence. In all probability they would have steadily and rapidly declined, and a national church, including within its benignant fold all the varieties of honest and serious profession, and extending to all an impartial protection, would have drawn into its attractive bosom the whole population, and have presented to Christendom a spectacle so beautiful and glorious as to have produced results, for the advancement of truth and piety and the conversion of the world, which may not be reached, as matters now are, for centuries to come.

William Penn, adhering with firm and clear-sighted consistency to his principles, as the head and guardian of the Society of Friends, gave his hearty and constant support to the government, in the issue thus raised. He was willing and ready, as every true Protestant ought to have been, to meet Popery on a level. He believed that Charles and James were honest and fair-minded in their proposals. But whether they were or not, he had full confidence that the truth had nothing to fear from the establishment of the widest comprehension ; and he knew that if the patronage of the government was extended at all to the concerns of religion, it ought to favor and secure the most perfect freedom of conscience and worship. For his course on this question he was abused with the utmost rancor and profligacy. He was denounced as a base courtier, as an enemy of Protestantism, as concealing under the demure exterior and sleek costume of a Quaker the heart of a Papist, as having taken orders at Rome, as a priest in disguise and an emissary from the Pope. His intimacy with the reigning family, inherited from his father, justified and sanctified by a friendship which surmounted every adverse influence, survived all changes, and was extinguished by death alone, and naturally confirmed by his approval of their avowed liberal policy, was looked upon by narrow bigotry and jealousy as conclusive evidence of his connivance with the royal brothers in the designs imputed to them of bringing in Popery and tyranny. Nothing is more liable to sink to the lowest depths of folly and madness than sectarian hate ; and we recognize an illustration of this proposition in the fact, that great and good men were so blinded by the smoke of their prejudices as to charge the champion of the Quakers with corrupt inconsistency because he supported the policy of a government that proposed to remove

from the church all barriers of creed and ceremony ; and to defame, as a Jesuit at heart and in fact, one who, by preaching, and through the press as a voluminous author, and as the lawgiver of a new state, at the cost of honor and ease, in the endurance of imprisonment, fines, and exhausting efforts of toil and travel, was performing a part, before their eyes, and in the open view of the whole world, so utterly opposite and so radically destructive to the pretensions and the foundations of the Roman Catholic Church. The misconceptions and misrepresentations, which, originating in the political and theological excitements and conflicts with which he was connected, for a while and to some extent spread a shadow over his name, have vanished from the scene, and we can now behold him as he was.

And surely it is a striking and most pleasing spectacle that his character and career present to our view. It was an interesting age, and many remarkable personages shed lustre upon it ; but not one of them all arrests more observation, by the peculiarity and the dignity of his mien and his movements, than William Penn.

The son of an admiral, whose character was compounded of the qualities usually found in a sailor and naval commander, and who was devoted to his profession and fond of all that constitutes glory in the world's estimation, he comes before us to act a part in the world's history as opposite as possible to what could have been predicted from his parentage and education. At the age of fifteen he was entered as a gentleman-commoner at Christ Church College, in Oxford. Here an acquaintance, which ripened into a lasting friendship, was made with John Locke. At a still earlier period, when quite a child, young Penn had been the subject of a deep religious impression, and while at Oxford he was permanently and immovably established in the doctrines and principles of the Quakers, under the influence of a celebrated preacher of that sect, who, having himself at one time been connected with that University, was in the habit of visiting it for the purpose of disseminating his views. Actuated by the abhorrence of ritual ceremonies which has ever characterized his sect, he took the lead, with the zeal of a new and the rashness of a young convert, in various measures and expressions of repugnance to the religious forms of the University, and at last, reaching the extreme of fanatical intolerance,

he, with others, fell upon those students who, in obedience to royal mandates, wore their surplices in public, and tore them with violence from their persons. For this, of course, he was expelled from the University.

The disappointment and vexation of the father, at such a disgraceful termination of the son's academic career, were heightened tenfold by the discovery that his misconduct was the result of his having adopted the views and manners of the Quakers. No antipathy can be imagined more violent than the old admiral cherished to the sentiments, manners, and whole deportment of the Quakers of that period. His exasperation went to the extremity of blows, and his son was driven from his doors. But the steadfast intercession of the mother, and the cooling influence of time and reflection, led to a restoration of domestic intercourse and kind feeling. The son was too interesting in his traits and qualities to be abandoned. The pride of the father, reinforcing the returning tide of natural affection, obtained the ascendency, and the youth, whose opening manly beauty and marked superiority of character, combining firmness with cheerfulness of disposition, could not but be noticed and admired by all, was received back to the relenting arms of the warm-hearted parent. Some time after this, he was sent over to the Continent to complete his education with the accomplishments of foreign travel and observation. It is supposed that the admiral adopted this measure with the greater readiness, in hopes that the gay seductions of the fashionable spheres of brilliant life in the European cities and courts might wean the lively spirit of the youth from the demure and self-denying manners and influences of Quakerism. The result, upon the whole, was favorable in its influence upon the feelings of the father, although no permanent or essential effect was produced upon the religious sympathies and convictions of the son. Foreign travel, and intercourse with the highest circles of society on the Continent, did not fail to make a considerable impression upon his manners and aspect. But instead of destroying or weakening his attachment to Quaker principles, they blended with them a degree of grace, courtesy, and moderation which removed a large part of what was disagreeable, and enhanced, with a most singular attractiveness, the charm of what was really good and commendable in them.

After returning to England, for a time he was a student at Lincoln's Inn, and the knowledge there acquired was undoubtedly of great subsequent benefit to him. His profession of Quaker principles, and faithful adherence to that sect in the days of its early persecution, exposed him to much peril and suffering. He was subjected to tumultuary and riotous assaults, to imprisonment and prosecution under the forms of law, and to various modes of annoyance from the public, while, from time to time, the most serious collisions took place between him and his father; although the evident sincerity and depth of his convictions, and the mingled meekness and fortitude of his demeanour, gradually won upon the feelings of the parent, so that, as he approached his dying hour, he sent a message to the king and the Duke of York, asking their favor and protection for his son, in case his religious profession should at any time bring him into difficulty; and their pledge to that effect was returned, — a pledge to which they both adhered with constant faithfulness. It is stated that on his death-bed the admiral addressed his son thus: — "William, if you and your friends keep to your plain way of preaching, and keep to your plain way of living, you will make an end of the priests to the end of the world." In his will, he expressed the fullest confidence and affection for his son, by leaving to him his great estate.

In the mean time William Penn had commenced his career as a preacher and author, in the dissemination of Quakerism. As a preacher he travelled extensively in his own country and on the Continent, and by his eloquence, zeal, learning, and personal accomplishments and influence, extended the sphere of his sect, and attracted to it the favorable notice of persons of the highest quality and station, as well as the humbler classes, to whose sympathies its doctrines always had a ready access. In the course of his life he became, perhaps, the most voluminous author of the denomination. His tracts and other publications were almost innumerable, and were poured forth from the fountains of a genius ever luminous with truth and warm with benevolence. No accumulation of cares, no pressure of business, no trials nor sufferings, could divest his thoughts from the watchful and faithful defence of the cause; and his printed works were designed to meet every want and remove every difficulty in the way of the principles of Quakerism, and to seize and occupy to the best

advantage every opportunity to illustrate and diffuse them. They are marked with a greater variety and freshness than might be apprehended from the circumstances of the case, are written in a pleasing and, considering the subjects, a perspicuous style, are the results of extensive learning, wide views, and benignant sentiments, and produce, the oftener we look them over and the more carefully we consider them, a continually deepening admiration of the talents and virtues of their author. While they were of great benefit to the Quakers at the time, and have reflected credit upon them ever since, they rise entirely above the sphere which that community have occupied, and entitle their writer to be numbered among those whose minds have outgrown the dimensions of their sects, and whom the whole world claim as their guides to liberty and truth.

But it is not so much by his writings as by his deeds, that he has conferred benefits upon mankind which all future ages will be glad to acknowledge. In his writings he appears as a theological disputant and a sectarian champion, and however well he acquits himself in that sphere, it is a sphere which multitudes share with him, and he is lost in a crowd. But his deeds raise him to a class to which but few individuals attain, and where all eyes can behold him. He was the founder of a state. He contributed to amend the political institutions of mankind. Society will ever feel and acknowledge, that by his single hand it was advanced greatly in its progress.

His eminent accomplishments and connections, his acquaintance with business, arising from the care and management of his own great estate, and his standing among the Friends, led to his selection as an umpire in a controversy about the proprietorship of West Jersey, the parties to which belonged to that sect. The immediate result of his agency was, not only an adjustment of the dispute, but the subsequent commitment of the management of the territory to him, as trustee, for the benefit of creditors and all concerned. While at the University, in the first opening of his youthful mind, his thoughts had been transiently turned to the colonization of America, and now that this complicated and extensive trusteeship was thrown upon his hands, the subject necessarily engaged his closest attention, and displayed itself before him in its full importance. He saw that the boundless regions of

North America, then still unoccupied by civilized man, afforded a field for the construction of society upon the foundation of those principles of absolute truth, justice, freedom, and love, which were the last results of all his meditations and reflections as a statesman and a Christian. It will ever be regarded as one of the most benignant arrangements, that such a spirit as his, so enlightened and so imbued with the purest principles, should have been provided with the means of contributing, on so large a scale, to the construction of the fabric of society in the New World.

Between the patent of West Jersey and the province of Lord Baltimore there was a vast territory unoccupied by settlers to any considerable extent, except in that portion now constituting the State of Delaware, with every most desirable element of climate, soil, and geographical position. To this his thoughts were attracted, and as he contemplated its favorable conditions, he conceived an earnest and absorbing purpose to secure it. The Duke of York on the one side, and Lord Baltimore on the other, opposed, with different degrees of effort, prior claims to more or less of the territory. But the former was induced to relinquish his rights to Penn, mainly, no doubt, through the influence of the friendship of which we have spoken, cherished by the royal brothers toward his father, and transferred to him. In the settlement of his father's estate it was found to have a large claim against the king and the Duke of York, for sums lent and services rendered them by the admiral. William Penn proposed to liquidate this claim by taking from the king a patent covering that portion of America between New Jersey and Maryland. For this consideration, and out of regard to the memory of his father, the patent was assigned to him agreeably to his wishes, and he became the proprietor of forty thousand square miles of territory in the most favored and desirable portion of the North American continent, and which, at the king's instance, and against his own modest remonstrance, was named Pennsylvania, a rare, if not the only instance in modern history of a state's bearing the name of its founder.

In entering upon the transaction of providing for the colonization, the civil and political establishment, and executive administration of a republican commonwealth, William Penn appears in the character he sustains in history. His previous

life, his education, his theological position and sectarian engagements are interesting only so far as they illustrate his preparation for his work as a lawgiver and founder of a state; and in this point of view they are, indeed, invested with a most singular and pleasing interest. A philosophical analysis of the elements that contributed to make him what he was, at the time of the purchase of Pennsylvania, would disclose at all points an adaptation of traits and resources. The manly and hardy nature and tone of mind, inherited from his father, and nurtured by the spirit of the conversation that prevailed in the familiar society and around the fireside of the admiral, — the interest which religion, in one of its purest forms, secured in his young mind, at the very time when the highest agencies of education were expanding his faculties, thus carrying him in safety and innocence over a period of life always, but then, in the sphere in which his family moved, preëminently, exposed to licentiousness, — his theological affinities bringing him into familiarity with the best forms of humble life, while his connections carried him to the very highest pinnacles of society, and secured him the confidential friendship and closest intimacy of kings, — his wealth and rank habituating him to the exercise of influence and the assertion of authority, — his great talents and learning enabling him to sustain preëminence, and all the while the temperament of his nature, drawing still more serenity and benignity from the principles and discipline of his sect, blending with his greater and sterner qualities the most delightful humility, amiable simplicity, and cheerfulness of demeanour, — his sectarian experience teaching him, by imprisonment, fines, and constant peril of liberty, property, and life, the evil and the iniquity of religious persecution, — the essential principles of his faith, as well as his own conscious enjoyment of the elevated delights of a liberated spirit, wedding him indissolubly to the freedom of the soul, — his familiar conversance with the ruling persons in the nation, his own large pecuniary interests, and his strong good sense restraining him from carrying his ideas of liberty to fanatical excesses, imparting to his views and proceedings a tone of moderation, and rendering his example and influence promotive of order, law, and government, — in all these particulars, in the whole course of his intellectual and moral training, in all the events of his life, in all the circumstances of his position, do we not recognize a beautiful and wonderful adaptation to his work?

The history of mankind, if carefully read, everywhere reveals a superintending Providence, but nowhere is that Providence more strikingly displayed than in the elements that combined to organize the foundations of society in British North America, in their several variety, and in their aggregate completeness. The continent had been kept back until the auspicious moment, and was then opened to the civilization which long ages had been occupied in maturing in the Old World; and when the grand process was commenced of the establishment of political institutions on this unobstructed theatre, upon the principle of indefinite progress, the right descriptions of colonists were selected from the forms of European society, and the right men raised up to lead them.

When his patent was obtained, Penn was thirty-seven years of age, in the very bloom and fulness of his manhood. His person, although not tall, was commanding, uniting venerableness with vivacity to a degree that rendered his aspect most engaging. His manners were of a stamp that would, in every form of society and in every age of the world, equally conciliate esteem and affection. They had not only won the favor of the greatest at home, but in his travels as a preacher, notwithstanding the plainness of his garb and address, had given him immediate and welcome access to noble and regal families in the capitals of Europe. He readily entered into the sympathies of the poorest and lowliest, and in the log-house of the humblest settler, in the cabin of the backwoodsman or the wigwam of the Indian, his wealth and power were recognized only in such a manner as to heighten the confidence and ease which his kindness and good-humor imparted. It is but a few years ago that, among the aged inhabitants of Philadelphia, there were some who remembered the story of his cheerful manners and agreeable deportment, as they had heard it in their youth from original witnesses. A venerable matron, who died in 1774, at the age of a hundred years, retaining her faculties unimpaired to the last, used to relate to her young friends, some of whom have survived almost to the present time, her reminiscences of William Penn, who was present at her wedding. She said that he was very sociable, and freely gave friendly advice. She described him as of short stature, but the handsomest, best-looking, liveliest gentleman she had ever seen. There was nothing like pride about him, but he was affable and friendly to all.

This same old lady gave an interesting account of Penn's first arrival in his province. She had come to the country some time before; and with other inhabitants, mostly Swedes, accompanied by Indians, she went to meet him. The interview took place at or near the site of Philadelphia. The Indians and whites had provided the best entertainment for him they could, and he at once endeared himself to the former by the adaptation of his deportment to their wishes and feelings. At a glance he read their nature, and saw how to reach the confidence and affection which bound the red men to him for ever. On the occasion of his first meeting with them, he walked about with them, sat down in their company on the ground, and ate with them of their roasted acorns and hominy. They were so delighted with his manners and deportment, that they danced and leaped, and he joined them even in those ruder and wilder expressions of their joy and good-will. Indeed, it need not be considered as an unnatural and affected effort for him to have participated in such a scene, for he was always noted, and not seldom censured, for exuberance of spirits, and a liability to carry gayety beyond the limits which the straitest gravity of his sect had marked out.

The patent states that it was the design of Penn to enlarge the British empire, and to civilize and Christianize the Indians, and that it was conferred out of regard to this design, and in consideration of the services of his father. It constituted Penn and his heirs perpetual proprietors, and contained the usual provisions and specifications in such instruments; among them was one authorizing the establishment of a military force. He forthwith sent over an agent or deputy to take possession of the territory, with a letter to such persons as were already settled upon it, principally Swedes and Dutch, occupying what were called the "Three Lower Counties," or the "Territories," now constituting the State of Delaware, announcing his new relation to them as proprietor and governor. He published an account of his province, and also "certain conditions or concessions," in the form of fundamental and permanent privileges and securities guarantied by him to all adventurers and purchasers under his patent. For the further inducement and assurance of settlers, he prepared and gave out a plan of a frame of government, and a code of forty laws, to be enforced throughout the

colony. The following provisions illustrate the deep practical wisdom and the enlightened philanthropy and statesmanship which presided over the construction of these documents : — "all children within this province, of the age of twelve years, shall be taught some useful trade or skill, to the end that none may be idle, but the poor may work to live, and the rich, if they become poor, may not want" ; "all prisons shall be workhouses" ; all persons of every sect or form of Christianity to be equally entitled to the civil and political privileges of the colony ; no public tax to be levied upon the people "but by a law for that purpose made" ; the lands as well as the personal property of a debtor to be responsible for his debts, except in the case of his having lawful children, for whose use two thirds of his landed estate were held sacred. These features of his system show that William Penn had devoted a most thorough and mature study and consideration to the great questions and interests involved, and that he had ascended to the highest views then attained of the principles of political science.

In the practical working of his scheme of legislation and administration, difficulties were experienced, and alterations found necessary, which only prove how absolutely impossible it is for a government to be theoretically framed in the closet, to be "made to order," by the wisest heads, for any people. All governments are the results of usage, and the excellence of the constitutions of the States of our Union arises from the fact, that they are accurate definitions of rights which the people under them have long enjoyed, and descriptions of methods of action to which they were always accustomed. A government can no more be made beforehand for a people, than the bark for a tree. They must both grow up together. If, among all the great minds of all ages, two should be selected, who would be most likely to succeed in framing a government out of their own heads, as it were, and the selection were to be made, as of course it ought to be, with reference to a profound knowledge of human nature, its faculties, rights, and wants, a practical observation of mankind, and habits of wide and deep speculation, but always kept under the guidance of common sense and a sound judgment, we are disposed to think that the choice would fall upon John Locke and William Penn. They each concentrated the best lights of their sagacious intellects upon the construction

of a government for a community to be gathered and organized under it. The failure of Locke's scheme was complete, and is notorious. That of Penn, if its failure was not so flagrant, was, full as soon, encountered by obstacles that could not be removed, and had to be altered and remodelled from year to year.

While it need not be questioned that Penn looked upon his vast domains as a source of incalculable wealth to himself and his heirs, it is equally beyond question that he experienced the highest and purest satisfaction in indulging the assurance that his enterprise would multiply the happiness of others.

"I wanted," said he, "to afford an asylum to the good and oppressed of every nation. I aimed to frame a government which might be an example. I desired to show men as free and happy as they could be. I had also kind views towards the Indians."

"As my understanding and inclinations have been much directed to observe and reprove mischiefs in governments, so it is now put into my power to settle one. For the matters of liberty and privilege, I propose that which is extraordinary, and to leave myself and successors no power of doing mischief; so that the will of one man may not hinder the good of a whole country."

"My God, who has given it [Pennsylvania] to me through many difficulties, will, I believe, bless and make it the seed of a nation."

"I eye the Lord in obtaining the country; and as I have so obtained, I desire I may not be unworthy of his love, but do that which may answer his kind providence and serve his truth and people, that an example may be set up to the nations! There may be room there, though not here, for such a holy experiment."

With such views, he took passage for America, and landed at Newcastle, October 27th, 1682. The scene of his landing is regarded with an interest which will never diminish. It was at the point where Chester Creek flows into the Delaware, about two hundred yards south of the creek. He was received at the hospitable mansion of Robert Wade, known as the "Essex House," near the margin of the Delaware, of the style of architecture generally adopted by those of the early American colonists whose means enabled them to do so. The building had two stories in front, but the roof

extended down so low behind as to leave but one story on that side. We notice such, as we ride through the older settlements, now; and time-worn, dilapidated, and frequently moss-covered, as they are, it is probable that they unconsciously gratify the taste of the passing traveller more than any other style of farm-house. They have a warm, sheltered, and quiet aspect; and the great expanse of roof, by displaying their width, gives a just conception of their commodiousness, and the liberal dimensions of the apartments. Near "Essex House" were three lofty white pines, still standing, and following the banks of the Delaware was a row of tall walnuts, some of which remain to this day. It was a beautiful spot. Indeed, the borders of that river, everywhere, revealed to the early colonists as lovely and charming a spectacle as the earth presents. The land rose with a gentle elevation from the river, was level, smooth, and covered with a verdure as rich and fragrant as can clothe the surface of nature beneath the warmth and freshness of a climate attempered by the choicest influences. Since the world began, we may safely say, there has been no condition of human life more peaceful, serene, and engaging to the beholder through the light of history, than that of the early settlers on the banks of the Delaware, particularly after Penn had become their proprietor, — in rural tranquillity and primitive simplicity of domestic manners and social relations, on a fertile soil, inhaling a healthful and balmy air, with a climate free from the extremes of heat and cold, shaded by noble trees, adorned and refreshed by rivers of beauty, the pure breezes wafting the sweetest breaths of wild flowers blooming in boundless variety, and nature, in all her forms, earth, water, air, opening her bountiful hands to supply every thing that was needed for the sustenance and enjoyment of life.

Such was the scene on which Penn landed, announcing to those already occupying it that he was the Proprietor, and that he had come to establish other settlements, in union with them, beyond their borders. Happy was the welcome they gave him! and happy was he to behold with his own eyes the wide and rich domain, where he was to carry out the experiment of philanthropy to which his heart had become devoted!

As this existence is designed to be a season of growth and progress, it is a law enstamped everywhere throughout it,

that happiness is not to be found in the present possession, but in the prospect or the retrospect. In the actual contact of life, we find care, disappointment, and suffering; but as the future or the past places distance between, the objects and pursuits of this temporal scene become bright and attractive to our view. Thus it was to the founder of Pennsylvania. As he looked forward to the work opening before him, it was seen through the light of a benevolent imagination and a hopeful faith. He beheld only peace, prosperity, happiness, and virtue for the people who were to call him father. But the inevitable destiny of human existence raised and multiplied along his path unexpected disappointments, conflicts, and trials. These embittered his cup of life. They forced themselves upon his notice. As a small object, if near the eye, will intercept the view of the boundless landscape, so vexatious and irritating obstructions, each trifling in itself, one after another crowded upon his attention, and prevented his enjoyment, and in a great measure his perception, of the real and substantial success of his enterprise. For in fact, he was the most successful of all who have undertaken the work of laying the foundations of a state. There was, indeed, a great deal to disturb him in the altercations and alterations to which the legislative and executive administration of his province were subjected, while they were becoming, through much confusion, adapted to its circumstances; but at length the adjustment was completed, the frame of society was permanently established in substantial accordance with his cherished principles, his name is inscribed, and will be read while the world endures, on the broad bosom of the great State of Pennsylvania; and if the patriarch could now look down upon this earthly scene, the retrospect of the influence he has exercised upon the happiness, liberty, and peace of mankind would probably be found to justify the most sanguine expectations, and to transcend the most glowing visions, that kindled his enthusiasm when he first landed upon the banks of the Delaware.

The frame of government, arranged before leaving England, provided that, the first year, the whole body of the freemen should assemble to participate in the administration of the province, and that, afterwards, the legislature should consist of two houses, — a council composed of seventy-two members, to be chosen by the freemen in the counties, and

an assembly to consist of two hundred, to be elected in the same manner. Upon convening the government, after his arrival, the people begged to be excused from attendance in a body, as it would be very inconvenient ; but having made choice of seventy-two delegates, twelve for each county, desired that they might be divided into two houses to answer the purpose contemplated in the " Frame," which was accordingly done, three persons having been selected from the delegation of each county to constitute the council, which thus consisted of eighteen members, the remaining fifty-four forming the assembly. The constitution was amended forthwith, to conform to the arrangement thus made, at the outset, to accommodate the people. This was the beginning of changes, which continued upon point after point, until the fabric of the government, and the methods of its operation, were made to suit the wants, wishes, and habits of the colonists. By the plan as originally arranged and at first administered, all laws were to originate in the council, and the assembly were only to approve or disapprove. This, as we may readily suppose, was an early and continually widening cause of discontent and ill-feeling ; and after much trouble and conflict, the assembly prevailed in extorting an amendment or revision of the " Frame," securing to themselves, equally with the council, the right to propose and introduce bills.

In various particulars, of which these are specimens, grounds were afforded for the formation of parties ; and they evoked, among the Quaker legislators, as aggravated and exasperated a state of the passions as they ever have done elsewhere. The strifes, and contentions, and backbitings, and animosities, which sprang up in a sphere which the benevolent proprietor had confidently hoped would be the scene only of harmony and brotherly love, filled him with sorrow and mortification, and, at times, almost despair. If, in addition to the wisdom he had drawn from the deep fountains of his own benignant soul and enlightened understanding, he had enjoyed the experience which the subsequent history of free states in America has afforded us, he would not have been so much distressed by the contests and collisions which marked the political course of his colony. In all the States of our Union, there are perpetual party agitations, which, to timid and narrow observers, seem to threaten, from

day to day, the very existence of society; but we know that they are the necessary and salutary conditions of a vigorous state of growth and progress. Indeed, in the conduct of all human institutions, there are practical difficulties and disturbances, which ought to be expected, and endured with patience and cheerfulness. It is still the unhappiness of philanthropists, as it was his, to be disconcerted, and perhaps irritated, because events cannot be made to flow in the calm and equable course which their own Utopian ideas demand. We still have to hear the clamors of disappointed zealots and inconsiderate enthusiasts, because the world does not move on precisely along the track which their infallibility has marked out, and which, in their irreverent and all but blasphemous arrogance, they hesitate not to declare to be the only one that can save it from destruction. But a Providence, wiser than they, is conducting its own great plan towards the ends designed by its infinite benevolence. While William Penn was complaining of the unpleasant occurrences that marred the progress of his government, and at times almost sinking into despondency, and his family were abandoning the country in irritation and disgust, the province of Pennsylvania was advancing with a rapidity unparalleled before, and working out for itself, on the deep foundations of its own experience, a permanent establishment of the principles in accordance with which he had endeavoured to organize its institutions. At the time of his death, his colony numbered sixty thousand, and the city of Philadelphia fourteen thousand. His heirs continued to exercise the powers which, as its proprietor and governor, he transmitted to them, and derived from its lands and rents a handsome income, until the American Revolution transformed Pennsylvania and the other British colonies into independent states.

One prominent part of William Penn's design, in establishing his colony, was to select a site, and lay out a plan, for a "great towne." The subject occupied much of his thoughts, and engaged his fancy, taste, and ingenuity. He had frequently visited the principal cities of Europe, and had meditated upon the practicability of combining the highest advantages of them all in one great and beautiful city. He directed, by letter, before coming to the country himself, that the rivers and creeks should be sounded, and that a spot should be found high, dry, and healthy, and to which ship-

ping might have easy access. Besides these, he gave a great many other specifications, and wrote often and earnestly about it. The spot selected, now the city and county of Philadelphia, had already a few cottages upon it. The surface was so covered with underwood and trees, that persons frequently got lost in traversing it; but when cleared, it was found fully to justify its selection. It was laid out in such a manner as to leave spaces between the houses for gardens, so that, as Penn expressed his design, it might be "a green country town, which might never be burnt, and might always be wholesome." When the arrangements were completed, Penn thus declared his satisfaction, in a letter to a friend in England:—"Philadelphia, the expectation of those concerned in this province, is at last laid out to the great content of those here. Of all the many places I have seen in the world, I remember not one better; so that it seems to me to have been appointed for a town."

Penn's enterprise in colonizing so large a territory in America, and on such peculiar principles, attracted great attention in Europe, but no part of it more than the building of his beautiful city of Brotherly Love. The learned Humphrey Prideaux, in his "Connection of the History of the Old and New Testament," a work of immortal interest and value, in giving a minute description of Babylon, has a note to this effect:—"Much according to this model hath William Penn, the Quaker, laid out the ground for his city of Philadelphia; and were it all built according to that design, it would be the fairest and best city in all America, and not behind any other in the whole world." After describing quite accurately and clearly the plan of the city, he goes on to predict that it "will soon draw people enough thither, not only to finish the scheme which hath been laid of it by its first founder, but also to enlarge it, by such additions on each side, as to make its breadth answer its length; and then, barring the walls and greatness of Babylon, it will imitate it in all things else, and in the conveniency of its situation far exceed it. But this is to be understood as a comparing of a small thing with a great. For though Philadelphia were built and inhabited to the utmost extent I have mentioned, that is, to the full extent of two miles in breadth as well as in length, yet fifty-six of such cities might stand within those walls that encompassed Babylon."

The general voice of those whose observation enables them to form a judgment concurs with that pronounced prospectively by Prideaux, merely from examining its plan, — it is, in fact, the universal opinion, — that Philadelphia is "the fairest city in all America, and not behind any other in the whole world," in the advantages which Penn endeavoured to combine within its limits. It is a noble and beautiful monument of his wisdom and taste. On leaving the country, in 1684, for an absence for some time in England, he thus pours forth the sensibilities which bound him to the fair and lovely city, and all whose privilege it is to dwell within its precincts ought for ever to respond with grateful affection.

"And thou, Philadelphia, the virgin settlement of this province, named before thou wert born, what love, what care, what service, and what travail has there been to bring thee forth, and preserve thee from such as would abuse and defile thee! My soul prays to God for thee, that thou mayest stand in the day of trial, that thy children may be blest of the Lord, and thy people saved by his power. My love to thee has been great, and the remembrance of thee affects mine heart and mine eyes. The God of eternal strength keep and preserve thee to his glory and thy peace!"

At the same time, he addressed to his friends in general, throughout the colony, similar strains of strong and deep affection.

"Dear friends," said he, "my love and my life is to you and with you; and no water can quench it, nor distance wear it out nor bring it to an end. I have been with you, cared over you, and served you with unfeigned love; and you are beloved of me and dear to me beyond utterance. I bless you in the name and power of the Lord; and may God bless you with his righteousness, peace, and plenty, all the land over. O that you would eye him in all, through all, and above all the works of your hands!"

On leaving the country for the last time, in 1701, he addressed the following valedictory message to the Assembly. Although brief, it contains more wisdom than is often to be found in longer documents, of the same official character, in our times. The contrast between its tone and that of the parting address just quoted shows the effect upon his feelings of the difficulties he had encountered in the conduct of his province, although it still breathes the same delightful

and truly Christian kindness and benevolence, which survived all injury, and were ineradicable in his nature.

"Friends, — Your union is what I desire; but your peace and accommodating of one another is what I must expect from you; the reputation of it is something; the reality much more. I desire you to remember and observe what I say. Yield in circumstances, to preserve essentials; and being safe in one another, you will always be so in esteem with me. Make me not sad, now I am going to leave you; since it is for you, as well as your friend, and proprietary, and governor,

"William Penn."

One fruitful source of trouble and perplexity was found in the system of annual quitrent payments, adopted by Penn at the beginning, and on which he relied for an ever swelling income for himself and his heirs. The terms of sale were, for one hundred acres of land, forty shillings purchase-money, and one shilling a year as a perpetual rent. When the fertility of the soil and the general advantages of the territory are considered, these terms, of course, will be allowed to have been liberal. No contract can be imagined more binding upon the purchaser than was the obligation assumed by those who, for so small an immediate payment, and so very light an annual tax, became proprietors of estates so eligible. But William Penn was wronged out of a large proportion of his quitrents; and not only were his claims, so reasonable and just, resisted by the parties against whom they particularly lay, but there seemed to be a general disinclination to aid him in his efforts to recover his rights, if not an actual connivance at, and encouragement of, the injustice. It is not surprising that so palpable a fraud, thus countenanced and protected, excited his indignant resentment, and almost turned his heart against the colony.

Penn has been made an object of calumny because he demanded with importunity the payment of his quitrent claims. There is something singular, and quite worthy of a philosophical scrutiny and analysis, in the moral obscuration to which mankind are liable in reference to obligations of this nature. No form of dishonesty, of robbery, ought to be regarded with deeper and sterner public reprobation, than an attempt to retain a property, and withhold the consideration for which it was transferred. It was nothing less than infamous for men to solicit from William Penn his rich and

verdant acres, and then defraud him of what they had voluntarily stipulated to pay for them; and yet, strange to say, not only was this done, but it was encouraged by public sentiment, and he has been grossly abused because he complained of it, and endeavoured to prevail upon those who owed to pay him. We have seen the same base iniquity practised and countenanced in our day. In some of the counties of the State of New York, there are supposed still to exist combinations of men, occupying valuable estates, and conspiring, with desperate determination, not to pay the rent, on the voluntary and deliberate pledge of which those estates were, by solemn contract, transferred to them or their ancestors. Owing to the blindness which comes over the moral judgments of men on such subjects, when there is the bias of interest, and the potent sway of the social and sympathetic principle, large numbers participate in this outrage, and still larger countenance them. A short time since, they reached the point of an armed and open organization in defiance of the law of the land, and committed the highest crime practicable in a republic, by taking the life of an officer of the law while in the appropriate discharge of his duty. The authorities of New York treated the culprits as they deserved. They were brought before the tribunals of justice, and consigned to the punishment of felons. The late governor of that State will be held in honored regard by all who love freedom and security, and know upon what foundations alone they can rest, for his firmness on the occasion. If the measures of his successor shall have the effect of reviving the spirit of Antirentism, besides the stigma thus brought upon him and his associates and advisers, the stain of blood yet to be spilt will be indelible on his hands. In no civilized community can the principle of retaining a purchase and withholding the stipulated price be tolerated; but in a country where the people make the laws, they will hold sacred all contracts under them, and those who attempt to carry resistance of the law to the extent of violence upon the persons of its officers will be regarded as guilty of the highest treason against the state, and repressed by the sternest exercise of its primitive power. Where the institutions of a country most promote the distribution and subdivision of property, there will the rights of property be most secure. In a monarchy, the highest treason is an attack on the person

and life of the sovereign. In a republic, the people feel that their sovereignty resides in the persons of their magistrates and officers of the law, and will consider him the worst of traitors who lays violent hands upon them. Nowhere will the public sentiment, beyond the reach of immediate personal and local perverting influences, be found so healthy and so efficient as in this country; and Antirentism, with every other form of outrage upon law and order, is sure of final reproval and extirpation.

But while we congratulate ourselves in this assurance, it is important that we look into the sources of the malady which infected the sentiments of the Pennsylvanian colony, in its early stages, rendering an otherwise honest, fair, and well-disposed people insensible to the obligations of common justice, which has diseased the moral judgments of particular districts in the State of New York, and at other times and places has gangrened the public mind.

A searching analysis of the principles of human nature will probably disclose, as a fundamental law of the prosperity and well-being of a state, the proposition that the cultivator ought to be the owner of the soil. When a man spends his life on a particular spot, day by day moving within its inclosure, year by year adding to it, by toilsome labor, new value, and drawing from its bosom fresh and probably increasing productions, there is a constant, unconscious, inevitable process going on among his associations and affections leading him to identify himself with it. If he is, indeed, a slave, that fact will undoubtedly be kept sufficiently in his mind to prevent his ever forgetting, for a moment, that the ground he tills is another's; but if he is a freeman, and especially if he has an imperfect right to the soil, however slight and dependent that tenure may be, he will experience a continually increasing tendency to enlarge and deepen his sense of possession. Particularly if he has received it by inheritance, — if he, his children, and perhaps his fathers, were born upon it, — if the dust of venerated ancestors, and perhaps of endeared members of his own immediate household, is mingled with it, — if not only his own labors, and the whole circle of his daily and ordinary pursuits and employments, but the entire retrospect of life, and all the domestic and ancestral affections and associations of his nature, are concentrated upon the spot, — no wonder that he

experiences such an accumulated and indissoluble sense of attachment and oneness with it, as to be distinguished, with difficulty, from the sense of ownership. The same principles that mislead him into the feeling that the land is his tend to reduce his appreciation of the title of the absentee proprietor, whom perhaps he never saw, and who may never have been within hundreds of miles of the estate. He adds nothing to its value. No memorials are seen of his agency. No evidence is given of his interest. No ties, or associations, or affections are supposed to connect him with it. The considerations that led to the original agreement diminish to the eye, and at last utterly disappear, as a widening tract of time intervenes. The mind yields to the illusions of distance, forgets the long past, cannot keep a clear vision of the remote, is unconsciously led astray by interest, and gives itself up entirely to immediate impressions and associations ; and the consequence naturally is, that the recurrence of the annual demand for tribute meets with a constantly increasing repugnance, the proprietor becomes an extortioner, the tax he levies a burden and a grievance, and if he attempts or threatens to use force, he is a tyrant and an oppressor. Feelings of alienation, of odiousness, and of resentment, if not resistance, become associated with him, and are transferred to the law and its agents, if they are employed to enforce his exactions.

This state of mind is altogether unreasonable and unjust, and must never be countenanced by a community that values its civilization ; but still, as we have endeavoured to show, it is one into which men are naturally liable to be deluded, and it therefore is incumbent upon wise statesmen and enlightened governments to guard against it, as well as to repress it. In the original settlement of a country, it will be best for the state, as well as for individuals, to have sales absolute and complete. Landholders who are large proprietors will consult their own interest as well as comfort, and save their heirs from much perplexity and wrong, to dispose of their lands at prices that can be obtained for them in fee simple. Where a just arrangement can be made, it will be for the good of all parties, as well as the public, to promote the extinguishment, by commutation, appraisement, or otherwise, of quitrent claims, and of every clog which embarrasses the relations of men, or impairs the

full enjoyment of the fruits of labor. The condition of a tenantry, holding on the ground of a permanent tribute to absent proprietors, is ever unfavorable to the general welfare of a country. But where the farmers, the actual cultivators of the soil, hold it by an allodial title, there will a truly noble yeomanry be found. Such a population are an impregnable bulwark of public liberty, law, and order, and the smiling and teeming earth will bear witness to their ability to promote the happiness and wealth of a nation.

If William Penn had doubled the price to be paid at the outset for his lands, and omitted altogether the annual quitrent, he would have multiplied greatly the fortune of himself and heirs, and the happiness of his life would have been incalculably enhanced. So, in like manner, if the parties concerned, both private persons and the public authorities, in the State of New York, could induce a final adjustment and liquidation of the obligations and claims connected with the Antirent disturbances there, upon a just and righteous basis, it would be a happy consummation, and whoever, by his personal or official influence, might promote it, would perform a service of patriotism and philanthropy. In leaving this topic, we would venture to suggest that it will be found a wise principle of political administration, everywhere and always, to avoid, as far as possible, throwing burdens upon successors. The transactions of man with man, in his collective as well as his individual capacity, will be more satisfactory and more beneficial, if they are closed at once. Obligations protracted through a length of years, where the persons who contracted or imposed them change, are apt to be misunderstood and to breed discontent. An essential condition by which a burden is rendered tolerable is the state of mind in which it is voluntarily assumed, and that cannot be transmitted by any device of law, by any charm of legislation, by any magic that can be inscribed on parchment. The less the present attempts to bind, or relies upon, the future, the better. The more the earth, and all that it contains, is the absolute and untrammelled property of the generation that is passing over it, the happier will it be for all mankind.

The early administration of government in the colony of Pennsylvania is an instructive chapter in history, in many points of view, and especially as illustrating the impracticable-

ness of certain visionary notions still prevalent among a particular description of theorists and enthusiasts. They profess the principle of non-resistance, and not content with professing it for themselves, incur the responsibility of urging it upon the state, — declare their readiness to put the entire structure of society, all that their country has attained of liberty and happiness, to the risk of a helpless exposure to the violence and passions of mankind in their present low state of civilization, — deny the right and the necessity of all military defences, and following their premises to the conclusions inevitably flowing from them, denounce the use of force in all its forms, civil as well as military. Enjoying their own estates, pursuits, families, homes, privileges, and lives in perfect security, they anathematize the administrators of that law which spreads its daily and hourly shelter over them as no better than hangmen, and those who on the sea and the land uphold the power of the country in whose bosom they dwell as no better than murderers. They declare their own readiness, and by inflammatory declamation do all they can to instigate others to an equal readiness, to dissolve the fabric of our government, remove the external and internal securities of society, and expose their own and all other lands to the fearful issues of anarchy and lawlessness.

It would be well for such persons to study the early history of Pennsylvania. William Penn was a Quaker. He adopted the principles of that sect in their purity, and held them with as enlightened a discernment of their length, and breadth, and depth, and all their bearings, as any one ever called by that name. Under his influence, his colony became a gathering-place for persons of that persuasion. They constituted, for a long time, a vast majority of the population. The government, in all its branches and entire administration, was in their hands. It is true, indeed, that the patent granting the territory contained the usual provision authorizing the establishment of a military force ; but it is not to be questioned that it was inserted by the mere acquiescence of the grantee, and that it was his sanguine purpose and confident hope to demonstrate the practicability of conducting a state upon Quaker principles, and especially without the use of military force. Those principles, whatever conclusions they fairly involve to that effect, were not considered by him as invalidating the vigorous exercise of a restraining and retribu-

tive force and authority by the civil magistrate. His letters, while absent from the government, prove this. "Let not pity," he admonishes, "rob justice of its due, and the people of proper examples." "Rule the meek meekly, and those that will not be ruled, rule with authority." It is evident, therefore, that the experiment was fairly tried, so far as the moderation of his views is regarded. He did not involve the principle of dispensing with military force in difficulties that did not belong to it, by implicating it with any fanatical and extreme views on other points. The circumstances of his colony favored, besides, the experiment. It was exempted from danger of Indian hostility, not only by the peculiar confidence and good-will between Penn and the native tribes, but by its position. Situated centrally to the other colonies, as they extended along the coast, it was far removed from French encroachment in the direction of Canada and Acadia, and Spanish in the direction of Florida and Havana. The other frontier settlements of America looked upon the deep and unfathomed forest in their rear with awe and terror, for swift destruction often darted upon them from its dark bosom; but the Five Nations, who were the guardians of the English, either occupied themselves the wilderness behind Pennsylvania, or controlled the tribes that did. Indeed, military defences were so entirely unneeded, that, whatever might have been the views of the colonists in reference to them, a considerable period might have elapsed without their being suggested.

But in the course of time, when a large and prosperous state had arisen, then, as now, the key-stone of the communities established on the Atlantic shore, and a common danger threatened the destruction and extirpation of the whole, the mother country, and the united voice of the other provinces, called for the aid and coöperation of Pennsylvania. It is curious to witness the absurd embarrassments and ludicrous perplexities to which it was driven in endeavouring to maintain its non-resistant principles, and at the same time to meet the demands of justice, reason, and necessity. Common sense, if not common honesty, required them to contribute of their abundance to aid those who were standing between them and a power which, if not effectually resisted, would overwhelm them, and sweep from the continent every vestige of the English and the Protestant liberties, the sweets of which they had long been securely enjoying.

But their sectarian principles, the pride with which men cling to peculiar speculations, and the overawing influence of prejudices which they had cherished into fanatical blindness and obstinacy in the bosoms of their own people, prevented the Quaker legislators from cutting the Gordian knot boldly at a single blow, and sending levies of brave men to share common sacrifices and perils, in defending common privileges and blessings. A party arose, however, taking the ground that something ought to be done, and at particular emergencies it prevailed, and grants of money were made by the Assembly for the general Colonial defence. The act, in such cases, would be veiled under the thin subterfuge of its being done to clothe or compensate the Indians in alliance with the Colonial forces, or, in some other disguised form, it would help on the common cause. Such indirection and equivocation, of course, had too much of hypocrisy and cunning in it to satisfy any honorable minds, while the procedure shocked the thorough and bigoted party among the Quakers, and offered a handle to all evil-disposed persons to stir up strife and bitterness in the bosom of the community. At the same time, in other lesser matters connected with the government, in order to carry on the administration of the laws, and enforce the public authority, it was necessary to bend, more or less, if not occasionally to break, the strict formulas and rigid notions of Quakerism. This always gave rise to reproaches and ill-blood, and heightened the confusion to which society was tending. The proceedings of the courts, moreover, were interrupted by wranglings in reference to the imposition and nature of oaths, and inextricable embarrassments occurred in business transactions, in custom-house operations, as well as in juries, from vain attempts to effect a compromise between the principles of Quakerism and acts of Parliament and forms of law.

The following passages from letters written by prominent persons among them illustrate the state of things. Isaac Norris says, — "We have no courts, no justice administered, and every man does what is right in his own eyes." James Logan expresses himself in similar terms : — "The public grows rampant, and wickedness is bold and open. A mobbish spirit is encouraged." "The clamors and abuses from such men to the Friends in government tire them, and make them weary of the load. When the queen asks for our quota for Canada, Friends know not how to act, or how

to refuse." Norris, in another place, observes : — "The holding of a place in government is extremely difficult to Friends, and we can hardly judge which has the worst prospect, whether to hold it under such difficulties as daily fall in the way, or to resign it to some men of no honorable principles. Some Friends are still in places and offices that cannot be exercised without great difficulties, and sometimes full stops. To me it seems impracticable to do any thing that will please and hold." "I get into a labyrinth, when I turn my thoughts that way."

At last, they could endure their perplexities no longer, they acknowledged that government was a burden they could not bear, threw it down in despair, and not only confessed the unfitness of their principles for the performance of its functions, and that they were heartily glad to have got rid of it, but it has been looked upon by them as a lasting reproach, that they ever allowed themselves to meddle with it at all.

"From the moment we Friends," say they, "began to lose sight of our original institution, we erred greatly; for when we saw so much corruption interwoven in the affairs of this world, we were unfit to be concerned in them, and should have rested satisfied in a dependence on the arm of the Lord, and what protection the laws of our country would have given us. But we must needs have that power in our own hands; and having so exceeded their native moderation and self-command, they knew no bounds, — they grasped at more, by which means the life of our old and respected friend and governor, William Penn, was made a life of trouble. Let us return to our original plan, and leave the concerns of this world entirely to the men of this world."

In taking our leave of William Penn, we feel constrained, in justice and in honor to him, to say that his extensive reading, his well-balanced mind, and his large experience enabled him to avoid the fanatical extremes to which many rushed, in his day as in ours, following the "inner light" or the voice of "inspiration," as they call their own crude notions and dogmas. He was a steadfast and enlightened defender of law and order; he recognized the allegiance which the citizen owes the state, and the truly sacred authority with which the legal and constitutional acts of the government are clothed. He maintained with great clearness the obligation to obedience on the part of the people, particularly in a free state, "where the laws rule, and the people are a party to these laws."

ART. VI. — *The American Loyalists, or Biographical Sketches of Adherents to the British Crown in the War of the Revolution, alphabetically arranged; with a Preliminary Historical Essay.* By LORENZO SABINE. Boston: Little & Brown. 1847. 8vo.

IT is difficult to decide whether the theme of this volume is more peculiarly English or American, — whether historic justice demanded this tribute from a citizen of the United States, or from a subject of the British empire. The topic in fact belongs to both countries, and has equal interest and an equal claim to attention on both sides of the Atlantic. The facilities for its faithful and thorough treatment, the historical documents, the private papers, correspondence, and journals, which compose the materials for its discussion, are in like manner divided between England and America.

The increasing attention which, within the last twenty years, has been given to historical labors among us, could not fail to make prominent among the subjects of biographical research that class of men whose history combines all the interest of great political questions with all that is exciting in personal efforts and adventures. The Journal and Letters of Curwen, and the Life of Van Schaack, with some smaller publications, have prepared the way for Mr. Sabine's more extensive labors. We believe that the public will receive his contribution to our history with unqualified favor. There may be some few individuals among us, who, retaining in their memories the embers of an ancient strife, will regard the revival of interest in the "Tories" in any shape as a covert attempt to redeem them from merited infamy, and will think our author has engaged in a bootless task. Such persons may condemn his volume on the mere evidence of its title. But the folly will be theirs, and they must bear with it, too, the imputation of injustice. Our scholars and patriots, and all our citizens who are lovers of justice, will thank him for enriching our annals with a volume which treats with admirable candor a theme as likely to enlist passion and prejudice as any that could employ the pen of an American writer. We may say at once, that his work is not of a partisan character. It is not a defence of the Loyalists of the American Revolution, nor even a plea in palliation of their

course, or of the sentence which posterity will repeat against them. It is as harmless as a dictionary of the English language, which contains active and passive, regular and irregular verbs, and adjectives of good and ill import, and in the three degrees of comparison.

There were three parties engaged in the American Revolution: first, the native inhabitants of the Thirteen Colonies; secondly, the foreign invaders from Great Britain, and their hirelings from the continent of Europe, and from the savage woods of America; and, thirdly, those who belonged to the first party by birth, but to the second by sympathy or adoption. It is of the principles and deeds of the members of this third party, and of their individual characters and experiences, that Mr. Sabine writes. He has given us an essay upon them as a class, and a biographical dictionary of them as individuals. The author says of himself, — "I may be permitted to say, in conclusion, that the history of individuals and of nations has been delightful to me from my earliest youth; that the annals of my own country have been as diligently studied as circumstances would permit; and that, of all men of whom I have obtained any knowledge, the Whigs of the American Revolution have impressed me with the greatest respect and reverence, both on account of their personal virtues, and the objects which they sought to accomplish for themselves, their posterity, and mankind." Such a feeling for the victorious party, dwelling in the breast of an upright and judiciously discriminating man, would be his most essential qualification for doing justice to the "Tories," the discomfited party. As to other qualifications for the work, Mr. Sabine is in no respect deficient. His residence at Eastport, Maine, has brought him into near neighbourhood and frequent intercourse with the descendants of the Loyalists. Public documents and private papers, family records, and a faithful use of all other available means, have furnished him with abundant and authentic materials.

The volume opens with a Preliminary Historical Essay, which, in the compass of a hundred and fourteen pages, passes in review before us the general topics and considerations involved in the whole subject. Though this Essay is not designed to stand as an exposition of the motives, the course, and the issue of the Revolutionary War, it is still a better sketch than can elsewhere be found in such narrow

limits of the actual state of things in the Colonies before and during the struggle with Great Britain. The author gives a brief account of the condition of the Thirteen Colonies, and of the political parties within their borders, and defines with more exactness than is usual the cause of the contest. How common is the assertion in our most popular histories, in our school-books and our occasional orations, that taxation was the first and chief outrage of which our fathers complained! The open and candidly expressed design, suggested by Mr. Grenville in the House of Commons, in 1764, to draw from the Colonies a tax which should help Great Britain in the payment of her debts, was the least dishonorable and oppressive act in the whole course of the legislation of the mother country toward us. We know that this may be regarded as a rather bold assertion, but we stand prepared, if need be, to sustain it. Such a tax, if it had been the only exercise of authority, and if it had been asked, rather than demanded, would have been paid with cheerfulness and promptitude. The character of oppression was attached to that measure because of its place in a series of extortionary, arbitrary, and crushing enactments, some of which preceded it, and others were designed to put it in force. Mr. Sabine observes, that nearly all the Parliamentary enactments which were here resisted laid restrictions upon labor and industry. There were no less than twenty-nine such laws, hardly one of which imposed a direct *tax*. "They forbade the use of waterfalls, the erection of machinery, of looms and spindles, and the working of wood and iron; they set the king's arrow upon trees that rotted in the forest; they shut out markets for boards and fish, and seized sugar and molasses, and the vessels in which these articles were carried; and they defined the limitless ocean as but a narrow pathway to such of the lands that it embosoms as wore the British flag." This is the simple, naked truth, concerning the oppressions inflicted by Great Britain upon the Colonies, the Northern ones especially. "Taxation" was but the cord which held the knotted whips together. The great purpose, the noble and justifiable end, of the Revolution was to release labor from these restrictions. The spirit prompted by that design spread with an electric sympathy, united all classes of men into a league to give it a triumph, proved the patriotism of those who suffered to accomplish

it, and consigned to reproach — which, after all allowances, will remain a heavy burden — all those who were faithless to the cause of freedom, and offered aid, however indirect, to the oppressor.

Mr. Sabine presents a view of the state of parties in each particular Colony, inquiring into the circumstances with great candor, to account for the fact that the Loyalists were less numerous in New England than in the other Colonies. The interests of the South, lying in agriculture and raw products, were not thwarted, as were the manufacturing interests of the North, by Parliamentary restrictions, and therefore the South was naturally less sensitive to the rising zeal for freedom. It is all the more remarkable, therefore, that, while the relative strength of parties was so unequal in the different Colonies, the love of liberty should bring together armies composed, though with many inequalities, of all classes of men in each Colony.

The classes and avocations in Colonial society are next reviewed, for the sake of making yet more definite the lines of division between the Whigs and the Tories. The office-holders of all kinds, from the highest to the lowest, were of course the principal adherents of the crown. Mr. Sabine accounts for the fact without an indiscriminate imputation of a base and sordid spirit upon all of them. Merchants and ship-owners were the first to resist the agents of the king and ministry. One quarter of the signers of the Declaration of Independence were men of this class. Of the clergy, nearly all of the Episcopal sect, and a few of each of the other sects were Loyalists. A majority of the lawyers throughout the continent were Whigs, though some of the highest eminence were Tories. Many physicians adhered to the crown. A great majority of the newspapers were on the Whig side. While thus, in the walks of civil life, the third party of which we have spoken was represented everywhere by men of distinction and influence, at least twenty thousand of our own colonists took arms against the cause of liberty. The foes of our own household, compared with our foreign enemies, had at least a double measure of power for harm. Indeed, the continuance of the war year after year is to be chiefly ascribed to the representations which the Tories made of their own relative strength, and to the encouraging accounts sent over by them to England. The Tories asserted, and prob-

ably believed, nearly to the close of the war, that they had a majority among the Colonists. As to the motives which actuated the Loyalists, Mr. Sabine makes a few brief and pertinent suggestions, such as fair discrimination and charity would prompt. We defer remarks of our own on this point to our closing pages, after we shall have done justice to the body of the work.

The course pursued by the Tories from the beginning to the end was disastrous. They commenced their wanderings from their homes on the opening of the controversy, before the sword was drawn; and but few of them returned. They roamed abroad in increasing numbers, and as the reverses of war darkened their hopes, many who had availed themselves of the discord at home to make what they supposed would be a transient visit to Europe, till quiet should be restored, found themselves brought first to the contemplation, and then to the endurance, of perpetual exile. Those who remained at home, suffering in different ways, though in a less degree, were either the timid, the infirm, or the peace-loving, or they were the active enemies of their native land. Those who were either neutral or quiet submitted to fines, which scarce exceeded the voluntary or forced sacrifices endured by the Whigs. Those neutrals who practised *tongue-prudence* were generally protected by intimates and friends, and their lot was far preferable to the destiny of their brethren, who, living in England, hung about coffee-houses and reading-rooms, keeping each other company in their misery, or living in loneliness and neglect, alternately excited and depressed by intelligence from America, and dying on a foreign soil.

The meanest, most dastardly, and most cruel scenes and deeds of the Revolution were enacted as the proper fruits of a civil war by a large majority of the Tories, who remained at home, and who, as regulars, as volunteers, in gangs, or as individual outlaws, were the instigators of nearly every foul and atrocious act in the whole strife. It is from such as these, the *majority* of the whole number, that the name of Tory has received its hateful associations, which will cling to it to the end of time. A class which includes an Arnold and a Butler can never hope for complete redemption, at least so long as Judas remains in "his own place."

The measures adopted by the Whigs in the treatment of the Loyalists were all of them uncompromising, though of

different degrees of severity. Mr. Sabine of course condemns the mobs and outrages which were instigated by coarse and hasty passion. It should be remembered, however, that only the most obnoxious officials were robed in tar and feathers, — men whose meanness and cowardice, together with their rapacity, furnished temptation and provocation to the "rebels" to harass them. Persecution in many instances overshot its aim, and alienated those who might have been won to the right side. The legislative acts of the different States, condemning the adherents of the crown to imprisonment, banishment, and the loss of their property, were passed under a conviction of their absolute necessity, as well as of their essential justice. In discussing the question of the policy of this mode of dealing with the Loyalists, Mr. Sabine distinguishes between their temporary and their permanent exile. Some of them were good, honorable men, actuated by the highest principle, however mistaken. Yet these could do the cause of the Whigs the greatest amount of harm. It was necessary that their personal influence should be checked, either by imprisonment or exile. Some few were put upon their parole, and restricted to the inland towns, where their support and oversight was a burden. Banishment was the more effectual and available method of dealing with them. But fairness required, and there might easily have been, more discrimination, method, and justice in the proceedings against them; individuals should have been allowed a fair trial, with a full opportunity for self-defence. After the peace, there ought to have been a general amnesty and act of oblivion, the only redeeming mercy of a civil war. Some of the States, especially New York, Massachusetts, and Virginia, acted with inexorable severity against the Loyalists. Unwisely, perhaps, for ourselves, were hostile feelings perpetuated by being transferred to a second generation, and by planting our borders, still under English control, with a rival and prosperous race of Colonists, whose attachment to England is measured only by their unfriendliness to the United States.

Mr. Sabine argues with great fairness in support of the positions, that the Whigs were *right* in resisting Great Britain, and might properly use *every necessary means to insure success.* The confiscation of the property of the Loyalists, even if it involved real injustice towards them, was an una-

voidable concomitant of the war. While the Whigs were beggaring themselves, and teasing the powers of Continental Europe for loans, and burdening their posterity with a debt, they would have exhibited a marvellous forbearance, if they had left the property of their domestic enemies untouched. There ought to have been more discrimination shown in this process, as well as in the banishment of the obnoxious. There is comfort, however, in remembering the fact, that all excess of severity, beyond what may be fully vindicated, was opposed in its successive stages by high-minded men, who, like John Jay, would never touch any confiscated property.

The Loyalists looked to England, as the signs of a cessation of hostilities appeared, to secure for them restitution and recompense. It was a matter of great difficulty, as fully appears from the extracts which Mr. Sabine presents from the journal of John Adams, one of the negotiators for the peace. Parliament wished Congress to compel the States to make compensation to the Loyalists. The reply was, that Congress had not the power, and the measure would not have been just. Many of the Loyalists had instigated and embittered the war ; they had ravaged and destroyed the possessions of their own countrymen ; their property had been irrecoverably dispersed ; and had the event of the contest been different, the Whigs would have found no mercy. Congress instructed its Commissioners not to enter into any engagements for compensation, unless Parliament would also make up the losses of the Whigs. The Commissioners departed so far from their instructions as to embrace in the terms of the treaty of peace a provision that Congress should *earnestly recommend* to the States a restitution of confiscated property, allowing the sufferers all lawful means, and a year's time, for recovering their estates. Great clamor was raised in Parliament at this sacrifice of the Loyalists, and all that could be said in reply was, that there was no alternative but to continue the war, or to accept the only terms which exasperated America would offer. Probably it was well understood in Parliament, that this *recommendation* was rather a salvo to honor than a hopeful promise. It must have been foreseen that it would amount to nothing, as a hint was dropped, and repeated in the debates, that even if England undertook the whole just recompense of the Loyalists, the

sum would not equal the fifth part of the expense of another campaign.

But all wistful expectation and doubt under the cloudy prospect thus opened to the poor exiles were soon dispelled. Congress did pass the *recommendation* unanimously, but it had no immediate effect on any State. More pressing demands were everywhere felt, and while Charlestown, and Falmouth, and New London, and other places, were rising out of their ashes, it was not altogether the most propitious season for considering the claims of those who, during the war, had been lounging about in British coffee-houses, and making pleasure jaunts over England. When the legislators of the new States carried some bushels full of Continental notes, amounting nominally to thousands of dollars, to the seat of government, to purchase a few goods which would not fill half as much space, it was hardly to be supposed that they would first employ themselves in adjusting the pay-roll of their enemies. Some of the refugees returned to collect their debts and claim their estates; but the remembrance of burnt towns and demolished dwellings, of the cruel acts committed by the king's allies, of the devastated property and embarrassed affairs of our own citizens, was too fresh to allow a cordial welcome to be given them. Instances were not few in which some men of note, and many humble individuals, aided by their "rebel" friends, and purified by the oath of abjuration and allegiance, were at once, with noble magnanimity, restored to all their former privileges. The majority, however, were summarily imprisoned, or warned off in a way which was not likely to invite a second proffer of themselves as citizens.

The refugees and Loyalists now appealed to England with systematic persistency, and London was thronged with them. An agency was organized, and a committee of one from each of the thirteen former Colonies was appointed, to assert, explain, and vindicate their claims. A Parliamentary commission was instituted to adjudicate upon their demands. The duty was arduous and vexatious. Certain principles and methods were requisite to be established, that a systematic course might be pursued. At an early stage of the proceedings, it was found that the unscrupulous and exorbitant demands of some claimants were measured rather by their expectations of booty than by the actual losses they had sus-

tained. Very many of them, who had lived in England during the war, had been in the receipt of annual allowances, and it seems that, in some cases, these grants were continued even after the receivers returned to the States and became citizens, so that they were fed through their lives by English charity. Great dissatisfaction, of course, was entertained and expressed respecting the method pursued by the Parliamentary commission, which, in the course of its long extended agency, reaching through nine years, acquired perfect information on the subject intrusted to them. The necessity was very apparent of demanding witnesses and vouchers from the claimants as to their services, their previous debts and property, and their former and present business. The claimants were for the most part examined singly, and the searching process, which some for good reasons dreaded in advance, or failed to endure, led them to brand the commission as an inquisition. Doubtless, some injustice was experienced. Many there were whose exile had closed in death, who had received from their chosen home only a grave, and whose surviving representatives made no demand. Many had already taken up their abode in the present British North American Provinces, and had not the means of going to England; but agents were sent over to them to examine their claims, and to distribute their share of the bounty. The compensation in very few cases covered the full amount of the statement of any loss, and proportionate abatements were made from all. But at least fifteen and a half millions of dollars were divided among the adherents of the crown in these Colonies, besides grants of land, of half-pay to officers and agents, of annuities and pensions, some of which have not yet expired. High offices of emolument and trust were given to the more distinguished exiles in the Northern Provinces, and in numerous cases these have descended to their children. Hardships which we can well imagine must have been endured by them in their new forest homes. How far these were embittered by mournful retrospects, it would be painful to inquire. We will not do more than merely propose the question, whether the Revolution left them with a heavier burden of bereavements, woes, and exhaustion, than was borne by the impoverished farmers and traders of the Colonies. Certain it is, that their lot was in no respect harder than that of the first exiled fathers of New England,

nor, in many points, than that of the victors in the contest which had added the blessings of liberty to the inheritance of the Pilgrims.

The great characteristic of Mr. Sabine's Preliminary Essay is its candor, and its well-supported statement of facts. Ardent encomiasts of the friends of liberty in some of the Southern States may not be altogether satisfied with the disproportionate force alleged to have been contributed by them, in comparison with the Northern Colonies, in the contest for freedom. But while Mr. Sabine shows unanswerably that this was the case, he also gives a reason for it which is perfectly consistent with the magnanimity and patriotism of the Whigs at the South. Nor is there any attempt on the part of the author to bring together into a hideous mass accounts of the atrocities perpetrated by the Tories. On the contrary, he scans their motives leniently, and expresses doubts about some of the traditionary imputations cast upon individuals.

After this valuable and most instructive Essay comes the great body of the volume, which is in fact a large biographical dictionary. The research employed in its composition must have been immense. Nor was the task free from vexations, arising from the confusion of names, and the embarrassments originating in bad spelling and equally bad writing. The author's design has been, to give the name of every individual whom he could trace as belonging to the class of men called Tories or Loyalists. Of course, he must have felt the necessity of suppressing or curtailing many interesting particulars, in order to keep within judicious limits. Yet he has allowed himself the liberty of introducing at length some valuable documents, under the names to which they particularly relate, which had been scattered over many volumes. Thus it is, that his book alone offers no very imperfect history of the main discussions and incidents of the war of the Revolution. Under one or another title is given abundant information for general readers, and one part of the work explains other portions of it. The almost entire exclusion of reproachful epithets from his own language presents the author as a judicial umpire, rather than as an advocate on either side. Here will be found touching incidents of domestic history, interesting details of personal experience, and vivid sketches of great scenes and wild popular movements. Sometimes little more than the name of an individual,

found upon a public document or a muster-roll, is mentioned. But even this may be of service to some descendant, who may possess papers or other information, the key to which he will find in this volume. Some names have a long history and a genealogy attached to them. The whole is enlivened from time to time by graphic descriptions and exciting narratives, which will show that it is possible to read even a dictionary in course with a sustained interest. And, last of all, the volume is a significant testimony that the Tories had all sorts of people in their ranks.

Occasion has repeatedly arisen, within the last five years, for reference in these pages to the class of men who, in various ways, adhered to the interests of the British crown during the war of the American Revolution. Such views have been presented by us, from time to time, as were suggested by the publications relating to them. As one of the prominent themes of American history, it will have a continued, if not an increasing attention. Doubtless, there are masses of private papers, journals, and biographies, which will yet appear, and meet a reception conformed to the characters to whom they relate. There are many nice shades of distinction which will be applied to the different individuals who are all embraced under one class, as more or less devoted and influential supporters of the British interests. Readers can scarcely fail to have a very different set of emotions, impressions, and sympathies awakened by the Life of Peter Van Schaack, from that which accompanies the perusal of the Journal and Letters of Curwen. Though these two individuals had a remarkably similar experience, living quietly as exiles in England through the whole war, not active against their native country, to which they had strong attachments, and permitted to return unmolested after the peace, yet the shades of distinction between them are strongly marked. Van Schaack, actuated by the noblest and most disinterested motives, which alienated him from the most devoted friendships, receiving neither title, honor, nor emolument from the mother country, went to England with a load of crushing domestic and bodily afflictions, preserved a cheerful spirit, courted no pity, asked no sympathy, received no public bounty, employed himself in affectionate labors for his friends and his motherless children at Kinderhook, and, when a way was opened for his return, stipulated for his restoration with-

out a change of his principles, and expressed no feeling, when he first stepped again upon his native soil, but that of honest pride in its lowly structures and its simple people. Curwen was a paid agent of the crown, exiled by his fears at an early period of the strife, frequenting dinner-clubs, killing time in pleasure-jaunts, and nursing himself for hypochondria while in England, foremost in the crowd around the pension-office, apparently as little devoted to the wife as to the country which he had left, timidly feeling the way before him ere he ventured home again, taking care before he started to secure the continuance of his annuity of a hundred pounds from the British government, which he seems to have received throughout his protracted life, and when he reached the shore of his woe-worn and harassed country, yielding himself first to a very grateful sensation of amazement when he saw "how low, mean, and diminutive every thing appeared." Yet these two persons were alike highly educated, and of equal consideration in society. Faithful biographies of all the more distinguished Loyalists will not fail to engage in these different ways the sentiments and sympathies of their readers.

The notices heretofore taken in our pages of the Loyalists have not involved any long discussion of their principles, or of the course pursued toward them by the Whigs, though incidentally these general topics have been noticed. The publication of Mr. Sabine's laborious and faithful volume permits us take a more enlarged view of the subject. We shall make no attempt to argue anew the question, how far the whole course pursued toward the Loyalists was necessary, just, and effective; Mr. Sabine has not gone into the question at any length, and indeed another volume would be needed for the work. We wish, however, to state a few plain considerations suggested by the subject, which his limits excluded, and which we think have an essential bearing upon a fair view of the question.

The "Tories," as these men were invariably styled by the Whigs of the Revolution, were a most heterogeneous collection of men. This name, indeed, is the only one which will embrace all who acted on the British side in the American contest. The word has no meaning in itself, independent of party associations. The more honorable and courteous epithet of *Loyalist* has a strong odor of sentiment about it, and is morally linked to a sound spot in the human

heart. Like the word *allegiance*, it implies principle, faithfulness to obligation, adherence to an absolute duty the terms of which are fixed. The word *Loyalist* has the effect of forestalling a main point at issue, of begging the question, and of exciting a prejudice in favor of those who assume it, as if influenced by a noble and praiseworthy sentiment. The word *loyal* belongs to a class which includes the terms *filial*, *patriotic*, and *heroic*; that is, it bears with it encomium as fully deserved for adherence to a just and pure dictate of an honest nature. Now, to however large a portion of the whole mass of men whose conduct we are considering this term *Loyalists* may have been fairly applicable, — and we are not desirous to withhold it from a majority of them, — we must maintain that it does not belong to them all, and that the term *Tories* is more appropriate for them as a class. There is no sentiment, pure or impure, hanging about that word, and it does not forestall, as the word *Loyalist* does, a very important condition in the issue. The class was composed of men of all possible varieties of character, motives, principles, and conduct. Some of them had as little pretension to what is meant by the word loyalty, as they had to sanctity. Among them were men of delicately pure and noble principles, men of doubtful moral character but of the sturdiest resolution, and men of the most contemptible selfishness and meanness of soul. There is not a motive of which the human heart is susceptible, from the loftiest to the basest, which might not and did not influence the adherents to the crown. Some felt deeply in their hearts, as an absolute religious sentiment, the sentiment of allegiance and loyalty, and looked from beginning to end upon the amount of sacrifice which they should nerve themselves to make, rather than upon any personal end to be gained, or upon any oppression of others which their faithfulness to the sentiment might require. Some were gradually involved in the fortunes of Toryism by the working of events, and by the developments of a controversy the actual result of which was not dreamed of in its beginning. Others still calculated with mean foresight the probable issue of the conflict, and made the whole stormy horizon a mirror to reflect their own persons and fortunes. If the signet of Providence is ever affixed to the issue of any strife, designating where lies the right, it is stamped upon the issue of the American appeal to

arms. Right in the main issue leads us to look for the award of justice in the incidents which preceded and attended the war. It was right that British transport-ships should fall into our hands, and furnish our soldiers with clothing, ammunition, ordnance, and other stores. It was right that successive British generals should have been bewildered and discomfited. It was right that British counsels should have been confounded ; and it was right that the unprincipled among the Tories, like the bats, holding place between the beasts and the birds, should have been viewed as creatures of the night, — as traitors, dastards, and felons.

The line of division between the Whigs and the Tories was drawn practically before the opening of hostilities ; for though there was afterwards a more definite view of the controversy, and a gradual admission of its full dimensions, though there were many trimmers and many turncoats, still the preparatory measures were so nearly akin to the succeeding ones, as in the main to determine the party to which every individual belonged. While Colonial legislatures were thwarting imported governors, the willing subjects of British sway comforted the latter with addresses very encouraging to them, and very dispiriting, or rather inspiriting, to the patriots. Those whose names were found on these addresses were marked men. They had repeated opportunities to recant, but as matters advanced, these opportunities were more pressingly urged upon their notice, attended with threats and backed by penalties. There was just enough of preparation allowed in the preliminaries of the strife to acquaint all with the terms on which it would be waged, and to commit every individual, high or low, to one or the other party. Of course, a decision was made by all according to some principle previously admitted as a rule of conduct, or allowed as a motive of action. The honorable and the base were at liberty to act and choose by the affinities of their several natures. The influences which guided their choice were in action before they were called to a decision. A very sensible effort was requisite for a change of sides.

We must protest against the unfair opinion which is continually advanced by the descendants and approvers of the Tories, that the success of the American arms alone dignified the struggle, and proved the Loyalists to have been in the wrong. There was an eternal and immutable principle of

right at issue, and this is never decided by any temporary position of affairs on the earth. Even a far higher measure of honorable renown would have followed the strife, had the right side failed of victory ; and the present winners would have found in the lamentations of historians, and in the threnodies of the lovers of freedom, a poetic commemoration more laudatory even than the occasional orations which celebrate our independence. One thing is very certain : if the patriots of the Revolution had been vanquished, they would have received in recompense neither the pensions nor the obloquy which fell to the share of the Tories.

In various lines of historical inquiry concerning the Revolution, the interesting question presents itself, — What effect would the open and bold announcement of independence at an earlier period have had upon the result of the war ? That it would have confounded the English nation, and led Parliament to concentrate in one decisive measure and in one solid force the civil and military operations which were slowly and successively employed, are some of the consequences which, as we are at first inclined to suppose, would have followed the premature demand for independence. But as we think awhile on the matter, it becomes very doubtful to us whether these effects would have followed. It is easy to imagine how events might happen under different leadings and changed circumstances, just as it is possible, in our lonely reveries before a chess-board, to play an excellent game, because, while making our own moves, we can imagine the moves of our opponent. Imagination is an excellent faculty, but it often enjoys its best hours when it has ceased to beget, and devotes itself to the improvement of the offspring already begotten. Some will tell us, that if independence had been proclaimed in place of the first appeal to the throne, it would have united the Colonies and intimidated Great Britain. Others prophesy backward ; that is, pervert facts into fancies, by saying that independence was aimed at, but concealed. Others still say, that, had we announced independence before the union of the Colonies, England would have so ridiculed our effrontery as to have changed our anger into laughter at ourselves.

If it be so difficult to imagine the consequences of altered circumstances in any one case bearing upon the war, it is especially difficult to say what effect the earlier declaration of a

purpose to be free from Great Britain would have had in altering the relative strength of the Whigs and the Tories. Beginning, as the contest did, in some expostulatory combinations and riotous movements, some who were ranked throughout with the Loyalists thought from the beginning that the strife was a mere matter of mobs, — of temporary disaffection, which would be quieted without shaking the foundations of government. That non-importation agreements and the infusion of a rather extravagant quantity of tea at one time, and for one evening assemblage, from the end of a Boston wharf, should in the course of years lead to a treaty on the part of England acknowledging her former colonies as a rival empire, did not appear among the possibilities of things, so far as we can now learn, to any one individual. Many, therefore, utterly refused to be concerned in these mobs, who had not the least suspicion of what they would come to at last. Their silent protest, or their open resistance of such acts, may have accidentally decided for several persons the side which they were identified with through the enlarging strife ; the distant eddy, in which they might have perfectly controlled their motions, drew them into the vortex of the whirlpool, where they were no longer free. Among this portion of the Loyalists, there might have been some who would nobly have taken the side of their country, if, before any outrage had been committed, a bold and harmonious announcement had been made that the time had come for the enfranchisement of the Colonies.

Then, again, the violent measures taken in the early stages of the quarrel between the crown officers and the disaffected infused much bitterness into the strife. Many who were beginning to form an opinion of their own upon the merits of the controversy, and who could not reasonably have been expected to come to a decision at once, were disgusted by the popular dictation and severity. Such persons, and they were not few, were driven in self-defence to side with the crown, though perhaps they might gladly have joined in an honest and a calm resolution for independence, had the matter first presented itself for their election in that distinct and decisive form. The Tories, thinking themselves to be in the majority, were very deliberate and cool in their early movements, and had less excitability than the Whigs. At the opening of the contest, many of the Tories honestly believed that a

change of ministry in England would right all our wrongs. The conviction, however, very soon came to all discerning minds, that the oppression of the Colonies was not a matter of ministries, and that no administration in Great Britain would offer terms which would be acceptable. A substantial revenue from the Colonies was what the English cabinet and the English people wanted, and all the enactments and repeals were but shifts and concessions to obtain it, though in a way which would be least objectionable to the tributaries. This the Whigs had no intention of conceding in any form. Every Colonist who favored the measure, or was even remotely a party to its exaction, was a Tory and a political foe, though conciliation might have been wisely tried to a greater extent to win them over to the side of liberty. The apologetic and penitent disclaimers which some official personages were compelled to sign, at the peril of their lives for refusal, were expressed in mortifying and humiliating terms. Self-respect as well as honest conviction deterred some of the best persons from signing them, while their refusal inflamed an unreasonable mob to frenzy. If the recusants had been invited to join in a bold move for independence, their self-respect, at least, would not have received so violent a shock, and some of them might have become friends of the cause. As it was, the severity practised towards them confirmed them in their delusion, that the first articulate breathings of independence here were but the echoes of seditious tumults in Great Britain, and that the first phrases of rebellion in the mouths of the Colonists answered only to the London cry of "Wilkes and Liberty."

But as soon as the contest was fairly begun, the existence of a large number of adherents of the British crown, more or less firm and influential, and belonging to all classes of society, became a feature of supreme importance in the state of affairs. Indeed, it was the most marked feature; it could not be trifled with, nor winked out of sight. One Tory in a village was an object of at least as much concern on one side, as was the little brick powder-house, standing on the edge of the burial-field, on the other. What was to be done with the Tories in town and country? The kernel of our whole theme is contained within this question. The force that England might send over, the prowess which it would display, and the fortunes of pitched battles, could not

be calculated ; but domestic foes could be numbered, and their influence could be most accurately measured. What was to be done with the Tories, who kept down the rising spirit of liberty, who flattered British officials and emissaries, who sent letters to England instigating new measures of oppression, who acted as spies, or covert enemies, or dispiriting neutrals ?

Here is the question which all candid men must meet fairly, when they would do justice to the Whigs, while claiming it for the Tories. On all such matters, we are bound to argue according to the well-understood principles of human nature, with its admitted weaknesses, and its irresistible tendencies. To suppose, that, in such a crisis, ardent "liberty-men," smarting under oppression, and leagued to defend themselves against arbitrary tyranny, would not classify their neighbours, and scan them closely, and hold them to a declaration of opinion and intention, would be unreasonable. To expect that protesters, and addressers, and salaried agents, and unprincipled office-seekers, on the side of tyranny, would be treated with gingerly tenderness is absurd. A civil war, and such was the war of the American Revolution, embodies men, women, and children, even of the same household, into regiments on one side or the other. The idea of neutrality can consist only with an entire lack of influence, and not with a mere withholding of its exercise. A Tory was a man to be disposed of in some way.

It has often been asserted, that the rupture with England and the renunciation of her sway left every one in the Colonies in a state of nature, free from all civil government, and independent of all political compacts, at least till the State constitutions were in force, and that there was no authority here which could call any individual to account. Peter Van Schaack advanced and laid great stress upon this plea in his letter to the Convention. But can this argument be sustained ? Was all the allegiance by which a Colonist was held embraced in his duty to the king and Parliament, and so nullified by a rupture with England ? Did the man owe nothing to his fellow-citizens, to the public good, to the general interest of the land where his property was created and protected ? A better argument, it seems to us, might be advanced to prove, that, in renouncing a foreign sway, all local, domestic, and patriotic bonds become more sacred,

and more than take the place of a renounced allegiance. Would a Tory have been willing to stand his ground as really in a state of nature, an Ishmael among Ishmaelites? The plea was false; it disregarded and left out of the account those bonds of allegiance in the social state which cannot be renounced, and which not only give authority to a social compact, but survive its dissolution.

The question still is, What was to be done with the Tories? The existence of their party was known, its influence was felt in all directions, and it could not be a matter of indifference how it was to be dealt with. The presence of a large body of neutrals, hoping to share equally the benefits of either issue of the strife, would have been a most unpropitious circumstance. What effect would have been produced, if it had been known that a portion of the enemy, should they be vanquished, were to share the fruits of victory with the conquerors? The Tories could not be permitted to enjoy an equal good whichever side should triumph, nor even to avoid all punishment by shifting their course at the eleventh hour. Some explicit terms were necessary to be settled at the beginning of the strife. The very fact, that honorable men would perceive a conflict of principles, would hesitate between lawful resistance of oppression and the sacred duty of allegiance, made it all the more necessary that even the best of them should choose one alternative, and meet its consequences. John Jay said, that "the Revolution was a subject upon which men might honestly differ." But it was also a subject which required a decision of judgment and action on the one side or the other. We must ascribe much of the severity of parties to the emergency of the times. Circumstances demanded that these explicit terms, upon which every man was held to a choice, should likewise be very rigid terms; their compulsory and stringent character should make them felt.

Now, on a fair view of the actual state of things at the time, no one can deny that the prospects of the Tories in the main were the most encouraging. It seemed impossible that America could triumph; the chances were against her. If she should be compelled, after a struggle, to succumb to the British sceptre, the Tories would flourish in the multiplied honors of victors, of wise prophets, and of favored recipients of the royal bounty. For men who calculated conse-

quences, the Tory side preponderated in temptations and inducements. Even if America won her liberty, the Tory might still flatter himself that the terms of peace would save him harmless, and that the choice would still be left to him to be a citizen or a subject. The reward was certain, if England was victor; the penalty was doubtful, if the Colonists should secure their liberties. Under these circumstances, the "Rebels" were concerned to relieve that penalty of its uncertainty, and to make it as positive and as stringent as possible. Hence the uncompromising, the denunciatory and threatening terms which were used for the intimidation of the Tories. And when the contest closed, though mercy might plead for a relaxation of these terms, good faith of a certain sort required that they should be enforced. A wrong would have been done to the suffering Whigs, had the Loyalists, with all the guilt and the consequences of treason justly chargeable upon them, been admitted to an easy pardon.

Again, it is to be considered that attempts at conciliating and winning over the Loyalists were frequently made by the Whigs, and repulsed by their opponents, while the latter never made any advances which helped to mitigate the strife. Congress, in 1778, recommended to the several States to repeal the sanguinary laws against the Loyalists, and to restore their confiscated property. Washington made several overtures for their protection. But they would not be won; their refusal tended to increase their own *malignity*, and of course to increase the irritation against them. Very many facts might be arrayed to prove how exasperating to the Whigs was the whole course pursued by their domestic enemies. The remembrance of these facts formed the chief obstacle to the exercise of mercy, and prevented any abatement from the rigidity of the terms which had been proclaimed or implied at the opening of hostilities.

One other suggestion seems to have a most essential bearing on the case before us, and to help towards a fair and candid review of the treatment of the Tories. The Whigs were compelled to outlaw the Tories because Great Britain first adopted them. From the very beginning of the dissensions in the Colonies, allurements and promises were held out by his majesty's commissioners, and by the royal governors and commanders, to all who should aid in opposing the rebels and in sustaining government. These promises of

favor were actual bribes and advanced pay. Such, for instance, is the significance of Lord Viscount Howe's proclamation in 1776, which promised "due consideration" and "every suitable encouragement" to those who should retain their loyalty, and bring it into practical operation against the spirit of sedition. As the contest advanced, such solicitations and inducements became very common; they were often repeated, while the consideration held out in them became more tempting by increase of value. When the Loyalists, after the peace, pressed their claims for compensation upon Parliament, they recurred to these successive promises, and held Great Britain to fulfil the contract voluntarily made by herself. Indeed, it was by repeatedly urging this sound plea that the Loyalists obtained the recompense already mentioned. Lord North, most justly their advocate, described them in Parliament as men "invited under every assurance of military, Parliamentary, political, and affectionate protection," to commit their lives and fortunes to the kingly side in the great venture. Undoubtedly these repeated promises, which were perfectly sure of being honored either from the colonial or the royal treasury, had the effect of winning many to the Tory side, of fixing the vacillating, and engaging the mean and selfish by the hope of reward. At any rate, this preliminary bribery on the part of his majesty called for some opposing and counteracting measures on the part of the rebels. Hence, we are persuaded, more than from any other single cause amid the turmoil and heat of the strife, were the Tories made to suffer. The Whigs outlawed them, because the king adopted them. The Whigs refused to remunerate them, because they had been hired by the party whom they served.

We have thus reviewed what seem to us to be the more essential points bearing upon the course pursued toward the Tories. We find a warrant for the aspect in which we have presented the case, in the fact that the English government was far more generous in making compensation to Loyalists, than was our own impoverished country in indemnifying individual Whigs for their personal sacrifices.

It has been far from our purpose in these remarks to reflect upon the general integrity, the pureness of motives, or the wisdom of the Loyalists as a class. Still less is it in our hearts to revive and renew the obloquy which has been

visited upon them, or to imitate with an inverted moral the example of the Palestine Jews, who heap stones of reproach upon Absalom's pillar as they pass through the King's Dale. Sufferers as we are in our own patrimony by the confiscation of the ancestral property of a Loyalist, we might feel some prejudice upon the suffering side. But to our minds, the experience of the Loyalists, and indeed of the Whigs, — for there was, in fact, but a slight difference of amount between their personal trials, — is good mainly as it mingles with all the dear-bought wisdom of the human race to prove that war is the heaviest of all calamities ; and, since it does not admit of any of those alleviations which mitigate the heaviest chastisements of the Almighty, that it cannot be numbered among his plagues, but must stand first amid the voluntary follies of man. England was the wrongdoer, and her exchequer has ever since borne the penalty, and will bear it so long as she is numbered among the nations. We were the sufferers ; and though we feel now no burden and no infliction from it, as we ought in justice to feel none, yet our annals and our domestic records will ever perpetuate the griefs and horrors of the civil strife which were our unavoidable portion. The most cheerful incident connected with the history of the Tories is, that while they were waiting in the British Northern Provinces for the tardy relief of the English government, their trials were lightened by charitable help sent by individuals and associations in the United States, particularly by the Quakers.

We close by asking for Mr. Sabine's volume a grateful reception, and the place to which it is entitled in our enlarging libraries.

ART. VII. — *The Lives of the Lord Chancellors and Keepers of the Great Seal of England.* By JOHN LORD CAMPBELL, A. M., F. R. S. E. Philadelphia : Lea & Blanchard. 3 vols. 8vo. 1847.

THE sort of biography which this work contains is entertaining, and valuable for its illustrations of character, but not

calculated to throw much light on the history of England by reflecting to us the spirit and influences of the times in which these Chancellors lived. It is no easy matter to determine what the office was in its origin ; nor is it of any importance. They might have received their name from sitting behind a screen or *chancel*, or possibly from their *cancelling* the king's writs and letters when issued contrary to law, — a piece of loyal service which few of them, except perhaps Becket, would ever have been in haste to do. In theory, they were the king's casuists ; in fact, they were the creatures of the crown. As they owed their official existence to royal favor, they were not restricted in the dimensions of their authority ; this was regulated chiefly by their taste and pleasure. They were churchmen by profession, but worldly enough always, and sometimes unduly warlike in their ways. As judges, they held courts of equity and common-law jurisdiction ; they also presided, by virtue of their office, in the deliberations of the Lords. Various other rights and duties were associated with this high trust, which, however, are no indication of the extent of prerogative or freedom in different ages. Lord Campbell has done wisely not to spend time in magnifying the office, but has rather given his attention to the men by whom it was successively filled.

Among the Saxons to whom this high trust was confided before the conquest was St. Swithin, — who is sufficiently distinguished by that title of sacred honor, for there have been few of his successors to whom the designation would apply. His reputation, of course, is traditional, but in his own time it was surpassingly great ; and as he had charge of the education of Alfred, it is natural to infer that he communicated to that illustrious person some of the elements of that wisdom and excellence for which he was so renowned. He taught his pupil to read the songs of the Scalds, with their wild and inspiring legends of the past ; he also accompanied him on a visit to Rome, and pointed out the classical remains which had then attracted the attention of but few.

Of his legal proceedings but a single trace remains, which bears very little resemblance to modern processes of law. An old woman came to complain, that all the eggs in her basket which she was carrying to market had been feloniously broken. Instead of recommending an action of trespass, which might have cost the ancient person more than the eggs

were worth, he made the sign of the cross, and restored the eggs to their former soundness, thus relieving himself from tedious forms, and sending the lady on her way rejoicing.

Either he had uncommon sympathy with the poor and lowly, or he had marvellously anticipated the republicanism of our day ; for when he died, he enjoined that his body should be buried, not in the cathedral, but in the church-yard among the poor. When he was canonized, some years after, it was thought proper to transfer his remains to the high altar, with solemn forms and processions. But as soon as he found out what was in contemplation, he sent a tremendous rain, which lasted without cessation forty days, so as to damp the ardor of his admirers, and put a stop to the unwelcome honors which they intended to bestow.* Lord Campbell says there is great difficulty in distinguishing what is true from what is false in his history ; we should think the limits were, as Colonel Bath, in Fielding's Amelia, terms it, " pretty transparent," though we would speak with great diffidence when such a forbearing reserve is exhibited by one of the lights of the law.

After the Norman invasion, the object of the conquerors seemed to be to displace all the old Saxon institutions by inventions of their own. The office continued in name, but was superseded in fact by that of Grand Justiciar, equivalent to chief justice ; but names were of little value or significance under that base and horrible oppression, by which justice and humanity were fiercely trodden into the dust. That the post of chancellor had its attractions, after it had been shorn of its former splendor, is evident from the fact, that, in the reign of Henry the First, it was sold for three thousand pounds. This was an immense sum for the times, and one which gives us some insight into the worth of money, the freedom of the subject, and the importance attached to the weightier matters of the law. It is not clear whether this office was disposed of by private contract or public auction ; but the king was the peddler who sold it, as he had

* Hence the proverb, which is still current and popular, both in Scotland and England, —

" St. Swithin's day, gif ye do rain,
For forty days it will remain ;
St. Swithin's day, an ye be fair,
For forty days 't will rain na mair."

that unfailing symptom of royalty, a desperate want of resources, without any honorable means to supply them.

But these particulars relating to the history of the office are, as we have said, of little interest, when compared with the character of those who held it; and quite early in the English annals, a chancellor appeared whose power of heart and resistless energy made him a wonder to his own times and a problem to all succeeding. We refer to Thomas à Becket, who upheld the claims of the church against the wrath and revenge of the king. Historians speak doubtfully of his proceedings, as if they were quite uncertain how far to give him credit for sincerity, and how much to ascribe to unsanctified ambition. They cannot quite determine what he was to gain by defying the sovereign, and at the same time they are not ready to believe that conscience inspired him. It was unquestionably true, that his movements were violent, insurrectionary, and sometimes in the worst possible taste. But when we consider that he was in early life the prime favorite of the king; that every path of luxury, honor, and power was open before him; that when the Plantagenet proposed to make him Archbishop of Canterbury, he entreated to be spared, foreseeing and foretelling that a faithful discharge of its duties would bring him into conflict with his royal master; it seems to us, that the obvious and simple solution of his conduct is, that he had a strong sense of duty, — somewhat dark and irregular, certainly, according to the fashion of his times; but nevertheless, deep and true. He felt, that, if he held the office, though it was forced upon him, he must be governed by its obligations; and as allegiance to the church was understood to stand foremost among religious duties, his conscience would naturally lead him to stand up for its rights, and resist all aggressions, as the surest way to establish the kingdom of heaven in the world.

This matter, of course, presents itself in a different light to us; it is not so easy now to understand how the sense of religious duty could have maintained excessive claims, and insisted on temporal privileges and powers. We are thrown still farther from the position in which we could read such men aright, by our sympathy with the military barons of feudal times. They were a coarse, bloody, and rapacious crew; while the clergy, though equally grasping, had some pretensions to refinement and humanity. And yet, strange

as it seems, we feel as if the cause of civilization and human progress depended on the success of those bull-dogs of chivalry ; we set down the churchmen who opposed them as unquestionably insolent and usurping, and whenever we see them defeated, we rejoice in their fall. With the general sympathy inclining so much in that direction, it is not strange that Becket should be misunderstood. Like much other prevailing darkness, it is owing to the shadow cast upon mankind by the traditional barbarisms of war, to which we are still in bondage, while the influence of superstition, at least in its ancient forms, is now comparatively small.

When Henry the Eighth wished to destroy the influence of Rome, he feared lest some other Becket should come forward to resist him, and to prevent this, he ordered his attorney-general to file a *quo warranto* information against St. Thomas for assuming the office of saint, and summoned him into court to answer to the charge. As it was not convenient for Becket to appear in person, the king assigned him counsel at his own expense ; but, as might have been expected, he was found guilty, and the sentence was, that his bones should be publicly burned, as a warning to all other incipient Beckets, and the offerings at his shrine were forfeited to the crown. Such was the stupid precaution of the Defender of the Faith ; a man, if he was a man, in whom the violence of passion was mistaken for energy of mind, and whose only real eminence was that of approaching as near to unmitigated wickedness as the infirmity of human nature would allow.

Though the evils and sorrows brought on Henry the Second by the murder of Becket taught a lesson to sovereigns, his fate may also have given warning to men of similar spirit, if any such there were, showing them that the crown of martyrdom is hard both to win and wear. We hear no more of this bold resistance ; the barons of England take their ground and firmly maintain it, but the chancellors are on the other side. In fact, there is nothing remarkable either in the circumstances or character of those who bear the office, till, in the reign of Henry the Third, the great seal was intrusted to a female hand. When about leaving the country on one of his military expeditions, the king made his queen, Eleanor, lady keeper for the time ; from which we may infer, that the main design was to secure the royal prerogative,

and that the judicial duties of the office were held in but low esteem. He may have thought her better suited to be the keeper of his conscience, from having none to look after of her own. Her services, whatever they may have been, were eminently distasteful to the Londoners, who previously detested her as a Frenchwoman in all her tastes and associations. She was ingenious in devising means of extortion to plunder them under the forms of law; and they returned her favors, according to the long-established etiquette of the English mob, with volleys of abuse, sometimes with showers of stones, but more frequently with salutes of eggs in that independent state in which they have nothing to fear from decay.

Without stopping to say any thing of Langton, the ancestor of the one who was more distinguished by the respect and confidence of Johnson than his fathers by their rank and station, we find a pleasant mention of Richard de Bury, Bishop of Durham in the reign of Edward the Third. He was eminent as a scholar, statesman, judge, and divine; though all these various qualifications were not so efficient in raising him to the high offices which he filled, as the circumstance that he had been tutor to his royal master. As chancellor, he presided in Parliament, when only one act was passed of which the name has descended to us, and this savors of Massachusetts legislation; it was "to regulate the herring-fishery at Yarmouth." We have no record either of his judicial proceedings; in fact, his whole heart was given to the collection and study of books, for which his desire was not less intense, and rather more intellectual, than that of bibliomaniacs at the present day.

His office and character aided him very much in making his collections; he says, that instead of presents and jewels, which had been the customary offerings, crazy quartos and tottering folios were rescued from moths, worms, and dust, to be laid at the chancellor's feet. It is edifying to witness his enthusiasm. He speaks of libraries redolent of aromatics; of flourishing green-houses of all sorts of volumes; of porticos of Stoics, promontories of Parnassus, and academic meads; from all which one would infer, that, so far as beauty and fragrance were concerned, his senses must have been steeped in some considerable illusion. For he complains bitterly of the manner in which these sacred vol-

umes had been used; that they had been read by some clown, and marked by his dirty fingers and "the falling dew-drop from his nose"; that places of interest were marked with musty straws, and the pages ornamented with crumbs of bread and cheese, together with the liquid accompaniments of his dinner; that in his sleep, which is both loud and long, his elbows were ground into the book, displacing and tearing the leaves; and if he were smitten with a botanical propensity, flowers with the earth still clinging to their roots were stuffed into the volume, till it no longer yielded to the efforts of the closer. From this, it would seem that his passion had its abatements as well as its delights; and when he speaks of laymen, it is with a kind of asperity which is very unlike his usual tone. Laymen, he says, are altogether unworthy of communion with books; they do not know, when the volume is before them, whether it is right side up or down. How different are these matters now! In this ancient state of things the clergy may find consolation under the faith which so many now maintain, that a clergyman is *ex officio* incapable of forming a judgment on questions of business and politics, which any fool not thus unfortunately disqualified can easily see through.

One of the most respected names associated with this office is that of William of Wickham, so well known as an admirer of Gothic architecture and a generous patron of learning. It was his architectural taste and talent which first brought him forward in life. He was employed by Edward the Third to make designs for a splendid structure, in place of the mean buildings of Windsor castle; and the present age has the means of determining how well he succeeded. The king was delighted with his palace, and commemorated the event of its completion by the not very appropriate ceremony of founding the order of the garter, till it was suggested to him that there was something presumptuous in the inscription, *Hoc fecit Wichem*, which was engraven on one of the gates. The builder at once explained that the sentence was misunderstood; it did not state that he made the castle, but that the castle was the making of him; which was undeniably true, for he took orders immediately after, and preferment came in a golden shower.

But the office of chancellor, to which he was appointed, was beyond his legal knowledge; and when he had held the

station four years, the commons and the lords temporal prayed that the seal might not be continued in his, nor any other churchman's, hands. He was not much concerned at his removal, but went on with his favorite work of building, till, eighteen years after, he was replaced in the office by Richard the Second, with the general approbation of the community, who thought his honesty quite as much to be trusted as a more extensive knowledge of the law. But whatever his faithfulness may have been, St. Mary's College of Winchester, at Oxford, is the monument which has insured his fame.

His great virtues are strongly contrasted with the character of Beaufort, who was cardinal, and four times chancellor, and who, though, according to Shakspeare, "he died and made no sign," made more while living than his generation desired to see. The son of John of Gaunt, and half-brother to the king, he had the way of preferment open before him ; and as to his piety, which some presumed to question, a pilgrimage to Jerusalem had removed the doubt from all reasonable minds. He contrived to set the church against him by advising the king to make free with the ecclesiastical revenues, a thing which it was easier to advise than to do. When the king was obliged to come to him for a loan, which his great wealth enabled him to supply, he refused to furnish it, till the crown itself was lodged as security in his hands. Luckily for him, Henry the Fifth died soon after, and in the minority of Henry the Sixth, then an infant, commenced that rivalship between him and the Protector Duke Humphrey which ended in the death of the latter in a way somewhat mysterious, but universally ascribed to Beaufort's hatred and revenge. But the murderer, if such he was, did not long enjoy his triumph, for six weeks after he followed his nephew to the tomb. Some writers are unwilling to believe, that a person so high in spiritual office should have been guilty of such crimes. But history is imperative as Pilate, — what it has written, it has written ; and whatever historical doubts may arise, it is not likely that the record will ever be altered.

But these names, though important in their time, cannot detain us now, when we come near the age of Wolsey, who dazzled the world with the suddenness and splendor of his elevation, and almost effaced the remembrance of his faults,

which were many, by the depth and sadness of his fall, and still more, by the tender charm which poetical genius has thrown around it. Nothing could be more difficult than for Shakspeare to deal with names so fresh in English memories as those of Henry the Eighth and Wolsey. A slight defect in the execution of such portraits might have been a serious matter, with a stormy virago, like Elizabeth, looking over him. He appears to have evaded the delicacies of the attempt by the expedient, so new to dealers in fiction, of simply telling the truth, and painting Wolsey as he was. The future chancellor was of humble birth; at least, that he was the son of a butcher was constantly thrown in his teeth, when, such is this world's inconsistency, it might have been counted a high honor if his father, instead of despatching cattle in the shambles, had slaughtered human victims in a field of blood. It was one of the great recommendations of the church, that it enabled men of talent to overleap those hereditary bars which otherwise they could not have passed; and it is not unlikely that the haughtiness of Wolsey and other dignitaries of the church may have been assumed, not wholly from choice, but as a defence from the insolence of inferior men, who, had they submitted to indignity, would have made haste to tread them down.

The accounts of his ascension to power, which we derive from various sources, all agree in ascribing to him an influence amounting to fascination over those who came in his way. His person was dignified, and his expression of countenance fine. He had that natural superiority of manner, which art cannot imitate, and which no practice in society is ever able to form. His eloquence was always at command, both in public and private; and the effect of his address was aided by his quick and accurate discernment of the characters and feelings of men. It is not clear whether he had any natural taste for business, or whether it was assumed to recommend himself to Henry the Seventh, a dry and calculating person, better fitted by nature for a trader than for a king. The sort of business, however, in which that prince employed him, negotiating for the Emperor Maximilian's daughter, was not one which required much sedentary application. The moment Wolsey received his despatches, he set out, and returned so soon that the king scolded him for his delay, supposing that the messenger had not yet left

home. When he was told that all arrangements had been completed, he was amazed at Wolsey's despatch, and conceived a high opinion of his efficiency, which, had the monarch lived, would have placed the highest honors within his reach. But this was not necessary ; for he was equally in favor with the heir-apparent, who, at his father's death, which took place soon after, delighted much in his society, and was ready to invest him with the amplest powers.

It has been very common to say, that so long as Wolsey's influence lasted, the life of Henry the Eighth was decent and inoffensive, compared with his later days ; and this is ascribed to Wolsey's management, as if his influence, so long as he flourished, was a signal blessing to that worthless king. But it is not likely that any one ever had influence over Henry's ungovernable passions ; no Van Amburgh could have tamed or controlled a beast so wild and ferocious. The truth seems rather to have been, that in the early part of his reign he gave himself up to pleasures of every kind, and left the direction of public affairs in the hands of others. It was not till he was partially satiated with dissipation, and had begun to use his powers to accomplish other plans of self-indulgence, that he appeared as he really was ; it was not that he had been controlled, but that he had had no call to manifest his disposition before.

Wolsey had influence enough to secure all kinds of preferment, not only deaneries and bishoprics, but such posts as that of commissary-general to the army, which was a source of vast wealth in an unscrupulous hand. To show that he was not afflicted with delicacy in such matters, it is enough to say, that he held the archbishopric of York united with the rich sees of Winchester and Durham, and farmed those of Bath, Worcester, and Hereford out to foreigners, who paid over to him a large proportion of their income, and followed his own holy example in the discharge of their duties. But grasping though he was, it was not from avarice ; he was generous in his expenditures, particularly in his appropriations for the support of learning ; and, however he may have been lifted up by his public honors, the attachment of his friends and servants testified that he was amiable in private life. Their devotion endured the strong trial of his disgrace, when he had lost the power to reward it, and it held on unchanged to the last.

Not much is known of the manner in which Wolsey discharged the duties of chancellor, except on the authority of tradition, which, as it betrays a strong prejudice against his memory, may be supposed to do him no more than justice when it allows that he was just, diligent, and impartial. Governing himself in some cases by the light of his own clear understanding, and in others consulting the oracles of law, he inspired so much confidence, that the business of the office grew beyond all former bounds. Sir Thomas More says, in writing to Erasmus, that Wolsey in his performance of the duties of that office had exceeded the expectations of all, which were high, and had surpassed the greatest of his predecessors. The difficulty with him was, that he was jealous of every thing which came in the way of his own pretensions; like all others in the same pride and power, he found Mordecais in the king's gate. Unluckily for himself, he had the power, which Haman had not, to punish their contumacy; and he had never learned that moral which is so clearly taught in his own history, as well as elsewhere, that success is retribution to the unworthy, and triumph the sure prelude to their fall.

The deepest stain upon his memory is owing to his hatred of Buckingham, who, as a descendant of Edward the Third, and chief subject in the kingdom, was not disposed to do reverence to such an upstart as Wolsey was regarded. When this prince, who was extremely popular, was brought to the block for treason, his death was ascribed to the machinations of Wolsey, not because there was direct proof of it, but because every thing was thought to be controlled and directed by his will. It should be remembered, however, that Henry himself had a deadly hatred of every one who had the most distant pretensions to the throne; and the bearing of the Duke had been such as to awaken his suspicions. Considering the king's cannibal propensities, it is more reasonable to ascribe this judicial murder to him, when it was of a piece with all his subsequent proceedings, than to account for it by the influence of Wolsey, which there was no need of his exerting, and who never had betrayed a thirst for blood. On the whole, we may acquiesce in Mackintosh's safe remark, that he was not worse than contemporary statesmen, which, if not a compliment, is a defence so far as it goes. When we remember that there never was a person

whom Satan more severely tempted by making rich, an ordeal through which few can pass unsinged, it is rather creditable to him than otherwise that he did not sink below the standard of his day.

As to the fall of this ambitious and eminent person, it is not necessary to look far for the cause of it. The king whom he served was as destitute of religion, and even of superstition, as are other beasts of prey. He had already cast a lustful eye on the revenues of the church as a means of supplying his own prodigality ; and the example of worldly churchmen gave him the impression that it could be no damning sin. The causes which led to the Reformation also were in action, and the church had lost so much of its hold on the fear and reverence of laymen, that he saw it would be no difficult matter to appropriate what he wanted, if he could only find some pretext for disowning the spiritual power. It is obvious that he was determined, either to make the church subservient to his purpose, or to clear it out of his way. But he could not use the instrumentality of its leading dignitary for such a purpose ; should Wolsey lend himself to such designs, it could only destroy his influence and standing, and thus disarm him of the power to be useful. Besides, as a cardinal and a candidate for the tiara, he must necessarily have other interests coming in conflict with those of his master. Henry was glad to avail himself of Wolsey's ability so long as it could serve him ; but when that was no longer the case, he was easily alienated from his former favorite. When such estrangement begins, every thing tends to increase it ; when displeasure exists, good reasons for it are never wanting ; and thus we imagine that the faults and imprudences of Wolsey, though they were convenient reasons to give for his disgrace, and were indeed sufficiently offensive to unfriendly observers, were not the real cause of his memorable fall. The king wanted other instruments for work which cardinals could not do.

The person who succeeded Wolsey in the office of chancellor was as much before him in character and public estimation, as he was inferior in station, preferment, and those transient honors which the best minds are not ambitious to reach. Sir Thomas More, in his place as Speaker of the Commons, had firmly resisted Wolsey's attempts to override the law, for which the cardinal felt strong resentment against

him in his heart. It was undoubtedly the sight of Wolsey's usurpations of authority, on his visit of remonstrance to Parliament, and on other occasions, which induced Sir Thomas More to sign the articles of impeachment, which did not amount to serious charges, though all the world knew how lawless and tyrannical the course of the favorite had been. It is a curious fact, that, when it seemed perfectly natural for the butcher's son to ascend by means of the church staircase to any pride of place, it should have been thought a grave departure from propriety and precedent to intrust the great seal to a simple knight, the son of a judge of the Court of King's Bench, and himself experienced and distinguished in many great public affairs. Yet so it was; and had not the universal conviction of his eminent fitness for the station made any other selection impossible, he could not have reached that office which his wisdom and virtue adorned.

The early influences under which Sir Thomas More was formed are said to have been favorable to his improvement. His father, besides being learned in the law, was also something of a wag. But one specimen of his humor has been preserved, which must have been valued by reason of its rarity, since no other brilliancy about it is obvious to the naked eye. It is a comparison of one about to marry to one who puts his hand into a bag containing one eel to a hundred snakes, where the adventurer is more likely to be bitten than to secure a prize. From the tone of this sharp jest, one would apprehend that he was among those who had been very unfortunate in their selection. The old judge kept his son very short of means in his youth, and required him to write an exact account of his expenses; all which he thought very hard at the time, though he afterwards declared that the system had been a singular blessing, saving him from foppery and foolishness, into which he would otherwise have fallen. While he was still young, and diligently engaged in self-education, he became acquainted with Erasmus, a kindred spirit, who, having come over to England, was fast diffusing a taste for classical learning. Their correspondence, which is still extant, throws much illustrative light on the tastes and attainments of these eminent correspondents, besides giving us valuable information respecting those less public matters which history does not consider it her duty, or perhaps is not able, to tell.

In his early manhood, he made some approaches to religious enthusiasm, which one would have thought could not have been in harmony with his nature. He was so transported with the spirit and example of Augustine, that he determined to join the Franciscans; but with that good-sense which was preëminent in his life, he thought it better to make the experiment of that way of life before hazarding a final choice. Accordingly, he wore a hair shirt, scourged himself every Friday, watched and fasted often, slept on a stone bench with a log for a pillow, denying himself every indulgence, and after a long and faithful attempt to secure the spiritual good which such austerities were imagined to bestow, he came to the conclusion that they were not particularly edifying, that Christian graces might be attained quite as well without them, and that inflictions upon the body spent their strength before reaching the heart. Having given up all thoughts of the monastic life, he turned his attention to the priesthood. But he could not reconcile himself to the inconsistencies of the profession, as he saw it in the lives of the Catholic clergy; so that, on the whole, he determined to establish himself in the practice of the law, and to have domestic claims which should drive him to the necessary exertion. One Mr. Colt, who was largely blessed with daughters, offered him his choice of the assortment; the second was the fairest, and in other respects most to his taste; but when he thought what a pity it was to mortify the eldest by such a preference of the younger, he renounced his own inclinations, and paid proper deference to the claims of age. He was well repaid for his disinterestedness, for there never was a happier union. We would not speak with confidence on subjects not within our range; but perhaps one reason why the course of true love never runs smooth is, that it is not content to flow in the channels of duty, but rather delights in going out of its way to encounter obstacles, besides having a determined propensity for running up hill, which the laws of hydrostatics will not readily allow.

His popularity and reputation were such that he was soon returned for Parliament, where he soon manifested an independence not common in that day, when any resistance to the court was apt to be punished by some fatal revenge. Henry the Seventh made a large and lawless demand from the Commons; no one else dared say a word against it; but

More spoke freely of the illegality of the exaction, and it was in consequence denied. Henry was full of vengeful rage at this resistance; but as More had no property, he could not resent it profitably except by coming upon the old judge, his father, who, for the iniquity of his child, was thrown into the Tower, and kept there till he had paid a fine to the crown. More was earnestly advised by Fox, Bishop of Winchester, to make submissions to the king. But the bishop's chaplain counselled him not to heed the instigation of his master, who, he said, would consent to the murder of his own father for the sake of paying court to the king. As this last advice agreed with his own feeling, he followed it; and it was well that he did; for when Dudley and Empson were led to execution, the former of them said to More, whom he met on the way, — "O More, More! God was your good friend that you did not ask the king's forgiveness, as many would have had you do; for had you done so, perhaps you would have been in the like case with us now." This must mean, that the tyrant could not help respecting those who held fast their integrity and neither feared nor defied his power.

It is certain that Henry the Eighth, as soon as he became acquainted with More, was delighted with the richness and humor of his conversation; and, as he never lost sight of his own interest, was also desirous to engage him as a responsible agent in those public and private conspiracies of sin, which it required no small ability to explain and defend. But More understood him thoroughly, and kept his distance as far as possible. On one occasion, Henry came to him at his house, and walked with him in the garden with his arm thrown familiarly over his shoulder. When he was congratulated on this high favor, he said, — "I may tell thee I have no cause to be proud thereof, for if my head would win him a castle in France, it should not fail to go."

The manner in which he discharged the duties of the chancellor's office was the subject of universal praise. Wolsey, though he was desirous to shine in that, as in every thing else, was hedged in by those minions who guard all the avenues to their master; and while he did not himself descend to mean extortion, they were so rapacious that it became a common saying, that no one could have justice in chancery unless his fingers were tipped with gold. More

had no such retinue ; he was so simple and unostentatious as to excite the wonder, not to say displeasure, of some of the nobility, who swore, somewhat profanely, when they found him singing in a church, that it would never do for him to worship God like an ordinary man.

As to his impartiality, he declared that if his father was on one side, and Satan on the other, the latter should have his rights, suffer who would. His fearlessness was manifested by his admitting the complaint of a beggar against his own second wife, a formidable Xantippe, who had bought and highly valued a little dog which had been stolen from the former. He took the dog in his arms, and directed each party to call it ; upon which it left the lady and went to its former owner, to whom, much to the dissatisfaction of his wife, he commanded it to be surrendered. He was charged, in some gossiping stories, with cruelties to heretics who were brought before him ; but this appears to have been a mistake, perhaps a wilful one, as it certainly was inconsistent with all that is known of his feelings. As Erasmus remarks, it is sufficient to say that no man was put to death for heresy in England while he was chancellor, though the blood of the persecuted was constantly flowing in other countries. It is, of course, not to be pretended that he understood the right and duty of toleration, which was as far from the reach of that age as Newton's theory of the solar system ; but though he could not alter the law, his mercy in the administration of it was such as might have been expected from his kind and excellent heart. The unbounded liberality of sentiment which he expressed in his Utopia may have been afterwards modified by the revolutionary aspect of the times ; and he began to apprehend that the principle might be dangerously extended. Still, it was never toleration which he feared, but only the abuse of it ; and it is not strange that in that day, when utter darkness rested on the whole subject, he should have been somewhat startled by the agitations which it seemed to be creating in the world.

It is really difficult to conceive how an Englishman can look back without humiliation to the period in his history when such a man as this could be murdered in cold blood, under the forms of law, by the mere will of the king, while Cranmer, Cromwell, and Audley, without one vestige of conscience or manliness, were all the while subservient as a

pack of hounds to their master. Infinite pains were taken to make Sir Thomas own the king's supremacy, that is, his power to do as he pleased; but nothing could bend his firm uprightness, though he well knew, that, when once the king had determined to be revenged, no mean submission could avert his doom. It is marvellous to see the sagacity with which he foresaw all that was to come. When one of the attempts to crush him by law had failed, from its manifest iniquity, and he was congratulated on his escape, he said that his fate was deferred, not abandoned; which soon proved sadly true. When Anne Boleyn, who was bitter against him on account of his opposition to the divorce from Catharine, was in the height of her triumph, and he was told of her revels and dances, he said to his daughter that it grieved him to think to what misery that poor soul was shortly to come; for, though at the time she could dance off men's heads like footballs, the day would soon come when her head would dance off like theirs. Even the progress of the Reformers, then in its beginning, was obvious to his calm, discerning mind; he said, that, high as the Roman church then sat, treading heretics like ants into the dust, some would see the day when the Catholics would be glad to allow them full privileges, on condition that the Reformers would leave them in possession of theirs.

It was Henry's double aim to gain More's great authority in favor of resistance to the Pope, and then to degrade him by this display of inconsistency, before he died. But the keen penetration of More, who understood the dark windings of royal art, and the firm principle which could neither be bent nor misled, defeated these machinations, and therefore hurried on his fate. It would have been impossible to find any pretext for his conviction, had not Rich, who was afterwards chancellor, become a perjured witness against him. This wretch was afterwards rewarded with the place of keeper of the king's conscience, and became the founder of a noble family, of which that Earl of Warwick who was under the charge of Addison was the last. To his latest moments, More maintained the same patient and manly composure, being earnestly affectionate to his family, having no words of reproach for his enemies, and remaining steadfast in his faith and devotion to God.

Some exception has been taken to his cheerfulness at the

time of his execution, as if it were unbecoming at such an hour; but if properly considered, it is seen to be in his usual manner, which was easy and natural, never stilted. The whole amount of it is, that he was a genuine man at that time, as at all others, and that nothing was got up to grace his closing scene. But this subject has been so well set forth by the master hand in a familiar passage of the Spectator, that it is needless to say that his life of excellence was crowned by a graceful, dignified, and sacred close. Nor is it easy to find in the records of human character a life and death more free from infirmity or more worthy to be honored. Besides the superiority of talent which appears in his writings, he shows himself far before his age in humanity, suggesting reforms in law and in social arrangements, such as had not then entered any other mind or heart. In his wonderfully enlightened views of toleration he then stood entirely alone, believing that every one should adopt what religious system recommended itself to his conscience, and that others might use argument and persuasion to convince him of its untruth; but that nothing could be more absurd than to threaten or torment another by way of inducing him to believe that which did not seem to him true. On the whole, he was a specimen almost perfect of Anglo-Saxon character refined of its barbarism by humane and religious feeling; and perhaps the best eulogy would be to say, that he stood in the most direct and conspicuous opposition to his royal master, — More being the glory of humanity, the other its everlasting shame.

There is very little to detain a reader in the history of several succeeding chancellors, some of whom were bigots, others timeservers, and several, like Gardiner, of Smithfield memory, darkly stained with blood. This imputation rests also on Hatton, the dancer, whose graceful capers cannot atone for his share in the murder of Queen Mary, an act which Lord Campbell says "was not creditable to the English nation"; — rather a gentle tap with the fan to administer for such an atrocious deed. Sir Nicholas Bacon held the office, with reputation to himself and equally to the public satisfaction, for many years. Lord Ellesmere, also, with the exception of that courtly compliance which was apt to disgrace the station, was greatly honored in comparison with several who went before him.

But the great form of Lord Bacon, the son of Sir Nicholas, soon appears in the procession, and, not only by his overshadowing powers, but also by the weakness and inconsistency which were so sadly associated with them, so fastens the gaze of mankind upon himself, that all other names are disregarded. It is painful to think of meanness, avarice, and ingratitude in connection with his wonderful ability; and many attempts have been made to clear his memory, but without success. The facts cannot be denied; he is only to be defended by a forced and unnatural interpretation of them. The truth is, we are often compelled to witness this unholy alliance of the highest intellectual gifts with a cold and selfish heart. In such cases, men may be raised, to a certain extent, by means of their intellectual powers; but having no conscience and no development of the moral or spiritual nature, they cannot be trusted; temptation easily reaches them, and then they employ their subtilty in justifying their conduct to themselves, so that, however degraded they may be in the sight of others, no sense of guilt or dishonor shall affect their own souls. We do much also to prepare ourselves for disappointment, and flatter such offenders into the blindest self-delusion. There is no more reason to assume that a man must have a true and generous moral nature, because he has great talents, than there is for inferring that his mind is powerful because his bodily frame is active and strong.

It was a misfortune to Bacon to be in such a condition that he was surrounded by the attractions of court life in his childhood, while his fortune, or rather his prospect of inheritance from his father, was exceedingly small. Like many others so situated, he probably overestimated the advantages of wealth which he did not possess; and as he stood where more fortunate persons were constantly flourishing their splendor before his eyes, he came into life with the impression that want of riches is want of every thing, and with a disposition to submit to any exertion or sacrifice for the sake of securing this highest good. The pious adventurer, who, when asked if he had friends, replied, that through mercy he had not been troubled with them lately, was more fortunate than he; for it was the calamity of Bacon to have an uncle, Lord Burghley, at the head of affairs, and to indulge the hope that the selfish old man would feel some sympathy for

his relations. But it was the constant aim of the lord-treasurer to advance the interest of his own hopeful son; and as Bacon was immensely superior to Cecil, who was nothing but a cunning and unprincipled courtier, it was obvious to the father, that his nephew would be an obstacle to the fulfilment of his wishes. On this account, he did all he could to discourage and keep him back. His influence with the queen was such, that he could make her see every thing as he did, by flattery sagaciously applied; and it was evidently her impression, obtained from him, that while there was no denying the abilities of Bacon, they were rather of the speculative than the practical kind, and that, just so far as he was naturally fitted to excel in philosophical studies, he was wanting in that sound sense and efficiency which are required in public affairs. In order, however, to escape from importunity and reproach, the old lord administered to him one of those favors which whosoever receives is in no hurry to ask for another. He procured for him the reversion of an office which did not come into possession till the end of twenty years; thus making sure that he should not have a support in his poverty when he wanted it, and, calculating on the chances of life, that he might never reach the prize.

But while the aspirant for office could not induce his relations to take an interest in any thing but their own selfish aims, which they always cherished with the most affectionate regard, he found a generous and true friend in the Earl of Essex, a manly and open-hearted cavalier, whose misfortune was, that Elizabeth fell in love with him, and treated him with a sort of wolfish tenderness, which he returned with respectful deference, but without that passion which she thought her charms, which had bloomed for more than half a century, ought by all means to inspire. Bacon, like other courtiers, many of whom were ill able to afford it, made annual presents to the queen; one of his oblations was "one pettycoat of white sattin embroidered all over like feathers and billets, with three broad borders embroidered with snakes and fruitage, *emblems of Wisdom and Beauty.*" But neither this happy selection of presents and illustrations, nor the earnest good offices of Essex, could sustain him against the malignant influence of the Cecils, who were careful to prevent the wind of royal favor from filling any sails but their own.

Essex, finding that he could not serve his *protegé* in the way he desired, insisted upon his accepting a tract of land at Twickenham, which must have been considerable, as Bacon afterwards sold it, at an under price, for eighteen hundred pounds. It is difficult to believe, that after receiving an unbroken succession of favors, bestowed not so much by a patron as a warm friend, as soon as this same noble benefactor was accused of treason, Bacon offered his services to the queen to appear against him ; and at the trial, he actually confronted him with insult and injury, as if to show that no feeling of gratitude, nor sense of decency even, could bind him to those who no longer had any thing to bestow. There is no bright side to this matter ; all the attempts of his apologists to defend it are pitiful in the extreme. He admits his guilt in the work which he published to prove that Essex deserved his fate. It was written at the instance of Elizabeth, who, after the death of Essex, was received by the multitude with cold and gloomy silence, instead of the applause to which she had been accustomed ; and the effect of the publication was, not so much to increase the general respect for his ability, as to produce a universal feeling of abhorrence for the icy hardness of his heart.

At the very time while Bacon was intensely busy in soliciting office, and trying to recommend himself to the court by mean compliances, and even by the perversion of law, he was also engaged in writing those immortal works which, one would have thought, could only proceed from a mind dwelling in some higher sphere, above the cares and passions of the world. It is a proof, though a sad one, of the power and versatility of his mind, that he could at the same moment soar so high and stoop so low. His moral sensibilities were so dull, that conscious unworthiness did not impair his energies of mind ; if he ever had misgivings as to the honor and manliness of his proceedings, he had ingenious excuses ready, which were easily accepted by his self-deceiving heart. When a threatened resistance to the crown made it convenient to sacrifice some person as an example, he takes an old clergyman, on the strength of a sermon found in his study, which was never meant to be preached, has him put to the torture in his presence, and throws him into prison, where he dies. When the murder of Overbury is brought home to the favorite Somerset, and the king is forced by

public feeling to bring that idiot to a trial, Bacon stands ready to screen the murderer, and has a pardon ready in case he shall be found guilty. When the overbearing Villiers begins to rise in James's favor, with no other title than his stupendous impudence, Bacon takes observations of the ascending star, and hastens with the earliest flattery to humble himself before one whom he could not respect.

By thus watching every opportunity, and pulling at every string, he succeeded, after serving longer than Jacob did for Rachel, in reaching the office of lord keeper, which was the summit of his desires. As he owed this elevation to the favor of Buckingham, he was compelled to become accessory to all manner of wrong. The most iniquitous monopoly was to be countenanced, if the favorite or any other minion was interested in it. The Duke also had the impudence to interfere with the course of justice, and commanded Bacon to decide in favor of the party which had bribed him. Having once given offence to this great patron, the chancellor actually threw himself at his feet to avert his displeasure. It was the same court influence which made him consent to the execution of Raleigh, under a sentence pronounced sixteen years before. It is wonderful to relate, that while he was thus steeped to the lips in all manner of degradation, he finished his immortal work, the *Novum Organum*, and sent it forth to the surprise and admiration of the world.

No recorded life affords a more striking example than his, of retribution in the present world. Having travelled in winding ways up to this envied station, cherishing all the while an excessive thirst for wealth, and learning from the court the means by which to gain it, by way of enjoying his prosperity he launched out into lavish expenses, which the revenues of his office were not sufficient to supply. But there were means to make up what was wanting, such means as were common enough in the practice of the courtiers and favorites of that age, but which never could be tolerated in a minister of the law. The parties who had causes on trial had no delicacy about making presents to the judge ; nor did he betray any unwillingness to receive them. The consequence was, that public sentiment turned strongly against him, and very soon after he had reached the station for which he had defiled his conscience, he was impeached for bribery and corruption. The king and the favorite were per-

fectly willing to sacrifice him in order to withdraw the general clamor from themselves. When he found that he must be brought to trial, and that the court would not sustain him, he made an humble confession of those practices which he could not deny; and within four years from the time of his appointment, he was forsaken, humbled, and undone. It is true, there are worse crimes than those for which he suffered; and they seem almost white, when compared with the crimson proceedings in the courts of criminal law. But it is of itself a strong testimony against him, that, without any general prejudice against his person or any wish for his ruin, there was a singular acquiescence in the justice of his sentence. The feeling was universal, that the sale of justice was one of those offences which strike at the heart of the social system, and which no people, who care for their own well-being, ought on any account of mercy or tenderness to allow or to forgive.

Though the whole effect of Lord Bacon's worldly efforts had been to bring himself to want and dishonor, he could not resist the tendency which was strong within him; and after his fall, he indulged the hope of rising again, if rising it was, to those heights from which he had so ungracefully descended. James had pity upon him, and in substance remitted the immense fine which was imposed upon him by the Lords. Buckingham cared for his own selfish will infinitely more than for his adherents, and perhaps was aware that he had no real friends to serve. Charles, in his cold way, had manifested some sympathy for Bacon, which soon vanished, when he saw how eagerly the man who should have been a sage clung to the vain show of honor and power. But there was no real disposition anywhere to relieve him from the penalties of his transgression, because, with all men's admiration of his talents, they had no confidence in his integrity. The accession of Charles inspired him with hopes which were soon darkened by the sight of Buckingham, and the Lord Keeper Williams, his bitter enemy, flourishing in greater power than ever. Then, for the first time, the startling conviction came over him, that he had lost and wasted a life, which, if devoted to high objects, might have been prosperous, honorable, and happy. He said that he had misspent the talent which God had given him, and that he renounced those vanities which had been so dear and so fatal.

He began to gather his garments about him in preparation for that close which was soon to come.

It is a relief to turn to the peaceful sunset which followed his changeful and lowering day. His philosophical studies he did not abandon ; but he declined to attend the coronation as a peer, which he was entitled to do, and to take precedence of the ancient barons. The exciting scenes in politics which he saw passing around were matters of indifference to him ; he was so far advanced in Christian charity as to become reconciled to Bishop Williams, who had done him so many ill offices, and to admit him to his friendly regard. In his will, he said, with a tone which rises into sublimity, — "For my name and memory, I leave them to men's charitable speeches, and to foreign nations and the next ages." The love and reverence, which he could not secure in his elevation, came to him unsolicited in his obscure retirement, to brighten his evening close. All his errors were forgotten ; both his countrymen and foreigners hastened to do reverence to the great mind which was passing away. There was an evident moral in this, which, like much of this world's experience, came to him too late to be of service in the direction of his life. But it may be well for others, who are tempted with high visions, to consider how this man's ambition brought him nothing but shame and sorrow, while the small measure of happiness and the only real respect which he enjoyed came from the silent and retired exertions of his glorious and immortal mind.

His fate had no influence on public affairs ; Williams was flourishing in the chancellorship, with great industry, and sufficient courtliness to satisfy the king, who had appointed him with great misgivings, not whether he would do justice, which was not much thought of, but whether he would be unscrupulous enough in support of the interests of the crown. James is reported to have said, — "By my saul, I am pained to the heart to know where to bestow the seal ; for as to my lawyers, I think they be all knaves." This character one would have thought a recommendation for some part of the service which he expected them to do. He appeared at one time to think of dispensing with the office, since he attended the court himself, and conducted the proceedings in his own inimitable way. Bacon, however, who was chancellor at the time, reminded him of the necessity of hearing

both sides ; but the king said, what no doubt was true, that the case was perfectly clear to his judgment when he had heard one side, but all was thrown into mist and darkness when he came to hear the other. It seemed to him a pity to disturb the operations of his own luminous mind by any such embarrassing operation ; and if it was necessary to hear both sides, he declared that he would hear neither, — a determination to which, happily for those who had suits in chancery, he adhered as long as he lived.

The account of Bishop Williams's labors while he held this office forms a singular contrast with the fashions of the present day. He held the court between six and seven in the morning, and remained there till between eight and nine, when the peers assembled. Over them he presided till twelve, and sometimes, when there was a protracted debate, did not return till past one. After a hasty dinner, he returned to finish his business in chancery, in which he was engaged till eight, when he attended to his letters and papers, and then employed himself far into the night in preparing his business for the Lords on the next day. But his time was not so much engaged as to leave no opportunity for courtly intrigues. He always looked sharply to his own interest, and if, by any miscalculation, he found it endangered, he was ready to stoop to any submission, however low. At one time, he was rash enough to attempt to supplant Buckingham ; and for this unsuccessful endeavour, he was threatened with an entire overthrow of his fortunes, till he contrived to make himself again useful to that great personage, after which he was partially forgiven. But there was still a want of confidence ; and as soon as Charles ascended the throne, the favorite, whose influence was stronger than ever, made use of it to displace the bishop in favor of one more tractable and complying.

After being freed from official restraint, Williams showed signs of sagacity and independence. He distrusted and opposed the proceedings of Laud, who became his bitter enemy. Well would it have been for the king, if, instead of exasperating the nation by his arbitrary course, he had adopted the counsels of this more temperate and far-seeing adviser. Laud tried hard to destroy him, and succeeded in plundering him by fines and confiscations. But he could not make him resign his bishopric, as he wished ; and when the Commons

party gained the ascendency, the circumstance that one so odious as Laud had persecuted him was of itself a passport to popular applause. How sharp-sighted he was in his judgment of character appears from the warning which he gave Charles, who consulted him much in his troubles, of the danger to be apprehended from Cromwell, who, he said, would turn out to be a most daring and formidable opponent. The smile of incredulity with which Charles received the caution was probably one of the last ever seen on his care-worn features. Though his advice was not always followed, the bishop exerted himself with the greatest energy, even levying forces in his master's falling cause; and after the king's execution, though from infirmity he kept his bed at all other times, he rose regularly at midnight, knelt at his bedside, and prayed earnestly that the short and sorrowful remnant of his life might be faithfully spent, till he should be permitted to depart in peace.

Those were times which tried not only men's souls, but also their adroitness in maintaining their position, when all the social elements were in agitation, and the waves of the people were dashing so high against the throne, that it seems mysterious that even courtiers, with the self-securing instinct of the race, should not have foreseen that the many would soon be too strong for the one. But the habit of subserviency remained; some had the impression that the throne was founded in the laws of nature; and while the king was coldly indifferent, and Buckingham despised all opposers, there were men wise enough to fill the place of chancellor, and weak enough to sell their souls for office. But they were not likely to be persons of high character and commanding powers. The Lord Keeper Coventry was one of these politicians; Clarendon says that he had "a strange power of making himself believed," a phrase which does not imply the highest compliment to the goodness of his word. But he was honor and independence itself, compared with his successor, Finch, who advised and aided to carry out the worst measures of the court, with a professed and determined regard to his own interest, as the first and last thing which he regarded. No man, he said, should ever force him to do any thing toward his own ruin. He was little aware, that, in his poor calculations to keep the royal favor at any expense of conscience, he was preparing for that ruin which

he held so much in dread. The impeachment of Strafford dispelled his illusion; and after a vain attempt to join the popular party, who feared nothing but his friendship and therefore rejected his overtures, he escaped a similar fate by a sudden flight from the kingdom. The office of chancellor was rather to be declined than solicited. Littleton, who was taken from the bench, accepted the place reluctantly, and found nothing but trouble, mortification, and sorrow all the rest of his days. At his death, the trust was accepted by Sir Richard Lane, an able and manly person, who, perilous as the station was, maintained a high character for talent and uprightness, at a time when those gifts were not always found walking together, even in the greatest. Godliness abounded in profession, but was less largely manifested in deeds.

When the civil wars commenced, the Parliament were for a time in trouble for want of the great seal, which of course was out of their reach. In such cases, the appearance will sometimes be formidable to those who do not fear the reality; and after having assumed all the powers of the state, it seemed a serious thing to stamp sealing-wax with a new image and superscription, though every thing else bore the crushing impress of their hands. It was done, however; and having once tried the experiment, they repeated it, till, after breaking several, they got one at last which had nothing to remind them of a king. This mystic signet was then intrusted to a commission, of which Whitelock was the chief, supported by two nothings at his side.

Carlyle, in his romance of Cromwell, presuming largely on the ignorance of his readers, treats Whitelock in the same lofty and patronizing way which Dogberry extended to Verges. It is one of the arts of his brilliant quackery to shape some leading figure, not as it was, but as he chooses it shall be, and to sweep away into insignificance all those who ever came in conflict with his idols; it takes but a dash of the pen to transform them into knaves and fools. But Whitelock, though he had no taste for the poetry of one "Milton, a blind man," was a man of sense and learning, diligent in his office, and earnest in his endeavours to reform the administration of law. He saw through Cromwell's designs, which were not altogether so saintly as his ingenious worshipper is pleased to make them, and gave him advice, which was received with special disgust, because it took for granted that

ambition which the Lord Protector designed to conceal; — a design in which, so far as his last biographer is concerned, he has triumphantly succeeded, though most other readers of history retain the use of their eyes. Whitelock was deficient in moral courage; but he dealt faithfully with Cromwell, strongly advising him to renounce that hollow pageant of royalty which was floating before his eyes, as a prize which, should he secure it, was of very doubtful value, and would be fatal to his immediate popularity and his lasting renown. For this faithful advice, which was one of the most honorable things in his history, Cromwell treated him with distrusting coldness, and Mr. Carlyle cuts him up with no very Christian spirit of revenge, and without any reason, that we can discover, except that what he said was true.

There is some comfort in turning from the list of courtiers to the great Earl of Clarendon, who has made us familiar with himself by his own writings, and to whom we are indebted for admirable portraits of the distinguished men of those times; portraits which, with some allowance for prejudice, such as can be easily made, are characteristic, discriminating, and true. He has been the subject of much criticism and censure, and there are passages in his life which no friend would willingly remember. But when we consider the heartless rowdy whom he served after the Restoration, and the base crew who had control of the vessel of state, not to speak of the licentiousness and corruption which everywhere abounded, the stains on his memory fade into snowy purity, contrasted with the Ethiopian blackness of theirs.

In his early life, Hyde commanded the greatest respect and confidence; like his friend Lord Falkland, he was a supporter of constitutional freedom, and at the same time felt bound to uphold the rights of the throne. He was not so much given to study and ambition as to neglect the graces of life. When a mask was got up by the Inns of Court, for the entertainment of the queen, he had a leading part in the arrangements, and Whitelock, who superintended the music, said, with great sincerity no doubt, that it was better than had before been heard in England. It is rather comical to think of the two chancellors thus engaged in their early history; but the scene changed into a drama sufficiently tragical, before all was done. The young man, in his professional career, showed spirit and independence. The merchants of

London, on attempting to resist some exactions of the Treasury, could not find any among the elder advocates who were willing to plead their cause ; he undertook it, without regard to personal consequences, and his conduct was considered so daring, that Laud himself expressed a wish to see the person who was so hardy in his defiance of power. He also attacked the Herald's Court, instituted to guard the privileges of the nobility, who in general were quite able to protect themselves. Its character may be inferred from the sentence inflicted on a tailor, who, on being grievously insulted and threatened by a nobleman to whom he presented his bill, had the audacity to say that he was as good as the man that owed him ; for which enormous disrespect to his betters, he was thought to be mercifully punished by the forfeiture of the debt. Hyde did not, however, factiously oppose the crown ; he endeavoured to serve it faithfully and wisely, but was prevented by the angry dissolution of Parliament ; — one of those successive steps by which the king marched to his ruin, since it was evident to all but himself and his immediate counsellors, that each new legislature came together with a spirit more hostile to him than the last.

When the Long Parliament assembled, Hyde was a leader on the patriotic side, though he had little sympathy with gloomy and vindictive persons, such as St. John ; he was moderate, fair, and impartial, and therefore well calculated to have influence before the times of violent passion and conflict began. He took up with zeal and energy the conduct of the judges in the celebrated case of ship-money, censuring them in the strongest terms for their slavish doctrines, their denial of protection to the subject, and their open perversions of the law. The Council of the North was another of the abuses which he assailed. It was established by Henry the Eighth after an insurrection, and afterwards continued in existence, as a convenient engine of oppression, though wholly in violation of liberty and law. The celebrated Strafford had used it in that arbitrary course for which he suffered, and the memory of which was almost effaced by the loftiness and even grandeur of his bearing after his fall, — that being the term applied to ministers out of office and favor, though in every moral respect they may never have stood so high. The part which the future chancellor took in the proceedings against that nobleman is somewhat doubt-

ful ; like Falkland, he thought that Strafford deserved punishment for his tyranny, but, like many others, he did not believe that his crimes against English liberty came within the definition of treason according to the law.

It was at this time that Hyde became an adherent of the crown, but not under circumstances which would bring any doubt upon his disinterestedness, for certainly there was nothing bright in the prospects of Charles ; he had a mere traditional feeling of loyalty on his side, while all substantial power was on the other. The king did not himself despair of prevailing by force or by such stratagems as he thought fit to employ, and which brought him nothing but dishonor ; while clear-headed men saw plainly that the spell of royalty was broken, and that the strongest efforts of the wise and good were required to keep the Parliament from growing as mighty and tyrannical as the most absolute kings had been. Charles selected Hyde, Lord Falkland, and Colepepper, as his private advisers, pledging his honor to them, that, without their assent, he would take no step in Parliament whatever. This arrangement inspired a general confidence very propitious to his cause ; but after a time, every one was struck with dismay to hear of his suicidal attempt to seize the five members of the Commons, a movement which made it manifest that his purposes were tyrannical, and also brought suspicion on the fair fame of his counsellors, who, by this act of bad faith on his part, appeared to the world as the instigators of a proceeding which they unanimously condemned and deplored. No one could have blamed them, if, disgusted by such treatment, they had renounced the service of the king. They did, in truth, almost give up the hope of being able to serve him ; and it is much to the honor of Hyde, that he should have persevered in his endeavours to sustain a falling cause by the most laborious and incessant exertions, till the time, when, after the battle of Marston Moor, the prince was given to his charge to be placed in the security of a foreign land. He did not covet this office of managing a cold-hearted and self-indulgent boy, who learned nothing by experience, and was not made serious by suffering, but remained the same, caring for nothing but play and pleasure, to his dying day. Still, it is well for the world that Hyde was thus exiled ; since it was in this retirement that he engaged in the preparation of that history which, though some

objections on the score of prejudice may be made to it, is certainly one of the most pleasing and instructive ever written, and in its delineations of individual character has never been exceeded. To this undertaking he devoted ten hours a day; and the constant employment and interest which it afforded him relieved the weariness of a life of banishment, which was never cheered by any good news from home.

After the death of Charles the First, it followed as a matter of necessity that Hyde should take the chief direction of affairs, the young king being completely lost in disgraceful sensuality, and his favorite companions being Buckingham and a knot of similar spirits, who would have deserted his fallen fortunes very soon, if there had been any one willing to receive them. While they kept up their own and their master's spirits by frolic and buffoonery, every thing which involved deliberation and responsibility came on this wise and faithful friend. Among other anxieties, he had to provide the means of subsistence for the court. How much the exiles were reduced appears from his desponding remark: — "Every bit of meat, every drop of drink, all the fire and candles that have been used, are owed for; and how to get credit for a week more is no easy matter." Hyde contrived to keep up a show of respectability in a discreditable concern, not by bringing the king and his companions to a sense of decency, which was impossible, but by holding up his own high character before the extreme worthlessness of theirs.

At this time, the king gave him the office of Lord Chancellor, an appointment which Lord Campbell rather superfluously ascribes to his own ambitious suggestion, while he hypocritically pretended to decline it. Why such a charge should be made, in the absence of all evidence to support it, does not appear. Such an officer was necessary in any court, and particularly so in one like that of Charles, in which there were commissions to be prepared, papers to be signed and sealed, and even a greater variety of concerns to be attended to than in more prosperous days. Surely, one should be permitted to take an office, when it brings him no compensation but labor, want, and sorrow, without being charged with mercenary feelings. The court of Charles at Bruges was about the last place which men of low ambition would have chosen for their field of glory. But however Hyde

may have reached the office, he managed the interests of the banished king with great judgment and discretion. It required considerable negotiation with Monk before that accidental dictator could ascertain his own mind, as his politics consisted in throwing up a counter, to be determined by the side which fell uppermost. He finally concluded that restoration would be more grateful and symmetrical in itself, as well as more acceptable to Charles, if it was not embarrassed with any conditions about amnesty, civil rights, and liberty of conscience, which it was then the time to impose.

After the Restoration, Hyde, as a matter of course, remained at the head of affairs. It could not be expected, that, after all his sufferings, he should retain much enthusiasm for liberty ; but his aim seemed to be, not merely to exalt the prerogative, but to make his master a constitutional king. He was somewhat corrupted by the licentious maxims of that abandoned and shameless time, yet not by avarice, for he rejected a bribe from the French court, and a magnificent grant of lands from the king. The greatest discredit attached to his memory comes from his consenting to urge the queen to receive the mistress of her husband as one of her maids of honor ; superstitious as his loyalty was, one can hardly conceive of his lending himself to such counsels of sin and shame ; but the truth seems to have been, that he yielded to Charles in personal matters, while he was firm and independent where the public welfare was concerned. We see no reason to believe, what is commonly assumed as the ground of a charge of hypocrisy, that he promoted the marriage of James to his daughter, an event which he professed to deplore. He must have foreseen that much trouble would arise from this ill-assorted union, and may very well be supposed to have looked on it with more fear than rejoicing. Besides, those who say that the anger which he manifested on this occasion was affected and hypocritical should remember, that though the parties were called husband and wife, the marriage service had not then been performed for them, so that there was reason enough for displeasure.

Hyde, now created Earl of Clarendon, was a zealot in support of the claims of the church of England, and was constantly urging on severe and oppressive measures to exalt and secure it. This course of conduct was distasteful to the king, who was himself a Catholic, because, conscious of

his own profligacy, he wanted a faith in which he could find some absolution for his crimes. The chancellor also wounded him by his stern disapprobation of the folly and unfaithfulness in which his life was passed, while the shameless women who surrounded the king taunted him with his submission to an old and rigid master. If the integrity of Clarendon made him many enemies, it must be confessed that his overbearing spirit needlessly increased their number; though injuries are sometimes forgiven, contempt is never forgotten nor pardoned. When his influence was once shaken, his opposition to the Dutch war, and other measures tending to iniquity and disgrace, which Charles supported because they gave him a chance to pick the pocket of the nation, inflamed the king to such a pitch as to give him courage to dismiss his most faithful adviser. Lady Castlemaine also insisted upon his dismissal, and she was supported by Buckingham and all the rest of that miserable crew of which the court was composed. Clarendon was disgraced, chiefly for the reason that he was, as Lord Southampton said, "a true Protestant, and an honest Englishman; and while he enjoyed power, men were secure of their laws, liberties, and religion."

Clarendon was a man of great talents and great virtues; and though he was not exempt from many failings, though there were grievous errors in his administration and his private life, he will always deserve respect for his integrity and wisdom. Among most of those who surrounded him, he towered as a son of light. It is painful to think of him as an infirm and suffering man, a second time exiled from his country, and this time never to return, wandering without a resting-place, driven from one city to another, ordered to quit the French territory when he was too sick to leave his bed, and abused by Englishmen abroad even to the danger of his life. Yet nothing could damp the ardor of his intellectual pursuits; and while he was so weak that he could not walk without the support of two men, he diligently continued his historical studies and writings, improved himself in the French language and began the Italian, reviewed Hobbes's Leviathan and various polemical works, commenced a narrative of his own life, and even contemplated a history of England. Finding that his end was approaching, he earnestly solicited permission to die in his native land; but even this

was denied him, and a second application met with no reply. He said that it was in nobody's power to prevent his dying, and it did not seem to him unreasonable to wish for a place in which to die ; but he submitted without complaining, and simply remarked in his will, that he had never committed any fault against the king. His remains were carried over to the land which he was not permitted to see, and privately buried in Westminster Abbey. But though his two granddaughters reigned in succession in England, they had no feeling of reverence to induce them to build him a monument, nor is there even an inscription to show where his body returned to the dust.

Much is said of the thanklessness of republics ; but rather a longer chapter might be written on the ingratitude of kings. In a commonwealth, the people have the impression that they are not served with perfect disinterestedness ; their benefactors might adopt the language of one of the German women who came over with George the First, when she was followed by the populace of London : — " Good people, we are come over here for nothing but your goods " ; — which the uncourtly mob declared they had no difficulty whatever in believing. But Clarendon in the service of Charles was disinterested as well as faithful ; whatever his errors may have been, he was not, like his master, the proprietor and the victim of a cold and selfish heart.

In the ministry of the Cabal, when the moral condition of England was lower than, it is to be hoped, it will ever be again, the great seal was placed in the hands of a mere lawyer, Sir Orlando Bridgman. But, meantime, that extraordinary personage, Lord Shaftesbury, had become one of the ministry, and aspired to be something better. The opportunity was not long wanting. The king had commenced his machinations for restoring absolutism and Popery, with the suicidal Dutch war, and the London bankers had advanced him large sums, for the repayment of which orders on the treasury were issued. These bankers relied on his promise, "that he would not, on any occasion whatever, suffer an interruption of the payment of these orders." But his word was no better than he was himself ; and by the direction of the Cabal, the exchequer suddenly stopped payment. This measure shook the commercial world with an explosion like that of a thunderbolt, and threw the king's affairs into irremediable disgrace and confusion.

The bankers had borrowed the money from others, who at once brought actions against them for the recovery of their property. When they applied to Shaftesbury, who then presided in the Treasury, he remembered to have heard of such things as *injunctions*, and told them to go to the lord keeper *for an injunction* to stay all such proceedings. This officer, of course, had no authority to stay the operation of the law; but while he hesitated, not willing to give offence, and not feeling easy to violate his conscience and the law, Shaftesbury went to the king, and declared that the lord keeper was an old fool, and that he himself could discharge the duties of that station much more to the public satisfaction. The king laughed at the idea; but the rest of the Cabal, who wished him out of their way, were pleased at the suggestion. Accordingly he was appointed, though the nearest approach which he made to qualification for the duty was that of having married the daughter of the Lord Keeper Coventry.

But Shaftesbury's previous life had been such as to make him feel easy in any situation. In the Rebellion he was at first on the king's side; then, with perfect consistency, as he always maintained, he went over and fought vigorously in the field on the other. In like manner, he was for a time on good terms with Cromwell; then he quarrelled with him, and exerted himself so vigorously against the Protectorate, that Cromwell declared him the worst person to manage he ever saw. When Richard Cromwell succeeded, Shaftesbury took the oath to support the new Protector, and abjured the Stuarts; and then was soon found intriguing so as to confuse and embarrass all public movements, in order to create a necessity for the restoration of the king. For seven years after the return of Charles, Shaftesbury was quiet, which conduct remains an unexplained mystery in his life; but after this unnatural repose, he began to lay plans to ruin Clarendon, in which he at last succeeded, by using all manner of arts, and even contriving to throw on the old chancellor the odium of the Dutch war, which he had always steadily opposed.

The king pronounced Shaftesbury the weakest and wickedest man of his age; but he was not entitled to either distinction, for his talents were various and brilliant, and in those days of corruption he had never received money from France, which could be said of few English statesmen.

When he danced from one side to another, he was always amazingly conscientious on the subject of betraying the confidence of the former party. When he left the service of Charles the First for the Parliament, that body rejoiced in the expectation of learning all the secrets of the royal camp; but he refused to speak a single word. This faithfulness after the manner of Dalgetty was somewhat better than none. On one occasion, Charles complimented him by saying that he considered him the most profligate man in his dominions; his easy reply was, — "Of a subject, Sir, I believe I am." But even this could not be said with truth, when so many were destitute of every vestige of decency and shame. Still, his history and reputation, combined with an entire ignorance of law and other matters which chancellors are supposed to know, were not very auspicious to his success in discharging the duties of the office.

Though Shaftesbury was a member of the Cabal, the other ministers had no affection for him; and their jealousy, together with the king's want of confidence, made him rather disposed to form a cabal by himself. In his contrivances to gain influence, his sagacity led him, against his taste, to fall in with the tendencies of the times towards political freedom. Nothing could exceed his sharpness of discernment in all public and private affairs. When he dined once with Clarendon, he found out, from a certain deference of manner on the part of her mother, the secret of Anne Hyde's marriage to the Duke of York, which was then unsuspected by others; and so, in all public concerns, it was impossible to conceal any thing which he was interested to know. He saw that the commercial interest was growing in importance, and that more toleration in matters of religion must soon be granted. He therefore became a sort of patron of the merchants, and carried his favor to the Dissenters so far as to procure a declaration of indulgence for them from the king. Charles was not firm in maintaining his ground in opposition to the Commons, who questioned his right to issue such a declaration; and Shaftesbury, who had secretly encouraged their proceedings against it, said that he should not advise persisting against so august a body.

The monarch hated and feared Shaftesbury, longed to get rid of him, and yet doubted whether his powers of annoyance might not be increased by his dismissal from office.

He concluded, on the whole, to follow his inclination and take away the seals ; but he could not deprive the dismissed chancellor of the reputation of being the head of the Protestant party. Though it was very doubtful if he believed in revelation, he was held up as the saviour of true religion ; and though no man had carried royal pretensions farther, he was welcomed by acclamation as the leader of the liberal party. It was not greatly to the credit of any patriotic or religious body to be under the marching orders of so unscrupulous a chief ; and it was necessary for them to look well to the path and the direction in which he would have them go. But he showed such courage and resources, his tactics in managing the Parliament and people were so brilliant, and, above all, he was so well qualified and disposed to resist the king and the Duke of York, that all seemed glad to arrange themselves under his banner, though there was so much in his character and proceedings which no one could approve.

It was Shaftesbury's great distinction, that he forced himself into a leading ministerial office in opposition not only to the known wishes, but to the strenuous efforts, of the king. The same thing has happened since ; when George the Third was compelled to receive Fox, whom he hated, as his minister, it was thought a great victory of freedom ; and so it was. But kings had by that time learned to put up with much that was distasteful ; while in Shaftesbury's day it was a novelty strange and fearful, " with fear of change perplexing monarchs," to have this cup of vinegar held to the royal lips by a subject's uncourtly hand. It should be remembered, too, that to Shaftesbury the English nation is indebted for the Habeas Corpus act, by which the liberty of the subject has been since so effectually guarded. Partly by argument, and partly by that Parliamentary management in which no man was a match for him, he carried the measure against the coldness of the Lords, and the resistance of the court party. Charles happily had not the courage to refuse his sanction, and the act has ever since been regarded as the glorious and happy union of English liberty and English law.

It was marvellous to see the fearlessness and talent with which Shaftesbury braved the court, not hesitating to offer the most grievous affronts, though he was conscious of the tremendous powers which, after all that had been gained to free-

dom, still remained in the royal hand. He openly attempted to pass an act excluding the Duke of York from the succession, and threatened to have the Duchess of Portsmouth removed as a nuisance, which would have been a proper and decent measure. But meantime he was in the condition of De Retz, whom he otherwise resembled; the moment the court laid hands upon him, the spell of his influence was broken, and his adherents began to take thought for themselves. When he was arrested and carried to the Tower, a friend by the way said, — "God deliver you from your enemies!" He replied with a smile, — "They have more reason to pray that he would deliver them from me." He applied for the benefit of his own Habeas Corpus act; but it was refused, on false pretences. Still, it was necessary that he should be indicted by a London grand jury, and they refused to find a bill. But the court left no stone unturned to change the public mind; not only pamphlets, addresses, reports, and falsehoods were put into circulation, but the king suggested to Dryden the writing of a poem to aid the work; and Absalom and Achitophel was the result.

It is impossible to tell how long Shaftesbury could have maintained his position of defiance; he was induced, partly by the desire of troubling the court, and still more by his own restlessness of spirit, to take part in the rash designs of Monmouth. But the public mind, though it welcomed agitation, was not ready for another downfall of the throne; and the general feeling swung back in such a manner, that the king became absolute. Shaftesbury fled from the kingdom; Russell and Sydney died without creating excitement; and the hopes of liberty were adjourned to a future day, under the direction of that Providence which generally moves in darkness, but which shone forth encouragingly in the subsequent revolution, that swept the Stuarts for ever from the throne.

Such a man as this could not be fairly estimated in his own times, and hardly in those which followed; for the distinction of Whig and Tory, which then began, lasted, with all the passions connected with it, through many following generations. His private morals would not bear examination, except in comparison with those of his associates in that most depraved of courts; and yet it is easier to believe that he should have been misrepresented, than that such a wretch as he is sometimes described should have enjoyed

the respect and esteem of Locke. As to his enthusiasm in favor of liberty and toleration, he appears to have regarded them not as ends, but rather as means to make himself formidable. Still, whatever were his motives, his efforts were of service to the great cause of mankind. As a Parliamentary orator, he was without a rival or any approach to rivalship; he was clear in comprehension, eloquent in language, and sometimes powerfully sarcastic in reply; witness his cool remark to a hostile bishop, who, when Shaftesbury was speaking, wondered, in a loud undertone, when he would be done preaching: — "As soon as I am made a bishop," was his easy and indifferent answer. His great passion was a restless craving for political excitement; while most men are disturbed in the gloom and danger of such tempests, he was like a petrel, serene and happy in all the thunders of the storm. The same thirst for intense action went with him to the moment when, having left his country, he was welcomed to the United Provinces, where the hospitable attentions which were paid him probably brought on the sudden attack of gout in the stomach which terminated his life, bringing, it is to be hoped, that peace and rest of which he knew nothing before.

After Shaftesbury came the Earl of Nottingham, who was content to be an humble servant, and not a rival, of the king. Whenever he was called upon for the purpose, he was submissive enough to the arbitrary pleasure of a monarch, who, having gained the ascendency by a strange turn of public feeling, was determined to use the advantage to the utmost of his power. The reputation of this chancellor stands high with judicial writers; Lord Campbell quotes "the great Chancellor Kent," and Judge Story, who speak of him as having made equity a regular science. However eminent he may have been in that department, in matters of state he does not stand clear from the reproach of slavish compliance with his master's lawless will.

But he was decency and honor itself, compared with the Lord Keeper Guilford, who seems to have been appointed because Jeffreys, by all acknowledgment the basest of mankind, was not yet ready for the station which he afterwards so infamously filled. Lord Guilford was early instructed in the art of hypocrisy by his mother, a sanctified vixen, who made her children practise "praying by the spirit" in their

earliest childhood. His father kept him very much restricted in his resources, which, as soon as he became a lawyer, he improved by residing with his grandfather, a most tyrannical old man, whose humors he bore patiently, avenging himself meantime by all manner of legal extortion. By steadily paying court to every one who could advance his interests, and never suffering any thing like sympathy or generous feeling to turn him for a moment from his object, he succeeded in getting forward fast in his profession, allowing himself no recreation except music, on which he wrote some very poor essays, occasionally hearing Hugh Peters, and, as his biographer says, by way of climax, indulging himself at times in "a petit supper and a bottle," for the law was by no means as dry then as it has been in later years. By stepping forward to argue against reversing the sentence of Hollis and other members of the Commons in the reign of Charles the First, he attracted the attention of the court, as one likely to be sufficiently able and unprincipled, and in due time to become lord keeper of the great seal. After defiling his conscience by silence in the delusion of witchcraft, and suffering his brother judges to murder the victims who he knew were innocent; by pursuing the same policy in the case of Oates's plot, where he was equally free from delusion; by observing silence also when Stafford was executed, though in private he condemned the proceeding; by taking part in the judicial assassination of College, simply because it would be pleasant to the king; by attempting to pervert justice in order to bring ruin on Shaftesbury, which crime was prevented by the firmness of the jury; by engaging actively in the successful conspiracy for disfranchising the city of London; by his acquiescence in the cruelties of Jeffreys, which, as Hallam says, is proved to be true, though Roger North denies it; — by these and various other degrading compliances he reached the highest honors, but only to be torn down at last by his detested rival, whose success, however, has since been a shield and blessing to him, by holding up before him a memory more infamous than his own.

He was succeeded by Jeffreys, who had long been browbeating and insulting him on all occasions, with a view to drive him from the office; but he refused to resign, out of a manly spirit, as his brother maintained, though what was the spirit and manliness of remaining where he was not wanted

it is not easy to discover. The name of his successor is spelt in eight different ways, of which "Jeffreys" is found in his patent of peerage. He was a person of superior talents and attractive manners, which unfortunately covered from observation his inherent brutality, and aided him to gain that influence which he afterwards so fearfully abused. In his youth, his father had discernment enough to foresee his tendencies, and sometimes complimented him, more in sorrow than in anger, by expressing the fear that "he would die with his shoes and stockings on." But he contrived to make himself everywhere acceptable by his social powers, and when he came to the practice of his profession, had the art of seeming to know every thing; and as his talents for conversation brought him into acquaintance with the great, he was able, at the early age of twenty, to give the impression of one who was to take a distinguished part in public affairs. He had also a bold aspect and a commanding voice, and as he was wholly destitute of every thing like a sense of shame, he passed for a man of great energy and resource, being aided, too, by the good word and the services of his bacchanal companions, who were all the trumpeters of his fame. The hard drinking in which he constantly indulged not only recommended him to a wealthy and influential citizen of London, who loved him for being able to drink and smoke when all the other lights of the festive board were extinguished beneath it, but served him equally well in fashionable circles, where licentiousness was accompanied by its kindred vices, and all in their worst excess. But what was most in favor of his success in life, he became well acquainted with Chiffinch, the pander to the vices of the king, who, by a natural instinct, took to him as a bird of a feather as dark and infamous as his own.

When he reached the office of Recorder, which he gained by the aid of the Whig party, whose power he had courted, he renounced every thing like patriotism, and abused his former friends. For a time he was thrown into obscurity by the Popish plot, which Shaftesbury, though he did not invent it, used for his own purposes. Jeffreys suggested to the government, that they had better hold Shaftesbury answerable for it if it should come to nothing, and, meantime, that they should profess the strongest Protestant zeal, without the least regard to the innocent blood which he knew it would cause

to flow. This mean and villanous advice they had no scruple in adopting, and he immediately addressed himself with vigor and delight to the wholesale murders which followed. For this service he was made chief justice of Chester, an appointment which even Charles could not think of without some sense of shame, and which had the effect to make him so insolent that the English spirit was roused. He was confronted by members of juries, and treated with contempt by the other judges, before whom he continued to practise in order to increase his income. The feeling rose so high in the city of London, that he was compelled to give up the office of recorder, much to the displeasure of the king. It only made him more ferocious in his conduct at the time of the Rye-house plot, and the trial of Lord Russell, whom he was the means of convicting. It is hardly possible to conceive of any thing more vile and outrageous than his bearing on those occasions, and really it is only to be accounted for by the never-ceasing drunkenness in which he passed his nights and a great proportion of his days. As some of his associates wanted nerve in Russell's trial, and there was more work of the same kind to be done, he was made chief justice by his abandoned master; and when he had taken the life of Sydney, and afterwards of Sir Thomas Armstrong, he was greatly endeared to Charles, who presented him with a ring of value, which he had most appropriately called his *bloodstone*.

Having already exceeded our limits, we shall not trace any farther the rise of this wretch to power, nor moralize upon his miserable end when he was at last overtaken by popular vengeance. Like most others who are overbearing in prosperity, he was weak and timid in his fall. He died in prison, of what disease it is not easy to tell. One of his friends says that he died a Roman death, which he explains by saying that he killed himself by drinking an enormous quantity of brandy. We were not aware that this death was particularly Roman; but it was a fit termination of the career of the greatest scoundrel that ever held high judicial office in England.

Lord Campbell's work contains much valuable information, but the literary execution of it is not of the highest order. Such words as *earwigging* may possibly be English, but they belong to no family of that language which we have ever had

the honor to know. We shall look with much interest for the second series, which will afford the author better subjects for his biography, and which he will probably bring down to our own times.

ART. VIII. — *Tancred, or the New Crusade, a Novel.* By B. D'ISRAELI, M. P., Author of "Coningsby," "Sibyl," "The Young Duke," &c., &c. Philadelphia: Carey & Hart. 1847. 8vo. pp. 127.

THE world of the conventional novel is peculiar and apart. It lies somewhere in the same parallels with the land of Cockaigne and the Paradise of Fools. It cannot be far from that district of Spain so thickly dotted with castles erected by non-resident proprietors. The Barbary coast of the piratical cheap-reprinters lies within easy sail of it. Its existence is religiously believed in by thousands who would contemptuously overwhelm one with scientific confutations of the reality of the Lycanthropi and Patagonians. To those whose broad views of life are taken from the speculative heights of the boarding-school attic, or from behind the isolating rampart of the circulating-library counter, it is far more real than Boston or Cambridge. To them, the manners and customs, the language, costume, and diet, of its inhabitants are more familiar than those of their own neighbours and fellow-citizens. The shameful gibbet of the upturned nose is erected at once for such unworthy persons as are ignorant of its politics and morals. Yet is it a land of comparatively recent discovery. What we know of it is due wholly to modern science and energy. Hackluyt and Purchas are quite vacant in regard to it. We search for it vainly in any *Orbis Depictus*. Peter Martyr tells strange stories, but has described no nation so peculiar. It may possibly have formed part of Mercator's projection, but with him it went no farther than a mere projection, if so far. There is no mention of it in Harris or Pinkerton. Even the voluminous Mavor, the delight of our boyhood, caught sight of it, if ever, only from some Pisgah's top.

The most accurate delineation of it may be found in the works of Bulwer and D'Israeli. Dickens, for a writer of novels, is shamefully uninformed in this particular; Mr. Monks, in Oliver Twist, is the only one of his characters who gives us any direct hint that he is aware of its existence. In general, they impress us as the acting of Garrick did the disappointed and indignant Partridge. We need not look into novels for such; we can meet them every day in the street. It is to the two distinguished authors above named, then, that we are indebted for whatever precise knowledge we have gleaned of this *terra incognita*. Not that they have enriched us with a professedly exact and minute description of it. We must construct our theory of its social peculiarities, as we recreate the private life of the Greeks, from the incidental *data* let fall by those in whose eyes objects had lost their sharp outline by familiarity. So much of preface seemed necessary to excuse the too evident incompleteness of our sketch.

The first peculiar characteristic of the inhabitants of this shadowy region is their longevity. They realize what was, at best, only theoretic with Pythagoras. This antediluvian prolixity is accompanied, and perhaps deprived of its monotony, by a Cerberus-like capacity of being several gentlemen at once. Thus, the identical False Messiah of the "Wondrous Tale of Alroy" turns up again, after several centuries of withdrawal into private life, in the person of Vivian Grey. Again we encounter him, with scarcely even an attempt at *incognito*, performing contemporaneously the functions (fortunately not very onerous) of Coningsby, Sidonia, Tancred, and we know not how many others. We are quite confident that we detect him as Mr. Leander, the culinary artist of the New Crusade. In the same manner, Eugene Aram, of whom the last penalty of the law would seem to have rid us in a constitutional and thorough manner, reappears again as Zanoni, and we afterwards find that he had in the meanwhile imposed himself on a too facile public as something new, under the several *aliases* of Paul Clifford, Pelham, and Maltravers. To be sure, as Zanoni, he offers a lame kind of apology for his conduct, by professing to have discovered the *aurum potabile*; but he can hardly expect to escape much longer the vigilance of the literary police.

The distinguished authors from whom our examples have

been taken seem to have forgotten, in their familiarity with this patriarchal tenacity of life, the impoverished and more limited date of their readers. They have unconsciously adapted themselves, in the profusion of their works and the rapidity with which one follows another, to a style of living which finds its nearest modern parallel in the famous Countess of Desmond,

> "Who lived to the age of a hundred and ten,
> And died by a fall from an apple-tree then."

The writing of books of this kind is comparatively an easy matter, but the reading demands a more liberal outlay of energy and persistency. Had the crowning labor of Hercules been to keep pace with the pen of an author like Mr. G. P. R. James, he would probably not even yet have seen his name gazetted for a place on Olympus. It is possible, that, among the improvements of science, a machine may be invented for the more rapid perusal of this kind of literature. Delusive hopes have sometimes been awakened in us by seeing advertisements of "Reading made easy." Babbage's calculating-machine supplies very creditably, in scientific circles, the places of some score of mathematicians, but the remedy for our especial complaint is not to be found in the pharmacopœia of mechanics. The great want of an age always foretells, and in some sort defines, its great invention; and we may therefore look pretty confidently for the speedy introduction of a labor-saving engine, which shall meet the demands of an overworked public. Formerly, authors were more considerate. It is plain that Richardson calculated his Sir Charles Grandison for the longest period of years attainable in his day. No other reason is assignable for the story's ending where it does, or indeed at all. To a lover of statistics there is something touching in a concession like this to the tables of longevity. The matter assumes something of a grand and Roman aspect, when we picture to ourselves the Stoical conscientiousness with which he brought his work to an end, lest any reader, who might fall a little short of the required period, should miss the conclusion, and die feeling defrauded of his proper pennyworth.

We cannot be expected to give any thing more than a meagre sketch of the interesting race of beings of whom we were treating at the other end of our digression, and to whose consideration we now return. It may be well to premise,

that, besides the particular names with which they are labelled for the sake of convenient distinction (a precaution rendered necessary by their singular family-likeness one to another), they are also known by one universal patronymic. Each male is called a Hero, and each female a Heroine. It may be, that, in common with all races who have achieved eminence, they ascribe to themselves a mythical inception. Generally, the fable typified the character of the people. The she-wolf's milk would not out of the Roman blood, and the Athenian could trace the transmitted qualities of his ancestral grasshopper in his own fickle and mercurial temperament. The tribe under consideration may claim an origin in the famous intimacy of Hero and Leander, assuming the name of its maternal ancestor, according to the principles of the common law, for want of a marriage certificate. The early demise of Hero furnishes no valid argument against this theory. Every day we see genealogists of enthusiasm and fortitude cheerfully surmounting far more serious obstacles. At least, if this be not the true solution of the problem, a just deference to the principles of language will allow us to seek it nowhere else. No recognized definition of the word "Hero" will meet the wants of the case.

It has been assumed too rashly by ethical writers, that no race of men can be found among whom there does not exist some idea, however rude, of a deity, a future state of existence, and a moral law. Wilson detected traces of a sense of justice even among martins; and we remember reading in some book of travels an account of a funeral procession of apes, concluding with an *éloge* pronounced at the grave by a distinguished member of the Simial Academy, — which learned body, like other foreign scientific and literary societies, has doubtless its corresponding members in the United States, though we have hitherto failed to detect its *insignia* in the mystical abbreviations of title-page literature, or in the Ciceronian Latin of college catalogues. However this may be, we have been unable to find any distinct recognition of a God or a code of morals among the peculiar people whose habits we are investigating. The only symptom of respect even for the prejudices of society which they exhibit is to be found in their almost invariably claiming a descent from some ancient and generally noble family. It is not impossible that the goddess Vacuna may be worshipped among them.

They are generally said to be learned and philosophical; but the possession of these qualities hardly comports with their habits of life, and the story wants ampler confirmation than we have yet seen. It certainly is not at all sustained by any of their reported speeches or deeds.

If what we have surmised of their longevity be true, it will elucidate another circumstance otherwise mysterious. We allude to the indefiniteness of their ideas concerning time. Those little items in the expenditure of this precious commodity, over which a man would hesitate whose income was determinable by the seignioral whim of death, are quite lightly esteemed by those whose lives are not dependent on the ordinary contingencies of mortality. Thus, in their books, we constantly meet with statements like this: — "On a fine afternoon in the year 16—, a youth whose &c. &c. *might* bespeak him to be of the age of twenty-five or thereabout"; — or, "On a breezy September afternoon in the year 18—, a man whose immaculate boots suitably terminated a costume of singular &c. &c. *might have been* seen." In this way we are provokingly arrested on the very threshold of precise knowledge, and the conditional expression leaves us in a painful state of suspense. Every thing becomes at once vague and phantasmal, like the banquet of a Lamia, and the illusory viands which had satisfied our intellectual appetites, as long as we partook of them in good faith, gripe us with a retrospective starvation.

Several physiological peculiarities are sufficiently well established in regard to the subjects of our somewhat erratic investigation. We know theoretically that all mankind naturally behold objects reversed, and only correct this apparently needless optical ceremony by an unconscious act of reason. This process of reasoning is rejected by these people as superfluous and artificial; and there is something not unrefreshing to a mind accustomed to our conventional distinctions in noting the impressions and studying the mental habits of those to whom all objects, especially in morals, present themselves invariably upside down. While upon the subject of optics, we may remark, also, that their looks always contain a volume of meaning (certainly not one of the volumes of either of the famous authors from whom we chiefly draw our information), a compensation doubtless intended by even-handed Nature to make up for the preternatural

vacuity of their speech. One other fact is singular enough to be commented on here. All their male children are born with silver spoons in their mouths. This accounts for their always marrying heiresses, or succeeding to immense estates early in life, and throws all the responsibility for a seemingly unequal distribution of material blessings upon the ample shoulders of natural causes. It has been supposed by many, that these curious appendages of nativity are ladles, or at least spoons of more Homeric dimensions than any we are familiar with. This may, however, be merely a theoretic adaptation of antecedent to consequence, arising from an effort of logical minds to graduate the size of the spoon to the amount of the luck contingent upon it. It should never be forgotten, that this sublime species are not amenable to any of those influences which are dominant in our more limited organizations. Certain it is, that none of them possess the happy faculty of being poor. No translation would make intelligible to them the

"vitæ tuta facultas
Pauperis."

We have not been able to discover that they devote themselves to any of the professions which are considered reputable among us. The life of a brigand is clearly not liable to reproach among them, and they not infrequently present examples of dandies with immeasurable aspirations, æsthetic assassins, and thieves from a devotion to the sublime and beautiful. Within a few years they have begun to adapt themselves to the general tendency toward Reform; and here they have exhibited an almost celestial unselfishness, appropriating all their efforts to the defects of their neighbours, and leaving their own to divine interposition and providential ravens. Their women differ not greatly from the other sex. Perhaps the profound author of "Woman in the Nineteenth Century" designed to typify them under the class of women of "electric organizations," concerning whom she utters many mysterious oracles. Perhaps the laws of this phenomenal society forbade her being more definite. In Silliman's Journal there was published, several years ago, an account of a lady in Vermont who emitted sparks whenever she approached any metallic substance. A closer analysis of this case might possibly throw some light on the matter.

It may be, that there is no particular locality inhabited by this interesting tribe, where they constitute a distinct people, governed by their own laws, and free to carry out their own principles of action. It has sometimes occurred to us, that they might possibly exist among ourselves, like the Jews in Spain, or like the brethren of the mysterious Vehm and of the Rose Cross in Germany, subjecting our more commonplace existence to the criterion of their sublimer ideal. They resemble the Rosicrucians in using a kind of cryptography totally destitute of meaning to the unilluminated eye, but differ from them again in regard to the sacred numbers, holding only Number One in peculiar veneration. We have fancied sometimes, that we could detect, in the countenances of young gentlemen who measured us a yard of tape, what would be called by their cabalistic writers a mysterious something, indicating a sense of awful responsibility, and a half-melancholy, half-contemptuous superiority to the drudgery whose convenient disguise they have assumed. It is not unlikely, that members of the guild may be found among that lazzaroni class of our population who fish from the bridges and wharves, or more probably in those who watch and criticize the piscatory endeavours of others. This surmise finds confirmation in their entire want of any useful employment whatever, in their use of a dialect semi-unintelligible to the ordinary hearer, and their sublime indifference to those limited theories of government and reform which obtain in the community of which they consent to appear members. Their hands are commonly thrust deep into their pockets, as if in contemptuous defiance of the primal curse, or in tacit assumption of some higher than an Adamite original. Their costume, also, is at once negligent and graceful, and less indicative of a slavish dependence upon the tailor, than of the inventive embroideries of private taste and original views in art. — But we must leave this tempting theme, and let ourselves down gradually to the subject of our present article.

The palmy days of the novel are gone for ever. Its age is passed, like that of chivalry, whose decadence Burke could lament, but whose precise place in history he would have been puzzled to define. The world is not what it was when Byron wrote to England for the last Scotch novel, and lazy Coleridge felt grumblingly constrained to read it by a kind of Ancient Mariner's spell. The invention of printing, which

brought down the apple of knowledge within the reach of all, seems to have entailed likewise upon mankind a laborious curse akin to that which ensued from the original bite, and it is only within a few years that men have begun to ask themselves why they read. The patience of mankind in this particular makes Job no longer exceptional. "Chappelow on Job" is a sorer trial than ever visited the patriarch himself. A modern degeneracy wonders at the heroic age which took "Calvinus *in Prophetas*" and "Vitringa *in Esaiam*" as matters of course. That men should have conquered Dwight's Conquest of Canaan seems now as prodigious a thing as the great achievement of Cortés himself; and the journal of some worthy Bernal Diaz who took part in the enterprise would be an interesting record of devotion and courage. We ourselves once, infected with Wertherism, began to peruse Morse on Suicide, as a convenient, and not inadequate, substitute for the thing itself. We are apt to look upon such books as the megatheria of literature; but the race of dodos survives to connect us with an otherwise extinct epoch. Have we not our commentators upon Shakspeare? Have we not our almost hourly novels? Have we not our periodic inflictions, from the daily newspaper up to the quarterly, the multicaulis of the species? Nevertheless, the reign of the novelists was over, like that of the Barbary corsairs, as soon as Christendom began to inquire whether there was any foreordained necessity for submitting to their exactions. Literature has taken what is called a useful direction, and the romantic fiction of the traveller is gradually crowding out that of the novelist.

In point of fact, also, the gradual exclusion of the novelist from the improbable, and his confinement to the region of every-day life, amount to a kind of prohibitory statute against all but men of genuine creative power. We can show nothing now that will compare in kind with the romantic dreams of our ancestors. The exploration and settlement of this Western world, while they have added myriads to the circle of the story-teller, have at the same time robbed romance of one of its widest and most enticing fields. The age of expectation is past. It is true that English travellers among us have endeavoured to ignore the silent flight of centuries and the uncompromising advance of exact knowledge, and have continued to write in the imaginative strain of those voyagers

who adventured at a period when geography and general science were in a state of more fortunate obscurity. But the mariner no longer hoists confident sail for El Dorado. No Ponce de Leon ravishes the virgin silence of embowered rivers in believing search for the fountain of youth, a fountain in whose existence the ever-young fancy of that unskeptical age might almost tempt us to put faith. No English crew, trailing with sleepy canvas through those sun-steeped seas,

> "Where the remote Bermudas ride
> In the ocean's bosom unespied,"

can dream of the Marquis of the Valley, and of empires overrun by a handful of Buccaneers, with any substantial hope of emulating that Aladdin-like fortunateness, nor can they bring home tales out of which such "golden exhalations of the dawn" as Ariel can be created. Stephens, to be sure, with a praiseworthy endeavour after such precious credulity, tells stories of undiscovered cities in Central America, incapable of entrapping our boys of the lowest form. The discovery of a new plant, bird, or insect is the sole reward of modern adventure. We must perforce be content that an addition to our authentic Flora or Fauna shall repay us for the loss we suffer in the diminished empire of the unknown and mysterious. The mere potential possession of those wondrous efficacies which were once believed to dwell in plants and minerals, of those untraversed empires ribbed with gold which waited for conquerors, was in itself a great estate to be born to, the loss of which finds but a beggarly compensation in any accession of preciser science. The index to Browne's Vulgar Errors is a meagre inventory of those vast possessions out of which the advance of knowledge has juggled us. Even among the stars, speculation is no longer safe. The astronomer, drifting on his telescope through the sea of space, finds every gleaming continent, every nebulous Polynesian group, already taken possession of in the name of some European power.

The present age, we are constantly assured, is an age of criticism and inquiry, quite barren of the beautiful, childlike faith of the bygone time. We are well content that it should be so, while we can see a higher and more saving grace gradually unfolding itself. We shall not feel that there is any loss, so long as a faith in the present and the future, in man and his true destiny, takes the place of the old religion.

Out of the decay of no system can we reproduce its original type. There is nourishment only for a fungous and inferior life. One epoch is but the sheath which envelopes and protects the flower-bud of the next; the expanding blossom detrudes it. Experience may be the best schoolmaster, but where is the instance in history of a generation in whom his birch implanted any wisdom? At best, his qualities are negative, and he teaches rather what to avoid than what to do. Yet there is in England a political party, or a spasmodic attempt at one, based upon the dogma that all salvation dwells in the past. Mr. D'Israeli the younger is one of the Coryphæi of this sect, and Tancred is one of its canonical books. It calls itself "Young England," and we should be inclined to consider it very young indeed, if we might judge by the clearest apprehension we have been able to attain of the principles by which it professes to be governed. It claims to be the friend of reform, but seems to look upon progress as something of the same nature with the refractory charge of an Irish pig-driver, and pulls it back stoutly by the leg in a direction precisely the reverse of that in which it would have it advance. Coningsby, Sibyl, and Tancred are samples of its literature. Of its Parliamentary oratory the staple seems to be a series of assaults upon Sir Robert Peel for the wisest act of his life, in yielding to the progress of events. These onslaughts are of the style usually called "withering"; but from his remarks on the Irish question, we should suppose the late Premier to be as verdant as ever.

The "Young England" party is apparently made up of something like a dozen middle-aged gentlemen, either members of Parliament, or conceiving themselves eminently adapted for a seat in that assembly. They are persuaded that there has been, at some time or other (they are somewhat vague on this point), a golden age in England. They are satisfied that John Bull must be made a boy again, that all work and no play have made Jack a dull boy. But in what Medea's caldron they would boil the allegorical old gentleman we are not informed. That the result of the experiment would not be more fortunate than that of the daughters of Pelias, we can readily believe. They do not define exactly the happy oasis in the desert of history to which they would return. Perhaps it may be located not far from the

time of the publication of the Book of Sports. They would restore the happy days of the peasantry, by setting them to climb greased poles, or race in sacks. An occasional game of skittles would at once elevate the condition and fill the bellies of the operatives. Squires Butler, Smith, and Cook, otherwise rather unendurable country-gentlemen, would be transformed into liberal and enlightened citizens, as Messrs. Boteler, Smythe, and Coke. Hollow-cheeked want and abysmal ignorance, in a frieze jacket and corduroy smalls, would become plump satiety and Arcadian simplicity, in a doublet and hose. They seem all to have been born under the dominance of Cancer, and, walking steadfastly backward, would persuade us, like Cacus, to take the direction of their footprints as ample evidence of an advance the other way. They have an appearance of wisdom sufficient to captivate the greener sort of boys. The enunciation of the simplest fact wears with them the air of a discovery, and the words must begin with capitals to be adequate to the occasion. They suppose an ignorance in their readers which would perhaps have overtaxed that humility of the old philosopher who considered his education complete when he had learned at last that he knew nothing. They talk of absolute principles as familiarly as a snob quotes his distinguished acquaintances, his nearest intimacy with whom, perhaps, has been the writing to them for an autograph and getting no reply. They criticize the present condition of affairs, and, when asked for a remedy, their answer is as satisfactory as that with which contemptuous boys refer the snowballed passer-by, who proves refractory, to the town-pump for sympathy and redress. They find the pulse of the body politic alarming, and prescribe ten drops of the tincture of the Middle Ages. Alas for poor Sancho, if once seduced into a trial of this Quixotic balsam! Is Ireland starving? They would order iron, by way of tonic, and prevent any recurrence of unfavorable symptoms by a strong infusion of railroads, beginning nowhere, running nowhere else, and carrying nothing but a conviction of the imbecility of government. Like a barometer from an auction-sale, they inflexibly indicate a storm brewing, nor can any length of sunshine avail to mollify their contumacious vaticination of foul weather. They have a prodigious command of phrases. They affirm this and that, and deny the other, of any given subject, and, after wholly

bemuddling the too trustful reader, who, with open mouth and shut eyes, sincerely expects something to make him wise, complete their victory and his mortification by naming the process a rigorous analysis, — emulating the hardihood of that equestrian nominalist who

> "Stuck a feather in his hat
> And *called* it maccaroni."

They overwhelm us with "objective" and "subjective," with "combinations," "problems," and "developments," till we are fain to believe in our own ignorance rather than credit the boldness and profundity of theirs. They are of the school of Diphilus the Labyrinth, whom we met once in Lucian's Lapithæ. Their truths are invariably stranger than any but their own fictions. Their method of argument reminds one of my Lord Humevesne's plea: — "If the iniquity of men were as easily seen in categorical judgment as we can discern flies in a milk-pot, the world's four oxen had not been so eaten up with rats, nor had so many ears upon the earth been nibbled away so scurvily." They, however, do not appear to have undergone any such auricular curtailment. They profess an entire confidence in the efficacy of Faith, and charge all the world's troubles to a backsliding in that particular. This Faith they seem to regard as something capable of manufacture, and not beyond the cunning of Manchester or Sheffield. Their best type in America is Mr. Brownson (*male tutæ mentis Orestes*), who, nailing at length his weary weathercock to the mast, and gulping down with an equable countenance œcumenical councils, cardinals, popes, whole hecatombs of papal bulls, and (more than all) his own previous writings, would persuade the public, by an exhibition of his own marvellous feats in that kind, to the more hazardous experiment of swallowing himself and his pretensions.

But Mr. D'Israeli is not a gentleman of sufficiently assured position to wait patiently in the antechamber, and it is time that we should apply ourselves personally to him. He is a great believer in the idiosyncrasies of race, and the peculiar tendencies and faculties implanted in the different families of mankind. He himself furnishes an unconscious illustration of his own theory. Seldom has the inner life been so aptly symbolized in the outward as in the case of the Jews. That the idolaters of ceremony and tradition should

become the venders of old clothes, that the descendants of those who, within earshot of the thunders of Sinai, could kneel before the golden calf, should be the money-changers of Europe, has in it something of syllogistic completeness. The work by which the elder D'Israeli will be remembered is the old curiosity shop of literature. He is merely a cast-clothes-dealer in an æsthetic sense. The son, with his trumpery of the past, is clearly a vender of the same wares, and an off-shoot from the same stock.

In Coningsby and Tancred, Mr. D'Israeli has interwoven a kind of defence of the Jewish race against the absurd prejudices of a so-called Christendom. The Arab proves his unmixed descent by the arch of his instep; and, unless we conclude men mad as sturdy old Burton argues them, we must suppose that the pleasurable sensation of pedigree has somewhere its peculiar organ in the human frame. With proper deference to the opinions of other physiologists, we should be inclined to place the seat of this emotion in the Caucasian race near the region of the toes. Tribes of this stock, at least, have always seemed to consider the keeping of somebody or other to kick as at once a proof of purity of lineage, and a suitable gratification of those nobler instincts which it implants. In Europe, the Jews have long monopolized the responsible privilege of supplying an object for this peculiar craving of the supreme Caucasian nature. The necessity of each rank in society found a vent upon that next below it, the diapason ending full in the Jew; and thus a healthy feeling of dignity was maintained from one end of the body politic to the other. In America, the African supplies the place of the Hebrew, and the sturdiest champion of impartial liberty feels the chromatic scale of equal rights violated when the same steam is employed to drag him and his darker fellow-citizen. Civilization has made wonderful advances since the apostle Philip mounted the chariot of the Ethiopian eunuch. It must be remembered, however, that Ethiopians do not keep chariots nowadays.

For once, Mr. D'Israeli seems to be in earnest, and we respect both his zeal and the occasion of it. The pen is never so sacred as when it takes the place of the sword in securing freedom, whether for races or ideas. But the earnestness of a charlatan is only a profounder kind of charla-

tanism. The moral of Tancred, if it have any, is, that effete Europe can be renewed only by a fresh infusion from the veins of Asia, — a nostrum for rejuvenescence to be matched only out of the pages of Hermippus Redivivus. According to Mr. D'Israeli, all primitive ideas have originated, and must for ever originate, in Asia, and among the descendants of Abraham. He would have us go to school to Noah in navigation, and learn the nicer distinctions of *meum* and *tuum* from Ishmael. He would make us believe that the Jewish mind still governs the world, through the medium of prime-ministers, bankers, and actresses. The chief excellence of this arrangement is, that we are profoundly ignorant of it. We are provided for by the supreme Arabian intellect, and at the same time have all the pleasure of imagining that we manage our own affairs. The dispersion of the Jews (a nation so eminently successful in controlling their own political interests) was no doubt intended by Providence to supply Christendom with administrative intellects.

In simple truth, it seems to have been a provision of nature that divine ideas should have been committed to the Jews, as great fortunes come to unthrift heirs, because they were unable to keep possession of them. The world is indeed too much governed by the Jewish mind, though not in the sense Mr. D'Israeli intended. Instead of the absolute truth, it accepts the corrupt Hebrew gloss. The Jews were never able to look an organic truth full in the face. They could not even behold clearly the countenance of their first great lawgiver, for the brightness that encompassed it; much less could they discern the more purely effulgent lineaments of Jesus. The Gospels are still too often read backward, after the Hebrew fashion.

Mr. D'Israeli would be more endurable, if he himself thoroughly believed in the theory he promulgates. But it is evident that he only assumes his position for the sake of writing what one half of May Fair shall pronounce brilliant, and the other half profound. An original kind of originality has lately been discovered, which consists in asserting sheer nonsense, and then compassionating the incredulous reader's want of brains. The old scientific writers used to define white as *disgregativum visûs*, something which dissipated and puzzled the sight. A kind of writing has obtained of late which realizes this definition. It is called the brilliant style,

and has at least this property of brilliancy, that the eye strives in vain to settle upon and clutch any definite object. The natural philosopher would be posed to find a substance in which the mass bore so small a proportion to the volume, or, to speak more properly, the number of volumes. It is painful reading. The wearied attention can alight nowhere. Getting through books constructed on this principle is like crossing a stream upon blocks of ice, each one of which admits of being skimmed lightly over, but where a pause insures hopeless submersion. Arrived on the other side, we have no distinct consciousness except of being over, and can only congratulate ourselves upon our happy preservation. It is a feat which demands as much presence of mind in the reader as it implies an absence of that quality in the writer. When such productions are called works of fiction, we cannot complain of being cheated. They have been subjected to no natural period of gestation, and acknowledge no received laws of birth. They are constructed after the manner of Paracelsus's *homunculus*, and are as near of kin to true works of art as the trees in apothecaries' jars are to the pines on Katahdin. There is enough artifice, but no art. Dryden, in a letter to Dennis, says, — "I remember poor Nat Lee, who was upon the verge of madness, yet made a sober and witty answer to a bad poet who told him, 'It was an easy thing to write like a madman.' 'No,' said he, 'it is very difficult to write like a madman, but 't is a very easy thing to write like a fool.'"

We should not be so severe in our exactions of the novel, except that it no longer professes to amuse, but to instruct. This is the age of lectures. Even Punch has got into the professor's chair, and donned the doctor's cap. The novel has become a quack advertisement in three volumes. Formerly, we could detect the political economist at a reasonable distance, and escape him by a well-contrived dodge. Now, no sanctuary is inviolate. Adam Smith gets us inexorably by the button in the corner of some shilling novel, and Malthus entraps us from behind the unsuspected ambush of the last new poem. Even the tragic Muse drops her mask, and behold, Mr. Ricardo! It is getting past endurance. Chandler's History of Persecution supplies no instance more atrocious. The novelist has turned *colporteur* to some board of political missions, and the propagandist of every phi-

losophical soup-and-bread society assumes the disguise of a poet. The times are wellnigh as bad as those a century and a half ago, when our forefathers were fain to carry their firelocks to meeting. Everywhere are surprisals. One cannot saunter down what were once the green lanes or deep withdrawn woodpaths of literature, without being set upon by a whooping band of savages, who knock one on the head with the balance of trade, or tomahawk one with merciless statistics. Everywhere pure literature seems defunct. Art for the sole sake of art is no more. Beauty is no longer "its own excuse for being." It must have a certificate of membership from the Anti-something or Anti-everything Alliance.

Let us not be misapprehended. Divine is the marriage of beauty and use; them God hath joined. The crowning and consummate grace of the Muse is the pouring of wine and oil. She has walked before every higher aspiration, every more generous hope of humanity. Fetters which the dumb tears of ages have not availed to rust in twain have fallen asunder at her look. What she has done has been from a beautiful necessity of her nature. But a Muse with an enforced sense of duty! A Muse in a Quaker bonnet! A Muse who quotes McCulloch! *Quousque tandem?* And the only consolation vouchsafed us is that ours is an age of transition. Let those draw comfort from the thought of belonging to the miocene period who are capable of such cosmogonic satisfactions. To us, it is no relief that we shall have our shelf hereafter in the geologist's cabinet; we covet no fossil immortality.

Mr. D'Israeli began his literary career as an amusing writer merely. He was no unmeet Homer for a dandy Achilles, whose sublime was impertinence. His Vivian Grey, no doubt, made some score of Sophomores intolerable in the domestic circle; his Young Duke tempted as many Freshmen to overrun their incomes. Nature is said to love a balance of qualities or properties, and to make up always for a deficiency in one place by an excess in some other. But our experience of mankind would incline us to doubt the possible existence of so large a number of modest men as would account for the intensity of Mr. D'Israeli's vicarious atonement. It is painful to conceive of an amount of bashfulness demanding such a counterpoise of assurance. It would seem that he must have borrowed brass, that he must be support-

ing his lavish expenditures *ære alieno*, when he assumes the philosopher, and undertakes to instruct.

His "New Crusade" can be undertaken by no one short of a duke's only son. It would doubtless be considered a highly revolutionary interference with the vested rights of the aristocracy to allow so great a privilege to a commoner. Tancred is a young gentleman of extraordinary genius and acquirements, just coming of age when the novel opens. His father, the Duke of Bellamont, wishes him to enter Parliament, but he has already resolved on undertaking a pilgrimage to the Holy Sepulchre. Fathers are among the inconvenient necessities of our fallen nature, but an unmanly yielding to them is not one of the weaknesses of the "New Generation." It is probable that they would not be put up with at all, were it not for certain facilities they afford as bankers. Young England respects the fathers of the church vastly more than its own. Tancred, of course, has his own way, and the Duke surrenders at discretion.

The old painters wrote under their honest, but often unsatisfactory, attempts at imitating nature the names of the objects they intended to represent. The moderns have a convenient fetch to accomplish the same end, by means of descriptive catalogues, so that we can assure ourselves at once, that this indescribable phenomenon is the "portrait of a gentleman," and that inscrutably dark canvas, with a dab of white putty in the centre, is "*after* Rembrandt," and can form our own conclusions as to whether it is likely to overtake him. This expedient, as it were, shifts the burden of proof, and taxes rather the imagination and faith of the beholder than the skill of the artist. Yet even here a kind of remote verisimilitude is demanded. Mr. D'Israeli forgets this. He assures us that he is about to introduce a most extraordinary man, a kind of admirabler Crichton. We prepare our minds adequately for the encounter, and then — enter Mr. Sidonia. We are reminded of a placard we once saw, announcing the rather anomalous exhibition of "Colonel Spofford, the *great* Virginia dwarf." We are outraged at so Barmecide a fulfilment of a bill of fare which would have made even Mrs. Glasse search her coffers round. We had always conceived of nature as somewhat economical and housewifely in her management, expending nothing but for some adequate return. What object she could

have had in endowing Mr. Sidonia with so many rare and exceptional qualities, we are at a loss to discover. He talks and acts very much like any other quite ordinary person. His vast faculties seem as superfluous as the five horses which the circus-rider contrives to use at the same time, when one would serve his turn as well. Shakspeare wrote on quite another system. He lets us know, indeed, that Hamlet is "fat and scant o' breath," but leaves Hamlet's genius to speak for itself. Mr. D'Israeli is like the Irish gastronomer, who invited his friends to partake of a rich soup which he was to concoct out of a miraculous pebble. The entertainer liberally placed his whole mineralogical cabinet at the service of his guests, merely asking of each in return a *pro ratâ* contribution of a bit of beef, a trifle of pork, a few onions, a sprinkling of salt, and a kettle wherein to try the thaumaturgic experiment. Mr. D'Israeli's characters are such wonderful pebbles. It is quite too heavy a tax upon the reader to expect him to fill up, with their appropriate lights and shades, the colossal outlines sketched by the author.

Tancred is one of these remarkable men, but there is nothing very remarkable in what he says or does. In the same way that old Gower enters as Chorus, and gives us to understand that we are now in Tyre, Mr. D'Israeli begs to inform us that we are now to enjoy the privilege of communion with a mind capable of vast "combinations." But Tyre turns out to be the same little canvas castle which was Tharsus a moment ago, and the vast combinations amount to the adding of two and two, and producing the surprising result of four. We had calculated upon ten, at the very least. Tancred goes to the Holy Land to fathom the great "Asiatic problem," carrying, one cannot help fearing, a line hardly long enough for the purpose. Arrived there, he pays his devotion to the Holy Sepulchre, undertakes a pilgrimage to Mount Sinai, is taken prisoner by a tribe of Arabs descended from Rechab (the temperance reform may be allegorically typified in this incident), is liberated, visits the Ansarey, a somewhat anserine people who maintain the worship of the Grecian divinities, and the novel ends by his declaring his love for the daughter of his Jew banker in Palestine. The conclusion is characteristic. Mr. D'Israeli, like the cat transformed into a lady, drops all ceremony at once,

and makes a joyous spring after the first mouse he encounters. The novelist gets the better of the philosopher.

If the book were intended as a satire, the end would be pertinent enough. But in the present case, it is as if a man, with infinite din of preparation, should set sail for a voyage round the world, and get no farther than a chowder on Spectacle island. At the beginning of the novel, we nerve ourselves for the solution of the great Asiatic problem, and, as long as *X* remains an unknown quantity, we feel a vague sort of respect for it. But when we arrive at the end of the demonstration, and Mr. D'Israeli, after covering the blackboard with figures enough to work out the position of the new planet, turns round to us, and, laying down his triumphant chalk, says gravely, — "Thus, Gentlemen, you will perceive that the square of the hypothenuse, &c., &c., Q. E. D.," we feel as if we might have found our way over the *pons asinorum* without paying him so heavy a fee as guide. He finds a prototype in Lilly the astrologer, who, commending his own calling, asserts roundly, that "the study required in that kind of learning must be sedentary, of great reading, sound judgment, which no man can accomplish except he wholly retire, use prayer, and accompany himself with angelical visitations." This impresses us considerably, till we reflect that all this machinery is put in motion, not to produce a *Novum Organon*, but to track a stolen spoon, or to estimate the chances of recovering an absconded sixpence.

The value of any book, after all, is not in the entertainment it affords for the nonce, though this is something, but in the permanent residuum left in the mind after reading. The times are too much in earnest for abandonment to simple recreation. Were this not so, the imitations of Punch, *at* which, would answer the same purpose as Punch itself, *with* which we laugh. The solid residuum we speak of depends upon the amount of thinking which the book has demanded of us. That which the old epitaph affirms of worldly goods holds true here also, — what we gave we have. The intellect seeks food, and would reject all the pearls in the world for a single grain of corn. Art is only conscious nature, and nature has always her ulterior views, creating nothing but with an eye to some desired result. But Tancred cannot be esteemed a work of art, even if that term may be justly

applied in the limited sense of mere construction. There is in it no great living idea which pervades, moulds, and severely limits the whole. If we consider the *motive*, we find a young nobleman so disgusted with the artificial and hollow life around him, that he sacrifices every thing for a pilgrimage to what he believes the only legitimate source of faith and inspiration. We cannot, to be sure, expect much of a youth who is obliged to travel a thousand miles after inspiration ; but we might reasonably demand something more than that he should merely fall in love, a consummation not less conveniently and cheaply attainable at home. If the whole story be intended for a satire, the disproportion of motive to result is not out of proper keeping. But Mr. D'Israeli's satire is wholly of the epigrammatic kind, not of the epic, and deals always with individuals, never with representative ideas. An epigram in three volumes post octavo is out of the question. The catastrophe has no moral or æsthetic fitness. Indeed, there is no principle of cohesion about the book, if we except the covers. Nor could there be ; for there is no one central thought around and toward which the rest may gravitate. All that binds the incidents together is the author's will, a somewhat inadequate substitute for a law of nature. Every thing slips through our fingers like a handful of sand, when we grasp for a design. A true work of art is like a tree. Its shape, its law of growth, its limit, is irrevocably foreordained in the seed. There is no haphazard in the matter, from beginning to end. The germ once planted, every thing then tends simply to the bringing about of one end, — perfection in its kind. The plot which it has to fill out is definite and rigid. The characters and incidents balance each other like the branches, and every part, from the minutest fibre of the root to the least leaf, conspires to nourishment and so to beauty. The grand, yet simple poise, the self-possession, so to speak, is what impresses us with a sense of dignity and permanence. We come to criticize it, and feel as if brought before it to be criticized rather. It turns the tables upon us and demands our credentials. But to call upon Mr. D'Israeli for a work of art is to set a joiner to build an oak.

For want of due discrimination, such writers as Mr. D'Israeli are called *imaginative* authors. It is the same narrow view which has confined the name of poets to the

makers of verse. Imagination is truly the highest exercise of that august faculty from which it is vulgarly esteemed so distant, — namely, reason. It is the instinctive (if we may so call it, in the absence of any readier term) perception of remote analogies ; in other words, of the unity of truth. It has been said of Shakspeare, the greatest imagination in the history of literature, that as much reasoning faculty was required for the production of one of his dramas as for that of the *Novum Organon.* According to our view of the matter, Bacon's great work indicates the presence of an imagination only second to that which found its natural outlet in Hamlet and Lear. Many examples, were it necessary, might be brought to prove that the great mathematical or scientific mind is not so different in kind from the poetical as is generally taken for granted. It will be enough if we merely mention Pascal and Davy. The theory had its rise among a race of third-rate rhymers, who found it convenient to persuade the world that the payment of debts and the possession of genius were two luxuries whose simultaneous enjoyment was impossible. A generation which tolerated such poets might easily be put off with such crambo stuff for philosophy. Swedenborg, whose imaginative powers will hardly be questioned, is just beginning to be understood as the profoundest scientific writer of his age. Any one who reads him will perceive that he is wholly wanting in fancy. Voltaire, a writer of pure fancy, with no trace of imagination, and whose mind therefore detected incongruities well enough, but could never rise to the perception of harmonic laws, naturally applied to Shakspeare the ludicrous epithet of *bizarre.* The same term would have served him equally well for the solar system. Imagination made the one, when he chose, a great satirist. Fancy, which places side by side in piquant comparison remotely allied images, not ideas, made the other, whether he would or no, a great epigrammatist.

Imagination has been truly and wisely named " the shaping spirit." It is this that gives unity to the otherwise formless mass, and inspires it with one decisive and harmonious will. Without it there may be great power, but no unity, — only agglomeration. Herein lies the distinction between Shakspeare and Marlowe. The latter is commonly labelled by the critics as a poet of wild and lawless imagination, a definition

which seems to us as idle as if one should say a wild and lawless definition. For nothing is great or beautiful which is lawless, and we must be careful that we do not name that so which is truly subjected to some law so high or so refined as to transcend or elude the ordinary apprehension. The imagination acts within certain prescribed and absolute limits, and we believe that in all literature no instance of its pure exercise can be adduced, which is not at the same time an example of the highest reason. We do not mean to assert a paradox when we say that the versification of Shakspeare often displays imagination, while the sentiment embodied in it is purely fanciful; since it is this faculty which gives form, and subjects expression to those higher principles of order and unity of which fancy is altogether incapable. It is from a want of fixed ideas as to the operations of this attribute of the profoundest intellect, that the fallacy of great wit being nearly allied to madness has arisen. For the imagination necessarily oversteps the narrow limits which circumscribe the general mind, and therefore seems something abnormal and erratic. A more exact astronomy teaches that the long ellipse of the comet is governed by principles as exact, and characterized by periods as uniform, as the seemingly more regular planetary orbits. The mental organization of great reformers has imagination for its basis, but in them it is rather a quality than a faculty, and they are convicted of being men of one idea by a populace which is often not fortunate enough to possess even one, because they are constantly testing what is by what ought to be, and subjecting the fugitive forms of society, in which Truth disguises herself for a time, to the touchstone of absolute reason.

There is a kind of criticism which judges books by their own aim, and which answers very well where the having any definite intent may be predicated of the book in hand. But this has been perverted from its true scope to cover the defects of every false and empty school of literature that has ever arisen. It is then called liberal criticism, a term which, like liberal Christianity, often means either a very illiberal criticism or none at all. Thus plentifully infused with water, the test is applied, and accommodatingly indicates the presence of whatever quality is desired. It is like the gimlet of Mephistopheles, and draws wine of any predetermined color and taste out of the woodenest things. An author is pro-

nounced brilliant, profound, fascinating, or what not, and is never asked that most important question, the answer to which can alone determine his right to be an author at all, — Do you *mean* any thing? No distinction is made between bookwrights who write because they choose, and those who write because they were born to that precise avocation and no other. If a book be merely the safety-valve for that superfluous activity which might have found an equally satisfactory outlet in the manufacture of a shoe, it is no book at all, and no criticism, how liberal soever, can make it any thing other than so many pages of printed paper. The truth is, that the phrase liberal criticism is purely a misnomer. There can be no such thing, any more than there can be a liberal inch or a liberal ell. Nor, on the other hand, can there, in strict definition, be such a thing as illiberal criticism. If it incline either way from rigid justice, it is either eulogy or detraction. We might as truly call that a balance where short measure is made full by a thread run through the counter. Criticism is the unbiased application of certain well-defined and self-existent principles of judgment, and the first question to be put to a book is, whether it satisfies any want of the time, or, better still, any want of human nature which knows no time, or whether it were honestly intended so to do. They who cry out for liberal criticism are like those worthy Poundtexts who went about proclaiming the accession of King Jesus when they were really only the unconscious heralds of King Log, they, of course, forming the cabinet. Cromwell saw their drift better than they did themselves, and quietly suppressed them before they had a chance to suppress every thing else.

For our own part, we cannot see any use that is to be answered by such books as Tancred. It is as dumb as the poor choked hunchback in the Arabian Nights, when we ask it what its business is. There are no characters in it. There is no dramatic interest, none of plot or incident. Dickens, with his many and egregious faults of style, his mannerisms, and his sometimes intolerable descriptive passages, is yet clearly enough a great genius, a something necessary to the world, and the figures upon his canvas are such as Emerson has aptly termed *representative*, the types of classes, and no truer in London than in Boston. Mr. D'Israeli, when he undertakes to draw a character, sketches

some individual whom he happens to like or dislike, and who is no otherwise an individual than by the mere accident of being an actually living person, who has a name on the door in some street or other, who eats, drinks, and like the rest of us is subject to death and bores. For example, we perceive that Mr. Vavasour is intended for Mr. R. M. Milnes, an excellent person and no mean poet, but in no way so peculiar and distinct that this sketch of him presents any definite image, except to those who chance to know the individual intended.

In Tancred there are one or two excellent landscapes, and some detached thoughts worth remembering. There are a vast many girds at Sir Robert Peel, who, after all is said, has shown himself capable of one thing beyond Mr. D'Israeli's reach, — success, which always gives a man some hold or other, however questionable, upon posterity, and arms him in mail of proof against sarcasm. Mr. D'Israeli uses him as a militia company sometimes serve an unpopular politician. He sets up a rude likeness of him for a practising target ; but, no matter how many balls may perforate the wooden caricature, its original still walks about unharmed, and with whatever capacity a politician has for enjoying life undiminished. We are introduced to some Arabs who talk very much in the style of Mr. Cooper's red men. It seems to be a peculiarity of savages (if we may say it without derogating from the claims of civilization), to utter a variety of nothings in a very grave and sententious way. These, at least, are as solemn and as stupid as allegories on the banks of the Nile, or anywhere else. One of them recites a poem which we fancy will never be translated to a place among the Moâllakât. But we cannot undertake to give a sketch of the principal events in Tancred. Such attempts result usually in something like the good monk's epitome of Homer in the *Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum*. In this particular case, whenever we attempt to call up an individual impression of the book, our memory presents us with nothing but a painfully defiant blur. Moralists tell us, that every man is bound to sustain his share in the weight of the world's sorrows and trials, and we honestly feel as if we had done our part by reading Tancred. If our readers have faithfully got to the end of our article, we cry quits.

ART. IX. — *A Year of Consolation.* By MRS. BUTLER, late FANNY KEMBLE. New York: Wiley & Putnam. 1847. 2 vols. 12mo.

THE invention of that modern figure in the dance of life, the grand tour, of which the trip to Rome is an aliquot part, has wrought a total change in the condition and character of Italy. The annual migration of birds of every feather to the banks of the Tiber, who return to caw, croak, or chatter about the Seven Hills or the Carnival, has reduced that ill-used country to the level of a fashionable watering-place. The classical enthusiasm which which we once hung on the reports of those favored pilgrims, who in their own flesh and blood had stood under the dome of St. Peter's, or climbed the sides of the Coliseum, has long since evaporated; and the journals of travellers in Italy are taken up and laid aside with as little concern as the last trip to Bath, or bulletin from Saratoga.

> "Nota magis nulli domus est sua, quam mihi lucus Martis."

In fact, Italy has been most mercilessly rummaged and ransacked. Not a brook, a glen, or a ruin, not a rite, a pageant, or a saint, not a picture, a column, or a symphony, that has not first been plucked in a hand-book, and then hashed to death, and after death, in what is bitterly called a descriptive style. "That which the palmer-worm hath left, hath the locust eaten; and that which the locust hath left, hath the canker-worm eaten; and that which the canker-worm hath left, hath the caterpillar eaten." That the caterpillar has left something for a future grub, we have no doubt; for Rome is eternal, and so is human vanity.

Human vanity will doubtless have its way, as it always has done. We, at least, will not presume to quarrel with it. It is as omnipresent as dust; and to attempt to lay it by beating it is unphilosophical. If Italy has become fashionable, the more 's the pity; but what will you do about it? Submit, in the first place; and then modestly propose a compromise. Cockneys, *parvenus*, and amateurs are as necessary a part, we admit, of the human, as wasps, moths, and musquitos of the insect creation.

They must unquestionably enlighten the sphere they move in; else how should it be illuminated? We would only, in the most respectful terms, advise them not to be too lavish of their tapers. If, instead of burning daylight, they will stick to their own firmament, their importance will be none the less apparent, and they can settle the matter amicably with the sun, moon, and stars. Prudent fireflies are noted for keeping proper hours. In a word, we go for a just division of labor. Let the great wits take the great topics, and the little wits take the little topics. Scholarship and taste will be fully satisfied with a quiet corner in this ample field, and flippancy and coxcombry can stray at large over the rest. Under such an arrangement it will cease to be necessary that what has been reverently approached by an Addison or a Goethe should be pertly handled by some conceited spark, who treats Italy as his debtor, and offers Vesuvius an opportunity to smoke in his journal "one day more." He might still dive, we care not how deep, into the mysteries of the Carnival; but he would spare us the recital of his impressions and emotions in the Sistine Chapel or the Forum.

All this, we are well aware, is stale and musty. Travelling is no longer what it was; it has caught the subjective tendency of the age. Every body knows about Rome; that is brute knowledge; to make it human, we want revelations of feeling. Rome is the city of the soul. Mere description is topographical, physical, sensuous; feeling is universal, infinite, spiritual. Hence the punctilious minuteness with which the universe is informed, that, on such an hour of such a morning, such a fountain imbibed the tribute of Laura Matilda's tear; hence the dying cadences in which Amanda Malvina celebrates her swoon at the first sight of a genuine Etruscan vase; and hence the guardian care with which certain watery stanzas, the fruit of an ill-omened drive on the Campagna, are rescued from the oblivious recesses of Fanny's portfolio. All these seductions do not wean us from our antiquated heresy. When 'feeling for all mankind' comes to mean 'feeling that all mankind may know it,' we are superannuated enough to suspect that here also ignorance may be bliss; and so unchristian, too, as to call to mind the moral to the fable of the chariot and the fly.

The enigmatical and somewhat affected title of Mrs. Butler's volumes does her injustice. In the phrase, "A Year

of Consolation," there is a threat of those gratuitous confidences and revelations, which may be endurable, and even precious, from great men or from characters endeared to us by peculiar ties; but which under other conditions are obtrusive and burdensome. It is in the dialect of that communicative grief which bares its wounds indifferently to the gaze of any one who will pay his paltry dollar for the sight. It savors of the cant of those self-centred tourists in whose inmost souls, as at the gilt pillar in the ancient Forum, all the roads of Italy terminate. Mrs. Butler might have dispensed with an *alias* for her book. The plain words, "Travels in Italy," may have, naturally enough, grown somewhat unmarketable; but they suggest a definite subject; whereas "A Year of Consolation" is as blind as "A Year of Life"; and there is enough in the volumes before us to save them from the fate of the common herd of travels. The book would, indeed, have lost nothing by the suppression of certain dark allusions to private griefs, capriciously interpolated, for the most part in a metrical form, and scarcely intelligible without a biographical commentary.

On the 20th of December, 1845, Mrs. Butler, accompanied only by one female attendant, left Southampton for Rome. On her arrival at Paris, instead of following the main road to Lyons, she took a cross route through Nevers to Chalons-sur-Saone, which had been recommended to her by some friend who had tried it in summer. In midwinter she found it extremely inconvenient, and considerably obstructed by a heavy fall of snow. She seems to have made the most of these scanty materials, and, having been thoroughly frightened, slightly quizzed, and roundly cheated, has worked up her sufferings into a melodramatic romance. The whole account is sufficiently amusing, — partly, it must be confessed, at the author's expense. The extravagant air with which these opening pages are turned off is rather ominous for the simplicity of the rest of the book; but it may be intentional, as it certainly affords some scope for the exercise of powers of description, which Mrs. Butler possesses in no ordinary degree. Nothing escapes her vigilant eye, which is as keen to detect personal peculiarities as to note the beauty of natural scenery. To a quick sense of the ridiculous she joins also a humane interest in the condition of her fellow-men. If to this we must add, among

the traits by which this book is marked, a degree of frankness sometimes rather more than feminine, and in a few cases running almost into coarseness, we shall perhaps surprise no one. If the author chooses to call a spade a spade, she has a right to do so; but why speak of spades at all? She wonders that she passes for a brave woman, being, as she says, one of the most cowardly women she ever knew. Yet it is not strange that people should infer bravery from boldness; and few women, we hope, besides Mrs. Butler, would be bold enough to talk of climbing into a diligence "by three horrid hoes, that scraped my shins to death"; or even, under the terrors of a Siberian journey in the barbarous wilds of central France, and the vexations of a country inn, to speak of "the devilish conductor and conveyance who had brought me to this horrid hole." The phrase "to blow up," used neither in the pneumatic nor the chemical sense, but with a purely oral application, is introduced by Mrs. Butler with all the ease of a current idiom, and without the apology of quotation.

From Chalons our traveller proceeded to Marseilles, where she was to embark for Italy. Her fellow-passengers in the diligence from Avignon to Marseilles were two French merchants, and the conversation turned on that too familiar subject, the national credit of the United States. We quote her very judicious remarks.

"It is impossible to conceive any thing more painful and mortifying to one, either by birth or adoption an American, than the contemptuous and reproachful comments which any mention of the United States is sure to elicit. The commercial and financial delinquencies of some of the States, but principally of Pennsylvania, have created an universal impression throughout Europe of utter want of faith, honor, and integrity, on the part of the whole nation. The Florentine millionaire, the Lyons antiquary, and these Marseilles merchants, all within three days, have uttered opinions respecting the character of the Americans, which, however mistaken and exaggerated in some respects, have quite foundation enough in fact to occasion bitter annoyance to any one loving America, and wishing to honor her. It is the most difficult thing in the world to make these people comprehend the complex movement of the Federal and State governments, or to explain to them, that while in certain of the States, from real inability, and in others, perhaps, from positive dis-

honesty, the public securities have turned out no securities at all, there exist others, again, whose credit, both financial and moral, is as solid, whose investments are as safe, as any in the world: — it is impossible to make them understand it; the general government appears to them responsible for the State insolvencies. The United States Bank is, to their apprehension, a government institution, instead of a private speculation; and President Polk and Nicholas Biddle, and Pennsylvania, Illinois, Massachusetts, and South Carolina, are all involved together in one broad sentence of national dishonesty and want of faith. If there had been no dishonesty and no want of faith, of course these sweeping judgments could not have gone forth.

"The Americans console themselves for the strictures of Englishmen, by attributing them to national jealousy, envy, or prejudice; but I have heard in France more severe animadversions upon their delinquencies than any since the days of Sidney Smith's indignant addresses to the Pennsylvanians." — Vol. I. pp. 37, 38.

The edge of this passage is not blunted by the fact that it is from the pen of an Englishwoman. For Mrs. Butler, proud as she is of her English birth, and ever ready to bear witness to the virtues of her countrymen, has lived too long in America to be the slave of the vulgar prejudices on this subject. "I thank God," she says, "that I was born in England, and shall live in America." On all occasions she generously acknowledges the merits of our political and social institutions, and if she finds fault with us, does not spare the faults of her countrymen.

On several occasions she is led to compare the manners of Frenchmen with those of Englishmen and Americans. The glorious days of July have, in her opinion, contributed quite as much to freedom of manners among the French people as to any other sort of liberty.

"It is now twenty years since I was in France; and the common opinion of English people, and of the French themselves too, is, that they have very much departed from the affable and courteous manners which were once a sort of national characteristic among them. If my present progress from one end of France to another, in every variety of public conveyance, affords any opportunity of judging, I should certainly incline to that opinion; there appears a total absence of the reference to other people's convenience and pleasure, which certainly formerly did distinguish French people of every class. The desire of

pleasing, which exhibited itself frequently drolly to a stranger, but often in very graceful expressions of courtesy and kindness, appears to have given way to a selfish disregard of others, which manifests itself in a rudeness of deportment quite as offensive as the sullen mixture of pride and shyness which so long distinguished the travelling English, wherever they were met with. While losing the graces of their (perhaps superficial) politeness, the French have acquired none of the decorum and decency of deportment, the absence of which was always severely felt in the midst of their most courteous demonstrations; and while acquiring something of the morose, selfish carriage of our own people, they have failed to adopt one particle either of their cleanliness or propriety of person, language, or manners. Thus, a Frenchman hawks and spits close to your cheek, blows his nose like a trumpet in your ear, and yawns and coughs under your nose. Their language is frequently positively exceedingly indecent, and the tone of it always more or less borders upon what Englishmen would consider unwarrantable freedom. I do not wonder Frenchwomen do not travel much, but I sincerely hope that before long they may be induced to do so, as nothing else, probably, will render Frenchmen tolerable travelling-companions to the women who at present have the misfortune to be thrown in public conveyances into their society. Englishmen are the only men I know who, met thus accidentally on the road, are generally perfectly inoffensive in their persons, manners, language, and deportment: on the other hand, courtesy, civility, or any species of assistance, is not to be expected from them; they will take care not to insult or annoy you, but as for assisting or entertaining their chance companions, that is certainly not their *spécialité.* The very cheap rate of travelling in America, which enables *every body*, without exception, to travel, and the absence of all distinctions of place or price in the public conveyances, which compels *every body* to travel together, of course brings refined and fastidious pilgrims into most painful proximity with their coarse and unpolished brethren; and from the uncouth deportment and strange manners of the lower classes of people from half-civilized districts, infinite annoyance, as well as amusement, is derived by those whom the unrespecting providence of American railroads and steamboats compels to consort with them upon a footing of at least travelling equality; but (and I have said my say in my time upon the subject of American tobacco-chewers, cigar-smokers, and question-askers) a woman cannot possibly travel in any part of the world with equal security as in America; the law of the land — public opinion — secures to women the first choice of accommodation on every road and at

every inn; a look, word, or gesture of intentional impertinence will not assail her, nor a single offensive expression reach her ear, in passing from one corner to another of that vast and half-savage continent. So great and universal is the deference paid to the weaker vessel, indeed, in the United States, that I think the fair Americans rather presume upon their privileges; and I have seen ladies come into crowded steamboats and railroad cars, and instantly assume the seats that have been as instantly resigned by gentlemen upon their entrance, without so much as a gracious word or look of acknowledgment; so certain is the understanding that every accommodation is not only to be furnished, but *given up*, to them, — and this not to young, pretty *ladies*, but to *women* old or young, pretty or ugly, — of the highest or the lowest class. Though the virtue on the part of the American men is certainly very great, I think it has made their women quite saucy in their supremacy, and altogether unblushing in their mode of claiming and receiving it. In churches, concert-rooms, and theatres, no man keeps his seat when women appear standing; and on board the splendid steamboats of the North and East Rivers, state-rooms secured by gentlemen alone cannot be retained, if women come on board and desire to have them. This, it must be allowed, is pushing courtesy to the very verge of injustice, and though one of the profiting party, I think this is more than the largest construction of the 'rights of women' requires." — Vol. I. pp. 40 – 43.

We quote a paragraph from her journal at Marseilles, because it is a fair specimen of the profuse luxuriance of her descriptive style, and the theatrical manner with which it is now and then unpleasantly checkered.

"Towards three o'clock, Mrs. ——— called for me to drive with her on the Prado. We set forth together, and drove under the golden light of a most glorious afternoon along a fine avenue, planted with trees, and bordered with houses of such various forms and fashions as to redeem, by the agreeable variety of the whole, the slightly fantastic appearance of many of them individually. On each hand a noble range of hills, with clean, sharp outline, scooped the exquisite sky; and at the end the Mediterranean, in all its glory, rolled a sea of molten gold almost to our carriage-wheels. The declining sun burnished the level ocean, so that its proverbial sapphire hue was lost in the blaze of light; wave after wave, as it curved to the shore, upheaved a crystal vault of golden green, through which the sun shone as through a huge wall of the delicate Bohemian glass. The sound, the sight, the present beauty, the intense longing of

many years fulfilled, all combined to excite and touch me most deeply; the rocky promontories, with their deep-jagged outlines, stony and stern in their unvarying beauty, contrasting with the curving, undulating, yielding, exquisite element at their feet, canopied with that limpid sky, whose richness and softness lent tenderness and brightness to the whole. It was only less beautiful than the moral glory I had contemplated in my conversation in the morning, and I devoutly thanked God for both: O great and good Father, all thy works praise thee; especially doth the soul of man, thy noblest work, praise thee, when it shows forth thy will and walks in thy way! As we were turning away for the last time from this scene of enchantment, I could not resist the desire to dip my hands in the clear waves; and, stopping the carriage, ran down to the shore. The golden waters with their silver fringe rolled in gorgeous sheets up the sand. I gathered one handful of the Nereid's crown that lay at my feet, and having baptized them in one far-reaching wave, ran back with my trophy to the carriage." — Vol. I. pp. 47, 48.

At Marseilles, our traveller embarked for Civita Vecchia, *viâ* Genoa and Leghorn. After suffering the customary dose of discomfort and extortion, which she has set off in her usual unsparing style, she was safely landed in the patrimony of St. Peter, and, with no further tribulation than the petty trials of a diligence, arrived in a somewhat way-worn and jaded condition at her sister's residence on the Pincian Mount. The eleven months of her stay in Rome and its vicinity were divided between her city home and a summer retreat at Frascati. A year in Italy is of course a year of sight-seeing; and, with due allowance for slight differences of taste or variety of profession, all travellers see the same sights. You may here and there find an individual, like Arnold or Sismondi, who neither has nor pretends to have an eye for works of art. Another, looking on the ancient world as *un fait accompli*, sees nothing in Hadrian's Villa, or the Baths of Diocletian, but old rubbish, of which he left enough at home. But few travellers, however heterodox on these points, dare openly to dissent from the established faith; and, with guide-book in hand, and patient, melancholy feet, plod their weary way around the mill-horse circle prescribed by decency and fashion. Happy the stranger who finds himself at Rome on the death of a pope, or at Naples during an eruption of Vesuvius. Such godsends come to few. The bulk of foreigners must be satisfied with the

crambe repetitâ, as they can get it. Thanks to the methodical habits of superstition, the seasons are not more inevitable in their return than the reappearance of the pomps and pageants of the Romish Church. The same old ruins, too, remain, with the annual deduction of a hundred or two of bricks, and decay creeps over Raphael's frescos as slowly as on the cheek of an antediluvian beauty, brilliant yet in her fourth century. The luxuriant desolation of the Campagna is the eternal proverb of economists, and the Appian Way will not wear out. A studio more or less may vary the total of objects of interest, and fill a day of the traveller's time or a page of his journal. But nature and art offer nearly the same banquet to every comer, fresh indeed as a sylvan fountain to him that drinks of it, but a little less delightful to absent friends, who partake of it by proxy. Of news, properly so called, that is, of such news as implies the occurrence of an event, or the existence of any shape or spectre of progress, no one dreams in Italy, — or did dream, till within a twelvemonth. How long the black swan of reform will venture to stretch her neck in the presence of the eagle of Austria, Guizot and Metternich must determine. We fear that the loud song of the adventurous bird is ominous of her speedy fate. We congratulate Mrs. Butler and ourselves on the rare luck which found her at Rome at the accession of the good Pope Pius the Ninth. Her narrative of the first events of the new pontificate, written as they occurred, and on the spot, is much the best account we have yet had of a period of great interest, and is altogether the most valuable and entertaining portion of her book.

Observation is Mrs. Butler's *forte*, and she is equally at home in a natural scene, a living group, and the pageantry of a festive day. Her remarks on the national and individual characteristics of the Italians are striking and just, and her hearty way of expressing her liking or aversion gives an agreeable air of honesty to many of her sketches. She is chargeable, it must be owned, in several instances, with an appearance of exaggeration. The description, for example, of the iron-works near Tivoli is quite too Vulcanian for a modern forge. Other passages, we have no doubt, have suffered from too full a brush. Nothing, indeed, is more difficult for a traveller than to write simply even in his private journal. A grand object of nature or art never makes its

total impression at once. Reflection sharpens imagination, and by the time the traveller is ready to make the entry in his journal, he is wound up to a pitch of excitement, which drives him into an overwrought strain of description. His enthusiasm, as the lawyers say, relates back to the moment of actual vision; and the mind imposes on the senses. This unconscious extravagance is not likely to be subdued by the prospect of publication. Mrs. Butler confesses to "a shallow and easily exhausted fund of reflections." This fund is too often drawn upon. Of the prose portion of the book, nothing is in worse taste than the moral, religious, and sentimental ejaculations, or rhapsodies, which are introduced as episodes or tail-pieces to her spirited sketches. Our censure applies, of course, only to the want of tact and propriety in these passages; their sincerity we have as little reason as desire to call in question. For these volumes are marked throughout with a religious tone, which commands respect, without seeming to invite it. We recollect but one exception, where the description of a garden is wound up in this manner: — "'There is neither sound nor speech,' *&c.*" The printer should have omitted the character which we have Italicized.

We have already alluded to our author's talent for description. Page after page might be quoted in illustration of this. As a fair specimen, we extract a paragraph from the narrative of a visit to Monte Gennaro.

"Upon the very summit of the mountain, above its precipices, its huge sloping shoulders, the dwarf, stunted shrubbery clinging to its skirts, and the stony rifts opening in its ample sides, lifted up close, as it seemed, to the blue sky and silver clouds, and propped upon the everlasting foundation of the hills, — a long, soft, sunny meadow spread itself; the turf was more elastic, closer and finer-grained, than that of the most carefully kept lawn, — its color fresh, tender, and vivid. On either side, rising from it with a regular symmetry, that proclaimed beyond mistake their ancient office of banks to the fair lake which once spread itself over this magical carpet of verdure, swelled the softly-rounded mountain crests, which here were covered with a lordly growth of magnificent forest-trees. Over this bright and lovely wilderness, thus high uplifted above the earth's common level, herds of cattle strayed, who, with their keepers, are the only inhabitants of these beautiful solitudes, which during the summer afford them abundant pasturage; the winter drives

them downwards towards the neighbourhood of man, and leaves these scenes of summer loveliness to the stern dominion of the deep snows that cover them, over whose glittering and forbidding surface the eagle sweeping through the heavens alone throws a living shadow." — Vol. II. pp. 136, 137.

From its place between a filthy sketch of a filthy spot and a theatrical apostrophe, we cull this pretty picture.

"We found ourselves on the very top of the Basilica Maxentia, whose huge, wondrous arches rose beneath us, and seemed now as though they reared themselves so high and vast into the sky only to carry the delicate fantastical foxglove, that sprung out from their rifted brick-work, and nodded its lilac bells at the tiny Roman people down below." — Vol. I. p. 68.

A short passage, at the close of her account of the illumination of St. Peter's, strongly reminds us of Jean Paul.

"Our carriage rolled slowly, or rather waded, through the crowded streets at a foot-pace, and when we came to the Ponte Sisto we beheld another illumination, which turned the pageant we had just seen into a splendid, tawdry toy. The full moon hung above the river in a sea of mellow light, indescribably soft and powerful; the purple line of the Alban hills was distinctly visible against the pearly horizon; while the roses in the gardens, near the bridge, showed their colors as though by day, so potent was the moonlight, — with us, so wan and colorless. Opposite this great and lovely glory, St. Peter's flamed in the distance like a huge gold filigree thimble. The pageant vouchsafed to us nightly is a fine thing; it is well to see it confronting the yearly pageant of the great church of Rome, to be reminded how fine, — what an insensible, brutish, dull, irreverend thing is custom. Coming home, we found a perfect opera congregation of carriages on the Pincio, a sort of Haymarket and King Street row. The view of St. Peter's is very fine from here, and many people had driven up to enjoy it. I went to my stand on the terrace of our charming little garden, and here looked up at the moon and down at St. Peter's, till the rolling wheels had all rattled away, and the shuffling feet all departed, and the sound of the fountain in the Piazza di Spagna came up to answer the tiny tinkle of the fountain in the garden, whose roses and orange-blossoms and thousand cups of incense were sending up fragrance into the night air like prayer." — Vol. II. pp. 6, 7.

Something more, however, is often necessary to make a style picturesque, than exuberant diction or mosaic detail.

Elaborateness itself may crowd and confuse the fancy with a whirl of images, which leave no complete impression behind. Instead of a full and harmonious picture, the mind succeeds in seizing only broken and hazy snatches, like the fragments of an ill-remembered dream. Mrs. Butler sometimes writes as if she thought that luxuriance and variety of scenery demanded similar qualities of style. On the contrary, we believe that the more complicated the object to be represented, the greater is the need of a few simple, suggestive strokes. They must, indeed, be master-strokes ; a great poet reveals more in a line, or even a word, than a feebler one in a stanza. The account of the rides on the Campagna overflows with single beauties of expression and picturesque points, but fails, as it seems to us, in its general effect. On the other hand, the sketch of the hurly-burly and harlequinade of the Carnival, even to its pathetically ridiculous close, is admirable. In either case the failure and success are easily explained. A landscape may be dissected, and the parts successively ranged before us ; but all the parts put together will not make the whole. Whereas a pageant is made up of successive portions, each of which may be more or less happily described. The original had its consecutive parts, and admits of consecutive exhibition.

We have spoken of our author's singularly keen eye. Indeed, she sees altogether too much, and not only will not shut her eyes, but cannot hold her tongue, — weaknesses for which, it is to be hoped, her sex will forgive her. The physiological remark about fauns and satyrs (Vol. II. p. 34) would have been pardonable in a professedly medical work, — but might have been omitted here, since it is as beggarly in point of wit as of decency. Her account of a friend's experiments (Vol. I. p. 76) on tarantulas is so loathsomely faithful, that she must be believed, when she adds, that "a more disgusting or hateful spectacle cannot be conceived." A lively sketch of the "beautiful beastly creatures," with splendid heads and shoulders, and elf-locks, who lounged on the steps below her lodgings, would have been incomplete, we presume, without a coarse allusion which absolutely crawls on the page. But our author's impartiality is not confined to the sense of vision ; her pages abound in passages which would furnish no inappropriate commentary to Coleridge's epigram on the city of Cologne.

We cannot complain of these volumes for classical or artistical parade. In this respect, they are worthy of all praise. When Mrs. Butler refers to ancient Rome, it is in a natural manner, and almost always without any attempt at fine writing. And this, as any one may see, is not for lack of knowledge or taste. The author frankly owns her want of education as a connoisseur, and gives us her impressions of works of art, not in a dictatorial and conclusive tone, but with great simplicity and moderation. Her interest, indeed, in such objects seems to have increased very rapidly during the closing weeks of her stay at Rome, and she left the Vatican for the last time with tears. Richter says of Raphael, that the first draughts from his magic cup only cool the blood, while the last send a southern fire through all the veins. We believe that this would describe the experience of many of our travellers, if they had Mrs. Butler's frankness to avow it. We think she makes too much fuss about her disgust at artistical representations of physical pain. She absolutely preaches her aversion. We must quote a passage from her journal of a visit to a gallery of sculptures, because of its decided *naïveté*, an article of which there is no glut in these volumes.

"I admired extremely two statues of exquisite grace and beauty, called Mars, and representing the God of War in different attitudes of repose. The ease and nature of the position, the lightness and beauty of the limbs and figure, and the charming expression of perfect quietude thrown over the whole countenance and person, render them certainly the most attractive representations of this divinity that I ever saw. I incline to think the likeness must have been taken during his *liaison* with Venus; there is a softness and almost tenderness about them otherwise unaccountable." — Vol. II. p. 146.

The portion of Mrs. Butler's work which relates to Pius the Ninth and his plans of reform has been already alluded to. The liberal, benevolent, and conscientious character of this Papal prodigy is portrayed very pleasantly and intelligently, and with an enthusiasm which does honor to our author's head and heart. We should be glad, if our limits would allow, to transfer to our pages one or two characteristic sketches and anecdotes.

The poetical pieces, which project from the surface of these volumes with a boulder-like irregularity, require a pass-

ing notice. Too many of them relate so exclusively to the author's private experience and peculiar feelings, that we are astonished that she could ever have thought of publishing them. The heart knoweth its own bitterness, and sorrow parts with somewhat of its sanctity, when it surrenders its privacy. Even the pathetic lines "Upon a Branch of Flowering Acacia," though much more naturally introduced than other pieces of a similar tone, are almost profaned by being cast adrift upon the world. The painful effect of verses of this character is only heightened by their sudden introduction after passages with which they have little apparent connection. So frequent are these monodies, that the cheerful import of the graceful stanzas entitled "Torre Nuovo" surprises the reader, who was beginning to wonder what was meant by "A Year of Consolation." Generally speaking, Mrs. Butler's poetry is inferior to her prose. It wants compactness and finish. Some of her pieces, however, have considerable merit. "The Landgraf," for instance, is excellently versified, and the lines on "Genius and Love" are very spirited. We find "Amphitrite" and "Aphrodite" reduced to trisyllabic dimensions, to meet the Procrustean necessities of English rhyme. We doubt if two so powerful goddesses will take this treatment kindly from one of their own sex.

The close of these volumes is in keeping with the kindly and generous spirit which pervades them.

"On Monday, the 7th of December, I went to the fountain of Trevi, — for those who drink of its sweet waters return, it is said, to Rome. It was a dark and gloomy day, and raining fast; but I knelt, nevertheless, upon the edge of the beautiful fountain to drink to my return.

"DEPARTING.

"Pour we libations to the father, Jove,
And bid him watch propitious o'er our way;
Pile on the household altar fragrant wreaths,
And to th' auspicious Lares bid farewell,
Beneath whose guardianship we have abode.
Blest be the threshold over which we pass,
Turning again, with hands devout uplifted;
Blest be the roof-tree, and the hearth it shelters;
Blest be the going forth and coming home
Of those who dwell here; blest their rising up,
And blest their lying down to holy slumber;

Blest be the married love, sacred and chaste ;
Blest be the children's head, the mother's heart,
The father's hope. Reach down the wanderer's staff, —
Tie on the sandals on the traveller's feet :
The wan-eyed morn weeps in the watery east :
Gird up the loins, and let us now depart.

" On Thursday, the 8th of December, I left Rome." — Vol. II. pp. 170, 171.

ART. X. — *The Knickerbocker, or New York Monthly Magazine*, for June, 1847. Article on Professor C. C. Felton's *Edition of the Agamemnon of Æschylus.* New York : John Allen.

WE have seldom had occasion of late years to make any allusion in this journal to what has appeared in the pages of a contemporary periodical, whether American or foreign. An article in a magazine or a review is at best of but temporary interest, and it is seldom worth while to recur to it, after the lapse of a single week from the time of its publication, for the purpose of explaining, verifying, or refuting its statements. Especially have we avoided any thing like dispute or a protracted discussion of a single topic, either with another public journal, or with a pamphleteer, controversy being as unwelcome to us as it is wearisome or disgusting to most readers. We have not the slightest intention of changing this rule now, or of entering into any debate with the Knickerbocker upon abstruse points of philology, or upon the merits of an edition of a Greek classic. Our present object is only to expose the character of an article so remarkable for its violation of the laws not only of politeness, but of decency, for its unprovoked personalities and gross invasion of the sanctity of private life, that the writer of it deserves public rebuke and disgrace. He shall have the notoriety which he seems to covet, so far as the circulation and influence of this Review can give it to him. As he has affixed his initials to the article, and had announced quite generally, some months before its publication, and even, as we happen to know from several independent sources, some

weeks before he had seen a copy of Professor Felton's edition of the Agamemnon, that he intended to prepare a criticism on it which would annihilate the editor's reputation for scholarship, we are at liberty to point him out by name as Mr. Charles A. Bristed, of New York. He is quite young, having just completed his studies at one of the English Universities, where he acquired some distinction for his proficiency in Latin and Greek. Obtaining a prize or two at college has not infrequently had an unhappy effect on a young graduate who was not previously remarkable for discretion and good-sense; but certainly we were not prepared for such an exhibition of vanity and impertinence as is now before us from one who has received even the elements of a liberal education. But Mr. Bristed shall speak for himself, that our readers may form their own opinion of his taste and manners. The following is taken from the commencement of the article.

"The Bostonians are proud of themselves, and justly so, on many accounts. Their high standard of morality is undoubted; equally undoubted are their social virtues; their enterprise is most commendable, and few would be disposed to deny them a large amount of general information and much learning, of the 'Society-for-the-Diffusion-of-Useful-Knowledge' sort. Unfortunately, the best of men often fall into strange delusions. The inhabitants of 'the American Athens,' setting up for universal geniuses, have, among other things, assumed to be the classical instructers of the whole American community; while it is notorious that there is not a man among them who can write three pages upon any subject involving real scholarship without exposing himself egregiously. And not only do they claim to be *the* classics of this continent, but the *only* classics; affecting to despise New-York scholarship, which is really very respectable, as far as it goes, and not altogether contemned on the other side of the water; Professor Anthon's books being extensively read and republished in England and Scotland. And all this they profess to do, quite *ἐν παρέργῳ*. Here, for instance, is Mr. Felton, who, we have no doubt, from all that has been told us of him, is a very excellent citizen and agreeable man; a nice, pleasant gentleman, who knows a little of every thing, including a little Greek; took the Greek Professorship at Harvard because it happened to be vacant, and could have filled any other chair with at least equal success." — p. 543.

It is hardly conceivable that a young man of highly re-

spectable family and connections, who has had the amplest opportunities for instruction, and has moved in good society, could so far disgrace himself as to write in a strain like this. The affected jauntiness of expression, the exquisite pertness and self-conceit that appear in every line of this passage, would disgrace the vainest coxcomb that ever attempted to inflict himself upon gentlemanly society. Is he foolish enough to believe, that the true representatives of scholarship and literature in the two cities are influenced by so pitiful a feeling as local jealousy, — that such men as the late John Pickering, the present President of Harvard College, the historians Sparks and Prescott, are actually envious, not indeed of each other, but of their brethren and compeers who happen to reside in a neighbouring city, — and, though there is a constant interchange of good offices among them, of sympathy, congratulation, and hospitality, that they really pine in secret at each other's success, and stoop to the low arts of intrigue and detraction, in the hope of destroying their rivals' fame, and the reputation of the good city of New York ? If Mr. Bristed believes this, he is not only the most credulous of mortals, but is wholly incapable of understanding or appreciating honorable and gentlemanly conduct. Is he not aware, that Professors Edwards, Sears, and Felton, residing at a distance from each other, belonging to different literary institutions, and separated from each other by great differences of theological opinion, have been associated for years on the common ground of letters and scholarship, — that their names have appeared on the same title-page, as joint authors of an excellent work on Classical Studies, — and that President Woolsey, Professor Champlin, Dr. E. Robinson, Mr. Owen, and half a dozen others whom we could name, have long coöperated with them quite as heartily, and in a manner hardly less intimate ? It is quite possible that a few ignorant pretenders in either city, though equally contemned in both places, may be scourged with rather more freedom at a distance from their homes than in their immediate vicinity, partly because the *clique* to which they belong may have some influence in deprecating home criticism, and partly, as in Mr. Bristed's case, because some of them may have respectable connections, whose feelings no one who is near them would wish to wound. But whatever may be the case with them, does he suppose that his fellow-citizens gener-

ally will be gratified, when a youth fresh from college — from an *English* college — assures them, with a very lordly and patronizing air, that "New York scholarship is really very respectable, as far as it goes, and *not altogether contemned on the other side of the water*"? Really! Who will say, after this, that Punch's illustrations of "The Rising Generation" are only caricatures?

But we have graver matters than these to settle with Mr. Bristed, and we invite the special attention of our readers to the following passage from his article, coming immediately after the one already quoted. That it may be understood, it is necessary to mention, that, in September last, Professor Felton was married, a second time, to an amiable and accomplished lady belonging to a family of the highest respectability in Boston.

"Last autumn a dark rumor reached us that, emboldened by previous impunity, he was about to lay pen upon Æschylus; and happening to be in Boston soon after, we took pains to inquire whether such a fate was actually impending over the venerable poet. But the knowing ones waxed mysterious and uncommunicative; finally it was hinted that the Professor's editorial labors were suspended indefinitely, by reason of a happy event that was speedily to take place; whereat we were glad, for the Professor's sake — and still more glad for that of Æschylus. So Felton's Agamemnon lay in abeyance till last month, when it burst out upon us in all its brilliancy. Truly, it would have been well for the Eliot Professor's reputation, and for the reputation of American scholarship generally, could Joe Duggins's 'good time that 's coming' have been so far anticipated as to allow him to marry half-a-dozen times over, provided it had in each instance insured a half-year's postponement of this Æschylean and Herculean publication." — p. 543.

If such a passage as this had appeared in one of the infamous newspapers which, under the name of "The Satirist" or "The Scourge," have been published occasionally in London and New York for a few weeks, till the police could hunt them out and destroy them, we should not have been surprised. But we cannot express our astonishment that it should have been written by one whose education and position in society seemed to prove that he was a gentleman, or that it should have been allowed to appear in a magazine *once* so respectable as The Knickerbocker. Has Mr. Bris-

ted any excuse to offer for this coarse and brutal invasion of the domestic life of a gentleman whom he never saw, who has never given him any offence, and whose high character and standing are as universally recognized in New York as in Massachusetts? What was his purpose in inserting this passage in the midst of a pretended criticism upon an edition of a Greek classic? Did he mean to cast a slur upon the marriage, or to make an insinuation affecting the respectability of the parties to it? Let him offer some explanation of his motives and conduct, or submit in silence to the severest judgment which honorable men can form of them.

We gladly pass from this disgusting passage to the body of Mr. Bristed's article, and to an examination of his pretended scholarship. As Professor Felton would hardly thank us for an attempt to defend *him* from the assaults of such a critic, we shall look to the article only for illustrations of the writer's own pretensions and character. The arrogant and domineering tone which this boy-critic assumes throughout is as characteristic of him as the flippancy and impertinence of his language. We shall give a few specimens of his mode of speaking, not merely of the editor whom he professes to review, but of some of the veteran critics and philologists of Germany and England, — men who were teaching and writing Greek before Mr. Bristed was born. All the persons spoken of in the following citations have edited a portion or the whole of Æschylus; most of them are distinguished German scholars.

"Mr. Felton's favorite commentator is *Klausen;* an ingenious editor, certainly, but one given to *ex cathedra* dogmatisms, and utterly unsafe to depend upon. *Peile* the Eliot Professor seems to have half read, and not quite half understood. . . . . And while attaching great weight to *Schneider*, indubitably the worst editor of Æschylus extant, and notorious as such throughout England and Germany, he seems absolutely ignorant," &c.

"Never mind what the sense or nonsense is according to *Schneider;* there can be very little doubt that the construction of *Peile* and *Klausen* (and *Paley*,) is the proper one."

"In default of something better we would suggest, &c., &c., — a conjectural emendation which we find pencilled in the margin of our lecture-room copy of *Peile.* Not being able to discover it in any of the commentators, we make bold to take the credit of it ourselves, till a claimant shall appear."

"Dear ingenious *Schneider!* How clever it is!"

"'That eminent Hellenist,' (as *Felton* calls *Mitchell*,) has made one of his usual slips."

"It is not at all surprising that Messrs. *Schneider* and *Felton*, should have mistaken the construction here, but somewhat singular that *Klausen* and *Peile* should have done so."

"*Boves locuti sunt! Schneider* and the Eliot Professor are actually right for once!"

These extracts speak for themselves. If a veteran scholar, of long-established and unquestioned reputation, should write thus, it might only be said of him that he showed very bad manners and bad taste; but when such language is used by one of Mr. Bristed's age and pretensions, it is simply ludicrous, if not disgusting. This stripling, fresh from college and elated by the applause of his tutor, assumes all the airs, the brutality, and arrogance of a Bentley or a Wolf, without any of their genius. We shall attempt to teach him a little modesty by exposing a few instances of his dishonesty and ignorance.

Mr. Felton says, "The opening scene represents the palace of Agamemnon, at *Argos*"; upon which Mr. Bristed exclaims, with his usual flippant impertinence: —

"*Mycenæ*, Mr. Professor, *Mycenæ! Mycenæ!!* This error, which we have noticed as a common one among tyros and *dilettanti*, arises from confounding the *territory* of Argos with the city of that name."

If so, it is quite remarkable that Æschylus himself nowhere mentions Mycenæ, while in this play he twice alludes to Argos. In fact, though Homer constantly places the residence of Agamemnon at Mycenæ, the tragic poets generally confound the two cities, Sophocles alone observing any distinction between them, and he not invariably. In proof of this, we cite Strabo and the author of the Greek Argument of the Electra, — two authorities whom we suppose Mr. Bristed will hardly overrule in so decisive a manner as he does all modern editors. Strabo says, *Διὰ δὲ τὴν ἐγγύτητα τὰς δύω πόλεις ὡς μίαν οἱ τραγικοὶ συνωνύμως προσαγορεύουσιν· Εὐριπίδης δὲ καὶ ἐν τῷ αὐτῷ δράματι, τοτὲ μὲν Μυκήνας καλῶν, τοτὲ δὲ Ἄργος τὴν αὐτὴν πόλιν, καθάπερ ἐν Ἰφιγενείᾳ καὶ Ὀρέστῃ,* — *The tragic poets speak of the two cities, on account of their nearness, by the same name, as one; Euripides even in the same drama calling the same city sometimes Mycenæ, and sometimes Argos, as in the Iphigenia and the Orestes.* And

in the Argument of the Electra, another play relating to the family of Agamemnon, the writer says, *ἡ σκηνὴ τοῦ δράματος ὑπόκειται ἐν Ἄργει, the scene of the drama is laid in Argos.*

And the modern editors, almost without exception, are of the same opinion. Stanley's language is, "*scena fabulæ* Argis *constituitur.*" Schütz says, "*scenam dramatis* Argis *esse, ante Agamemnonis regiam*, Æschylus ipse *diserte annotavit.*" Lest Mr. Bristed should reject the opinions of these two critics with as little ceremony or reason as he shows in pushing aside Klausen and Schneider, we will cite C. O. Müller, whose authority even this young iconoclast will hardly venture to reject. We quote from the English translation of Müller's Dissertations on the Eumenides of Æschylus, page 118.

"The very fact that Mycenæ no longer existed enabled poets, who delighted in connecting the realities of the present with the reminiscences of the past, to substitute Argos in the place of Mycenæ. Indeed, the Argives along with their conquest of Mycenæ had, so to speak, won the mythic and heroic splendor and glory of that famous city; and moreover the indefinite use of the word Argos by the earliest poets, sometimes in the extended, and at other times in a more limited sense, contributed its share to the transfer. In fact, *Æschylus is in this particular the most consistent of the tragedians; in his extant tragedies he never mentions the name of Mycenæ, but in the spirit of mythic fiction concentrates upon Argos all the dignity and splendor of the old legends;* whereas the other two tragedians are more lax in this respect, making Argos and Mycenæ sometimes distinct and sometimes identical."

Our readers are probably convinced by this time, that, in this instance, Mr. Bristed's ignorance is fully equal to his impudence.

"170. 'The ships were assembled in the harbor of Aulis, opposite to Chalcis, in *Bœotia.*' Annexation being the order of the day, Mr. Felton has stuck the very respectable island of Eubea bodily on to the continent! We wonder if the 'pocket editions' of the classics, which Boston *scholars* are said to delight in, have any maps in them?" — p. 549.

This comment is dishonest, the writer of it wilfully seeking to make others believe what he knew to be untrue. Having occasion to speak of Aulis, Mr. Felton incidentally and very briefly reminds the student of its position, as "oppo-

site to Chalcis, — in Bœotia"; just as one might hurriedly describe the situation of the town of Pawtucket as "on the opposite side of the river from Providence, — in Massachusetts"; — meaning thereby certainly, not that Providence is in Massachusetts, but that Pawtucket is. Perhaps the meaning would be a little clearer, if the position of the two clauses of the sentence were inverted; but every schoolboy knowing that Chalcis is not on the mainland, just as well as he knows that Providence is in Rhode Island, and not in Massachusetts, the editor did not guard against so obvious a blunder. Still, if Mr. Bristed had censured the note for a trifling inaccuracy of language, the criticism would have been fair enough, whatever might be thought of its importance; but in commenting upon it as a gross mistake in geography, he makes what he knows to be a false charge. Of course, the phrase *opposite to* would have no meaning, if Chalcis were not on the other side of the channel; if Mr. Felton had annexed Eubœa to the continent, Chalcis would be *adjacent to* Aulis. And as this channel, the Euripus, is described at length in this very note, the absurdity of the charge of "annexation" is still more manifest. It will be observed that Mr. Bristed himself, in this very passage, misspells the name of the island; but should we be justified on this account in accusing him of ignorance both of the orthography and geography of Eubœa? He has no more perception of the demands of fairness than of truth.

"262. '*πορευτοῦ* has, I suppose, the usual meaning of the verbal; *πορευτὸς λαμπάς*, then, is *a torch to be passed on, to be forwarded*.'

"That would be *πορευτέος*. *Πορευτος*, in its passive sense, means *travelled on, passable*, applied to roads. (We cannot now quote some desiderated passages from Polybius, but will engage to look them up before the congregated might of Boston shall have found answers to half the points in this review.) But here it has its active meaning, *journeying*." — p. 550.

This criticism shows nothing but the writer's ignorance. If the meaning were that the torch OUGHT *to be passed on*, or MUST *be passed on*, then it would be *πορευτέος*, or with the neuter *πορευτέον* = *δεῖ πορεύειν*. As Mr. Bristed apparently does not know the meaning of verbals in *τος*, we will refer him to so common a book as Kühner's Greek Grammar, § 234. 1. (i): — "Those in *τος* denote either a completed

action . . . . . or the idea of possibility, *which is their usual signification.*" Thus, from ὁράω, *to see*, verbal ὁρατός, *to be seen, visible;* and from πορεύω, *to send on, to set in motion* [Mr. Bristed seems not to know that the active form has this meaning], the verbal πορευτός necessarily means *to be set in motion*, or *capable of being set in motion* or *forwarded.* The "desiderated passages from Polybius" he will doubtless be able to find, as they are referred to in most dictionaries, to illustrate that peculiar and later signification of the word.

"339. 'τείνοντα. Butler has τείναντα; the present is better, for it describes the continued steady aim of Zeus; whereas the aorist would mean simply *aimed.*'

"Is it possible that the Eliot Professor can be ignorant of the *frequentative* sense of the aorist?" — p. 551.

Of course, it is not possible; but it is certain from this passage that Mr. Bristed himself is entirely ignorant of an important limitation of the fact or principle to which he here alludes. The frequentative use of the aorist does occur in the indicative mood, *but not in the subordinate moods or participle;* and if it did, it could not apply here. The image as it stands, and as it is explained by all respectable commentators, is impressive and sublime; while the frequentative aorist — if such an aorist participle were possible — would make it ludicrous; for Zeus would then be represented as *drawing his bow frequently at Paris*, or as not hitting him till after repeated attempts. Every schoolboy knows, or should know, the frequentative sense of the aorist, as it is luminously explained in Kühner's ordinary "School Grammar," § 256. 4. (b). Mr. Bristed unwisely attempts to parade his knowledge of this familiar principle, and in so doing betrays his ignorance of its extent or limitations. We refer him for instruction to Coray, whose acute observation on the Παναγυρικός of Isocrates, § 31, with Bremi's remark upon it, shows conclusively that there is *no* frequentative sense in the common aorist participle, unless a frequentative adverb is joined.

"484. 'τῇ κατείργασται πέδον. πέδον may be taken as the nominative or accusative; perhaps the nom. is better here.'

"*Rather* better, inasmuch as κατείργασται is passive." — p. 552.

If this remark means any thing, Mr. Bristed intends to say

that κατείργασται is necessarily and always passive. A grosser blunder than this can hardly be imagined; for κατεργάζομαι is a *deponent verb*, and its perfect κατείργασμαι is used either in an active or passive sense. Any dictionary will supply instances enough of its active signification, like this, from Xenophon's Memorabilia (111. 5): τοὺς μέγιστα ἔργα κατειργασμένους, *those who have accomplished the greatest works.*

"666. 'ἀγάλακτον, *without milk*, brought up by hand and attempted to be tamed.'

"ἀγάλακτον means *a foster-brother.* The α is *conjunctive* not *negative.*" — p. 552.

To this we oppose the meaning given by Pape, who says, on the authority of Hippocrates, that the word signifies *milchlos*, "without milk." Referring to this passage in the Agamemnon, Pape defines it *der nicht mehr saugende, von der Mutter getrennte*, "that sucks no more, that is separated from its mother."

"816. βουλὴν καταῤῥῖψειεν. Two interpretations have been given to these words; *should form a desperate scheme*, Blomfield, Schneider, and others; and, *to overthrow the senate;* i. e. the council of elders, who may be supposed to have been invested with the powers of government during the absence of the king. This is the view of Schütz, Butler, Wellauer, and Klausen. The objection to the former is, that it requires a forced meaning to be assigned to καταῤῥῖπτειν, i. e. *to form rashly*, or *to push on desperately*, whereas its usual signification is *to cast down.* The objection to the latter is, that it is an abrupt and unprepared introduction of the council of Γέροντες, without the article τήν. May not the difficulty be removed by taking βουλήν in its usual sense of *counsel, deliberation?* Then καταῤῥῖπτειν βουλήν would be to do just what a mob is most likely to do, *to cast down counsel;* to reject authority and scorn deliberation." — *Felton*, pp. 143, 144.

"Blomfield's interpretation does *not* require a forced meaning to be assigned to καταρρίπτειν as any one may see who will take the trouble to look at his note on Theb. 1030. καταῤῥῖπτειν βουλὴν is *periclitari consilium*, the metaphor being taken from throwing dice." — *Knickerbocker*, p. 554.*

The note to Theb. 1030 does not touch the question, ex-

* In all these extracts, we have allowed the accents, breathings, &c., to stand precisely as they are placed, or rather misplaced, by Mr. Bristed. Accentuation is probably not taught in the university where he studied; he is almost as invariably wrong in this particular as a cockney is in pronouncing the aspirate.

cept to show, from Photius and Suidas, that *κίνδυνον ἀναῤῥίψαι* means, as every body knows, *to run a risk*, or *stand a hazard*. But Mr. Bristed's assertion, into which he was led by an inadvertence of Blomfield, of "the metaphor being taken from throwing dice," is wholly indefensible. The words used in this game are *βάλλειν*, *ῥίπτειν*, and *ἀναῤῥίπτειν*, but *never καταῤῥίπτειν*. The ancients played games of this sort in the same manner as modern gamblers "shake props," by casting them *up* into the air from the palm of the hand; hence the use of *ἀναῤῥίπτειν*. This is finely illustrated by a beautiful picture engraved in the *Antichità di Ercolano* (T. I. tav. 1), where the players are represented in the act. Until Mr. Bristed can show that *ἀνά* is the same as *κατά*, that *up* means *down*, he cannot prove what he so dogmatically asserts. The game of dice is often spoken of, both literally and metaphorically; the passages where *ἀναῤῥίπτειν* is used are innumerable, the other more general terms being less frequent. In the Anthology, we find *ῥίπτειν* qualified by *ὕπερθεν*, so as to be equivalent to *ἀναῤῥίπτειν*. Ignorance of these games of chance is perhaps commendable in so young a man as Mr. Bristed; but whenever he feels old enough to study them, as they were practised by the ancients, we recommend him to read the treatise of Bulengerus on the subject, in Gronovius, Vol. VII., and Julius Pollux, IX. 7.

"944–949. '*Τὸ . . . ἐπαείδων; but the mortal blood of a man which has once fallen before* [already] *on the ground, who can by incantation again recall?* — *Οὐδὲ . . . ἐνλαβεία. Nor with delay did Zeus stop him who knew aright to raise the dead*' [*! !*]

". . . . . In Klausen's first example, *ἐσώζετ' ἂν τὴν ἐνλάβειαν* may be *loosely* rendered *cunctabunda mansisset;* but it is not what a scholar would call an accurate version, nor has *ἐνλάβεια properly* any meaning but *caution* or *precaution*. And by no possible concatenation of circumstances can *ἐπὶ* have an instrumental force. *Ἐπ' ἐνλαβείᾳ is by way of precaution.* Cf. Aristoph, Vesp. 511. *ὀψωνεῖν ἐπὶ τυραννίδι. To buy fish with a view to* (establishing) *a tyranny*, where 'that eminent Hellenist,' (as Felton calls Mitchell,) has made one of his usual slips; and Lysist, 577–8, *τοὺς πιλοῦντας ἑαυτοὺς ἐπὶ τάις ἀρχαῖσι. Those who mat themselves together for the purpose of getting offices.* *Οὐδὲ* here means *else not*. All this is clear from the context, as we shall see on translating the whole passage. *The abundant gift of Zeus indeed, copious and from perennial furrows, is*

wont to dispel the affliction of hunger; but the dark blood of man that has once already fallen upon the earth in death, who can call up again by incantation? ELSE WOULD NOT ZEUS BY WAY OF PRECAUTION *have put a stop to him that knew aright how to bring back the dead.*" — p. 555.

We have omitted, at the beginning of the comment on this note, some of Mr. Bristed's usual flippant impertinence, which has nothing to do with the passage to be explained, and have retained only what is essential to show the meaning of his criticism. Now, as εὐλάβεια signifies *precaution*, *delay*, ἐπ' εὐλαβείᾳ may mean either *by way of precaution*, or *in the manner of delay*, — that is, *with delay* (*cunctanter*, as Klausen interprets it), *cautiously*, *hesitatingly*; and this latter rendering is the one adopted by Mr. Felton in the note. Mr. Bristed is so incredibly dull as to understand "*with* delay" to mean "*by* delay"; hence his emphatic declaration of the well-known fact, that "by no possible concatenation of circumstances can ἐπὶ have an *instrumental* force." Of course, it cannot; but it may often have the force of *with*, as in the phrase ἐπὶ δακρύοις, *with tears*, and a thousand others. As to Mr. Bristed's translation of the passage, it requires a different reading from that in the text; namely, that in Peile's edition, Ζεὺς ἂν ἔπαυσεν ἐπ' εὐλαβείᾳ; while the reading in Felton's edition is, Ζεὺς ἀνέπαυσεν ἐπ' εὐλαβείᾳ. This difference Mr. Bristed dishonestly or negligently fails to notice; that is, he first grossly misunderstands Mr. Felton's explanation, trying to make it appear that he is inaccurate in not giving the version that he actually has given; and then presents a translation of his own, founded on a different reading from that in the text.

Of a very obscure passage (950–954) Mr. Felton first gives at length the several explanations offered by Klausen, Peile, and Butler, and then adds: —

"I should translate it literally, *Did not fixed Fate hinder me from receiving fate more from the gods, my heart, anticipating my tongue, would be pouring out these things;* i. e. did not the established order of things hinder me, a common man, from knowing, any further than mere conjecture or suspicion goes, the hidden purposes of the gods, I should, &c., — if I could win from the gods some further knowledge of what my heart forebodes, indeed, but cannot predict for certain, &c.

"Since writing the above note, I find this view of the mean-

ing of the passage confirmed substantially by Hermann. He says that the sense of it, in brief, is, Since one cannot know what is appointed by the gods, I dare not speak out expressly my suspicion, that Clytemnestra is preparing to murder Agamemnon. See Blümner über die Idee des Schicksals, pp. 37, 38, n. 6."

In commenting upon this explanation, Mr. Bristed leaves out all after the passage in Italics ; that is, he stops short at the end of the *literal* version, which was hardly expected to be intelligible, and omits both the clear and full explanation of it which immediately succeeds, and the decisive confirmation of this rendering by the unimpeachable authority of Hermann. A more glaring instance of dishonesty and deceit it would be difficult to find in the writings of one who has any pretensions to scholarship or gentlemanly character. But let us see how he deals even with this garbled quotation.

" 'I should translate it literally, *Did not fixed Fate hinder me from receiving fate more from the gods, my heart, anticipating my tongue, would be pouring out these things.*'

" *Φερειν to receive!* The diametrically opposite sense of the word, which always has the idea of *bearing from one*, not *of taking to one.* *μοῖραν πλέον ἐκ θεῶν. Fate more from the Gods!* What Greek! what Greek!! This Professor will be the death of us!

" There is no reasonable doubt as to the general correctness of Peile's interpretation which is now usually received. Cf. Prom. 515, sqq."

" About *πλέον φέρειν* however, we have an idea of our own, viz., that it should be translated not *to lend assistance*, but *to prevail* (= *πλέον ἔχειν*) like *πλέονος φέρεσθαι* in Herodotus. Not being able to support this conjecture by any parallel passages we merely throw it out for what it is worth." — p. 556.

The remark on *φέρειν* shows how shallow are Mr. Bristed's ideas of the laws of language and the principles which regulate the expression of thought by words. The radical signification of *φέρειν* is *to bear*, — either by *carrying from* one, or by *bringing to* one, according to circumstances. One might safely say *a priori*, then, that it must sometimes mean *to receive.* Any lexicon will supply instances of this meaning, as in the phrase *μισθὸν φέρειν*, for *μισθοφορεῖν*, *to receive pay*, found in Aristophanes and Thucydides. Illustrations abound also in the tragic poets. We happen to remember two, and shall look no farther, as they are so clearly

to the point. In the Antigone (Woolsey's ed. 463, 464), the noble-hearted sister exclaims, —

ὅστις γὰρ ἐν πολλοῖσιν ὡς ἐγὼ κακοῖς
ζῇ, πῶς ὅδ' οὐχὶ κατθανὼν κέρδος φέρει;
For one who, like me, lives in many ills,
How does he not, by dying, receive *gain?*

And in the Electra (Woolsey's ed. 1485, 1486), —

τί γὰρ βροτῶν ἂν σὺν κακοῖς μεμιγμένων
θνήσκειν ὃ μέλλων τοῦ χρόνου κέρδος φέροι;

For of mortals involved in woes, what gain can that one who is going to die receive (or, as Mr. Woolsey translates, *derive*) *from delay?* And now, what can be said of Mr. Bristed's dogmatical assertion, that this word "ALWAYS has the idea of *bearing from one*," except that it shows his scholarship to be on a par with his manners and his honesty?

"979. '*Θυράιαν τηνδε, here at the door; τήνδε* the demonstrative is idiomatically used for the adverb *here.* The accusatives agree with *ἐμέ* understood, referring to Clytemnestra.'

"The slight objection to this construction is, that it leaves *πάρα* utterly unprovided for." — p. 556.

Mr. Bristed is so ignorant of the most common forms of expression among the Greek tragic writers, that he does not know that *πάρα* stands for *πάρεστι.* So frequent is this, that one can hardly read a page of one of them without encountering it. Thus, in the Antigone, 1179,

ὡς ὧδ' ἐχόντων τἄλλα βουλεύειν πάρα — i. e. *πάρεστι.*

And, three lines farther on,

ἤτοι κλύουσα παιδὸς ἢ τύχῃ πάρα — i. e. *πάρεστι.*

Of course, the construction proposed by Mr. Felton is, *οὗτοι σχολὴ πάρα* (i. e. *πάρεστι*) *ἐμοί, (ἐμὲ) τρίβειν τήνδε θυραίαν.* There is certainly another construction, though the one proposed by Mr. Bristed is quite forced, if not untenable. The choice lies between that of Mr. Felton and the following: — *οὗτοι σχολὴ ἐμοὶ τρίβειν παρὰ τήνδε θυραίαν, there is no leisure for me to waste time by this foreign woman.*

"1221. '*Ο δ' ὕστατος . . . πρεσβέυεται.*' Schneider says, '*Ο δ' ὕστατος τοῦ χρόνου,* for *ὁ δ' υστατος χρονος,*' i. e. *the longest* (latest) *delay is best.*'

"Bad Greek; it would be *τὸ ὕστατον τοῦ χρόνου.* The common interpretation is the correct one." — p. 557.

A more unlucky remark was never hazarded by one professing to be acquainted even with the elements of Greek. Schneider's explanation, on which Mr. Felton's version is founded, rests on one of the most frequent idioms in the language ; far from being bad Greek, it is particularly pure and idiomatic. Mr. Bristed may find the principle laid down in any school grammar ; for his instruction we quote from Kühner, § 264, R. 5, c. "The adjective is in the singular, and takes the gender of the substantive which it governs, instead of being in the neuter, e. g. *ἡ πολλὴ τῆς Πελοποννήσου* instead of *τὸ πολὺ τῆς Π.*" Among the words thus used, he enumerates "*πλεῖστος and other superlatives.*" Mr. Bristed's dogmatism is so shallow, that he might be corrected by any schoolboy. What intolerable presumption is it, then, on his part, to pronounce magisterially upon the meaning of difficult passages in Æschylus, and to overrule by a word the opinions of the most learned critics in England and Germany !

But it is tiresome and humiliating to continue this examination of an article, the writer of which has put himself out of the pale of literary courtesy, and below the notice of respectable scholars. Till Mr. Bristed has made full reparation for the gross offence he has committed, till he has atoned for the reproach he has brought upon the very profession of classical studies in this country by this lamentable exhibition of petulance, ignorance, and bad taste, he will not be able to gain even a hearing in the world of letters. This public rebuke may teach him a useful lesson ; let him digest it in silence, and try to remember for the future that modesty and ingenuousness are no less essential elements of the youthful scholar's reputation and success than zeal and industry. Till he has learned this fact, he had better return to the primary department of instruction, and become a pupil of the very men whose labors he now ignorantly presumes to criticize. Professor Felton has not deigned even to notice this indecent and unprovoked assault upon his good name, and his friends will imitate for the future this dignified reserve. His gentlemanly character, kind heart, and genial manners are as widely known and highly respected as his varied accomplishments and accurate scholarship. He can afford to despise the flippant and ignorant attack of an unmannerly boy. A repetition of Mr. Bristed's offence, or an attempt to justify or palliate it, will not be noticed in this

journal, and will probably be treated with contemptuous silence in every other quarter.

Thus far, it will be observed, we have sought only to expose the critic's blunders and impertinence, without saying a word of the merits of the work which has been the object of this outrageous assault. No scholar needs to be told of the extreme difficulty of editing and interpreting Æschylus in a satisfactory manner, owing to the corrupt state of the text, and to the lofty style, gigantic imagery, and abrupt and harsh transitions of this great poet. The Agamemnon is pronounced by F. A. Wolf to be the most difficult of all his plays ; and Salmasius speaks almost with despair of its obscurity, which he pronounces to be greater than that of the sacred books with all their orientalisms. A crowd of able scholars have labored upon the emendation of the text and the interpretation of the more difficult passages, but with only partial success ; for in many cases no two of them agree in opinion. They are driven either to desperate conjectures in correcting the text, or to rendering in accordance with the general sense of the connected passages. Of course, every variety of speculation and opinion occurs, and dogmatism is so singularly out of place, that any editor who manifests it may be pronounced at once to be unfitted for his undertaking ; he cannot understand the nature of his task.

Mr. Felton's object was to furnish only a manual edition for the use of colleges, instead of an elaborate and perfected one for scholars. This purpose is sufficiently evident from the dimensions of the volume, which is a thin duodecimo, though printed with large and handsome type. The annotations show abundant learning and acuteness, without a trace of pedantry or arrogance. The results of the labors of other scholars are very freely set forth, though the editor does not slavishly follow in their track, but often propounds with frankness and modesty the independent opinions and conjectures which he has formed, after a careful study of the text. The only criticism we have now to make relates to two trifling faults of manner ; the one is, that his exuberant humor sometimes overflows in passages where it is not quite in place ; the other, that the habit, formed by long practice in the recitation room, of confining the student to a very close and faithful version of the text, has sometimes misled Mr. Felton into giving a translation of a difficult passage which is *so*

literal as to be ambiguous and obscure, or to violate the idiomatic proprieties of our language. In most cases, it is true, this crooked and involved literal version, which follows the Greek idiom more than the English, is immediately succeeded by a free and perspicuous paraphrase which brings out the exact meaning with great distinctness. But it sometimes stands alone, where it hardly tends to clear up the learner's difficulties. We have seen what advantage may be taken of this light fault by an illiberal and dishonest critic, whose only object is to misrepresent and to wound.

It would be idle to expect that all the opinions and conjectures put forth in the execution of such a task would be received by scholars without comment or objection. Professor Felton was far from entertaining so arrogant an expectation ; he looked for criticism, and welcomed it when it appeared. A fair and discriminating notice of the work, written with great candor, learning, and ability, was published a few weeks since in " The Literary World " at New York ; it expressed difference of opinion on many points, but in a proper and courteous manner. Though ignorant even of the name of his critic, Mr. Felton immediately wrote to him, under cover to the editor, to express his thanks for the gentlemanly tone of the article and for the general commendation of the work, and his equal obligations for the criticisms he had made ; remarking, that although the points noted had of course been fully considered while the notes were in preparation, they should be revised again before the book passed to a second edition, and the animadversions of the critic should receive that respectful attention to which they were fully entitled. The letter was answered in the same spirit in which it had been written, and the foundations of friendly intercourse were thus probably laid between two accomplished scholars by circumstances which in other cases, operating on persons of less frankness and magnanimity of spirit, have too often caused alienation or personal hostility. We are taking an unwarrantable freedom, perhaps, in lifting the veil from this incident of private life ; but the temptation was irresistible to lay before our readers so agreeable a specimen of the amenities of literature in strong contrast with the scandalous conduct which it has been our duty in this article to expose.

Art. X. — CRITICAL NOTICES.

1. — 1. *Gesenius's Hebrew Grammar, Fourteenth Edition, as revised by* Dr. E. Rödiger. Translated by T. J. Conant, Professor of Hebrew in Madison University. *With the Modifications of the Editions subsequent to the Eleventh,* by Dr. Davies, of Stepney College, London. *To which are added a Course of Exercises in Hebrew Grammar and a Hebrew Chrestomathy,* prepared by the Translator. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1846. 8vo. pp. 320 and 60.

2. *Hebrew Grammar of Gesenius, as edited by Rödiger, translated, with Additions, and also a Hebrew Chrestomathy.* By M. Stuart, Professor of Sacred Literature, Theological Seminary, Andover. Andover: Allen, Morrill, & Wardwell. 1846. 8vo. pp. 360.

3. *Defence of the Hebrew Grammar of Gesenius against Professor Stuart's Translation.* By the original Translator. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1847. 8vo. pp. 53.

Professor Stuart is, by universal consent, entitled to the honor of having taken the lead in Biblical studies and Hebrew scholarship in the United States. It is owing to him more than to any other man that the language and literature of the Old Testament are now studied among us with zeal and earnestness, and that all the means and appliances of philological literature, embracing both the examination of the Hebrew language itself and the comparison of it with other kindred dialects, have been brought to bear upon the illustration of the Jewish Scriptures. His ardent love of learning, the contagious enthusiasm of his nature, his eloquence, and his indefatigable industry have acted with electrical effect upon this department of theological learning all over our country. In the lecture room and through the press, by conversation and correspondence, in youth, in middle life, and now in revered old age, a Nestor of sacred scholarship, he has been the Coryphæus and the soul of Hebrew studies; he has formed the minds of an army of scholars, who have changed the whole aspect of these studies in the United States.

It is not unnatural that a mind of rapid and intuitive glance like his, more inclined to press forward than to linger over and make sure of acquirements already achieved, should occasionally fall into errors, where minute and patient labor is necessary for accuracy. We think we have noticed this trait often in Pro-

fessor Stuart's writings; and though this must diminish the value of his labors, if considered in the light of authoritative results from elaborate researches, it does not detract from his merit as an ardent and eloquent advocate of liberal and comprehensive learning.

Mr. Stuart's writings in Hebrew grammar and criticism have been of vast importance to sacred studies in the United States, and their influence has extended to those studies in England. The circulation of numerous editions of his Hebrew Grammar has attested the opinion universally entertained of its superiority over any work of the kind which had preceded it. Mr. Stuart has done much towards opening to the theological student the treasures of German erudition, and his example has been ably carried out by that most accurate and faithful scholar, Dr. Robinson. But it would be superfluous to enumerate the manifold directions in which Mr. Stuart's influence has exerted itself and has produced abundant fruits.

Among the recent cultivators of Hebrew philology, no one has been more successful than Mr. Conant, Professor of Hebrew in Madison University. In the year 1839, this gentleman published a translation from the German of the eleventh edition of Gesenius's Hebrew Grammar. Gesenius stood undoubtedly at the head of the Hebrew scholars on the continent of Europe, if not in the world; and Mr. Conant proved a worthy interpreter. This translation was distinguished by clearness, elegance, and accuracy; and its excellence was at once appreciated by the learned world. The work was immediately reprinted in London. In Germany, edition after edition of the grammar was called for, each receiving some improvements upon its predecessor. The fourteenth edition was published after the death of Gesenius, by Dr. E. Rödiger, his friend and pupil. A work purporting to be a translation of this edition, by Professor Davies, of Stepney College, London, appeared in England. The translator, in his preface, acknowledged "very valuable aid received from Professor Conant's excellent translation of the eleventh edition." Upon examination, it was found that the "important aid" consisted in taking word for word Mr. Conant's translation "(with here and there a change too trivial to be noticed except for its infelicity), including corrections and additions silently made from Gesenius's other works, and notes bearing the mark of the translator."

The American republication of this work having been advertised, the publishers made a compromise, as they were bound to do, when convinced of the true state of the case, with Mr. Conant, who had been the first to introduce Gesenius's grammar to

the English reader, and the new American edition bears very properly upon its title-page the name of Professor Conant, with an acknowledgment of the contributions of Professor Davies.

To make the conflicting claims of literary rights still more complicated in this grammatical *mêlée*, Professor Stuart, being invited by his publishers to prepare a new edition of his own Hebrew Grammar, the sixth edition of which had been exhausted, and finding that the remodelling of it would cost about as much labor as to translate Rödiger's edition of Gesenius, finally determined upon the latter course; and, accordingly, his version of the work in question, with his modifications and additions, came out from the Andover press last year. And between the two Dromios, Hebrew students have been at a stand-still which to choose.

How the matter was dealt with between the parties interested we are not precisely informed. Mr. Conant's having translated the eleventh edition of Gesenius is evidently no legal bar to another gentleman's translating the fourteenth; but we should suppose a liberal literary courtesy would have left the task to Professor Conant, if he chose to assume it, especially as he had shown himself so competent to its performance. But for some reason or other, this course was not taken, nor do we feel called upon to pass any further judgment upon the proceeding. Since the publication of Mr. Stuart's translation, Mr. Conant has printed a pamphlet of fifty-three pages, in which he exposes Mr. Stuart's errors with a considerable degree of minuteness. The Andover professor can find no ground of complaint in this. The charges are clearly and strongly put, and supported by the incontrovertible evidence of the original mistranslated passages. We have examined them carefully, and must say that the errors of Mr. Stuart are such that honest criticism could not pass them by. They materially diminish the value of his work, and show indisputably that he ought to give it a careful and thorough revision; otherwise, the rival translation, which has the highest excellence of which such a work is susceptible, will altogether supersede it. Professor Conant indulges occasionally in a tone of bitterness which we regret. Personalities, innuendoes, and broad charges of ignorance or unfairness seldom help the critic's cause, and Mr. Conant's ground was firm enough without them. We suppose Mr. Stuart, in the pressure of other duties, and under the burden of ill health (it is wonderful how much labor he has accomplished, though an invalid for many years), hurried through his task with such rapidity, that these numerous mistakes wholly escaped him; if he had paused upon his steps long enough to look about him, he would inevitably have detected and corrected them; but failing to do so, he pays the penalty of haste (it is haste

alone) in having his inaccuracies exposed by a skilful and accomplished rival.

This is not the place or time to discuss the merits of Gesenius. They are acknowledged wherever the voice of sacred learning is heard. Our only object has been to state the case fairly as it stands between Mr. Stuart and Mr. Conant, both of whom have deserved so well in the common cause of Hebrew scholarship.

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2. — *The Statesman's Manual: the Addresses and Messages of the Presidents of the United States, Inaugural, Annual, and Special, from* 1789 *to* 1846; *with a Memoir of each of the Presidents, and a History of their Administrations.* Compiled from Official Sources, by Edwin Williams. New York: Edward Walker. 1846. 2 vols. 8vo. pp. 1627.

These two ponderous volumes are enough to make an American look with envy on the conciseness of such speeches as Queen Victoria and Louis Philippe are wont to deliver, at the opening of a session, to the legislatures of their respective countries. These royal addresses, it is true, are very unmeaning, language being used in them chiefly with a view to conceal the thought. But in a very few minutes the reader of one can convince himself that it means nothing, while, in the case of a president's message, he is obliged to wade for hours through long columns of languid and verbose disquisition in order to arrive at precisely the same conclusion. We cannot see what right a person has, simply because he has been chosen President of the United States, to inflict so much of his tediousness upon the public. It is a very ungrateful return for the kindness shown to him by his suffering constituents. The evil appears quite a serious one, whether we look to the comfort of the present generation, or to the interests of posterity. What is the future historian to do, if he is expected to ransack such loads of rubbish before he can pronounce sentence on the character and conduct of any administration? He will be swamped in his labors by the apparent abundance, but real poverty, of his materials. And the prospect before him becomes still more terrible, when he considers that the length of these formidable documents has been constantly increasing ever since the formation of our government. All the messages and addresses of Washington, during the eight years

of his administration, occupy less than fifty pages of this compilation; those of Jefferson fill seventy; the loquacity of Mr. Munroe extends to a hundred and fifty; and that of General Jackson to two hundred and sixty-six. President Tyler brings up the rear, and if he had been allowed to finish as he began, three hundred and twenty pages would not have sufficed for him. Luckily, the patience of a much abused people gave way, and his administration was cut short at the end of a single term, when he had written much more in four years than the first three presidents united had done in twenty. We advise Congress to pass a formal declaration at their next session, that the garrulity of our presidents has increased, is increasing, and ought to be diminished.

It is absurd to call this ponderous compilation The Statesman's *Manual;* but its heaviness is not the editor's fault. His own portion of the work is executed with considerable labor and care, though his biographical sketches of the presidents and his memoirs of their administrations might have been compressed to advantage into one half the space they now occupy. The tabular and statistical information at the end of the second volume has been borrowed almost exclusively from the American Almanac, a work which has furnished nearly all the original matter of this sort, relating to the United States, that has been published for nearly twenty years, and which has therefore been mercilessly pillaged by the bookmakers. But Mr. Williams, for the most part, makes acknowledgment of his obligations, and is therefore not to be ranked with the unblushing booksellers' hacks, who have made piracy the common law of literature on both sides of the Atlantic. His volumes, on the whole, are quite convenient for reference, and in a country where every man, woman, and child is a politician, they can hardly fail of meeting a ready sale. No one in his senses would think of reading them through, but they may often be consulted to advantage by those who would watch the present course of political events with some reference to the recorded principles and professions of the past. It is no small recommendation of them for such use, that they are printed on good paper with fair and legible type.

3. — *Elementary Course of Natural History, being an Introduction to Zoölogy, intended for the College and the Parlour. Elements of Ornithology.* By Charles Brooks. Boston: James Munroe & Co. 1847. 12mo. pp. 324.

Of all the branches of natural history, if botany is the most fascinating to be studied from the great volume of nature in the open field, ornithology is the most interesting to be learned from books. We have serious doubts, indeed, whether it be lawful to pursue the latter study in any other way than on the printed page, or by observations so imperfect as the timorous habits and swift flight of the winged denizens of the air will permit. To kill them, or even to disturb their nests, for the mere purpose of scientific investigation, should be declared felony without benefit of clergy. The ancient epicures, who feasted on nightingales and larks, ought to have been baked in their own ovens; and the modern *gourmands*, whose eyes twinkle at the mention of snipes and woodcocks, should be sent unarmed to spend a few weeks among the cannibals of the Feejee islands. Possibly they might gain some new ideas there about the pleasure of being caught, roasted, and eaten. True, such a book as the one before us could never have been written without the sacrifice of life or liberty by some of the feathered tenants of our groves and fields. But the work once done needs not to be repeated, and no truant schoolboy or idle undergraduate should be allowed to ramble about with a fowling-piece on his shoulder, under pretence of emulating the labors of a Wilson or an Audubon. To shoot a robin or a woodpecker ought to be ranked among high crimes and misdemeanours, or to be visited by a punishment no less ignoble than a liberal application of the birch. The sight of its flutterings on the ground, and of its pretty plumage all dabbled in blood, would bring sharp twinges of conscience to any one less obtuse than some blockhead of an English nobleman or country squire, who boasts of *bagging* a hundred brace of pheasants in a day.

We are quite incompetent to pronounce an opinion upon the scientific merits of Mr. Brooks's volume. He seems rather to have selected his materials from books, than to have gathered them from observations in the country; but according to the principle just laid down, this is a merit instead of a fault. The general design of the book, and the spirit in which it is executed, are deserving of all praise. The author's purpose has been to point out the bearings of the subject upon the great truths of religion, and to turn the warblings of the birds, in the ear of every

human listener, into a song of praise to their great Creator. He has endeavoured, also, to unite an interesting collection of facts respecting the appearance and habits of birds with so much detail of the scientific principles of ornithology, as to form a convenient text-book for commencing the study of zoölogy in our colleges and common schools. The kindness of M. Milne Edwards having placed at his disposal complete copies of the plates on which the illustrations of this distinguished naturalist's great work on the same subject were engraved, Mr. Brooks's volume is more richly and beautifully illustrated than is often the case with books designed for use only as manuals of instruction; and as it is offered at quite a moderate price, it comes within the reach of most pupils, and is well adapted to inspire them with a taste for the study of natural history. It has some faults of method and style, but these are balanced by much liveliness and perspicuity of language, so that it affords very attractive reading. The modest tone of the preface, with the sincerity of feeling and purity of sentiment that are manifested throughout the book, deserves warm commendation. More labor has evidently been given to it than is often bestowed on the compilation of text-books, and we hope that the writer's diligence and excellent intentions may be kindly appreciated by the public.

NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

Over Population and its Remedy; or an Inquiry into the Extent and Causes of the Distress prevailing among the Laboring Classes of the British Islands, and into the Means of remedying it. By William Thomas Thornton. London: Longmans. 1846. 8vo. pp. 446.

A Greek Grammar, for the Use of Schools and Colleges. By E. A. Sophocles, A. M. A new Edition. Hartford: H. Huntington. 1847. 12mo. pp. 324.

Poems, by George H. Calvert. Boston: W. D. Ticknor & Co. 1847. 16mo. pp. 125.

The History of Sunday Schools, and of Religious Education, from the Earliest Times. By Lewis G. Pray. Boston: Crosby & Nichols. 1847. 16mo. pp. 262.

Morning and Evening Meditations, for every Day in a Month. Boston: Crosby & Nichols. 1847. 16mo. pp. 294.

A Manual of the Principles and Practice of Road-making, comprising the Location, Instruction, and Improvement of Roads (Common, Macadam, Paved, Plank, etc.) and Railroads. By W. Gillespie, A. M., C. E., Professor of Civil Engineering in Union College. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co. 1847. 8vo. pp. 336.

Free Thoughts on Protestant Matters. By the Rev. T. D. Gregg, M. A. Second Edition. Dublin: W. Curry & Co. 1847. 12mo. pp. 452.

Life and Correspondence of Joseph Reed, Military Secretary of Washington at Cambridge, Adjutant-General of the Continental Army, Member of the Congress of the United States, and President of the Executive Council of the State of Pennsylvania. By his Grandson, William B. Reed. Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blakiston. 1847. 2 vols. 8vo.

The Evidence of the Genuineness of the Gospels. By Andrews Norton. Volume I. Second Edition. Cambridge: John Owen. 1846. 8vo. pp. 261 and cclxxvii. Additions made in the Second Edition of the First Volume of Norton's Evidences, printed separately. Cambridge: John Owen. 1846. 8vo. pp. 52.

Literary Studies, a Collection of Miscellaneous Essays. By W. A. Jones. Vol. I. New York: Edward Walker. 1847. 12mo. pp. 160.

The Massachusetts State Record and Year Book of General Information for 1847. Boston: James French. 1847. 12mo. pp. 280.

A Blind Man's Offering. By B. B. Bowen. Boston: Published by the Author. 1847. 12mo. pp. 432.

Fifteenth Annual Report of the Trustees of the Perkins Institution

and Massachusetts Asylum for the Blind to the Corporation. Cambridge: Metcalf & Co. 1847. 8vo. pp. 55.

Valedictory Address to the Graduates of Geneva Medical College, January 26, 1847. By Charles Alfred Lee, A. M., M. D., Professor of General Pathology. New York: S. W. Benedict. 1847. 8vo. pp. 23.

Ægri Somnia, Recreations of a Sick Room; and Vacant Hours, a Sequel to Recreations of a Sick Room. By Ezekiel Bacon. Utica. 1845. 16mo. pp. 107 and 61.

Four Essays Reprinted: The Science of Political Economy, Political Economy and Industry and their Relations, Impolicy of Protective Duties, and The Position of the Friends of the High Tariff examined. Philadelphia: King & Baird. 1847. 8vo. pp. 47.

A Sermon of the Dangerous Classes in Society, preached at the Melodeon, January 31. By Theodore Parker, Minister of the 28th Congregational Church in Boston. Boston: C. & J. M. Spear. 1847. 8vo. pp. 48.

The American Drawing Book, a Manual for the Amateur, and a Basis of Study for the Professional Artist, especially adapted to the Use of Public and Private Schools, as well as Home Instruction. By J. G. Chapman, N. A. New York: J. S. Redfield. 1847. 4to.

Drawing Copy Book, accessory to Chapman's American Drawing Book. No. I. Primary and Elementary. New York: J. S. Redfield. 1847. 4to.

White Slavery in the Barbary States: a Lecture before the Boston Mercantile Library Association, February 17th, 1847. By Charles Sumner. Boston: W. D. Ticknor & Co. 1847. 8vo. pp. 60.

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

No. CXXXVII.

OCTOBER, 1847.

ART. I. — 1. *The Reformers before the Reformation. The Fifteenth Century. John Huss and the Council of Constance.* By ÉMILE DE BONNECHOSE. Translated from the French, by CAMPBELL MACKENZIE, B. A. Edinburgh: William Whyte & Co. 1844. 2 vols. 8vo.

2. *Letters of John Huss, written during his Exile and Imprisonment, with Martin Luther's Preface, and a General View of the Works of Huss.* By ÉMILE DE BONNECHOSE. Translated by CAMPBELL MACKENZIE, B. A. Edinburgh: William Whyte & Co. 1846. 8vo.

3. *Johann Hussens Leben. Ein Lesebuch für den Bürger.* Leipzig. 1804.

THE causes of every great revolution in politics or religion are easily stated in general terms. But when an inquirer goes farther, and seeks to measure the exact proportions of the several elements, he undertakes a very difficult, if not an idle, task. We can no more calculate, for instance, a ratio between the positive and negative forces which produced the Reformation, or cast to a fraction the balance between the abuses of the church and the character of Luther, than we can settle the point of precedence between a pestle and a mortar, or determine the comparative ability of a sharp sword and a stout arm to inflict a severe wound. The difficulty is hardly lessened when we confine ourselves to one of these forces, that is, to the character of Luther. Here, too, a question at once arises, how far his opinions

were original, and how far derived from the "Reformers before the Reformation." That he was in some degree their debtor, consciously or unconsciously, cannot be denied; but we can never know the precise amount of the obligation. Every one borrows, steals, contracts, or inhales a large part of his opinions; but that man must be well versed indeed in the genealogy and chronology of his own ideas, who can detect the origin of those which he has held so long that they fearlessly strut about in the old clothes of instinct. If he cannot do this in his own case, how can he expect to succeed better with his neighbours, and above all, with historical characters, for his information about whom he is largely beholden to ignorant and prejudiced witnesses; unless, indeed, he resorts to that universal solvent of intractable facts, an historical theory? He may take refuge, for instance, in a peculiar metempsychosis, and make every great mind the product of a fortuitous concourse of individual attributes, which, once set free from their original combinations, wander about seeking new affinities, and at length become consolidated into new natures. When, for instance, in the course of human events, the world became ripe for a reformer, certain vagrant atoms, it seems, of Wycliffe, and Huss, and Savonarola, and Wessel might be spiritually discerned on St. Martin's day, wending their way to Eisleben, to the low-roofed house of Hans and Gretha Luther, to become the constituents of a new-born babe. If, however, our inquirer sees more in greatness than a form of colonization, he may adopt the theory of development which teaches that some of Nature's journeymen made the pre-Lutheran Reformers, or at best that Nature herself tried her 'prentice hand on them, and, only after producing a series of gradually improving results, sent Luther at last full-grown into the world.

We do not mean, in these remarks, to deny the possibility of tracing in each attempt at a reformation some effects of previous efforts. No one can doubt that Huss was a disciple, though not a slavish one, of Wycliffe, or that the condition of society and letters at the beginning of the sixteenth century had been in some measure prepared by successive insurrections against the church of Rome. But we contend, that in such inquiries we soon reach the limits of certainty. So imperfect are all historical notices of the

habits of thought and action among the common people two or three centuries ago, that it is almost vain to hope for any clear perception of them. So uncertain, too, must the transmission of thought from one mind to another always be, that we can never confidently assert of a great man how far he was an effect, and where he began to be an independent cause.

These reflections, as it seems to us, point to the true place and value in history of the early projects of reform, and consequently of the various crises which the Roman church experienced before the Reformation. Without insisting on them as so many causes, productive of other similar movements or periods, they are best treated as parallel effects, attributable to common or cognate forces, and therefore strongly illustrative of each other. Instead of being regarded as fires caught from one another, they are more justly compared to the eruptions of a group of volcanoes, like Etna, Stromboli, and Vesuvius, which do not, at least so far as we know, cause each other, but yet point to a common source.

Of these remote struggles, none is more interesting than the Hussite movement; and of the crises of the church, none was more vital than that of the great Schism of the West, which began only five years after the birth of Huss, and could not be extinguished without his martyrdom. The life of Huss, therefore, and the history of the Schism are intimately connected with each other. The former, though short in its duration, and spent for the most part in the remote kingdom of Bohemia, is important and interesting both in a biographical and historical point of view. Though from him we have few stout, blunt speeches, such as Luther has bequeathed, and though no kind hand has gathered up the table-talk of a man who, not having dared to become a husband and a father, never had a domestic board, yet enough has been gleaned from the past to rescue his name from the oblivion which has nearly overtaken many other forerunners of the great Reformer. His cruel death is, of itself, a lasting title to remembrance and sympathy. Unsatisfactory as our sources of information in reference to Huss are, in too many respects, his history is far more attractive than that of his great teacher, Wycliffe, whose biography is so barren of personal incidents, that one often longs for a drop of human nature to mix with the dust of theology.

Before entering on our proper subject, the life of Huss, it

is necessary, in order to have a clear understanding of his character, position, and fate, to take a brief survey of the state of Europe during the continuance of the Schism.

The "Babylonish captivity" of the popes at Avignon, having endured a little longer than its prototype, was terminated at length in 1377 by the return of Gregory II. to the Eternal City. At his death, which happened in the next year, the first choice of the cardinals fell on an Italian, the Archbishop of Bari, who assumed the title of Urban VI. But the imprudence and imperiousness of the new pontiff, whose head seems to have been turned by this elevation, threw every thing into confusion. Instead of applying gentle remedies, which were all that the enfeebled church could bear, and which might have gradually and soothingly repressed its abuses, he assumed an arbitrary and menacing tone, and treated the corrupt practices of his cardinals as if wrong had not become right by immemorial prescription, and primitive purity had not long ago passed out of remembrance. He even went so far as to provoke one of the College to reply to him, with Pickwickian discrimination, — "As Archbishop of Bari, thou hast lied." This intemperate demeanour, aggravated as it was by a pointed neglect of the wishes of the cardinals in important cases, entirely alienated from him the French faction in the College. Taking advantage of certain marks of compulsion, which had attended the election of Urban, they made them the pretext for withdrawing from Rome and declaring the election void. In order, however, to raise one of their own number to the chair, it was advisable to secure the coöperation of the three Italian cardinals. The trick by which this was accomplished would have done honor to Scapin himself. The three were each separately assured of receiving the votes of their French brethren, as the reward of compliance. They all took the bait, and by their presence in the conclave gave their sanction to the choice of Clement VII., before known as the Cardinal of Geneva. We are not informed of the precise character of the ejaculations in which the cheated prelates indulged; but we can fancy that they were not altogether canonical.

After a short residence in Italy, Clement found it convenient to retire to Avignon, which thus became again the seat of a papal, though a schismatic court, composed of the cardinals of his *obedience*, as it was called. Urban, on the

other hand, not to be without his court, nominated between twenty and thirty new cardinals ; an example which Clement followed by raising the number of his to thirty-six. Thus commenced in trickery and insult the great Schism of the West, which, under these popes and their successors, continued for forty years to disgrace, distract, and scandalize all Europe.*

In this chaotic interval, in which tragic, comic, and farcical elements are mingled in discord so capricious as almost to defy history, it is not difficult to imagine what woes the church must have suffered. The Christian world was humiliated by the unedifying spectacle of its rival heads, each regarding the other as an intruder and schismatic, and bent only on devising means to crush or depose him. While there had been but a single pope, it was his interest and that of his court to throw as thick a veil over their venality and luxury as a liberal culture of those indispensable graces would allow. But now it became a capital point in the policy of each of the rivals to decry the title and blacken the fame of the other. Epithets were bandied to and fro between these spiritual fathers, which, if believed, could not raise the general estimation of their virtue ; and if not believed, would afford an equally unfavorable criterion of their temper and taste. Besides, the mere existence of such a quarrel was a constant source of grief to all well-disposed Christians, some of whom, in the hope of a remedy for the disease, were led to probe old wounds, which, for the peace of the papacy, ought to have been left to fester in the dark. The extinction of the Schism and the reformation of the clergy were prayed for in the same breath, and the undeniable corruption of the head emboldened many to attack the disorders of the members. It was an ill omen for the papacy, that the loudest cry of remonstrance against simony, extortion, and lewdness rose from the midst of the church itself. The terrible philippic of Clemangis against the corruption of the clergy lost nothing of its significance from the

* The Roman popes between the commencement of the Schism and the Council of Pisa were Urban VI., Boniface IX., Innocent VII., and Gregory XII. Those at Avignon during the same period were Clement VII. and Benedict XIII. The Schism continued till the Council of Constance, under Gregory, Benedict, and the two successive popes who derived their authority from the Council of Pisa.

fact, that its author was himself a priest, and had sat on the right hand of the sovereign pontiff. This outcry against ecclesiastical abuses was soon naturally associated with the doctrine, that the church universal (and of course an œcumenical council) being the constituent body, was superior to its visible head and representative, the Bishop of Rome; for in the assertion of this doctrine many good and true servants of the church, such as Gerson, "the most Christian doctor," and D'Ailly, "the hammer of heretics," thought they saw the only means of extinguishing the Schism behind which these abuses found shelter. That "Peter's chair," to quote old Fuller, was not thus "broken, betwixt two sitting down at once," is a most striking proof of the wisdom and cunning of the persevering policy which had so deeply rooted the institutions of the Romish church in every region of Western Europe. Nothing less substantial than this could have enabled it to stagger on under its portentous corruption, its organized system of tyrannical exaction, its despicable traffic in the terms of salvation, and the eternal shuffling, doubling, and perjury of its rival pretenders to infallibility.

But this was not all. The wrangling popes were not content to ply the engines of their spiritual armory, but the carnal aid of earthly princes was called in. These potentates, made wise in their generation by the great mother of invention, were adroit enough to turn the rent in the church to the advantage of their private quarrels; and the popes, on their part, to one or both of whom the union of the discordant powers of Europe might be a death-warrant, were not unwilling to lend their ecclesiastical influence to their respective supporters. Thus, for instance, there were at this time two pretenders to the throne of Naples; each had his pope to back him. France and Scotland, also, during a part of this period, were hostile to England; and, accordingly, while England recognized the Roman pope, her neighbours were stanch adherents of him of Avignon. In this manner, strife engendered strife, and malice propagated malice, until Europe seemed ready to sink into anarchy and ruin.

To make the Iliad of woes complete, the close of the fourteenth century was marked by an almost incredible dearth of great men in the church, the state, and the field. From 1380 to 1422, the throne of France was held by that shadow of royalty, the imbecile and unfortunate Charles VI., who had

just enough of reason to save him from a madhouse, and more than enough of madness to make him the tool, and his kingdom the prey, of contending factions. Twenty-two years of English history in this century fall to the reign of Richard II., another king of shreds and patches, who shares in British annals the palm of weakness with the second Edward. The first year of the Schism witnessed the accession of a new emperor, and Wenceslaus, *semper Augustus*, and, it might have been added, *semper vino ambustus*, took into his tremulous hand the sceptre of Charlemagne. Italy was, what it had been, the scene of sanguinary wars, the cock-pit of ferocious tyrants. An interview which took place about the beginning of the fifteenth century between Charles and Wenceslaus, with the professed design of taking measures to terminate the Schism, if it is truly reported, is enough to make the reader groan for the miseries of their unhappy states. They met at Rheims. The first day, Wenceslaus was too drunk to attend to business; the next, Charles had a fit of insanity, and the conference was broken up. The few great names of these melancholy years are those of Wycliffe, Gerson, and Henry of Lancaster, afterwards King Henry IV. The opening of a new century, however, brought the great Bohemian reformer upon the stage.

John Huss was indebted for his surname to his native village of Hussinetz, in the southwestern corner of Bohemia. Borrowing of this sort was not uncommon among the scholars of that day; and surely the insignificant parishes and hamlets which have thus achieved greatness have no right to complain of the free use made of their names. The word *Huss*, indeed, has other claims to notice, inasmuch as it is the *alias* by which the classic bird that saved the Roman capitol is known in Bohemia; — a pun-provoking coincidence, which was deemed not unworthy to exercise the wit of the Reformer and his contemporaries.*

The memorials which have come down to us of the early life of John Huss are such only as could be gathered from the short and simple annals of the poor. He is said to have been born on the 6th of July, 1373. We have his own

* By giving the proper harshness to the initial aspirate, and sounding the vowel in the German manner, we obtain a very near approximation to the Saxon *goose*.

testimony to the lowly calling and narrow circumstances of his father. The child of poverty might have gone the way of the "village Hampdens," had it not been for the fortunate vicinity of a monastery, to which he used to repair, and where his good-nature and intelligence early gained the favor of the monks. By their advice, his poor mother, who was left a widow in the childhood of her son, was persuaded to make an effort to bring him up to the church, — the chief refuge of low-born merit in those days. But without the assistance of Nicholas of Hussinetz, the feudal lord of the village, she could not have effected her purpose ; for so extreme was her poverty, that she had not wherewithal to clothe the child decently. By the aid of this benevolent nobleman, who undertook the present charge of the lad, Huss was enabled to prosecute his studies, first at Hussinetz, and afterwards at a school of some note in Prachalitz, the shire town of the province. Here he acquitted himself with great credit, and when he returned to his overjoyed mother, laden with the proofs of his success, he declared his determination to enter the University at Prague. The great stumbling-block was his exceeding poverty ; but Huss was used to that, and the hope of fame had already outgrown the fear of want. His mother gave her assent to the plan ; and when the day of her son's departure arrived, and the brief preparations of the poor had been completed, she set out with him, for she would not let him go alone, for the capital. It is related, that an ominous accident befell the worthy dame in this journey. She had taken a cake, which she had baked on purpose, and a live goose, for a present to the future teachers of her son. One of these widow's mites, not so green as some of its kind, and smitten with a provident dread of an academical appetite, took to its wings, and went to seek another fortune. No one seems, however, to have suffered any calamity in consequence, except the professor for whose especial edification the truant had been intended.

Thus, at the age of sixteen, was Huss left at Prague to learn that first lesson in a university education, the necessity of self-dependence. There was much to dismay a poor and almost friendless boy, thrown among thousands of fellow-students, and forced to fight his way against fearful odds. The University was now in its glory. It was the oldest in Germany, and had just closed the first half-century of a pros-

perous career, which had placed it at the head of the literary institutions of central Europe. Its high repute is attested, not only by the vast number of its students, but by their division into four nations, the Bohemian, Bavarian, Saxon, and Polish. Some jealousy naturally existed between the native students and those of the other three nations, which in time, as we shall see, ripened into an implacable feud, and followed Huss even to the stake. The young Bohemian had a right to expect the applause and sympathy of his countrymen, and, in nearly the same proportion, the indifference or suspicion of their rivals.

Of his college life only very scanty notices have been preserved. He is said, indeed, though on doubtful authority, to have helped himself along by accepting the post of *famulus* to a professor, a laborious place, but not unacceptable, as it gavé him access to the greatest of all luxuries to a poor student, a library. He read, we are told, with the greatest delight, the lives of the martyrs, and on one occasion became so absorbed in the history of St. Laurence of gridiron memory, that he started up and thrust his hand into the fire, to try if he could bear pain as well ; and when a friend drew him back, exclaimed, — "It was only to imitate the man in the book." On this incident an historian slily remarks, that he did well to prepare himself for the fire, as the sequel proved. We find nothing to add, except an unconscious testimony to the innocence of his youth, which is preserved in a letter, written by him just before his departure for Constance, which was not to be opened till after his death. In this epistle he thus confesses the sins of his youth : — "Know, alas ! that before receiving the priesthood, I lost much time in playing at chess, and through this game often suffered myself to be provoked, as well as provoked others, to anger. I recommend myself to thy prayers before God, for this sin and for my other innumerable transgressions."

Huss took the degree of Bachelor of Arts in 1393, of Bachelor of Divinity in 1394, of Master of Arts in 1396 ; and in 1401 he appears as Dean of the Faculty of Theology. In 1400 he was appointed preacher at the University Chapel of Bethlehem, a church recently built and endowed by two liberal Bohemians, for the preaching of the gospel in their native tongue. For an ardent and honest man, burning with zeal in the cause of Christ and filled with all boldness to de-

clare his word, this was an enviable position. He taught the poor in their own language, and, while he thus bore out the mission of the gospel, discharged a pious debt to that poverty which had been his own hardy nurse. But Huss was no respecter of persons. He had a word for the rich, too, and by the plainness of his discourses soon gave offence to two men of consequence, whose shoes began to pinch them. They posted off to the archbishop to get satisfaction. But the time had not yet come to muzzle the intrepid preacher. He had not yet trod on the toes of the clergy; and the excellent primate dismissed the fuming gentlemen with the remark, that Huss had only done his duty. Before long, however, the young priest began to take unseemly liberties with his own order, and to denounce the lives of men who were never guilty of forgetting one essential of their sacred office, namely, its privileges, and whose conduct was a consistent illustration of the evangelical maxim, that no man could serve God and Mammon. The purity of his life, the austere simplicity of his manners, to which his unwilling enemies have been forced to bear witness,* and the popular position which he occupied authorized and impelled him to take this step. The clergy now perceived that he had done more than his duty, and appealed to King Wenceslaus for an injunction of silence on the meddling babbler. That easy prince, too indolent to interfere with a party quarrel, and not over-anxious to lavish his royal graces on a fat and restive priesthood, coolly replied, that "they must be content to take what they were so ready to give." What was sauce for the goose was sauce for the gander; so they gained nothing by their motion.

In this affair, Huss was probably supported by a power behind the throne. He had held for some time the office of confessor to Sophia, the second queen of Wenceslaus; a place which a less courageous man might have hesitated to accept; for one of his predecessors in that station, the sainted John of Nepomuk had, about ten years before, paid

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* "Huss," says the Jesuit Balbinus, "was always esteemed to be a man of greater acuteness than eloquence; but the modesty and severity of his manners, his austere and blameless life, his pale and melancholy face, his gentleness and affability to all, even to the meanest persons, were more persuasive than the eloquence of speech."

a very dear price for his fidelity to his royal mistress, the first wife of Wenceslaus. This king, though not without good qualities, could play, on occasion, the tyrant, the libertine, or the sot, — a triad of characters admirably suited to sustain and enforce each other. His unhappy spouse, who had some reason to be offended with him in at least one of these capacities, weary of expostulating with her crapulous lord, and true to the instinct of her sex, poured her sorrows into the ear of her unlucky confessor. The king insisted that the priest should betray the confidence of the queen. But neither promises, threats, nor tortures could shake his constant mind; and the exasperated tyrant had him bound hand and foot, and cast into the Moldau. The indignant river refused to hide the murderous deed, and for three days left its channel dry. The martyr was beatified and canonized in due time, and has become one of the notabilities of Bohemia; as travellers in that country can testify, who begin with admiring his history, and end with voting him an intolerable bore. Under such auspices was Huss advanced to this responsible place, which he seems to have filled so discreetly as to gain the esteem of the queen, and not only to steer clear of the king's wrath, but to establish himself firmly in his good graces. The doctrine of chances, indeed, was in his favor, the drowning of one confessor being a full share for one king.*

It is evident enough, that, with all the mildness of his disposition, there was in Huss's nature somewhat of the stuff that reformers are made of. Nor was the soil of Bohemia at all unfavorable to the full growth of bold opinions. The conversion of the kingdom to Christianity had been originally accomplished by missionaries of the Greek church; and the people had long resisted the introduction of Romish usages, especially the interdiction of the cup at the Lord's Supper, on which point the Bohemian church had hardly become orthodox even in the middle of the fourteenth century. The contest was kept up by a succession of cour-

* It is a curious fact, which is reported as true, that Charles, the father of Wenceslaus, wished to have him educated by Petrarch; but that the poet declined the task, and the youth was brought up in the ways of the court. A speculator on historical possibilities might find in these circumstances the elements of a horoscope which would change the entire aspect of the fifteenth century.

ageous and eloquent men, one of whom, the famous Janow, died at Prague in 1394, just as Huss was completing his academical studies. The practice of communion in both kinds never, in fact, died out among the common people. Expelled from the churches, it took refuge in private dwellings, till the heat of persecution drove the Bohemian covenanters to more secret lurking-places, and forced them to meet in armed bands. This state of things accounts for the sudden rise of the peasants after the death of Huss, and their obstinate attachment throughout the ensuing war to the sacramental cup, which became their symbol and watchword. The Schism, too, by exposing the weak points of the papacy and aggravating the corruption of the clergy, had spurred the sides of heresy, while the quarrels of the popes left them no time to suppress it. To these circumstances must be added the death of the Emperor Charles IV., a devoted slave of Rome, which happened just at the commencement of the Schism, and the accession to the imperial and Bohemian thrones of Wenceslaus, who inherited but a moderate share of his father's submissiveness. In this posture of affairs, a little spark might kindle a great fire, and the spark was soon struck.

On the last day of the year 1384, John Wycliffe, the great English Reformer, died at his rectory of Lutterworth; "admirable," says Fuller, "that a hare so often hunted with so many packs of dogs should die at last quietly sitting in his form." His doctrines had taken firm root in England, and for several years after his death were held with comparative impunity, in consequence of the civil disorders of the kingdom. It was not long before they made their way to the Continent, and penetrated into Bohemia. Their introduction was probably facilitated by the intimate connection which subsisted for twelve years between the royal families of the two countries; Anne of Bohemia, the sister of Wenceslaus, having become the queen of Richard II. of England. And yet, if we may trust the accounts we meet with, there is no reason to suppose that Huss became familiar with the writings of Wycliffe till some time after his appointment at the Bethlehem Chapel. We are told, indeed, that when a young student of Prague (the famous Jerome, according to one account) brought with him, on his return from England, several of the Reformer's works, Huss advised his friend to burn

them or throw them into the Moldau. He had probably heard of their author only as a rampant heretic, who had turned the English church upside down, and he drew back from his writings as from the suggestions of the Evil One. He was as yet on the threshold of life, and it had not been revealed to him what he should be. But as his destiny unfolded itself, and his work was slowly unrolled before him, he found himself brought into closer communion with the arch-heretic, and began to suspect that no great gulf was fixed between them. The precise course of this revolution in his opinions cannot be followed; though some light is thrown upon it by the events of the period.*

In the year 1403, Pope Boniface IX. sent a corps of chapmen into Bohemia to dispose of an invoice of indulgences, with the proceeds of which he hoped to comfort his famished coffers. They came at an unfortunate juncture. Wenceslaus was still smarting under his deposal from the imperial throne, which had taken place two or three years before, not without the connivance of the pope. Sigismund, too, the brother of Wenceslaus, had a bone to pick with Boniface, for stirring up his Hungarian subjects to revolt. These particular grievances, added to their natural aversion to the migration of gold and silver into any pockets but their own, provoked them to lay an interdict on the peddlers of salvation. Huss did not omit so favorable an opportunity to preach against an outrageous abuse of ecclesiastical power. He came out with a bold discourse in condemnation of the traffic, and thus commenced his career as a reformer by a step not unlike the first manifesto of Luther. If at this time he had fallen in with those passages of Wycliffe's writings in

* In Luther's Preface to his edition of Huss's Letters, published in 1537, we find the following remarkable passage: — "When I studied at Erfurt, I found in the library of the convent a book entitled The Sermons of John Huss. I had a great curiosity to know what doctrines that arch-heretic had propagated. My astonishment at the reading of them was incredible. I could not comprehend for what cause they burned so great a man, who explained the Scriptures with so much gravity and dexterity. But as the very name of Huss was held in so great abomination, that I imagined the sky would fall and the sun be darkened if I made honorable mention of him, I shut the book with no little indignation. I said to myself, by way of consolation, — 'Perhaps he wrote these things before he fell into heresy.' For I had not yet learned what had passed at the Council of Constance." The case, as Lenfant suggests, may have been the same with Huss in regard to Wycliffe's works.

which the "subtle merchandise of Antichrist's clerks" is denounced as "theft and robbery," he would hardly have insisted on the ordeal of fire and water which he had once prescribed for them. The clergy now began to bestir themselves in opposition to Wycliffe's heresies, and in 1403 vented their zeal in a formal academical condemnation of forty-five articles selected from his works; an act to which Huss seems at the time to have offered no objection.

Not long after this sentence, two Englishmen, driven from their native land by the new persecution of the Lollards, to which the recent statute *de hæretico comburendo* had been the prologue, brought to Prague several of Wycliffe's works which Huss had never seen. These men were eager to make proselytes, though their zeal was not too hot to take counsel of crafty policy. By agitating delicate questions, without directly impugning current dogmas, they sowed their grain of mustard-seed in the University and the market-place with great success. The first point in a skilful tactician's game, to trust more to the manner of a thing than the matter, they had learned to perfection. One of their devices to gain notoriety and catch the eyes of the groundlings was a species of raree-show, in which a procession of the pope and his cardinals was represented in all the pomp and circumstance of worldly glory, while the Saviour was depicted as making his entry into Jerusalem on an ass, and followed by his barefooted and meanly-clad disciples. Picture-writing of this sort was quite legible to the most illiterate peasant. Huss had made the acquaintance of these foreigners, and if, as is reported of him, he publicly commended this rather scandalous manœuvre, he could not cry foul play, when he was marked out afresh for the reprobation of the clergy, who hoped now at last to have the king on their side. But the only satisfaction they got from the jolly monarch was the quibbling reply, — "O, you must not meddle with my goose (Huss); he will lay me golden eggs one of these days." *

We next meet with Huss in quite a different scene. A storm had been long brewing within the walls of the University, which may be traced to its ill-adjusted constitution. This, as we have already hinted, was of a character to in-

* The chronology of these events is very doubtful. Some features of the story seem to point, indeed, to a later date.

flame the national jealousies of the students. To this day the traveller in Bohemia is often betrayed into a pitying smile at the intense national pride of a people whose separate existence has been so long buried in that grave of history, the Austrian Empire. The Bohemians had resented the general preference shown by Wenceslaus and his father for Germans ; and the native students in the University chafed under a charter which secured to the foreign nations three votes in convocation and left them only one. They were galled, too, by their almost constant exclusion from the higher academical offices, which was the natural result of preponderating foreign influence. With the ardor of patriotic zeal thus reinforced by the pangs of mortified ambition, they were ready to assert their fancied rights as soon as a convenient season should arrive. The struggle at last came on, and assumed a form of public violence not frequent in the sequestered retreats of ordinary academic life, where the significance of the quarrel usually bears a ludicrous inverse proportion to the rancor of the combatants. The students at Prague were numbered by thousands, and peculiar circumstances, of which the course of Huss, who enjoyed unbounded favor with his countrymen, and appears to have been one of their leaders in this affair, was probably among the foremost, had inflamed the minds of both parties. In 1406, they came to blows, and an affray occurred in the market-place of Prague, in which nine were killed and several dangerously wounded. Throughout this business Huss probably experienced the usual fate of party leaders, who are generally more startled than the rest of the world by the extravagances of their followers ; the leaders judging by their own intentions, and the world by the means employed. He was not a violent man, but he had violent followers.

The chief of these was his friend and fellow-martyr, Jerome of Prague, a man of superior learning and commanding eloquence, and generally acknowledged to have surpassed his master in scholarship, if not in ability. He had studied at Cologne, Heidelberg, Prague, and possibly at Oxford ; and, though a layman of rank, had taken a degree in divinity. Such a yoke-fellow would have been invaluable to Huss, if to more than his master's boldness he had added the virtue which is the better part of valor. But his ardent nature made a zealot of him ; nor was his value as a counsellor or

ally enhanced by his secular condition, which left him under too little restraint. Without crediting every wild tale of violence we find recorded of a man who had many enemies, it is fair to doubt whether, on the whole, his coöperation was more useful or prejudicial to the cause of Huss. In the particular question just then at issue, Jerome gave Huss his full support; though we may conjecture that the mild authority of the preacher was often required to curb the impetuous temper of his associate. This protracted contest terminated at last in the triumph of the Bohemian party, who obtained from Wenceslaus a decree, bearing the date of September 27th, 1409, by which it was ordered, that for the future the natives should have three votes in all academical matters, while the foreigners, who were classed under the collective name of Germans, should hold but one. The publication of this decree, which is an important event in the literary history of Europe, was followed by the secession of several thousand students, who established themselves at other seats of learning, and particularly at the universities of Leipsic and Erfurt.

Though Huss had triumphed, he could not, if we believe his own words, contemplate the consequences of his success without dismay and anguish of spirit. In the heat of zeal, and under the spur of rivalry and the smart of calumny, he had doubtless seen only the necessity of victory. But a mind like his is more apt to be softened than hardened by success. "My heart," he says, "sunk within me, as I watched them filing one after another through the streets. I seemed to be abandoned of all men, and left alone in the world. One moment I would shut myself up in darkness, and in the next was in the street again. 'Stay, stay,' I cried; 'we will yet be friends.' It was all in vain." The sudden emigration of so many good customers was severely felt and long remembered by the trading class at Prague; while the refugees, on their part, preserved a lively sense of their obligations to Huss, as in the sequel he experienced to his cost. His popularity was at first shaken, though subsequent events restored him to his former place in the affections of the people. In the University he was now the chief man, and soon after the secession was made Rector.

His elevation to this high academical dignity, so far from damping his zeal as a preacher, only made him more formidable to his opponents. By this time he had probably be-

come well known as a disciple of Wycliffe, in the dissemination of whose works among the Bohemians he is said to have taken an active part. To many of the Reformer's opinions he doubtless became a convert; or, more guardedly speaking, he found in many of them an expression and confirmation of his own views. He was never, indeed, a wholesale Wycliffite; for on several points he fell short of his master's extreme doctrines. That he did not regard himself as a revolter from the church of Rome is clear enough; and though, like Wycliffe and Luther, he insisted with great emphasis on the Scriptures as the infallible judge of right and wrong, he was by no means ready to throw the pope overboard. But before following his history farther, we must resume our sketch of ecclesiastical affairs.

The Schism had at last wearied and worried out the patience of Christendom with the accumulated miseries of a score of years, and a vigorous effort was made to bring it to an end. The University of Paris, at that time a body of very great influence both in church and state, led the way. As far back as the year 1394, it had resolved, that the great object must be effected in one of three ways: by resignation, by arbitration, or by a general council. To resignation in the abstract the militant popes were not averse; indeed, no contrivance for terminating the Schism could have been more acceptable to either than the abdication of his antagonist. But neither had the least intention of taking the first step. Their professions of readiness were liberal enough, and in one respect they resembled honest men, that their word was as good as their oath. Never was a comedy better played, and for a good while it served to amuse the credulous and elude the importunate.

Benedict XIII., the successor of Clement VII., was a master in the arts of evasion. There is an approach to sublimity in the dogged craft with which this old man obstinate kept the French court and the University of Paris at bay for twenty years. Twice, in 1398 and 1407, did the kingdom withdraw its obedience; but neither this defection of his chief supporter, nor the siege of Avignon by a French army, could break his resolute spirit. Gregory XII., who was elected by the Roman college in 1406, proposed a conference to Benedict, which of course was readily acceded to; each party having full faith in his own dishonesty, and equal

reliance on the hypocrisy of his antagonist. The selection of a place of meeting proved an insuperable obstacle; the one insisting on its being near the sea, and the other at a reasonable distance from it. "You would have imagined one," writes Aretino, Gregory's secretary, "to be an aquatic animal, that dreaded the dry land; and the other a terrestrial one, in fear of water."

France at last determined on a bolder step, and in the spring of 1408 declared herself neutral between the pretenders; her example was followed by Germany, Hungary, and Bohemia. The University of Paris still continued its exertions, though the miserable state of the kingdom, almost without a king, and distracted with civil feuds, greatly embarrassed its operations. The way of resignation (*via cessionis*) was now out of the question; nor would the rivals even agree on an arbiter; a general council was the only hope of Gerson and his allies in the University. The cardinals of both "obediences" were urged in the strongest manner by the University and the king of France to abandon the pontiffs. Weary, like the rest of the world, of vexation and strife, and sick of trial and privation, they at last consented, met together, and convoked a general council. It opened at Pisa, in the spring of 1409, and presented an imposing array of ecclesiastics and ambassadors from different parts of Europe. It held twenty-four sessions, at the fifteenth of which both the popes were solemnly deposed as backsliders, heretics, and perjurers; and at a subsequent meeting a new pontiff was elected, who took the title of Alexander V. But the Schism was not over. Spain, Portugal, and Scotland still held out for Benedict, and Gregory rejoiced in a few towns of Italy and Germany. The œcumenical seamsters had only made the rent worse. The Janus had become a Cerberus; the triangle of infallibles was complete.

From one of Huss's letters we learn that he took the part of the seceding cardinals, and endeavoured to persuade the Bohemians to adopt a similar course. This drew down upon him the wrath of Sbinko, Archbishop of Prague, the A B C doctor, as the Hussites called him, in acknowledgment of his learning; he still held out for Gregory, and now showed his zeal for his master by interdicting Huss from preaching. But after the Council of Pisa, the enlightened prelate withdrew his opposition, and Huss had a short

breathing-space. Yet he was not idle; his pulpit still rang with denunciations of the corruption of the times. Nor were his enemies asleep; he soon had news from them by the way of Bologna, and under the hand and seal of no worse a voucher than Pope Alexander himself. The amiable abecedarian had the satisfaction at last to receive a papal bull, dated December 20th, 1409, which, without naming Huss, was evidently levelled at him. By this bull, it was forbidden to preach in private chapels, and to teach the doctrines of Wycliffe in any place whatsoever; and the archbishop was ordered to proceed against heretics, and suppress the books of Wycliffe. Huss, in answer to this bull, adopted an expedient which had been recently employed by a college of cardinals, and was imitated a century later by Luther; he appealed from Alexander ill informed to Alexander better informed. In the mean time, Sbinko, having called in more than two hundred volumes of Wycliffe's works, made a great bonfire of them in the court-yard of his palace, to the infinite offence, not only of the members of the University, whose privileges were thereby violated, and of the other owners of the books, many of which were of great value and highly decorated, but of the royal family and the people. The archbishop's fame was celebrated in squibs and pasquinades, and serious riots took place in the streets. The abecedarian, in the next place, read Huss a characteristic lecture on various points of doctrine, to which he meekly replied, that, if he had spoken any thing contrary to the Scriptures, he would do better in future. On the next Sunday, however, he stigmatized the archbishop's proceedings as against God, against right, and against reason. The disorders in the city continued, and Jerome, who returned about this time from a journey to Poland, in the course of which he had suffered a short imprisonment at Vienna on a charge of heresy, is said to have out-Jeromed himself in them.

An attempt having next been made to enforce the interdict against Huss's pulpit, he appealed to the pope, under whom, and not under the archbishop, he declared that he held his place as university preacher. In consequence either of this appeal, or of a fresh movement of his enemies, he was honored with the notice of his Holiness John XXIII., the successor of Alexander V., and one, if we may credit a tithe of what was charged upon him at the Council of Con-

stance, worthy to be the enemy of John Huss. The pontiff referred the case to a cardinal, who cited the appellant to appear at Bologna, then the seat of the papal court. Huss's friends, and among them the king and queen, interfered to prevent so dangerous a journey, and an embassy was sent to the pope to entreat him to dispense with his appearance in person, and appoint delegates to investigate the matter at Prague. Huss, also, on his part, sent advocates to plead his cause. The fears of his friends were justified; for though a reconciliation was effected between Huss and Sbinko, and the latter had the pleasure of writing to the pope, that he had been unable to detect any heresies in Bohemia, the agents of Huss were imprisoned, and in due time he himself was excommunicated, and Prague laid under an interdict which was to continue so long as he remained there. The publication of a sentence which shut up the churches, and suspended the rites of baptism and burial, fell like a thunderbolt on the superstitious populace, and threw the city into frightful commotion.

The persecution of Huss had now begun, and the church of Rome, without pausing to count the cost, had committed itself to a struggle, which was not terminated till one of the bloodiest tragedies in the annals of popular vengeance had involved the innocent and the guilty in a common woe. The conduct of Huss himself in this exigency is worthy of high praise. He had been most unjustly traduced, his agents imprisoned, his rights violated, and, worse than all, his pulpit, the only home he knew, had been closed against him. And yet not a breath of revenge, though he held the fate of Bohemia in his hand, seems to have stirred within him; his bitterest pang was that of being torn from his beloved flock. Nor could he bring himself to this separation without great misgiving; but satisfied at last that the cause of peace required his departure, and having first solemnly appealed from the pretended excommunication of the pontiffs, scribes, pharisees, and judges, seated in the chair of Moses, to Jesus Christ, his master and his judge, he withdrew to his native village of Hussinetz, where he placed himself under the protection of its feudal lord.

Twenty-two years before, in the full flush of boyish hope, he had left that humble home, with hardly a friend in the world, but without a foe. He came back now, a bruised

reed, which potentates and powers, and the wise men of the earth, were moving sea and land to break. He was then at peace with all men, and with himself. Now, he had been cut off like a leper from the company of his people, and a warfare was going on within him, of which he could not see the end. He had gone too far to escape, what is perhaps the severest trial of an honest reformer, the internal strife between habitual reverence and conscientious doubt, between the desire to retain all that can be retained, and the obligation to receive new truth, whencesoever it may come. The symptoms of this struggle are clearly discernible in more than one of his writings. Without renouncing his allegiance to the church, and indeed with the most positive professions of loyalty, he had been led on to reject abuse after abuse, and add opinion to opinion, till he had become the declared advocate of what appeared to many a heterodox system, though to himself it was no new system at all, but only a return to the primitive purity of the true faith. It was perfectly natural that the holders of an old superstition should regard him who denied it as the author of new doctrines; and he must himself have been sometimes shaken in his position, when he saw the difficulty of rending away excrescences without tearing out the very flesh and sinew of the ecclesiastical body. Some of the opinions, too, which he had found in Wycliffe's works, about obedience to magistrates, the tenure of church property, and other delicate points, were not safe without qualification. If true in the abstract, they were likely to become false in the mouths of ignorant and violent men, who would either misconceive their meaning, or misapply them to diabolical ends. This view of the case may not have troubled our reformer much; for a very small spice of enthusiasm will persuade a man that he must proclaim the truth on the housetops, and leave consequences, as the phrase is, to God; —a species of heroism this, which makes a virtue of rashness, and impiously buries in the earth the talent of prudence, that great auxiliary of virtue, saying to him who gave it, "Lo, there thou hast that is thine." This way of persuading one's self that good seed will always produce good fruit is very comfortable, and saves the trouble of looking out for a good soil. And yet we must not judge such cases too harshly. A noble mind almost instinctively identifies itself with the truth to which it has attained, and is apt to deem it

a shame and a sin to deny others the full sunlight in which it basks itself. It has found a cool fountain from which it draws refreshment and strength; and is it strange that it offers the draught without stint to the wayfarer, not thinking that its coldness may be death to his heated frame? In fact, the world seems indebted to a certain blindness to consequences for some of the most salutary reforms. Yet how many other enterprises of great pith and moment have miserably failed, merely because the manner in which they were executed shocked the moral sense of mankind more than the evils they were intended to remove! It would, indeed, be most unfair to hold Wycliffe to account for the extravagances of John Ball, or Luther for the frenzy of the Thuringian peasants, or Huss for the hideous barbarities of the Hussite war. It would be a crying injustice to yield the enemies of reform every argument they may choose to draw from the ill effects of revolutions, which would have come earlier and more smoothly, if they themselves had not dammed up their course. Still, it may be that a little more moderation, somewhat more prudence, and zeal more fully leavened with charity, would have enabled the Reformers to guide off a portion at least of the dangerous current. It cannot be, that Huss, for a time out of earshot of the hoarse murmurs of the metropolitan multitude, did not sometimes regret the violence of his followers; but whether he repented of his own loud and bold exhortations is doubtful; at all events, we find him preaching about from village to village, and sparing neither pope nor cardinals. Yet in all this he did not lose the native mildness of his character. A letter of his, written about this time to the college of cardinals, is preserved, most moderate and submissive in tone, though without a hint of compromise or a sign of surrender. Several letters, also, to his church at Prague are extant, which are full of affectionate interest and ardent piety; and if we find a slight tincture of that polemical gall which may collect in a naturally generous and gentle nature, there is a long distance between these rare ebullitions and the settled malice of venomous hatred.

It was, perhaps, the death of his enemy Sbinko, which brought him back to Prague. This dignitary, finding that the removal of the brand which set the fire had not extinguished the conflagration, and despairing of reducing the tur-

bulent Praguers to order, set off to seek Sigismund, now emperor of Germany, and to implore his aid. His death, which took place on the journey, though it freed Huss from an opponent, did him some injury ; as the Hussites were charged, though falsely, with having taken off the archbishop by poison ; a suspicion which of course aggravated the hostility already existing. A state of things like this evidently needed no new element of disorder. But it was Huss's fate to live in an atmosphere of confusion, and he was soon more deeply embroiled than ever with his numerous foes, at home and abroad.

Among the deplorable mischiefs of the Schism, we have already mentioned the countenance it afforded to the quarrels among temporal powers. The contest for the throne of Naples still existed ; the claimants being now Louis II. of Anjou and Ladislaus of Hungary. This Ladislaus had the nine points of the law in his favor, and from his neighbourhood to Rome had been a thorn in the side of the pope. He still adhered to Gregory XII., the schismatic pope, and of course the rival pontiff went for the rival prince. At last, Pope John, being in great lack of temporal apparatus, determined to put his spiritual engines in play, and, in the latter part of 1411, launched a brace of bulls against Ladislaus, excommunicating him and his children to the third generation, inviting all believers of both sexes to aid in a crusade of extermination against him, and promising to all true penitents who should engage in it the same indulgences which had been awarded to crusaders to the Holy Land. The promulgation of these bulls in Bohemia threw the kingdom into a ferment. Huss prepared and published a formal refutation of them, which, though written with great boldness, was free from unseemly violence. He takes his stand upon the Scriptures and the Fathers of the Church, and having contrasted the words and acts of Christ with the commands of the pope, declares that he would not, without a new revelation, raise his hand against Ladislaus and his partisans, and announces his opinion, that Christ, his mother, and his disciples were greater than the pope and his cardinals. He proceeds to attack indulgences, to explain the power of the keys, which, he says, supposes the proper use of the keys, and maintains, that, if the pope abuses his power, it is a duty

to resist him, and that it is better to suffer an unjust excommunication than to receive a pretended absolution.*

With the people Huss lost nothing by this declaration of disobedience; but his interest at court was considerably damaged. For though it was generally the policy of princes to dishonor, as far as possible, the papal drafts on their territories, Wenceslaus happened to be just then on ill terms with Ladislaus, and was willing to be backed by the power of Rome. The magistrates of the city, too, naturally desirous to secure the public peace, the clergy with a budget of old grudges against him, and even the heads of the University, took part with the court.† Huss next appointed a public discussion of two theses on the crusade, and invited all who pleased to take part in it.

On the appointed day, the 7th of June, 1412, a great concourse assembled, and a stormy scene followed. The conduct of Huss is said to have been marked by moderation and composure; but his friend Jerome was more violent. The next day, a furious tumult arose, and Huss and Jerome were sent for to appease the rage of the rioters. They professed their willingness to do so; but in the mean time the pope's collectors continued to preach up the crusade, and on the next Sunday, in three different churches, were interrupted by as many Hussites, one of whom gave the preacher the lie. These men were taken into custody, and it was feared they would be put to death. A new tumult broke out, and two thousand persons, students and others, collected in the public square, with arms in their hands. Huss, at the head of a body of men, proceeded to the council-house, and demanded of the magistrates that the lives of the prisoners should be spared. He received the equivocal answer, that his intercession should influence the result. On the strength of this slender assurance, he returned to the market-place, and dispersed the mob with the grateful news, that the pris-

* A man who has a practical point to carry often states opinions and doctrines in broader or looser terms than he would use, if the controversy were about purely speculative opinions. It is but fair, then, to make an allowance for this excess. We must hear Huss, when in another place he asserts that he does not deny the power given by God to the pope of Rome. He did oppose the improper use or sale of indulgences.

† Huss's rectorship had expired some time before, though we find no evidence as to the exact date of its termination.

oners would be pardoned. But by and by a dreadful rumor spread through the city, that blood had been seen to flow from the prison. A second and still fiercer riot ensued. The doors of the prison were burst open, and there, indeed, the multitude beheld with dismay the headless bodies of their murdered friends. Their fury all at once subsided, and having wrapped the corpses in linen shrouds, they formed a funeral procession and bore them to the vault of the Bethlehem Chapel, where they were buried with the honors of saints.

At the moment of the execution, Huss is said to have been absent from the city ; but he took an early opportunity to celebrate the victims as saints and martyrs.* This tragic affair produced the greatest excitement throughout Bohemia, and from this time Huss's attacks on the pope and priests seem to have increased in violence, and his appeals to the authority of the Scriptures to have grown louder and louder. The entire kingdom became more and more impregnated with his doctrines, though they were opposed with the greatest obstinacy by the clergy, who laid hold of certain tenets relating to tithes, which Huss, like Wycliffe, regarded as nothing but alms,† and of his extreme views in respect to civil and ecclesiastical rulers living in sin, whom he held to be virtually deposed from their offices.‡ It made their ears tingle to hear Jesus Christ, and not the pope, called the head of the church ; and they looked with crestfallen regret on their crosiers and mitres, and palls and rings, when they were told that every deacon and priest might preach without papal or episcopal ordination. The tide of controversy ran

* In these disorders, the zeal of Jerome was not altogether according to discretion. He is said to have put two prostitutes into a cart, and having hung the papal bulls about their necks and disguised some men as monks, to have marched in procession to the public place of execution, where he burned the bulls in the sight of the multitude. It is but fair to say, that he denied this at the Council of Constance. As to Huss, the following passage from his sermons probably expresses his sincere sentiments : — "If you would overturn the pope's throne, you had better not throw great stones. They make too much noise. The watchman wakes and is on his guard. Let us take small stones, and the building will totter by little and little, and fall like the tower of Babylon." But he could not always take the great stones out of the hands of his followers.

† This doctrine was doubtless one of the golden eggs which Wenceslaus valued his goose for.

‡ This last doctrine he afterwards held with a modification which made it less odious.

so high at length, that Huss found it expedient once more to retire into the country.*

About this time, and perhaps during his retirement, he wrote several notable treatises. The chief of these, and indeed of all his works, is that on "The Church," which is an epitome of his peculiar views and doctrines. It was publicly read in his chapel, and was afterwards used by his enemies as a quiver from which they drew their sharpest arrows against him. The obloquy and persecution which had been showered on him had now begun to produce some of their sinister effects. Several of his later works are marked by a degree of sourness and indelicacy, which, if they were characteristic of the age, also prove that he was not so far in advance of his age as he might and should have been. The authorship of the most offensive of these, that on the "Anatomy of the Members of Antichrist," has, indeed, been disputed, and we hope with reason.

But events were now maturing which were to change entirely the scene and form of his trials, and bring him back, by the wholesome ministrations of physical suffering and the approach of martyrdom, to his native gentleness and simplicity. The meeting of the Council of Constance drew nigh, and Huss was summoned to appear before it.

It was the object of this famous council to accomplish what that of Pisa had failed to effect; namely, the extinction of the Schism and the reformation of the clergy. But the friends of a council were also bent on the suppression of heresy, as an indispensable means for the proposed union of the divided church. The infallibility of the church was to be maintained with as much obstinacy as the fallibility of the pope; and the man who appealed from both parties to the authority of the Scriptures was hardly less odious to Gerson and his friends, than the deposed popes themselves. The alleged heresies of Huss were bruited all over Europe, and it was deemed necessary to summon him to Constance to answer for them. There was good ground to hope that the experiment of a council would prove more successful than before; for Sigismund was now emperor of Germany, and was bent on the restoration of concord to the harassed

* It is doubtful whether he was twice banished. The chronology of this period is too loose to enable us to settle the point.

church. A great obstacle to the success of the Council of Pisa had been the refusal of the Emperor Robert to acknowledge the validity of its decrees. But Sigismund was a bigot, and as active as he was bigoted. If the devotee had needed the spur of selfishness, the noise of Turkish hordes on the borders of his kingdom of Hungary sounding ever in his ears urged him to unite the entire company of the faithful against the hosts of the infidel. He resolved to obtain the consent of Pope John to the convocation of a council in an imperial city, where Roman policy would have less sway than on Italian soil. John's desire to regain possession of Rome, then in the power of his enemy Ladislaus, which was impossible without Sigismund's assistance, forced him to submit to the choice of the city of Constance, which his legates, much against his wishes, had accepted as the place of meeting. A conference was held between the pope and emperor, the former appearing in full pontifical attire, and the latter in the plain habit of a deacon. Constance having been named, "Holy Father," said Sigismund, "does this city suit you?" "Yes, my dear son," John replied, with a shudder, "it does suit me." He might well shudder; for in the bold claim of infallibility for the church rather than the pope, and the assertion of a right to depose popes for just cause, he foresaw, with the unerring instinct of crafty wickedness, his own approaching fall. But it was too late to recede, though the sudden death of Ladislaus was a strong temptation to try it; he issued the bull of convocation, and Sigismund published an edict appointing November 1, 1414, as the time for opening the council.*

* There are various chronological difficulties in the life of Huss up to his departure for Constance. Bonnechose seems to rely mainly on Lenfant, to whom he is more indebted throughout than he acknowledges, and is apparently unacquainted with German authorities, of which we profess to have met with little more than the titles, with the exception of the work named at the head of our article, and even that we quote with some hesitation, as it is written for moral effect, and has here and there a romantic tone. There must be documents relative to Bohemian history, which would throw light on this subject. For the remainder of Huss's life we have his own letters and the acts of the council, for the latter of which the admirable history of the council by Lenfant is excellent authority. Of the correctness of Bonnechose's version of the letters we are unable to judge with much certainty from an English re-translation. We have, however, compared the English letters with such Latin ones as we could find. There are some ludicrous blunders in these; but how many belong to Bonnechose, and how many to Mr. Mackenzie, we cannot say; though we

Huss was confined to his bed by sickness, when his summons to the council was brought to him. He started up at once, threw on his clothes, seized his papers, and seemed about to prepare for the journey, as if he had forgotten that November was yet so far off. "Do you not see," he cried to a bystander, "that this news has made me well again?" But he found his friends at Prague in a very different frame of mind. They saw slight cause, indeed, for joy in the exposure of a beloved friend and revered instructer to almost certain death. That Huss himself began by degrees, as the fever of enthusiasm abated, to comprehend the full extent of the danger, is apparent from letters written to his friends just before his departure. In one of these, addressed to the Bohemians, he speaks of his enemies in the council as being more numerous than those of Christ had been, and prays that God will enable him to face without fear temptation, imprisonment, and the pains of a cruel death. His enemies, too, had made their calculation of chances, and were quite content to leave him, without further molestation at home, to the tender mercies of the council. Two of the bitterest among them, Stephen Paletz and Michael Caussis, were to go to Constance to press his condemnation. The time of his departure now approached. In October, 1414, he took his last leave of the Bethlehem Chapel, the home of his heart, which had indeed been to him "his joy and his throne." As he left the city, he was accompanied by several of his friends. "Dear master," were Jerome's last words, "be firm; should I learn that thou hast fallen into any peril, I will fly forthwith to thy assistance." An humble artisan took leave of him with the words, — "Very dear master John, may God be with you; I can hardly hope that you will return safe and sound." The scene reminds us of the parting between Paul and the elders of the Ephesian church. Huss, too, had reason to fear that bonds and afflictions were abiding him. He, too, had not shunned to declare unto his flock all the counsel of God, and might now say, — "None of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto myself." His heart-broken friends, as they fell on his neck and kissed him, like the disciples of the Apostle, sorrowed most of all that they should see his face no more.

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think the latter could establish a claim to originality in a few cases at least.

He had received from Wenceslaus a safe-conduct through his dominions, and an escort of noblemen to accompany him to Constance. One of these, John de Chlum, deserves to be held in everlasting honor for the heroic and devoted faithfulness with which, in the midst of foes and through all manner of ill-report, he clung to his persecuted and forsaken teacher. Other friends probably went with him; for his train, an imposing procession for a poor priest, consisted of thirty horses and several carriages. On his way, he was met by a safe-conduct from Sigismund, in which all the subjects of the empire were enjoined to allow him "to pass, stop, sojourn, and *return* without hindrance"; a notable document, which has damned its author to eternal fame. The journey, which occupied twenty-three days, was performed on horseback, and in the most public manner. Huss, of course, was not silent, but availed himself of every opportunity to deliver addresses in Latin or German in the towns through which he passed. He seems to have excited the greatest curiosity and interest everywhere, especially at Nuremberg, where his reception was of the most gratifying character. Writing from this place to his congregation, he tells them that he has not met thus far with an enemy, and has been well received wherever he stopped.

When he came in sight of the towers of Constance, if we may believe our German biographer, a sudden thrill of fear came over him, which he soon repressed with the trustful exclamation, — "If God is for us, who can be against us? They may make me suffer; but the doctrine which I preach is beyond their power." A week before, Pope John, as he approached the city and looked down from a ridge of the Tyrol into the valley below, had uttered the prophetic words, — "Ah, I see how it is; yonder is the pit where they catch the foxes." The fox was indeed caught, and the heretic was made to suffer; but the weed of heresy survived the fire, and a century later was strong enough to choke the choicest flowers in the papal garden. Huss and his friends took lodgings in the great square of Constance, near the pope's hotel, at the house of a widow named Fida (*Faith*, as Fox the Martyrologist rejoices to call her), who is compared by Huss himself to the woman of Sarepta, that received Elijah. The next day the pope was informed of his arrival, and promised him his protection, though he could not be per-

suaded to give it in writing. For nearly a month Huss seems to have been almost unmolested. He passed his time in writing home, in conversing with those who came to his house to hear him, and in composing a treatise or two. He prepared two sermons, which have been preserved, and are said to be of great excellence, with the intention of preaching them in public. But it would never do to allow so dangerous a man to gain popularity, and to prove to the world that he was no more of a heretic than many of the doctors at the council, who gloried in their untarnished orthodoxy. His enemies from Bohemia improved the interval, and made a compilation of certain articles which they pretended to have taken from his works, and showed busily about to such of the clergy as they happened to meet. Huss, as it seems, was not allowed to preach his sermons, and on the twenty-sixth day after his arrival was summoned to appear before the pope and cardinals. He went, attended by his friend John de Chlum. The cardinals, having examined him and retired to deliberate on his case, yielded at last to the importunity of his accusers,* and delivered him into the custody of a guard of soldiers, who had been posted at a convenient distance, and by whom he was conveyed to the house of an official of the cathedral. Here he remained for a week in confinement. In the mean time, his friend Chlum, full of indignation at this gross injustice, hurried to the pope for redress; and, being repulsed there, informed the emperor, who had not yet arrived at Constance, of the indignity which had been put upon him by this barefaced violation of his safe-conduct. Sigismund shook with rage when he heard it, and sent written orders to have Huss set at liberty on the instant. The orders were never executed, but on the 5th of December Huss was removed to a damp and noisome vault in the prison of the Dominican monastery.

Sigismund did not make his entry into Constance till the morning of Christmas day. In the mean time, the town and its environs had been filling up with strangers from all parts of Europe, who had flocked thither for business or out of curiosity, to the number, according to one estimate, of a

* To one of the cardinals, who wished to leave Huss at liberty for the present, Paletz addressed the convincing argument, — "My lord cardinal, if Huss's doctrine prevails, you can hardly continue a cardinal."

hundred thousand. Coronets, red hats, and mitres, which owe so much of their value to their rarity, and are therefore not given to gregarious habits, were to be seen there in most vulgar abundance. As if, too, to show how small was the sum of the wisdom of the age, the scholars of Europe had gathered in mass. The hangers-on of a council, like those of a camp-meeting, are a significant part of the great crowd, and we have statistical enumerations of cooks, barbers, common-women, and other signs of civilization. The first measures of the council must have appeared to the pope very like the preparations for the fox-hunt he so much dreaded. It was resolved that the delegates should vote by nations; a proceeding which palsied the right arm of papal patronage. It was also voted, that the secular dignitaries should have a voice as well as the clergy; another blow at pontifical influence. The arrival of Sigismund, instead of arresting the course of the pope's antagonists, only emboldened them the more. They were resolved on pushing John to an abdication. He endeavoured to elude the danger by fleeing from the city, hoping thus to break up the council. But the firmness of Sigismund, who had determined to sustain the council, prevented its dissolution; and the miserable pontiff was finally deposed. These transactions, however, occupied several months. We return to Huss.

By the scanty rays of light which found their way into his gloomy dungeon, he was able to write from time to time to his friends in Bohemia, and to draw up a few practical tracts for the use of his jailers, who had become much attached to their meek and patient prisoner. His health at last gave way; he suffered under the most horrible attacks of the stone, to which he had never before been subject, and was reduced by a fever to great extremity. In this deplorable state he writes: — "If you should see me, you would pity me. I have scarcely any rest from pain. It presses me together like a worm, and rolls me about on my miserable pallet. And yet pity me not, for I fear that I may be reserved for much greater sufferings, unless death first comes to my relief." In the mean time, he received a visit from three commissioners, sent by the pope to examine him on certain charges which his indefatigable accusers had preferred against him; an act of Christian charity, doubtless, for he was "sick and in prison," and did they not "visit" him? Nor

was it a mere call of ceremony. They came to cheer his dull sense with fresh proofs of the malice of his foes, and when the lonely man, sick with hope deferred and crushed by disease, applied for the aid of a professional advocate, he was told, in language which showed that he had fallen into pious hands, that the canons of the church forbade every one to defend the cause of a heretic. "I besought the commissioners," he writes, "to allow me an advocate. They at first granted my request, but afterwards refused it. I therefore put my trust in the Saviour Jesus Christ. May he be my advocate and judge!" After a captivity of two months in this prison, where the pangs of disease were aggravated to a degree which to his nature must have been intolerable, by his inability to face and confound his accusers in public, he was removed to the Franciscan prison, where he remained till the pope's escape from Constance. At one time, his disorder had assumed so alarming a form, that the pope, either out of pity or from reluctance to lose the victim by a natural death, sent his own physician to attend him.

The news of his imprisonment was received at Prague with greater indignation than astonishment; for, as we learn from Huss himself, he had been warned by several persons in Bohemia not to rely on the safe-conduct. Nor could the letters which came from him, so full of sweet resignation, of abiding affection and heroic firmness, be read without tears of grief and rage by the multitude of friends he had left behind. Letters were despatched by the nobles of Bohemia to Sigismund, remonstrating in the strongest terms against his breach of princely faith. But that monarch, hemmed in by a fence of bristling crosiers, had imbibed, with the ready absorption of a bigot, the subtile poison of priestly sophistry, instilling into his ear the glozing suggestion that he need not keep faith with a heretic; that he had no right to grant the safe-conduct without the consent of the council; and that the council could absolve him from his promise. It was a rare case of special pleading, by which it appears, first, that the promise was invalid in its inception, secondly, that he had a right to break it, thirdly, that the council could give him leave to break it. This triple cord was too strong to be broken, and Huss's doom was sealed. The pope's officers, after their master's flight, which took place in the latter part of March, 1415, gave up the custody of Huss; and he was

transferred to the castle of Gotleben on the banks of the Rhine, where he was chained with irons on his feet, and at night fixed to his bed by another chain which was riveted to the wall. Rather more than two months afterwards, the deposed pope was brought a prisoner to the same castle, for fear that the serpent's fangs had not been quite drawn. Huss probably never saw his fellow-captive ; but he knew of his fate, and found in it a triumphant confirmation of his own doctrines ; for he could now say, as matter of fact, that Christendom was without a head on earth, and possessed Jesus Christ alone as a chief to direct it.

The deposal of Pope John was voted at the twelfth session of the council ; the eighth, which was held on the fifth of May, was occupied with the reading and condemnation of Wycliffe's works. This was a fit prelude to the trial of Huss, and almost a prejudging of his case, inasmuch as the most offensive doctrines of the Bohemian were to be found in the writings of his English forerunner. The emperor was present, a cardinal presided, and a patriarch celebrated mass. The passage from the Gospels beginning, " Beware of false prophets," was read by way of preparation for the day's work. A bishop preached a sermon from the text, " The Spirit will guide you into all truth," in the course of which he spoke thus of the pope : — " Blessed be the soul of our lord the pope, but cursed be his flesh ; for he is guilty of as great a lie, as if I should say, God is not one and three." Forty-five articles, purporting to be taken from Wycliffe's writings, which had been scotched, but not killed, by a pair of prior condemnations, were then read, and condemned a third time. Two hundred and sixty more were put under the same ban, and finally all his books, good, bad, and indifferent, in general and particular, were cast after them. One act of magnanimity yet remained. Thirty years before, the arch-heretic had received Christian burial, and his bones still infested the consecrated resting-place of the true sons of the church. They must be unearthed. The council accordingly proceeded to condemn his memory, and ordered his bones to be dug up and thrown on a dunghill.* As if to

* This sentence lay dormant for several years. Fuller, in his Church History, has detailed the proceedings of the zealots who at length disturbed the bones of the Reformer. " They burnt them," he tells us, " to ashes,

supply whatever might be wanting to precipitate Huss's condemnation, in the month of April Jerome had imprudently shown himself at Constance without a safe-conduct. He soon took alarm, however, and set out for Bohemia. But he was apprehended on the way and brought back in chains to Constance. On May 23d, his examination before a general ecclesiastical congregation took place. He conducted himself with great intrepidity and self-possession, though assailed by the scholastic zeal of Gerson, and almost stunned by the outcries of infuriated enemies. The assembly at length broke up, and Jerome was consigned to a dungeon, where he was most cruelly treated. From this prison he was led, a year later, to the stake.

The way was now open for Huss. A dreary winter and a joyless spring had passed away, the smiting heats of summer had bowed him down, and thus long he had waited for the poor boon of a public audience, which had been withheld, as if the delay were a favor, instead of a sentence of imprisonment, weariness, and sorrow. How ardently he longed for an opportunity to face his accusers appears in such phrases as these: — "O, why am I not led forth to the funeral pile, rather than thus prevented from being heard?" "Rather than be thus basely stifled, I prefer to have my body burned with fire; I am anxious that every Christian shall know what are my last words." His time at last arrived. His public examination was appointed for the 5th of June, though not till after an attempt had been made to get him condemned without a hearing. This scandalous manœuvre was baffled by the prompt intervention of his faithful countrymen, whose remonstrances had such an effect on Sigismund, that he compelled the hasty judges to submit to the tedious process of an open audience. A deputation had already been sent to Gotleben, to examine the prisoner in secret, in order to draw from him a recantation, or at least an avowal of heretical opinions. But though, as he tells us, he suffered greatly

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and cast them into Swift, a neighbouring brook running hard by. Thus this brook hath conveyed his ashes into Avon, Avon into Severn, Severn into the narrow seas, they into the main ocean. And thus the ashes of Wycliffe are the emblem of his doctrine, which now is dispersed all the world over." The best comment on this fanatical act is that of Fox, who says, it might have made Democritus weep or Heraclitus laugh. Wordsworth, in one of his sonnets, has versified the passage above quoted from Fuller.

from the insults of his tormenters, he neither lost his temper, nor was betrayed into any imprudent concession.

Glad, however, as he was to obtain a public hearing, he was well aware of the change in his prospects since the day when the summons to Constance had lifted him as by a miracle from a bed of sickness. The question, as he clearly perceived, was no longer an open one. In a letter written about this time he says, — "All was decided by the council, previously to my being thrown into prison." He knew also, that he had been stigmatized in a document published by the commissioners appointed to examine his case as a heretic and a seducer of the people. It was, indeed, too late for argument or rhetoric, or the persuasive power of simple innocence, to save him. He was surrounded by a network of hostile influences, too strong to be broken through. As a denouncer of clerical corruption, he had probably dealt too familiarly with the dignity of the order to be forgiven. He was, moreover, a stumbling-block in the way of union; for he would not admit the infallibility of the council, the great instrument of union. He was a miniature Wycliffe; and the council, by the sweeping sentence passed on the master, had committed itself to the condemnation of the disciple. He was a Realist, and the Parisian Nominalists were not on that account disposed to look leniently on his other delinquencies. There were Germans at Constance, some of whom had not forgotten the shame and confusion of the memorable secession from the University of Prague. Besides, the past and present troubles in Bohemia, with the fear of future disorders, urged the friends of peace to remove the author of them. We need only add the vague and slippery character of the crime of heresy, the most intelligible definition of which is, a substitution of private opinion for the doctrine of the universal church, and it is evident at once how little was to be hoped for from a body which, calling itself the church universal, had only to declare its disallowance of an article to make that article *ipso facto* heretical. The plaintiff became his own judge, and woe to the defendant.

On the 5th of June, the cardinals, prelates, and a large body of the inferior clergy, met at the Franciscan monastery, to which Huss had been brought back from Gotleben. The prisoner was introduced. Months of severe confinement, and the pains of sharp disease, had deepened the paleness of those

thin, but not harsh features, whose mild expression so attracts us in his portrait. But the signature of suffering upon the human countenance, which more than tears or moving speech goes straight to the heart of a fellow-man, was lost upon these cruel inquisitors. He was left to stand awhile in a corner of the hall, till his judges had sated themselves with gazing on him. His books were then shown to him, and acknowledged to be his. The reading of articles against him commenced. But as soon as he attempted to reply, he was interrupted by such an uproar, that he could not be heard. "I thought," he said, "that the council had possessed more good-breeding, charity, and discipline." After waiting a little, he appealed to the Holy Scriptures. The outcry grew more furious. "That is not the question," was the clamor. The scene has been described by Luther in his rough way. "They all," says he, "began to rage like wild boars; the bristles of their backs stood on an end; they wrinkled their brows and whetted their tusks." The assembly broke up in confusion. After two days they met again, and this time, the emperor being present, preserved tolerable decency; though, when Huss declared that he would willingly have his soul where Wycliffe was, he was greeted with a roar of laughter. He was charged with holding Wycliffe's errors. This he denied, not regarding as errors those doctrines of Wycliffe which he himself professed. On these and other points the examination continued for some time, and was finally adjourned to the next day. As Huss was retiring, Sigismund, still uneasy at his own equivocal position, called him back and endeavoured by persuasions and threats to induce him to submit unreservedly to the authority of the council. He replied, that he was perfectly ready to retract, if any thing better than his own doctrine could be shown him. In the third audience, a long list of articles, professing to be taken from Huss's works, were read. Some he acknowledged, some he denied, and some he defended. An attempt was made to induce him to confess his errors, to abjure them, and swear never to teach them. He could not confess an error till it was proved to be such, and he could not abjure what he had been falsely charged with maintaining. The emperor, provoked by his obstinacy, declared, that, if he did not recant, he ought to be burned to death. Huss made no reply, and was remanded to prison, whither the faithful John de Chlum attended him.

When he arrived there, he was so exhausted with illness and fatigue that he could scarcely stand. Thus ended the three audiences, throughout which all the arts and assaults of his adversaries had not been able to shake his firmness in the smallest point. As a man and a Christian he had no cause to blush for his bearing on those trying days. It was what might have been expected from the patient but determined tone of his letters. In these admirable writings, so full of piety, of affection, and of resignation, we see the genuine goodness of his nature. Never for a moment does he think of a compromise with his persecutors. Constant, but not obstinate, severe, but not vindictive, ready to die for the truth, but not ambitious of the parade of martyrdom, he excites our admiration, while he hardly seems to need our pity. If his phrases are sometimes harsh, they do not seem to be the utterance of personal spite, but the plain, unmeasured speech of one who identifies himself with the cause for which he suffers. That they are not more bitter is amazing, when we remember his wrongs and his woes.

His condemnation, though yet delayed in the hope of pressing him to an abjuration of his errors, was virtually decreed. How far he was a heretic, we will not undertake to say. Nor are we prepared to deny that some of his doctrines were erroneous, and possibly unsafe. But that he was an honest man, and a much better man than many of his judges, we have no doubt; and, as he said of Wycliffe, we are quite ready to say of him, — "We should be willing to have our souls where he is." Nor is it necessary to pass too severe a sentence on the acts of the council. The horror of heresy in those days was extreme, and perhaps most intense with those who felt themselves to be nearest its verge. To pursue it with all the terrors of the church was to make their own lapse less possible, and at the same time to vindicate their orthodoxy in the eyes of the world. The brutality, too, of public assemblies is proverbial, and, shameful as it is, must not be regarded as a fair index of private character. Be that as it may, these scandalous condemnations, like the old state trials for treason, leave one agreeable impression on the mind, — a sense of gratitude, that such things have had their day; and the consoling reflection, that the blood of political and religious martyrs, in exciting the indignation of mankind against such enormities, has not been without fruit.

The sands of life were now running low, but the trials of the victim were not over. He was beset again and again with exhortations to recant, to which he ever returned the same constant refusal. He asked for a confessor, and chose Paletz, his greatest adversary. Instead of Paletz, a monk was sent, from whom he received absolution. Paletz, however, visited him once more, to urge him to abjure his errors. The meeting was a very affecting one. Huss asked pardon of Paletz for some words which he had uttered before the council. Paletz pressed him to recant. Huss calmly refused, and in the most gentle manner reproved his countryman, once his friend, for his cruel treatment of him. Paletz was moved to tears. On the 24th of June it was resolved to condemn his books to the flames, in the hope that he might thus be induced to yield. But this sentence produced no effect. The day of his own condemnation not having been fixed, several of his last letters are written in the expectation of death, which might come upon him at any time. Though now and then his heart sinks within him, as he dwells on his approaching fate, these struggles are soon over, and his spirit returns to its wonted constancy. He takes the most affectionate leave of his friends, dividing among them his books and garments, giving kind advice to such as need it, and remembering with especial interest his Bethlehem flock. He prays God to forgive his enemies, and hopes that more vigorous champions of the truth will be raised up after him. His last letter, in which he takes his farewell of some of his friends, ends with the wish, — "May Gallus" (his successor at the Bethlehem chapel) "preach the word of God to you; and may all of you, my beloved, listen attentively to it and keep it in your hearts!"

On the 6th of July he completed his forty-second year. On the same day he was condemned and burned at the stake. The fifteenth general session of the council was held in the principal church of the city, a cardinal presided, and the emperor in full state was present. The occasion had drawn an immense concourse of spectators. Huss arrived while mass was celebrating, and was kept without, that the holy service might not be profaned by the presence of a heretic. Having been introduced, he was led to a high stool, that all might see him. Here he prayed for some time, while the preacher of the council was discoursing from the text, — "That

the body of sin might be destroyed." The reading of articles against him then began, to which he was forbidden to reply till the whole list was finished. They could not, however, entirely silence him. Being charged with giving himself out as the fourth person in the Trinity, he repeated aloud the Athanasian creed. Being accused of having appealed to Jesus Christ, he repeated the appeal. Having occasion to speak of "the public protection and faith of the emperor," he looked Sigismund full in the face, and the false man blushed deeply.* At length sentence was pronounced, first against his books, and then against himself. His books were to be burned, and himself to be degraded. Huss fell on his knees, praying, — "Lord Jesus, pardon my enemies! Thou knowest that they have falsely accused me. Pardon them of thine infinite mercy!" The ceremony of degradation immediately followed. He was first dressed in full canonicals, and a sacramental cup placed in his hand. They then exhorted him to retract. Again he refused. The cup was taken from his hand, and the vestments drawn off one by one, with a curse for each. They then clipped his hair, to efface the tonsure, and placed on his head a paper cup of a cubit's height, painted over with shapes of devils and bearing the word "arch-heretic," and so devoted his soul, as they said, to the infernal spirits. "And I," he replied, "commit my soul to Thee, who didst wear a crown of thorns." He was now delivered over to the secular power, and led out to execution. He was followed by the princes of the empire, with a band of eight hundred armed men, at whose heels came an immense multitude. The train took the way of the bishop's palace, that Huss might see the burning of his own books. He smiled at the sight. When he reached the stake, he fell on his knees and recited some of the penitential psalms, and often repeated the words, — "Into thy hands, O God, I commend my spirit." As he was about to speak to the people, he was forbidden by the imperial vicar, and ordered to be burned. Then he prayed aloud, — "Lord Jesus, pardon all my enemies!" After speaking a few kind words to his jailers, he was bound to the stake, unbound again,

* The remembrance of that blush lasted for a century, for when Charles V. was urged to violate Luther's safe-conduct, — "No," replied he, "I should not like to blush like Sigismund."

and rebound, that the face of the heretic might be turned from the east. Fagots and heaps of straw were then piled up about him, and the fire was ready to be set. Another offer was made him to recant, which with a loud voice he rejected. The nobles of the empire withdrew, and the pile was lighted. As the wind caught the flames and wrapped them around him, the crowd could no longer see his face, but he was heard thrice to say, — "Jesus, son of the living God, have pity on me!" The fire was kept up till every part of the body was consumed; the ashes were then scraped together and thrown into the Rhine. But the Bohemians hollowed out the ground where he was burned, and sent the precious earth to Prague.

The death of Jerome was delayed till the next spring. Worn out with the sufferings of a long imprisonment, his courage had given way, and he consented to recant. But he withdrew his abjuration, and, after undergoing an examination in which his firmness and eloquence were the admiration even of his enemies, he went to the stake, with a noble magnanimity worthy of the friend of Huss. Hear what Æneas Sylvius, afterwards Pope Pius II., says of the martyrs: — "They went to the stake as to a banquet. Not a word fell from them which showed the least faint-heartedness. In the midst of the flames they sung hymns to the last gasp without ceasing. Never did any philosopher suffer death with so much constancy as they endured the fire."

The council were now at liberty to put the finishing stroke to the extinction of the Schism. Gregory having resigned, Benedict, untamable to the end, was deposed, and in 1417 a new pope was chosen by the title of Martin V. Some attempts towards a reformation of morals in the church were made, but to no great purpose, and this famous assembly dissolved in 1418. It owes its chief renown to the murder of Huss and Jerome; and Sigismund has been saved from oblivion by the violation of a solemn promise. Thus the virtues of the good are a perpetual judgment on the sins of the wicked. The city of Constance yet shows the cell in which Huss was confined, and the spot on which he stood to receive his sentence, — the most interesting memorials of the great council.

The council during its session passed severe decrees against the communion in both kinds, which had been revived

afresh in Bohemia, and against the Hussites in general. But the two martyrs became saints in the eyes of their countrymen. The day of Huss's death was celebrated among them, and the seat which he used to occupy, before his pulpit, was hacked into splinters, to be carried away as a memorial of him. The terrible one-eyed Ziska arose, and a war of horrible violence and barbarity broke out, which hunted Sigismund almost to his grave.

The Roman church rallied after the council of Constance. Under favor of a powerful reaction, it sustained itself a century longer. Then came Luther, in the fulness of time, and accomplished what Wycliffe and Huss had in vain attempted before the hour was ripe. The battle was opened on the same ground, the immorality of the clergy and the sale of indulgences; but it did not end there.

Art. II. — P. Virgilius Maro, *qualem omni parte illustratum tertio publicavit* Chr. Gottl. Heyne, *cui* Servium *pariter integrum et variorum Notas cum suis subjunxit* N. E. Lemaire. Paris: P. Didot, Sen. 1819. 8vo. 8 vols. in 9.

Let not our readers suppose that we have undertaken "to gild refined gold," or to say a word in praise of Heyne's Virgil. We might, however, recommend the edition of it named above as containing a more ample collection of critical and biographical materials than any other that we have seen. Its value, to the readers of the Georgics especially, is greatly enhanced by a very complete "Flora Virgiliana" in French, in which the plants named by Virgil are identified, so far as is practicable, with plants known at the present time, and referred to their appropriate places, both in the Linnæan classification and under the natural orders. This is a department of inquiry which demands the services of a scientific botanist, and in which a mere lexicographer or critic might pursue his labors to little purpose. Many of the classical names of plants owe their origin to fabulous, remote, or ideal associations, and are employed by ancient writers to denote species or genera widely diverse from those which in

modern systems bear the same names. In some instances, the same Latin word denotes two or more very different plants; in others, different tribes, now regarded as belonging to the same family, are marked by distinct generic names. Often the notices that can be collected from all antiquity with reference to a plant, perhaps too universally known to have been described in detail, are so vague, fragmentary, and incidental, as to render its identification a process like that by which Cuvier was wont to reconstruct the skeleton of an unknown animal from a single tooth.

As we have touched upon this topic, it may not be without interest to our readers for us to illustrate these remarks by two or three prominent instances of ambiguity, which the mere philologist, who was not also a botanist, would be inadequate to solve. The word *lilium* furnishes a case in point. Almost every translator spontaneously renders this *lily*, in whatever connection it is found; yet there can be no doubt that it is often employed to denote also some of the larger species of the *Ornithogalum*, or *Star of Bethlehem*. *Vaccinium* is another term which has divided critics. It is now used to denote the extensive family of shrubs of which our common varieties of *whortleberry* are well-known members. The word was undoubtedly applied to this class of plants on account of its imagined derivation from *vacca*, the whortleberry being the common growth of pastures. But in Virgil's second Eclogue, *vaccinia nigra* are placed in contrast with *alba ligustra*, which must needs denote the *flower* of the *privet*; for its berries are black. The usual symmetry of Virgil's comparisons, therefore, compels us to suppose that his *vaccinium* is a flower, not a fruit, and points to the Greek ὑάκινθος as furnishing its etymology. Nor let it be objected to this interpretation, that the hyacinth is not black. There are varieties of it as black as any of the violet, and in the tenth Eclogue we have the verse,

"Et nigræ *violæ* sunt, et *vaccinia* nigra,"

which furnishes still further ground for regarding the *vaccinium* as a flower.

Of all the ancient names of plants, the lotus probably furnishes the broadest scope for botanical disquisition. It is a name given to no less than eleven trees, shrubs, and annuals, terrestrial and aquatic, of five different genera, belonging to as many different classes of the Linnæan system.

The French lexicographer, Noël, furnishes an amusing instance of carelessness in the floral department of his labors. The *rosemary* was designated in the Augustan age, as it is now, by the term *ros marinus*, from which it derives its English name. Virgil in his Culex uses the name in full, —

"Liliaque, et *roris* non avia cura *marini*."

In the second Georgic, he designates the same herb by *ros* simply: —

"Vix humiles apibus casias *roremque* ministrat."

Ovid also, in his Fasti, has the following verse: —

"Pars thyma, pars *rorem*, pars meliloton, amant."

With these verses before him, Noel not only omits *rosemary* [*romarin*] among the significations of *ros*, but when he comes to *ros marinus* he renders it *eau de mer*, thus sowing sea-water among the laurels and lilies that decked the mosquito's funeral mound.

But it is not our present design to pursue this subject. Our chief purpose in this article is to attempt the solution of the problems presented by Virgil's fourth Eclogue. This is in every point of view a unique poem. The other Eclogues are little more than free translations from Theocritus, or the adaptation of materials derived from him to more recent personages or events. They indicate that stage of culture at which one wisely borrows, and learns, by the re-arrangement of pre-existing materials, how in maturer years to shape and polish his own creations. They relate chiefly to the slender joys and sorrows of rustic life, and whatever in their subject-matter would demand a more elevated and ambitious treatment is gracefully indeed, but inexorably, brought down to the pastoral level. In the fourth, Virgil announces the purpose of a loftier song, — "*paullo majora canamus.*" He forsakes the *Sicilian* Muses, as soon as he has invoked them, and sustains himself throughout in a strain immeasurably transcending the bucolic standard in dignity and grandeur. Very little of the imagery, and no portion of the general scheme, of the poem can be traced to his favorite Greek models. It is marked by the utmost purity of language and sentiment, and contains not so much as a cursory reference to the earthly passion of love, the great staple of pastoral poetry; while the rest of the Bucolics not only dwell continually upon that passion, but are mostly conversant with those of its unchaste and unnatural

developments which Christian civilization has delivered over to darkness and infamy. In fine, the fourth Eclogue is as much out of place among the other nine, as one of Moore's Sacred Melodies would be in a collection of his most licentious amatory or Bacchanalian songs. On the other hand, we trace in this remarkable poem much more than a general resemblance to the Hebrew prophets. The tone of coloring given to its approaching golden age irresistibly recalls similar descriptions in David, Isaiah, and Micah ; and with a slight change of proper names, and a few deviations from the literal rendering, we could easily translate it so that it would seem a paraphrase from the Old Testament. Indeed, those portions of Pope's Messiah drawn directly from it can be distinguished only by the most careful analysis from the parts for which he was indebted to the "Nymphs of Solyma."

This Eclogue has also, so far as we are apprised, the solitary distinction among the remains of classical poetry of being exclusively prophetical in its character. The ancient poets drew their inspiration mainly from the past. Their golden age lay in the infancy of time, and before the birth of Jupiter. Their better days were always in the remotest antiquity. The entire absence of hopefulness as to the fortunes of the race is a pervading characteristic of them all. "*Omnia fatis in pejus ruere*," is their universal creed, — hardly ever disowned, except when, in a fit of sycophancy, or to save his head, the poet assigns to the reigning tyrant some decisive influence on coming ages. The etymology of the Greek and Latin words synonymous with *poet* has no reference to the future, — *ποιητής* and *poeta* meaning simply *maker*, and *vates*, i. e. *φάτης*, signifying merely *speaker* at the outset, though in process of time it came to designate the *prophet* as well as the poet.

Far otherwise was the case with the Hebrews. Their language has no word corresponding to our word *poet* ; but נָבִיא, *prophet*, a word derived from a root denoting the bringing forth of what is still hidden, was applied to every author, whether in prose or poetry, who transcended the scope of the mere annalist. This same designation was also employed to denote their religious teachers and their minstrels, in which latter sense only was it that Saul was "among the prophets." Now language is history ; and a well-ascertained philological fact may always be taken as a stenographic

abstract of an entire series or class of historical facts. The Hebrew poets, teachers, and minstrels were not called prophets fortuitously; for words are never coined or applied by haphazard. They were thus designated, because prophecy formed the chief staple of their teachings and their songs. The lessons of practical wisdom, which elsewhere were traditionary and grounded on experience, in Judea alone consisted of rules and motives drawn from the untried future. The national bards, who in other countries celebrated the founders and fathers of their respective states, and the half-fabulous legends of early times, in Palestine sang of the Prince of Peace who was yet to come, and of the reign of holiness and love to be established on the renovated earth. The Hebrews had, indeed, a golden age in the past; but in their traditions it was brief and barren of incident, and we find it hardly referred to in all their literature, except in the cursory narrative of Moses. The contemplation of it seems to have kindled no enthusiasm, nor can we remember a single strain in either psalmist or prophet to which it gave the inspiration.

The onward direction of Jewish poetry, art, and ethics is easily accounted for, if we admit the Scriptural narrative of a vein of authentic prophecy underlying the Mosaic dispensation. In all the higher efforts of genius, the mind must needs repose on objects of thought that can be regarded with pleasure, and must draw its inspiration from bright and sparkling fountains. Prospective rather than retrospective, if the future offers any thing hopeful, it will prophesy with pen and tongue, pencil and harp. But if the future be dark, it will retrace the long ages of violence, wrong, and misery, to find the material for its creations in the innocence and quietness of the world's unsoiled infancy. The nations diverged from the common cradle of the yet undivided race, no doubt, with common traditions. All but the Hebrews departed from the monotheism which is proved to have been the primitive religion of mankind by the fact, that every nation has in its mythology accounts of the birth of all its gods save one. These nations, early lapsing into idolatry, rapidly sinking, as to their character and their fortunes, from bad to worse, always able to trace a past better and happier than the present, and cut off from the light of divine revelation, naturally lost their hopefulness, and saw nothing before them but deeper degeneracy and degradation. Those, therefore, who looked beyond the

present were constrained to look back, — to disinter, prolong, magnify, and adorn the simple traditions of the parent pair in Eden. The Jews, on the other hand, endowed with the divine promise of an unending era of universal virtue and happiness, turned away from a Paradise Lost to a Paradise Regained, and lavished all the resources of fancy, eloquence, and song on the golden future, which their faith made present.

In this important regard, the fourth Eclogue detaches itself from the classical, and bears close kindred to the Hebrew school of poetry. It breathes throughout the hope of a new, happier, and more glorious era, to be established through the agency of a child whose birth was then near at hand, — the very same hope which at that age pervaded the Jews, wherever scattered, sustained in them an indomitable elasticity of soul, and kept them in an attitude of seemingly hopeless and always unsuccessful rebellion against the Roman power. Hence it is by no means surprising that the early Christians generally, and not a few in later times, should have supposed Virgil divinely inspired to predict the speedy advent of Jesus Christ, — a theory which, did it yet need refutation, would vanish before the chronological fact, that this Eclogue, which was written between thirty and forty years prior to the advent of our Saviour, promised the birth of the wonderful child within a few days at the farthest. Nor yet is it conceivable that Virgil could have had any serious purpose of sanctioning or publishing any Jewish belief or expectation as such. The Jews and every thing appertaining to them were despised in patrician circles at Rome ; and our poet was too much of a courtier to have adopted notions from a source so distasteful to his patrons. Besides, sympathy with the Jewish anticipations of the Messiah could hardly have existed, except in company with many other ideas from the same source, of which we find not the slightest trace. The only tenable hypothesis is, that this Bucolic was written in prospect of the birth of a child in the family of one of Virgil's illustrious patrons, and was designed simply as the adulatory offering of such tribute as the Muses have always been constrained to render to place and power. It concerns us, then, to know, first, in honor of whose expected child the Eclogue was written, — secondly, what inducement Virgil had to represent that child as the father of a new age, — and, finally, whence he derived the Hebrew tone of his imagery.

Many critics have inferred from the inscription of this poem to Pollio, that the expectations which it makes illustrious existed in his family. Pollio, indeed, had two sons ; but it cannot be proved that either of them was born during his consulship. Nor was his position in the republic sufficiently prominent and elevated to serve as a basis for such lofty predictions. Other stars were too manifestly in the ascendant for one dependent on the favor of the greatest to exhaust the capacity of language in the adulation of a mere satellite. Moreover, the *Te consule* and *Te duce* (vv. 11 and 13), and the absence of any reference to a nearer relation, show conclusively that Pollio could not have been the father of the promised hero.

Yet another hypothesis has pointed to Marcus Marcellus, the nephew of Augustus, whose early virtues and premature death are celebrated in the sixth book of the Æneid, as the subject of these sublime predictions. During the year when this poem was written, a peace, or rather a truce, was concluded between Octavius and Antony, chiefly through Pollio's mediation. As a pledge of this ill-compacted union, Antony received in marriage Octavia, the sister of his colleague, who shortly after gave birth to M. Marcellus, the fruit of her former marriage. Could Virgil have foreseen the brilliant fortunes prepared for this yet unborn boy, and the place which he was to occupy in the affections of his ambitious uncle, he would undoubtedly have laid his votive verses in the cradle, before it received its nursling. But he had, the previous year, been commended to the favor of Augustus, had received back at his hand his Mantuan estates, which had been seized by the greedy veterans, and had owned the benefit by an apotheosis of his benefactor in the first Bucolic. He could not have been unaware of the hardly masked jealousy and enmity which threatened speedy dissolution to the nominal friendship of Antony and Octavius. He had never been in any way connected with Antony, nor, as the friend of Octavius, could he have anticipated any benefit from making court to his rival. As a shrewd observer of character, he must have readily discerned which of the two would work his way to supreme power. A poem, inscribed to Pollio, who had been, up to that very year, of Antony's faction, and promising the sceptre of universal dominion to a son about to be born under Antony's roof and guardianship, would have been received by Octavius as a flagrant insult. The verse,

"Pacatumque reget *patriis virtutibus* orbem,"

has, indeed, been often quoted as better applicable to a descendant of the Marcelli than to a member of any other Roman family. But was there ever a Roman poet in whose verse *patriæ virtutes* of every imaginable kind would not have been ascribed or promised to the child of a man who had the whole empire under his feet?

The intrinsic improbability of the dedication of this Eclogue to an expected child, either in Pollio's or in Antony's family, is enhanced by the fact, that similar hopes then existed in the household of Octavius. In the course of that year, his wife Scribonia gave birth, not indeed to a son, but to the infamous Julia. There can be no doubt that Octavius had, from the time of his adoption by Julius Cæsar, cherished the hope of a more ample and permanent sway over the Roman empire than had been reposed in any single magistrate in the ages of watchful, jealous liberty. Monocratic visions for him had a substantial basis, both in his own position and endowments, and in the general weariness of republican forms, which had for many years only furnished plausible names and pretexts for a hydra-headed despotism. Views of this character must have tacitly blended in his mind with the hopes cherished for his offspring. As he was already more than his uncle's heir, he not unnaturally looked that his child should be more than his; nor could a poet have devised any more delicate or successful tribute of gratitude or flattery than such a laurel wreath as this of Virgil's for the brow of the unborn infant. The disappointment sustained by the birth of a girl, in lieu of the promised boy, accounts for the silence of contemporary antiquity as to the object of Virgil's predictions. The Eclogue must have been regarded at the time and in the poet's own circle as a misadventure, and would no doubt have been suppressed, were it ever possible to suppress the fruit of true genius. But when Virgil found that it could not die, he undoubtedly detached from it whatever there might have been in the caption or form of dedication to indicate its original purpose.

We next inquire into the origin of the extraordinary prediction embodied in this poem; for it must be acknowledged that this is no common flattery, nor has it any parallel among offerings of homage on similar occasions, in ancient or modern times. It promises the child, not the most potent of earthly sceptres, but a regenerating power over the hearts of men, the instincts of savage beasts, and the course of nature.

It seems adapted even to detract from the forms of greatness then held in the highest esteem. The forthcoming hero is to owe none of his renown to arms or war ; but as he emerges from boyhood, the last vestiges of ancient guile and force are to disappear. Had there not been some popular notion or expectation ready to be wrought into this highly ornate form, the conception would have been at once too bold and too pure for the receptivity of the age. We cannot but ascribe it to a Hebrew original. The Jews at that period lived almost solely in the future. Their ritual, their religious constitution, their social organization, their domestic habits, were full of the spirit of prophecy. Their genealogies were preserved with the most sacred care, and the humblest maid or matron from any branch of the root of David lived in the proud hope that she might give her nation its redeemer, and the world its king. The sincerity of this universal expectation in the hearts of the people was attested by its power to elevate them above their outward fortunes, and to fill the darkest present with insurmountable confidence in the future. Now the Jews were dispersed throughout the civilized world, and wherever they dwelt, even with considerable sectarian differences, they were united by their common property in the hopes which then seemed so near fulfilment. Their sanguine temper, their boastfulness of the good times at hand, must have awakened in the souls of many around them sympathy no less than idle curiosity. Their undoubting trust must have been contagious, especially at a transition period of the world's history, when the old foundations of society were crumbling away, and when the elements of political and national existence were in a state of solution, ready to crystallize in forms none could tell how unprecedented and marvellous.

That the Jews as a nation had not uttered the great prediction without effect, we have abundant testimony of the most authentic character. From Judea as a centre there seems to have been everywhere diffused the expectation that some divine personage was soon to appear, and a new and nobler age to dawn upon man. This impression, no doubt, had an important agency in depressing the popular idolatry, dispiriting its ministers, bringing its auguries into disrepute and silencing many of its oracles. It was this which sent the Magi to Bethlehem to do homage to the infant Jesus.

Suetonius writes, with reference to these very times: — "There had been spread abroad [*percrebuerat*] through the whole East an ancient and fixed opinion, that Judæa would send forth those who should obtain supreme authority." Tacitus also says, with reference to the same period: — "There was a general persuasion, that it is contained in the ancient books of the priests, that at that very time the East should gain the ascendency, and Judæa should furnish rulers for the world." The "ancient books of the priests" referred to (*antiquis sacerdotum libris*) were undoubtedly the Sibylline books, and there are some other indications that they contained references to the prevalent Jewish expectation. They undoubtedly were, during the entire period of their existence, constantly enriched by their keepers with whatever oracles might suit the temper of the times. They were expressly so worded, as in any event to seem infallible, — "*ut, quodcumque accidisset, prædictum videretur.*" Bearing this designed ambiguity in mind, we may not perhaps greatly err in supposing that it was with reference to some oracular *dictum* based on Jewish prophecy that Cicero says: — "*Sibyllæ versus observamus, quos illa furens fudisse dicitur: quorum interpres nuper falsa quadam hominum fama dicturus in senatu putabatur, eum, quem revera regem habebamus, appellandum quoque esse Regem, si salvi esse vellemus.*" That an oracle of such purport existed, Cicero evidently did not believe, nor is it conceivable, that, with the Roman hatred for the very name of king, which endured long after the people had become familiar with the substance of royalty, a saying of this character should have remained unexpunged in sacred books under the public custody. But it is in the highest degree probable that some reference to the expected king from the East should have crept into these oracular leaves, as their volume was enlarged by successive hands, and that that same misreported or misunderstood excerpt from them should have given rise to the "*falsa fama*" mentioned by Cicero.

But, independently of any inference that might be drawn from this source, we have abundant reason to suppose that the expectation current among the Jews was not only well known, but regarded with a great degree of concern throughout the civilized world. What more courtly poetical artifice could Virgil have invented, than to wrest the promised dia-

dem from the despised house of David, and to crown with it the heir of the Cæsars ? Here was this most august of predictions, from a source deemed utterly ignoble, floating about with reference to a people with whom the Roman mind had only scornful and contemptuous associations. The poet detaches the splendid prophecy from its mean and despicable environments of place and nation, and republishes it with reference to a family which was even then clutching the imperial purple, and for which fancy could hardly devise a destiny beyond its ambition.

But not only does the general conception of this Eclogue claim our critical regard. The whole coloring of the poem is unique as compared with classic models, and it was written at a period of the poet's life when he had attempted no independent flight, and was little more than a paraphrast. It has been generally supposed that he derived his materials for the fourth Bucolic from the Sibylline books. But, in the first place, these books were accessible only to the Quindecemviri, who had the charge of them. It is certain that Cicero, who had a great deal of curiosity with regard to them, had not been able either to consult them, or to get any authentic account of their contents. Then, again, we have no means of knowing that these books contained any detailed predictions like those which formed the basis of this poem. Our knowledge of what was in them is scanty and beggarly in the extreme. Indeed, the collection itself must have been at that time in a confused and scattered state, the original leaves having been burned half a century before, and replaced or rewritten from real or pretended fragments, and the reminiscences of their official guardians. The collection now extant under the name of the Sibylline books contains, indeed, many of the materials employed by Virgil ; but this is a forgery of the second century, and contains historical references that fix A. D. 138 as the earliest possible date for its composition. It was compiled in great part from the Old and New Testaments, and was probably a work of fancy, in which the author, evidently a recent convert to Christianity, intended to write what the Sibyl ought to have said, but became unwittingly an impostor upon an over-credulous age, which promptly received his farrago of history, fable, and nonsense as predictions wrung from the demons of the classic mythology in attestation of the Christian faith.

We do not believe that Virgil has reference to the Sibylline books in his "*ultima Cumæi carminis ætas.*" Though but little is expressly borrowed or imitated from Hesiod, there are several indications that Virgil had the Works and Days before him when he wrote the fourth Eclogue. Now Hesiod was perhaps a native of Cuma, a city or village in one of the Æolian isles. His father was born there, and driven by stress of fortune to Ascra, in Bœotia. Cumæan is therefore, according to the analogy of such epithets, interchangeable with Ascræan, as designating the poet or his works. Virgil, indeed, commonly uses the latter epithet when speaking of Hesiod; but in this case *Ascræi* would have spoiled the verse, by necessitating the elision of the final letter of the preceding dactyle. *Ultimus* literally means *most remote*, without defining past or future time, and is often used by Virgil and the best writers of the Augustan age to denote *earliest*. We would, then, render,

"Ultima Cumæi venit jam carminis ætas,"
"The earliest age of Hesiod's song now comes."

This rendering is favored by the two following verses: —

"Magnus *ab integro* sæclorum nascitur ordo.
Jam *redit* et Virgo; *redeunt* Saturnia regna."

Ab integro is usually applied to the renewal of transactions or series of events that have taken place before, and here denotes, as we suppose, the renewal of the great series of ages which Hesiod had sung. The first of his ages was the golden, under the reign of Saturn, giving a point to Virgil's *redeunt;* while the last incident of his iron age was the indignant flight from earth of the *Virgin Justice*, whose late departure would have suggested the idea of her return as the first token of a better era.

The conception of these three verses, and here and there a trait of imagery, we suppose Virgil to have derived from Hesiod. But we are inclined to believe that Virgil, when he wrote this Eclogue, had the Old Testament at his side, and deliberately worked up such materials as he found in the Psalms and the Prophets. Nothing is more probable than this conjecture. Virgil was not only a man of extensive, but of very curious erudition. It must have been by traditions handed down from his own times that he was currently

called, all through the Middle Ages, the "great magician," in which capacity it was, undoubtedly, that Dante adopted him for a *cicerone* in the infernal regions. Now a reputation of this kind in former times always adhered to a man who turned into the by-paths of knowledge, sought out the literature or traditions of nations but little known, or became conversant with the rites or records of any other than his national religion. There is much in the meagre accounts of Virgil's life, and much in his works, to indicate a very various culture, and a great deal of knowledge of a rare and unusual kind. He seems to have entered into the mysteries of the veterinary art with a scholarly curiosity and scientific zeal which can have had no parallel among poets. The Georgics contain many observations of natural phenomena, which could not have been collected without loving diligence on his part, and which hardly need emendation now. His frequent deviations from the usual details of popular fables evince similar habits of research as to the various readings of national and mythological traditions. The sacred books of the Jews were, indeed, hardly known by the Romans. But they were easily accessible in the Septuagint, and there could not have been less than twenty or thirty thousand Jews in Rome at that very time. Their writings were neglected, because they themselves were despised. But Virgil would have been the very man to seek the more for their literary and religious memorials, on account of their depressed condition.

There is yet another ground on which it seems in the highest degree probable that Virgil was acquainted with the Old Testament prophecies. The very Herod, who was so intensely fearful of the coming of the Messiah, was Pollio's intimate friend. Members of the Herod family, when in Rome, always lodged at Pollio's house. Could they have been silent there respecting the predictions which then made all Jewish hearts but their own leap with hope, and which they regarded with an agony of terror? Their fears would naturally have become a common topic of conversation in Pollio's household, where Virgil was a constant visitor, and would not unnaturally have incited him, had he lacked an inducement, to seek acquaintance with the Jewish Scriptures. Nor could he have failed to see at a glance how exalted a tribute, beyond the praise of all former song, they might furnish him for the anticipated heir of Octavius.

We have not been led to our conclusions with regard to this magnificent poem by any religious or Scriptural bias. We do not regard it as reflecting peculiar honor on Virgil, that he should have become in any degree conversant with the Jewish Scriptures, without imbibing from them a higher theology and a purer ethical system than we can trace in his writings. Nor do we reckon it among the distinguishing glories of those stern old Hebrew prophets, that they should have furnished a birth-song for throes that at best would have given the world an accomplished tyrant, but in fact brought to light the vilest wretch that ever bore the form or name of woman. We have barely attempted to make our theory conform to the facts in the case. Had Isaiah been a Greek, or had Pindar written the seventy-second Psalm, no critic would have doubted that Virgil imitated them in the fourth Eclogue. But Isaiah and the Psalms must have been within his knowledge and his easy reach. Why, then, need we hesitate to believe that he for once forsook Helicon for

> "Siloa's brook, that flowed
> Fast by the oracle of God"?

Art. III. — *Notes on the Early Settlement of the Northwestern Territory.* By Jacob Burnet. Cincinnati: Derby, Bradley, & Co. 1847. 8vo. pp. 501.

We know of nothing which illustrates more forcibly the rapid growth of the vast region northwest of the Ohio river, than the fact that the author of the volume before us, a man still active and vigorous, a bank director and politician, was a leader among the first true lawmakers, the earliest legislators, of that immense realm. Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, and Wisconsin, — with all their swarming millions, their gigantic granaries and clustering workshops, their canals and railroads, schoolhouses and churches, their libraries of statutes and reports, their piles of legislative documents, their monstrous debts, and yet more monstrous possessions, — have risen into existence under the eye of one who is still as much a citizen of the busy world as he was when his pen traced the first laws and sketched the dawning policy of that "mother of empires," the Northwestern Territory.

It was in 1796 that Jacob Burnet, then twenty-six years of age, left his home in New Jersey, and passed into the Western wilderness, the inhabitants of which, north of the Ohio, were estimated, at that time, at about fifteen thousand souls. The young lawyer was bound for Cincinnati, a little aguish village of log cabins, where a brick had never been seen. On the eastern edge of this village stood Fort Washington, commanded at that time by a young lieutenant, named William Henry Harrison, who had served as aide-de-camp to Wayne, in 1794. The army and the bar — and within those two folds were contained most of the educated and refined men then in the Northwest — were chiefly remarkable for the exaggerated tone of dissipation which prevailed in them. Of nine lawyers who were at the bar when Mr. Burnet came to the Territory, eight died confirmed sots, and a large proportion of the officers under St. Clair, Wayne, and Wilkinson were hard drinkers.* The greatest man of the early West, George Rogers Clark, died a drunkard.† In this respect, a great change has been taking place within the last twenty years ; the earlier pioneers not of the army or bar were by no means so abandoned in their habits as their more refined fellow-laborers ; but among their children, born in comparative ease and wealth, and accustomed from childhood to the loose ways of the higher classes, there was a fearful amount of dissipation, and many, whose talents fitted them to rank with the foremost, sank into early graves or hopeless obscurity in consequence of their folly ; but with a third generation have come greater inducements to labor, better examples, and a higher tone ; so that throughout the West there is far less to regret and censure than there was even twelve or fifteen years since.

When Mr. Burnet entered the Territory, it was divided into four counties, to which a fifth was soon added ; the county seats being Marietta, Cincinnati, Kaskaskia, Vincennes, and Detroit. At these points the courts were held at which the members of the bar were in the habit of practising ; but those from Cincinnati seldom went to Kaskaskia or Vincennes, though the writer of the work before us states, that, from the time he entered the practice until the State of Ohio was

* Burnet, pp. 36, 37. Harrison was one of the few exceptions.
† *Ibid.* p. 81.

organized, he did not miss attending a single term at Detroit or Marietta. The journeys from one point to another were made on horseback, occupying from six to twelve days, the path lying for the most part through an uninhabited wilderness. The exposure and the risks were, of necessity, very great; but it was that very exposure, as we are informed, which made of our author, whose health was delicate, a robust man, who now, at seventy-seven, seeks amusement in a journey from the banks of the Ohio to the White Mountains of New Hampshire.

In 1798, the change of government took place which elevated the young attorney to the rank of a lawmaker. This change grew out of the Ordinance of 1787, which provided that whenever the Northwestern Territory contained "five thousand *free* male inhabitants, of full age" (not, as Judge Burnet states, "five thousand *white* male inhabitants"), it should be entitled to choose representatives, and have a government of its own. In this government, besides the House chosen directly by the people, there was a Legislative Council, consisting of five persons, who were to be selected by the President of the United States from a list of ten sent him by the representatives of the Territory.

At the head of the Council first chosen stands the name of Jacob Burnet. Of his labors in the sphere to which he was called it will be enough to say, that during the first session he prepared and reported sixteen bills or laws (the whole number passed being thirty-seven), a system of rules for the Council, an answer to the governor's address, a memorial to Congress, and an address to the President of the United States.

In connection with the last, the address to Mr. Adams, a question arises which is worthy of our attention. In the paper referred to, Mr. Burnet "alluded very specially to the firmness with which he [Mr. Adams] resisted the efforts of the British commissioners, during the negotiations at Paris, to make the river Ohio the northern boundary of the United States";* and in a note to the work before us, the writer affirms, that, Dr. Franklin having suggested a compliance with the proposition to make the Ohio the north line, Mr. Adams replied, "No," and said that he would sooner "withdraw from the negotiation, return home, and exhort his country-

* Burnet, p. 315.

men to continue the war as long as they could keep a soldier in the field. Mr. Jay was equally determined."* The claim thus advanced by Judge Burnet was also made by him in his address to John Quincy Adams at the founding of the Cincinnati Observatory, in November, 1843; and the fact, that the son of the statesman for whom the claim is made received it in silence, has been, though surely without reason, regarded as an indorsement by him of the correctness of Judge Burnet's statement. But is it correct? Does it do justice to Mr. Jay? We ask our readers to weigh the following facts.

Mr. Jay reached Paris, whither he was called by letters from Dr. Franklin, on the 23d of June, 1782.† From that time until September, little or no progress was made in negotiation, in consequence of the dilatory steps of the English government, which at first issued a commission wherein the United States were termed colonies,‡ a term to which Mr. Jay resolutely objected, although Dr. Franklin and the Count de Vergennes thought it "signified little." Mr. Jay's opposition, and his arguments to Mr. Oswald, the British commissioner, carried the day, however, and on the 27th of September a new commission, drawn in accordance with Mr. Jay's views, reached Paris.§ Meantime, it had become evident that Spain, and probably France also, would oppose the claims of the United States to the West.‖ Mr. Jay was convinced that they would uphold the English claim to all the country north of the Ohio. Against the views thus entertained by her allies, the commissioner of the United States (Mr. Jay ¶) took a stand as decided as could be taken; and fearing that the court of England might be influenced by the Spanish and supposed French views, he sent a special messenger to converse with Lord Shelburne on the subject of boundaries, and to urge the full American claim.** With Mr. Oswald at Paris little or no difficulty appears to have occurred; and articles were drawn up by the 8th of October, which Mr. Oswald recommended to his court for adoption.†† By these articles, the northern

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* Burnet, p. 315, *note.*
† Sparks's *Dip. Corr.* VIII. 113.
‡ *Ibid.* X. 76.
§ *Ibid.* VIII. 136, 143, 204.
‖ *Ibid.* VIII. 150 – 160, 202 – 205.
¶ Dr. Franklin was sick, and did little. (*Dip. Corr.* VI. 451.)
** *Ibid.* VIII. 164 – 169.
†† *Ibid.* VIII. 204.

boundary of the United States was to have been, as at present, from Maine to the point where the 45th parallel crosses the St. Lawrence, "thence straight to the south end of the lake Nepissing, and thence straight to the source of the river Mississippi." * These lines, it will be seen, would have given us not only the chief part of the Northwestern Territory, but also the greater portion of Upper Canada, and the complete control of the Lakes. This boundary the British ministry, however, would not consent to, and Mr. Oswald was so informed on the 23d of October; three days after, for the first time since the negotiations began, Mr. Adams reached Paris.†

In Mr. Adams Mr. Jay found a bold and able coadjutor, and in the discussions which followed the two were together, as far as we can discover, upon all leading points.‡ In respect to boundaries, however, there is nothing to show that the British wished at that time to force the United States south to the Ohio. Two lines were talked of, the one being the 45th parallel from the St. Lawrence to the Mississippi, the other the present line through the Lakes.§ Mr. Oswald agreed to the former, which would still have given the United States the control of the Lakes, and a second set of articles, embodying that boundary, was prepared November 5th; || but these also the British ministry objected to, and twenty days after *offered* a third set,¶ defining the boundary as it now exists.

We should not have dwelt upon this point so long, did we not deem it a duty to place in a just light every act of a man so true, pure, and patriotic, and yet so little estimated and basely maligned, as John Jay. That Judge Burnet may remember correctly the understanding of the time, and the tone of the papers of the day, we do not question; Mr. Adams was preëminent for his services and his abilities; but the evidence to which we have referred is the best to be had, and shows, we think, distinctly, that the main battle as to boundaries was fought by his colleague.

Among the most interesting portions of Judge Burnet's volume are the sketches of the men who were distinguished in the early annals of the Northwest. Among these, no one, both from rank and misfortune, is so prominent as Governor St.

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* *Dip. Corr.* X. 90.
‡ *Ibid.* VI. 436, 439, 448, &c.
|| *Ibid.* X. 94.
† *Ibid.* VIII. 205, 206; VI. 436.
§ *Ibid.* VI. 442, 465.
¶ *Ibid.* X. 101.

Clair. St. Clair was a man born never to succeed, and upon whom the consequences of ill-success were visited as crimes. He was born in Scotland, in 1734, of a wealthy and influential family. Having received a university education, he joined the army, and was with Wolfe in 1759 at the battle of Quebec. After the peace of Paris he left the army, and bought a farm in the interior of Pennsylvania, in which Province he held various commissions. Among the duties which came upon him as a representative of the Penn family was that of arresting, in 1774, Dr. John Connolly, who, under a commission from Lord Dunmore of Virginia, had arrived upon the Monongahela with a view to seizing Pittsburg and the neighbouring lands, all of which were claimed by the Old Dominion; and it is from St. Clair's letters that we learn the connection between that seizure, which was ultimately effected, and the Indian war which followed; the fact having been, that Connolly, to reconcile the Virginia Burgesses to his extravagance in fortifying and providing against the Pennsylvanians, thought a little Indian skirmishing advisable, so that warlike expenditures might be charged to that account, and thence came the murder of Logan's family and its consequences.*

When the Revolution broke out, St. Clair was made a colonel in the American army; in 1776 he was created brigadier, and in 1777 major-general, and was placed in command of Ticonderoga. That important post, however, he was forced to yield in July of the same year, and did it, although he anticipated that it would bring upon him, as was the fact, a storm of popular censure, and perhaps his own ruin. "I know," he said to Wilkinson at the time, "I could save my character by sacrificing the army; but were I to do so, I should forfeit that which the world could not restore, and which it cannot take away, the approbation of my own conscience."† The self-sacrifice was made; and although his companions in arms, the court-martial which examined the affair, and Congress, all considered his conduct wise, right, and honorable, the poison of calumny had entered the public mind, and was never eradicated.

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* See the original papers in *American Archives*, I. 252–288, 435, 459, 470, 484, 506, 774, &c.

† Wilkinson's *Memoirs*, I. 85.

At the close of the war he again retired to his farm, whence he was called to serve in Congress, over which body he presided for some time. When the Northwestern Territory was about to be organized, in 1787, St. Clair was desirous of being appointed its governor; and such was his influence in Congress, that Dr. Cutler, the agent of the New England associates, found it wise to withdraw the Massachusetts candidate, General Parsons, and to support the Pennsylvanian,* who was chosen in October.

As governor of the Northwest, St. Clair was unfortunate, both in his civil and military capacities. His love of official show and fondness of power displeased some, his strong Federal politics disgusted others, and with the Territorial legislature, when first organized, he came into conflict by the exercise of his "veto," having refused his assent to eleven acts. But his famous defeat was a more general ground of complaint than even his political course. Never, indeed, was a man more denounced than he for an affair in which little or no blame attached to him. As the exact circumstances of that second "Braddock's field" have not been generally presented correctly, we will, in justice to the commander's memory, state them.

On the 3d of November, 1791, St. Clair's army reached the banks of a small tributary of the Wabash, at the spot afterwards named by Wayne Fort Recovery. Here the regular troops rested in a position of considerable security, the militia being thrown across the stream a quarter of a mile beyond the main force. Colonel Oldham was in command of the militia, and was instructed to send out scouts in all directions, to ascertain if the Indians who had been hovering about the army for some days were present in force or not. In addition to this, a volunteer body of regulars, picked men, was sent under Captain Slough† to take a position in advance of the militia, and make a yet more careful examination of the woods. This done, the commanding general, who was miserably sick, sat down with Major Ferguson to plan a slight work as a place of deposit for his stores. Slough during the night advanced a mile and a quarter into the forest beyond the stream, and doubtless into the immediate vicinity of the great

* See Cutler's *Journal*, in *N. A. Review*, Vol. LIII. 334, &c. (Oct. 1841).
† In *Am. State Papers*, V. 138, this name is misprinted "Hough."

council of the natives, who occupied a camp three quarters of a mile in extent, when, finding the Indians very numerous, and being satisfied that the army would be attacked in the morning, he withdrew his troops to give warning to their comrades. On his way back to the main camp, he stopped among the militia, and reported his observations to Colonel Oldham, who, in reply, told him that his spies brought in similar information, and that he also expected an attack by daylight. Oldham's message Captain Slough agreed to carry to head-quarters, reporting it, together with his own discoveries, to General Butler, the second in command, and who had charge of the first line, — from which, if we remember rightly, Slough was detached. General Butler was an old Indian trader and fighter, and was regarded as the best man in the camp for the business on hand ; but at the time he was not on good terms with St. Clair, and neither communicated the information he had received to the commander-in-chief, nor took any precautions himself.

The night passed on, and the troops mustered before daylight in the morning, as was usual ; but not a word reached St. Clair of the enemy which filled the woods around him. But when the soldiers, dismissed from their ranks again, were in confusion and unprepared for action, the yells that rose about the devoted band told too plainly the presence of the foe ; and in a moment, before the troops could be fairly reorganized, the militia, flying like deer before the hunters, rushed into the camp and produced a disorder that could not be remedied. In addition to this, the soldiers, trained to European warfare, were gathered in masses round the cannon, and thus became a target to the hidden riflemen of the woods. St. Clair did all that could be done ; but, disabled by illness, his officers killed, and his troops at length panic-stricken, after three hours and a half of hard fighting, he was forced to turn his back, himself almost the last man on the field. Thus was his army destroyed through the gross negligence of General Butler, and the false though usual policy of placing his militia in advance, and fighting in close rather than open order.

General Butler died on the field of battle, and no explanation of his conduct can be given ; but had he reported to his superior officer the facts made known to him by Slough, the

army, St. Clair assures us, would have been moved at once upon the enemy, and the result might have been a victory.*

In relation to General Butler's death there are various accounts, which, to the skeptic in the details of history, must be full of comfort. Some say he was killed by a half-breed Shawnee chief, his own son; this is the account given by John Johnston, of Piqua, Ohio, a prominent Indian agent.† Stone, in his Life of Brant,‡ tells us that he was badly wounded, and left upon the field of battle, and that, seeing Simon Girty, he asked that worthy to kill him; this, Girty, being unused to acts of mercy, refused to do; but an Indian, learning the sufferer's rank, kindly buried his tomahawk in his brain. A third statement, given in Butler's Kentucky,§ informs us that he was wounded and taken back of the lines to be attended to; but that while they were dressing his wounds, an Indian broke through the ranks in pursuit of the officer, whom he had seen borne away, and killed him in the arms of his attendants. Other variations might be added, but it is needless, as these are enough to show the worthlessness of minute historical statements, even in relation to what happened in our own country but a half-century ago.

To return to St. Clair. His unpopularity was brought to a climax by his opposition to the efforts of the people who inhabited the eastern portion of the Territory to obtain a State organization. This opposition he continued up to the meeting of the convention to form the State constitution, in November, 1802, and, having obtained permission to address that meeting, he did it in a manner which caused Mr. Jefferson instantly to remove him from office. He then returned to Pennsylvania, worn out, poor, and without hope. A claim which he had against the United States was refused payment because barred by the statute of limitations, and a bill to grant him an annuity was lost in the House of Representatives. Pennsylvania acted more generously, and bestowed upon him a yearly income sufficient for his wants, which he enjoyed until his death, in the eighty-fourth year of his age, August, 1818.

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* In reference to this battle, see *American State Papers*, V. 137, 198. *Ibid.* XII. 37, 44. Slough's deposition in St. Clair's *Narrative*, pp. 213–219. Marshall's *Kentucky*, I. 380. Dillon's *Indiana*, I. 308. St. Clair's *Narrative*, pp. 31–36, 135. *American Pioneer*, II. 150.

† Cist's *Cincinnati Miscellany*, II. 299.

‡ p. 204. § II. 310.

Judge Burnet dwells at considerable length upon the Indian wars of the Northwest; and they deserve to be dwelt on, especially at this time, as they show how Washington treated a weak neighbour whose demands were unreasonable and whose conduct was unjust, fearing neither the charge of weakness, nor the accusation of a want of proper national pride. The Indian wars of the Northwest, which in their day were vastly more important to the Union than our present contest, grew up in the following manner. When England made the peace of 1783, she left her Indian allies along the frontier entirely unprovided for, at the mercy of the Americans. Congress naturally regarded the victory over England as a victory also over her helpers, and looked upon the lands of the Northwest as forfeited by Britain in consequence of her treaty, and lost by the natives through the right of conquest. The Indians, accordingly, were offered peace, and portions of their own lands were allotted them as residences and hunting-grounds, while what was needed by the States was taken for nothing, or at a merely nominal price. This is the language of the treaty of Fort McIntosh, made in January, 1785, with the Wyandots, Delawares, Chippewas, and Ottawas; and in that concluded at the mouth of the Great Miami, a year later, not only are their lands "allotted" to the Shawanese, but they are made expressly to acknowledge "the United States to be the sole and absolute sovereigns of all the territory ceded to them by a treaty of peace made between them and the king of Great Britain," January 14th, 1784.* With this understanding on the part of the whites, were made the treaties of Fort Stanwix in 1784, of Fort McIntosh in 1785, of the Great Miami in 1786, and of Fort Harmar in 1789.

But the great body of the Indians refused to acknowledge the validity of these treaties. The celebrated Brant had early seen that the red men, when left to themselves, would soon be stripped of all they had, unless they determined upon and persevered in union. It became with him, therefore, a leading object to secure such a union of the Northwestern and Northern tribes as would put it out of the power of any one

* See also Report to Congress of October 15, 1783 (*Old Journals*, IV. 294). Instructions to Indian Commissioners, same date (*Secret Journals*, I. 257). Knox's Report of June 15, 1789 (*American State Papers*, V. 13). Statement of Commissioners in 1793 (*American State Papers*, V. 353).

nation to dispose of its lands without the consent of the others. And he succeeded in forming such a confederacy, though at what period precisely we do not learn, either from Mr. Stone or any other source; its first appearance, so far as we know, was through a very able paper addressed to the United States, in November, 1786, by a meeting of the Indian congress, held at the mouth of the Detroit river.* But although this union of the tribes does not appear till 1786, we find the earlier treaties objected to on the part of Brant and others, because they were made, in opposition to the known wishes of the natives, with single tribes. This point, indeed, seems to have arisen at a very early period; as we find that in October, 1783, it was ordered by Congress that the commissioners to make peace with the Indians should treat with them unitedly; but, in the following March, it was directed that they should meet the tribes at various places and different times,† which policy was adhered to. There was, therefore, on the red man's side, a determination to resist all transfers of land unless made by universal consent, while the whites were disposed to obtain what they could from the fears, the wants, or the weakness of separate tribes; and, inasmuch as the Indian confederacy had no recognized national existence, the whites were able to attain their ends despite the protests of the savages. Indeed, those protests do not make any appearance on record, until, as we have said, the autumn of 1786, although it is alleged that they were made as early as the treaty of Fort Stanwix.

We cannot, therefore, accuse our fellow-countrymen of unfair dealing with their copper-colored brethren, but neither can we be surprised that the children of the forest regarded the growing invasion of their homes with impatience and anger. Of old they had hoped to stop the career of European conquest at the Alleghanies, and had failed; then the Ohio became their landmark; but now that, too, was passed, and they were to be driven they knew not whither. Impatient and angry, war-parties harassed the whole Ohio border, on both sides of the river, and Gamelin, a trader who was sent in April, 1790, up the Wabash, found evidences of a spirit of hostility which led to the useless and

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* It is in the *American State Papers*, V. 8.
† *Secret Journals*, I. 255, 261.

unfortunate campaign of Harmar, who was to strike a blow upon the Maumee that would terrify the restless savages into good behaviour. He struck his blow, but the red dogs struck back again; he burnt their towns and corn, but they killed and scalped his "regulars," while his foolish and cowardly militia took to their heels.*

This blow, therefore, served only still further to irritate and encourage the natives, who meanwhile were hoping for direct aid from England. Indirect aid they seem to have had, if not from the authorized upper agents of Britain, at least from her traders and under-functionaries; and soon they were swarming again with torch and tomahawk along the devoted frontier. When this state of facts became known to the President, it was determined to adopt a threefold plan of action, calculated, as it was hoped, to meet all difficulties. By this plan there was to be sent to the confederacy on the Lakes a messenger of peace, under the protection of certain friendly Iroquois chiefs, Corn-Planter and others; in case he failed to satisfy the natives that the United States desired to do justice, expeditions were to go from Kentucky, composed of frontier men, who were to repeat Harmar's blows upon the villages of the Wabash, and avoid his defeats, which were ascribed to the presence of the regulars; while, in the third place, a great army was to be gathered, which should march to the Maumee, take, fortify, and hold the point at the Miami village, now Fort Wayne, and by this means completely overawe and control the unruly red men.† The commander-in-chief was St. Clair, the pacific messenger, Colonel Procter, and the leaders of the Kentuckians, Scott and Wilkinson. Procter's mission entirely failed, in part because he was unable to reach the confederacy, and in part because the Indians mistrusted the three-headed negotiation, which was military at two points, and civil at but one.‡ Scott and Wilkinson, in due time, attacked the unhappy villages on the Wabash, destroying some food and killing a

* See accounts of Harmar's campaign in *American State Papers*, XII. 20, &c., and V. 104, &c. Some writers have placed Harmar's actions on the Scioto; this is because there was a "Chillicothe" on the Maumee; there was a third Indian town of the same name on the Little Miami.

† *American State Papers*, V. 171. Sparks's *Washington*, IX. 109.

‡ Stone's *Life of Brant*, II. 300, &c.

few warriors. Of St. Clair's most fatal conflict we have already said enough.

When the news of that campaign reached the President, he felt that he must act with decision, and at the same time he was, with most others, still unwilling to lose any opportunity of avoiding further bloodshed. While, therefore, steps were taken to renew the army, and place it under a leader of undoubted ability and energy, means were also adopted to bring the intentions of the United States home to the minds of the natives more completely than had been done before. To this end, the Iroquois friendly to the United States were to go westward ; Brant was invited to Philadelphia ; Colonel Trueman, with a friendly message, was sent from Fort Washington (Cincinnati) to the Maumee ; Colonel Hardin, with a similar message, was despatched to Sandusky ; Captain Hendricks, chief of the Stockbridge Indians, was urged to attend the convention of the natives in the Northwest ; and General Rufus Putnam, of Marietta, was authorized to go into the Indian country and make a treaty with as many tribes as he could. But all was of no avail ; the most that could be done was to procure the submission of existing difficulties to a great council to be held in the following year, 1793, and this was obtained through the emissaries of the Six Nations. Brant visited Philadelphia, but did not return to his Western confederates ; Hendricks stayed away from the council ; Trueman and Hardin were murdered before reaching their destination ; and General Putnam's treaty, made at Vincennes, was of no avail, having never been ratified by the Senate.

And here we pause for a moment, to notice a slight error of Judge Burnet in relation to the mission of Trueman. He states* that Trueman and Hardin went on the same embassy, leaving Fort Washington some time in June. He also observes, that "the discrepancies which have appeared as to the time, manner, and circumstances of that unfortunate embassy are somewhat remarkable." Such is, indeed, the fact, and we will note them, although unimportant in themselves, as one of the curiosities of historical detail. Marshall and Butler, in their Kentucky Histories, speak of Trueman as sent by Wilkinson ; Atwater, in his History of Ohio, says he

* p. 129.

was sent by Wayne ; Judge Burnet, in a former publication, the Transactions of the Ohio Historical Society, alleged that he was sent by Harmar ; this, in the work before us, he speaks of as an error, and states, what is the truth, that he was a messenger of the United States executive, under instructions from the Secretary of War.* The author of the Notes now says he left Cincinnati in June ; but in the fifth volume of the American State Papers, p. 243, we have a statement by William May, who says that he (May) was sent, on or about the 13th of April, " to follow on the trail of Trueman, who, with a French baker and another man, was sent as a flag to the Indians." He afterwards mentions the discovery of Trueman's body and those of his companions, "scalped and stripped." Many circumstances render this statement suspicious, such as the fact that Trueman's instructions are dated in Philadelphia, April 3d, and that his death was not heard of until June 28th, even at Vincennes ; and yet there is no reason on the face of it to question May's account. But from a letter in Dillon's Indiana, Vol. I., p. 312, written by Wilkinson, we learn that one *Freeman* left Fort Washington for the Indians on the 7th of April, and in the same letter May is ordered to follow on his track. It was then Freeman, and not Trueman, beyond a doubt, whose body May found. That it was not that of the latter we know, because we have in Cist's Cincinnati Miscellany, Vol. I., p. 18, another letter from Wilkinson, which clears up all difficulties, and enables us to correct our author ; it is dated May 24th, and states that " Hardin and Trueman left us day before yesterday, the former for Sandusky, the latter for the Maumee."

But although the pacific overtures of 1792 availed so little, Washington was determined to send messengers the next spring whose position and characters should command respect. He at first selected Charles Carroll and Charles Thompson ; but as they declined the nomination, Benjamin Lincoln, Timothy Pickering, and Beverly Randolph were chosen instead, and about the last of April left Philadelphia for the West. Of their proceedings Judge Burnet gives a full account. They were of the most conciliatory and pacific character. Every thing that could be done with propriety

* *American State Papers*, V. 230.

was done to allay the passions of the Indians and the jealousy of the English, who did not like it that they had not been called in as mediators. But all was in vain; the savages had worsted Harmar and annihilated St. Clair; they also fully expected aid from England, having received beyond doubt intimations from the British agents that the war between the United States and the mother country would be renewed; intimations which Lord Dorchester, in his famous speech of February, 1794, before the final conflict, fully seconded. The genuineness of this speech, it is true, was denied by Judge Marshall in his Life of Washington, and the note in Mr. Sparks's great work (Vol. X., p. 394) might lead one to suppose that he agreed with the earlier biographer; but we have reason to know that Mr. Sparks is satisfied that the speech is genuine, and the discovery of a certified manuscript copy among Brant's papers, made by Mr. Stone, places the fact beyond question. The commissioners of Washington were, therefore, forced to retrace their steps, and then Wayne was instructed to make his entrance, which he did slowly, but with such skill that the Indians found themselves outdone in their own particular branch of warfare, skulking and surprising, and had lost all their moral strength and their confidence before the battle of August 20th, 1794,—the battle which closed not only the Indian war, properly so called, but also the border contests that had lasted since Connolly, in 1774, began his Indian skirmishes, in order to excuse his expenditure of the treasures of the Old Dominion.

If our reader will for a moment dwell upon the course of proceeding we have thus hastily sketched, he will see that Washington, when a war had been rashly entered upon,—as the war of 1790 to 1795 certainly had been, by the expedition of Harmar,—was not, therefore, unwilling to approach the other party in a spirit of concession and compromise, even after that other party had been successful. Had St. Clair's campaign proved fortunate, instead of ruinous, the reasons for concession and pacific measures would have been vastly stronger. And can it be doubted, that, if we had paused at the Rio del Norte, and proper commissioners, with the power of offering just and wise concessions, had been sent to Mexico, our own consciences and the judgment of the world would have acquitted us, where both will now convict

us, — and this equally whether we had succeeded, or, like Washington, failed in the effort to secure peace without further bloodshed ?

Before leaving this subject of the Indian wars, we wish to call the attention of our readers to the last message sent by the Indians to Messrs. Randolph, Lincoln, and Pickering ; an abstract of it may be found in the work before us, page 149, or the whole in the fifth volume of American State Papers, page 356 ; it is, we think, among the best papers to be met with in the diplomacy of nations, savage or civilized.

Among the most remarkable men connected with the period of which we are writing was General Wilkinson, and we cannot but hope that some one will attempt his biography before it is too late. His connection with Burr, and his failures during the war of 1812, have thrown a shade over his character and talents ; but he possessed abilities of a very rare kind, and if unworthy of confidence, he was surely one of the profoundest and most successful concealers of roguery that ever lived ; for three protracted trials, before a court of inquiry, the House of Representatives, and a court martial, failed to lead to his conviction on any of the charges brought against him. His popular power was unbounded ; he absolutely ruled Kentucky at one time, though a mere private man, and one lately from beyond the mountains. In his dealings with Burr, he was either innocent, or too deep for one who was not easily duped. As a business man, he opened the trade of the Mississippi. As a writer and speaker, he was perfectly adapted to his sphere. In social life, he exercised a fascination even over his enemies, and none, however prejudiced, could resist the charm of his eloquence, his manner, and his most subtle flattery.

But it is time that we ceased these rambling, and we fear sadly uninteresting, remarks on the past of the West, to suggest some more connected thoughts on its history and its probable future.

Upon the surface of the earth there is no land which ought to be more interesting to us than the vast and wealthy realm which lies upon the Mississippi and its tributaries. The dead or dying hero is no more worthy of our regard than the newborn infant. Beyond the Alleghanies is to be tried the great question of our age and race, — that of self-government, as we call it, or, more properly, the question whether we can and

will submit ourselves to the government of God. There is a Pagan Democracy, which looks to real self-control, or, in other words, no control at all, which demands its own rights, and aims at nothing higher than happiness ; but there is also a Christian Democracy, which bows to the Controller of all, looks to the rights of others and its own duties, and aims at justice, truth, and God's kingdom among men. Upon those Western prairies, among those Western "knobs," along those winding rivers, and by the side of the countless little water-courses and "dry runs" of that vast valley are the rival spirits of Heathen and Christian Democracy to contend for supremacy ; already the battle is begun.

And what a battle-field ! From the Alleghanies to the Rocky mountains, from the frozen lakes of the North to the tepid waters of the Gulf of Mexico ! Every soil, every climate, every variety of surface. Of all the great products of the world, coffee is the only one which does not, or may not, grow there. Take the people of Britain, Ireland, France, Holland, Germany, Italy, and Spain, and place the whole in the valley beyond the Appalachians, and it would continue to ask for "more." Ohio alone, without sinking a pit below the level of her valleys, could supply coal equal to the amount dug from the mines of England and Wales for twenty-five hundred years ; and Ohio is but a pigmy, in the way of bitumen, compared with Western Pennsylvania and Virginia. Iron abounds from Tennessee to Lake Erie, and forms the very mountains of Missouri and Arkansas. Salt wells up from secret storehouses in every Northwestern State. Lead enough to shoot the human race extinct with is raised from the great metallic dikes of Illinois and Wisconsin. Copper and silver beckon all trusting capitalists to the shores of Lake Superior. And mark the water-courses, the chain of lakes, the immense plains graded for railroads by Nature's own hand, the reservoirs of water waiting for canals to use them. Already the farmer far in the interior woods of Ohio or Indiana may ship his produce at his own door to reach Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, or New Orleans, and every mile of its transit shall be by canal, steamboat, or rail-car.

What a land is this for Democracy to try her hand in ! How different from the hard, rough Attica, where the olive-tree, the peasant's cow and pig combined in one, clung to

the fissured rock century after century, yielding its butter and lard; where the humming swarms of Hymettus were instead of the sugar-cane, and pastures and fields, and ease and plenty were not tempting men to sloth and neglect. Is not the very wealth of the West to be its ruin? Can virtue and self-control exist without hard labor and struggles? And can labor be the characteristic of a land so reeking with abundance?

Let us enter that land, and choose its most typical State, Kentucky; let us look at its towns, its people, its inner history, and see what light we can gather to aid us in a Yankee guess at the time to come. We leave the Ohio valley; we ascend the hills, if those deserve the name which are only "elevations of depression," the ridges left where the water has gullied the plain;* — how rounded, how feminine the landscape! Over the gentle undulations, symmetrical as the bust of Venus, the ripening wheat, the rising corn-fields, spread to the shadow of the emerald maple-boughs, or the feathery beeches. The blue sky softens in the distance into a hazy, sleepy white; the tulip-tree, left alone in the pasture, lifts its branchless trunk seventy or eighty feet heavenward, and the broad, glossy leaves twinkle and wink in the sunbeams; the cattle lie dozing, only their molar teeth wakeful; the pigs are deep in the mire by the brook-side; a gaunt horse, dragging after him at the plough-tail an unwilling negro, walks between the corn-rows, trampling, not eradicating, the weeds; through the open door of the farm-house, as you pass, you may see the mistress *lazing* in her easy-chair; when you reach the town before us, you may find her helpmate talking politics at the tavern door.

And now we come upon the town, the county seat. How old it looks! Nature so young and vigorous, and this poor place so decrepit and halt! The stone house at the corner has not a whole window in it, and the chimneys look more ancient than the Pyramids; the hewn-log dwelling to the left totters and reels as if the steaming bar-room next door kept it perpetually half-drunk; the hotel itself, red, and brick, and brazen, is the symbol of impudence and brutality, — of that

* Such is the case, although the hills are from two to three hundred feet high; their tops are the true level of the country.

Heathen Democracy whose life-blood is whiskey, and whose breath is oaths.

Let us join the group round the old gentleman, who, with his chair in the street, his feet on the window-sill, his left hand in his ruffled shirt-bosom, and his cud in his cheek, is laying down the law, pointed off with spurts of tobacco-juice. These men, common as they look, are not common men; lazy as they appear, leaning against the shoulder-polished door-posts, they are full of energy and ability. Such men as these won the battle of Buena Vista, and will rule the world, if they choose to. Here is one, hard-featured and stern, with full veins, and a complexion like half-tanned ox-hide, who would, like Harry Daniel, of Mount Sterling,* murder the brother of his wife and see her go crazy, and yet walk his way with an easy conscience, or, at any rate, the pretence of one. Next to him sits a man who could wage war with the human race for a lifetime, and enjoy it; a man of the Middle Ages, with all the vices of feudalism and all those of our money-seeking age combined. He has made his fortune by hunting up invalid titles, purchasing and prosecuting the legal claim, and turning the innocent holder to the dogs. And yet at home no one is kinder, more thoughtful, almost self-sacrificing. Send him to Mexico, and humanity is capable of no crime from which he would turn, or at which he would shudder. Take him to Boston, and his manner will be as pleasing as his conversation will be original. Search his pockets, and you will find a plan for defrauding a neighbour of his farm, a most affectionate letter to an absent daughter, a bowie-knife, and Paradise Lost.

Beyond him, notice that face. How clear the eye, how confident the mouth, how strong and firm the chin! If he speaks, you will hear a voice like the Eolian harp, pouring forth words of such sweetness that the bees might cling upon his lips. If he moves, it is the Indian's motion, quiet and strong as sunlight. In his mind the Higher Democracy is forming itself a home; and amid the low contests of politics, he will be, unconsciously, acting as the messenger of

* Henry, commonly called Harry, Daniel, of Mount Sterling, Montgomery county, Kentucky, shot his brother-in-law in open court, March 5th, 1845. Both were, in wealth and standing, among the first men of the neighbourhood. Daniel was acquitted, and is now again a leader in his district.

the great Friend of man. Another comes by with a quick, springy step, as if with ankle-joints of India-rubber; he stops, joins in the discussion; words pour from his tongue more rapidly than the ear can drink them; he looks round, his eye all seriousness, and his mouth all smiles; men catch his idea, though they cannot his syllables, and their nods show that he has hit some nail on the head. That man, slight as a girl, might be safely trusted to lead any corps in any battle; and yet in his life he never struck a blow. Go for ten miles round, inquire in any household, and you will hear of him as the kind adviser, the steadfast friend, the unostentatious helper; many a son has he saved from the gambling-table, the race-course, or the deadly duel, begun with rifles and finished with knives;—and he, too, is a child of the soil.

Now consider, that, while the murderer and the victim of assassination become known to you through the press, the virtues of the patriotic politician or the village philanthropist make no noise in the world. Believe us, also, that, while the towns and taverns of these Western States, reeking with tobacco and whiskey, are symbols of the evil Democracy of our land, and the bullies and cut-throats, the knaves and robbers, are its true children; and though you might, on first looking at such a society as you may see in almost any Western town, think anarchy was close at hand, yet are the villages ever improving, the taverns themselves growing more decent, and anarchy is going farther and farther away. Remember that this Kentucky was settled by men perfectly their own masters; no government, no religion, no police, no restraining power of any kind save the voice of God in their own breasts. Remember that among them were the most reckless, unprincipled, and blood-thirsty of human beings. Remember that for twenty years this population, thus gathered in anarchy, was demoralized by a border warfare, full of atrocities on both sides. Call to mind, that, without attachment to the Union, the people of Kentucky were courted by Spain, France, and England, and were more than once nigh severing themselves from the Atlantic States. And when you have recalled these things, observe how out of anarchy*

* This is not too strong a term; in 1776, George Rogers Clark called the people together to take measures to procure a recognition of their existence by Virginia, or to set up for themselves; there was then absolutely no

has come a regular and untroubled government; out of indifference or antagonism to the Union, a true devotion to it; and out of a population scarce cognizant of law, a society which, even in its excesses and violations of statute, aims, however blindly, to obey the law of justice and public good. To understand the West, you must remember that it is socially a youth, in a state of transition, to be compared rather with England under the Plantagenets than with England now. You find, consequently, strange mixtures of statute law and Lynch law, of heathen brutality and the most Christian excellence, of disregard for human life and self-forgetting philanthropy. But amid all the confusion, you may find evidence, we believe, that the Higher Democracy, the rule of God, is advancing.

And here we may relate a curious scene, calculated to illustrate our meaning, which took place in a part of the State where some of us from "Down East" were visiting a few years since. It was a county town that we were staying at, and the Circuit Court was in session. The presiding judge was a large, kindly, easy gentleman, respected and beloved by most that knew him. But still, like all public men in Kentucky, he had his enemies, persons that he had charged against as suitors, or rebuked as witnesses, or reprimanded as jurymen; and among them was a sort of half-outlaw who dwelt upon the outskirts of the town we were in. This man, silent, unsocial, and determined, had vowed his revenge, and the judge was always on the alert to meet his insult or his knife, as the case might be, and never saw him but he kindled from his kindly quietude like a chafed mastiff. On the second day of our visit, as it chanced, the worthy magistrate, as he walked court-ward after dinner, spied his old foe on one of the wooden benches which are placed under the trees around Western court-houses, and took it into his head that the semi-barbarian looked at him in a very peculiar, and of course insulting manner. Instantly he kindled, fixing his eye upon the enemy, who of course did not lower his; the judge strode toward the supposed delinquent, and without a word uttered, lifting his stout hickory sapling, dealt the offender blow upon blow across the face. Not many blows

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government.—See Butler, Marshall, Morehead, or Clark's own Journal, in Dillon's *Indiana*, I. 128, &c.

fell, however, ere the semi-savage plucked from his pocket a pistol, which, clapping it against the assailant's waistcoat, he fired; the judge staggered and fell. Instantly the death-dealer fled, but close upon his heels were two scions of the fallen magistrate, armed and equipped with pistol and bowie-blade. Two shots fired *in transitu* missed, and the knife thrown, as the Indian casts his tomahawk, passed the intended victim and stood quivering in the earth; the murderer reached his home unhurt. Then rose the cry of popular vengeance, for all loved the judge, and thirsted to avenge him. But vengeance must be legal; so, while the people watched round the outlaw's house, which he and a brother were barricading, the proper writs were issued for their arrest, and messengers sent to the four winds to summon a bench of justices to try the sudden crime. Meanwhile the fallen victim was stripped, and probes, knives, and lint were made ready; but, thank Heaven, to no purpose; for the ball, while it had bruised and thrown down the worthy man, had not — strange to say — even broken the skin, and was found somewhere among his vestments, the explosion having burnt a hole in his silk waistcoat. Then came the siege of the outlaw's den; protruded rifles, solemn oaths on the one side not to injure, violent ones on the other not to yield; nor was there much prospect of peace until news came that the accused had committed no murder. When he learned this, the astounded life-taker, surprised out of his boldness, gave himself up, and under due warrant and the guidance of a vast self-called *posse*, walked toward the court-house, where the justices were meanwhile gathering. Thither also came the judge, with a hole in his vest merely, his vitals untouched; and the court opened. Evidence was heard, and very brief argument. This done, the magistrates laid their wise heads together, and, having pondered all things, — *fined each party one cent and dismissed the case!* Then, leaving their high seats, the judge from the bar rose to the bench, and the ordinary business of the court went on.

But strange judicial scenes are not to be met with in the wilds of Kentucky alone. In Cincinnati, not many years since, the Court of Common Pleas appointed a clerk under circumstances which were of a character to excite suspicions as to the motives of the judges. The bar was not disposed to acquiesce, although the members had, in truth, nothing to say or do in the premises. And not only did the lawyers

object, but the people also, in their majesty, objected. Two meetings, one of the bar, and one of the public, were therefore called at the court-house, to be held just before court hours, to take the matter into consideration. At the meeting of the profession, proper resolutions were passed and ordered to be presented to the court; and that being adjourned, the masters in large numbers organized themselves. After the choice of a committee, it was suggested that it would be as well to examine the judges as to some alleged attempts at bribery on the part of relatives of the successful candidate for the clerkship, which was a lucrative office. A second committee was accordingly appointed to wait upon the magistrates and desire their presence. Three of them, and one just off the bench, answered the popular summons; and then was to be seen the singular Democratic phenomenon of a judge standing upon the bar-table in his own court-room, in the midst of an assembly of merchants, mechanics, and laborers, turning from side to side, and undergoing an examination in reference to his official acts, and the efforts made to influence those acts improperly. The popular meeting, having heard the judges through, decided against the appointment that had been made, and then adjourned, giving place to the court, whose hour of meeting had long since passed. When the court was opened, the proceedings of the bar were read, but the president judge, who had refused the subpœna of the public meeting, treated the whole matter with contempt, and insisted upon consummating the appointment by entry on the record; this his fellow-magistrates, who had become alarmed, objected to, and one of the three, one who had opposed the appointment all along, spoke with much warmth, and was applauded by the people. The president judge ordered the clerk *pro tem.* to hand him the record, but the clerk declined; he commanded the sheriff to adjourn the court *sine die*, but the sheriff refused; he commenced an address to the bar and people, and was then fairly hissed from the bench! * The decision of the public and bar, thus announced, was not to be resisted, and the appointment was annulled.

The execution of Smith Maythe in Kentucky, in July,

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* *Cincinnati Gazette*, April 13th, 1834. *Cincinnati Republican.* Pamphlet published by the Bar, &c.

1841, affords another illustration of that curious mixture of law and lawlessness, wholly free from passion, to which we have referred. Maythe was a Cincinnati boy of the most desperate character. He shrunk from no crime, and yet escaped, by one means and another, the consequences proper to his outrageous conduct. At length, in company with one Couch, he robbed a drover in Grant county, and cut his throat; but the wound not proving mortal at once made it probable that the law could do no more than imprison the criminals, and prisons, it was known, could not hold Maythe. The farmers and others who lived near by the spot where the crime was committed, being convinced that one who attempted a murder was in truth a murderer, though the law would not adjudge him to be so, and fearing that Maythe would be turned loose to commit further crimes, determined to execute him themselves, in obedience to what they deemed the true law of the case. To the number of several hundred, they met and organized for the purpose of carrying their plans into effect. There was no concealment, no passion; but calm determination. Thirty-six hours' notice was given the criminals of their fate; the jailer was not asked to open the jail, as that would have ruined him, and its doors were forced. A clergyman was provided, and five hours were allowed the culprits to spend in his company; three speeches, praying them to desist, were listened to by the executioners, respectfully, but without causing any change of purpose. When the hour came, the whole body formed a procession and bore the murderers to the spot where their crime had been committed, and there, upon the tree under which their victim was found lying, hanged them.

This was all anarchy, but it was the anarchy of law-abiding men. It was no riot or mob; the proceedings were those of a people whose parents had settled a wilderness, had defended their hearths against the savage, and had begun a system of obedience to a self-imposed rule of right; these men regarded their doings as an extension of that system. And is it not true, that, under Democratic influences, many changes and advances in law will necessarily be made through the breach of law? Will judges and legislators, on many points, ever feel that they can carry God's law into effect, until popular feeling, overstepping statutes, leads the way? We may illustrate our meaning, which is not to excuse dis-

loyalty to law, but to state what we believe to be a fact, by a single instance. Would seduction ever have been punished as it deserves, if there had not been on the part of individuals, juries, and "the masses," most distinct and emphatic protests — with pistols, verdicts of insanity, and shouts of congratulation — against the old heathen English common law which gave a man days' wages for the ruin of his daughter, because by her ruin he lost her labor? We may regret that Democracy should entail such evils on us, but, like the mischiefs of an election, these evils are the necessary friction of our machinery. Where the people rule, they must be heard; and on many subjects, not connected with politics, they never will be heard, we fear, unless through movements and acts in themselves revolutionary.

Now, the younger a Democratic community is, the more of this irregular action there will be; and in such a community the true question is, not whether laws are broken by popular will, but whether a regard for law, and a perception of its benefits, is growing or decreasing. In the West we believe such a regard and perception to be on the advance.

We have already adverted to the change of sentiment toward the general government, but it deserves to be more dwelt upon, as an evidence of what we say. When the federal constitution was discussed in the Virginia convention, Kentucky (then a part of the Old Dominion) sent fourteen delegates, eleven of whom voted against its adoption. And this vote was given after mature deliberation, and a full knowledge of the instrument. In the July previous to that convention (1787), Harry Innis, attorney-general of Kentucky, wrote to the governor of Virginia as follows: — "I am decidedly of opinion that this Western country will in a few years act for itself, and erect an independent government." * This spirit continued with little abatement at least till the time of the famous resolutions of 1798, when John Breckenridge announced in the legislature of Kentucky the doctrine, that if Congress attempted to enforce any laws which the States objected to, "it is then the right and duty of the several States to nullify those acts, and protect their citizens from their operation." And this doctrine received the unanimous support of the Senate, the approval of the

* Marshall's *Kentucky*, I. 270, 287.

governor, and met with but three opponents in the House, one of whom, William Murray of Franklin county, advanced the arguments since expanded and urged by Daniel Webster.*

Nor was Kentucky alone in her nullification; Ohio, in 1820–21, having taxed the United States Branch Banks fifty thousand dollars each, and having collected the tax by main force, passed resolutions recognizing and approving the doctrines asserted by Kentucky in 1798.† But has nullification remained the theory of the West? By no means. In February, 1833, Kentucky took back, in most express words, her former theory, and affirmed the powers of the central government and the federal courts;‡ and although Ohio has not, we believe, so directly proved her change of views, it is perfectly well known that she is anti-nullification through every fibre.

Now all this change has been, we think, not owing to any change in political parties, or to a mere selfish conviction that the Union is for the interests of the West; it is a growing regard for, and loyalty to, law, as embodied in the national rule, that has caused the change of feeling, and that will preserve allegiance to the Union henceforward unimpaired.

There is another episode in Western history, which, in relation to this subject, is worthy of notice; we refer to the Whiskey Insurrection. It grew out of Alexander Hamilton's taxation of spirits, in 1790–91. The farmers of Western Pennsylvania and Virginia could not send their grain down the Mississippi, for it was closed by Spain; and neither railroad, canal, nor turnpike offered any easy conveyance over the mountains. The rye was therefore condensed into whiskey, as a horse could carry but four bushels of the grain, while it could bear the whiskey distilled from twenty-four bushels. It was natural enough, therefore, in those days, when alcohol was regarded as a necessary of life, that the frontier men should deem themselves aggrieved, and the tax unequally inflicted. The consequence was a threefold rebellion; in the first place, the leading men of the suffering region, Albert Gallatin among them, protested, and in no measured terms, against the system of the Secretary; in the second place, the more

* Butler's *Kentucky*, 282–289.
† *American State Papers*, XXI. 653, 654. ‡ Butler, 289.

thoughtless and reckless proceeded to tar and feather the collectors of the tax, and to commit other acts of violence; while, in the third place, a systematic opposition to the general government was organized, and measures were taken to produce a universal rising of the people. Mr. Gallatin and his friends, seeing how matters tended, soon desisted from their violent words; and although they had gone the length of proclaiming that they would withhold from the tax-officers all assistance, and "all the comforts of life which depend upon those duties that as men and fellow-citizens we owe to each other,"* they joined the peace party. The individual rioters, though troublesome, were not dangerous. It was the third body of opponents which threatened serious mischief, and spread a spirit akin to that of the Jacobins of France. At the head of this party was David Bradford, an attorney and politician of some note. He apparently thought that by means of the Democratic societies, and other similar associations, he could manage the Western people as he pleased; and, taking advantage of a very unwise step on the part of the government, namely, the sending of offenders against the excise law east of the mountains to be tried, he proceeded to kindle the spirit of resistance.

It was not hard to do this, as it was easy to compare the course adopted by the federal government to that of England before the Revolution, which had required criminals to be sent to Britain, and by means of a society similar to, but independent of, the regular Democratic clubs, he was able to effect an organization which was in reality formidable. The fact, that it was not an affiliated society that Bradford used, deserves especial notice, as Washington and others ascribed the Western difficulties to those associations. In the neighbourhood of Pittsburg were three clubs, two of them independent of the Eastern bodies, the third a regular, affiliated scion of the orthodox stock; — in this last nothing was done to encourage outbreaks; in the two former every thing was done; and moreover, when the crisis came, the Eastern clubs united in condemning the measures of Bradford and his friends.† Those measures were such, that the United States

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* *American State Papers*, XX. 108.

† For Washington's views, see Sparks, X. 429, 437, &c. For proof of our statement, see Brackenridge's *Incidents of the Insurrection*, III. 25, 148,

marshal and General Neville, the inspector of the district, were fired upon by a party, while serving a warrant, and the next morning, July 16th, 1794, General Neville's house was surrounded by a number of men who wished to destroy his papers. These men belonged to the Mingo Creek association, one of the two already referred to, and do not appear to have contemplated any criminal proceedings beyond the destruction of the inspector's official documents. He, however, was alarmed, and, without waiting for an attack, fired upon the crowd, wounding five and killing one of them.

This of course brought matters to a crisis. The militia of the Mingo Creek settlement, who were all embodied in the club, were instantly notified, and the next morning found Neville's house surrounded by five hundred men. To meet this force, Neville had but his own negroes and family, and a body of eleven soldiers from the garrison of Fort Pitt. Regarding the case as desperate, the inspector managed to escape and conceal himself; the besiegers, learning this, demanded his papers, and also required that the soldiers should come out and give up their arms. The United States officer was willing to have the house searched, and whatever the riotors pleased taken away, but absolutely refused to capitulate. Firing then commenced; the buildings were ignited; the regulars forced to surrender; the property of Neville destroyed; and one of the leading insurgents killed. This killing took place after a call from the house to stop firing, and was in consequence of the exposure consequent upon that call; a fact which made the rioters regard it as murder. We speak of those without the house as rioters; but they were perfectly organized, and the attack was deliberately made under the direction of a committee, who sat upon a hillock and ordered the various movements.

The rebellion being now fairly opened, meetings were held, characterized by a fury which alarmed all concerned. The United States mail was stopped and robbed by Bradford and others, to learn who were their leading enemies in Pittsburg; these, when known, the people of that town were

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and Findley's History of it, p. 166. These were both on the spot, and men of character. The proceedings of the Eastern societies may be found in the *United States Gazette* of August 26th, September 1st and 6th, 1794, and the *Boston Independent Chronicle* of August 18th and October 6th, 1794; or other papers of the day.

forced to expel; and it was proposed to attack the arsenal and seize the United States arms, and to sack and burn the city at the Fork. Terror pervaded all classes, and it was with great difficulty that Pittsburg was saved from a conflagration. And when commissioners went West to strive to adjust matters, the Western people refused the overtures of the government, who put the matter to vote in the primary assemblies. Then followed the march of troops, the flight of Bradford and others, and the general submission.

Such is a brief outline of this movement, as given by Findley, Brackenridge, Hamilton, in his report of August,* and the papers of the time. Now, is it possible that such an opposition to law and government could be organized at this time anywhere in the West? A repetition of Shays's rebellion in Massachusetts and New Hampshire is just as possible, — just as probable.

We believe the experiment of Democracy at the West, then, to have tended thus far from, not toward, anarchy; we believe the higher view, of submission to God's will, to have gained upon the lower one, of self-government. There is far too much of Pagan Democracy still, beyond all question; far too much of laziness, idleness, drunkenness, brutality, blood-thirstiness; the leading power is still selfishness, and vanity is still the most popular teacher; but, despite all this, we feel assured that a spirit of true self-submission is growing; and, in the midst of populations that seem lost in sensuality and idle gratification, are coming up men of the highest and most practical Christian wisdom. And this we ascribe, not, as some do, entirely to the influence of New England Puritan principles transplanted to the West, but equally, at least, to the springing up of the right principles there among the native-born. Such men are found where Puritan principles have never reached. And though the wealth of the land will embarrass the growth of good habits, as it does the growth of corn, by an immense production of weeds, we have confidence that a power is at work that will root the tares out, and leave the grain unhurt.

When we say that we do not ascribe the progress of the West in wisdom to the transplanting of New England principles, we do not mean, of course, to undervalue those prin-

* *American State Papers*, XX.

ciples ; our danger is, of necessity, a likelihood to overestimate them. And we rejoice to believe that every year carries more of the better portion of the "universal Yankee nation" into the recesses of the West. Miss Beecher's plan of sending teachers from New England thither is full of sound sense, and promises great good ; as single women, or married ones, her emigrants will be "teachers" equally. But we would suggest, that, independent of our corner of the Union, there is an abundance of good and wise souls always pressing forward. If Democracy is not a form of Antichrist, every community standing as the West did, without rule, must of necessity grow self-submissive, obedient to God's law. If the West has not done so, then indeed do we fear that our idea of society is all wrong and evil ; but the truth is, we believe, that whatever is truly anti-Christian in the land beyond the mountains, and peculiar to that land, may be traced to slavery, that is, to the foe of Democracy, rather than to a spirit of the largest liberty. Of all the real riots, for example, which have occurred in the West, most — those at Cincinnati in 1836 and 1841, that at Alton, Illinois, that at Lexington, Kentucky, and others elsewhere — have been outbreaks of the spirit of slavery ; a spirit which is by no means confined south of the Ohio. From 1796 to 1807, various efforts were made by the people of Indiana Territory to procure the repeal or suspension of the article of the Ordinance of 1787 forbidding slavery therein ;* and to this hour Ohio retains her Black Laws, which close the public schools to the negro, forbid his appearance as a witness in court where a white is interested, and discourage his entrance into the State. But even this spirit is yielding ; and if that yields, what may not be hoped for ?

In fine, let none conclude, from reports of assassinations and strifes in the great valley, that anarchy is on the increase ; even the "street-fights" and murders of Tennessee grow out of her stringent law against duelling.† Consider that you may travel ten thousand miles in those Western States, where a peace-officer would be as great a curiosity as an elephant,

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* *American State Papers,* XVI. 68, 160 ; XX. 387, 450, 467, 477, 485.

† The brother of our present chief-magistrate, now one of our representatives abroad, was tried for killing a man in a street-fight, and acquitted on the ground of self-defence. These fights are growing less common and less reputable.

and meet with no harm ; remember that Cincinnati, with a population bordering on eighty thousand, has no police worth mentioning, and yet is as quiet and safe as any place of the size on the earth, we presume ; and recall to mind, what we have already noticed, that Kentucky began in anarchy, and has risen to law, — that she was once the Alsatia of the United States, and is now in comparison quiet and peaceable, — that she once hung to the Union by but a thread, and is now bound to it with clamps of iron ; and you cannot but have some faith in the workings of Democracy.

Art. IV. — 1. *Amy Herbert.* — 2. *Gertrude.* — 3. *Laneton Parsonage.* — 4. *Margaret Percival.* By a Lady. Edited by the Rev. W. Sewell, B. D. New York : D. Appleton & Co. 1845 – 1847.

There is a general distrust of the works commonly called religious novels. We usually find in them either an intolerable infusion of doctrinal theology, or a mixture absolutely revolting of earthly passion and spiritual pride ; so that it may be deemed lucky, if they are only tedious and uninteresting. We do not so much wonder at the failure of the writers of fiction in a task requiring rare powers both of mind and heart, as lament that they should have undertaken it. For to succeed in such an attempt, a thorough understanding of human nature, an appreciation of its capacities, a keen perception of its failings, a sense even of what is ridiculous in its follies and caprices, and a Christian severity mingled with compassion for its weakness, are indispensable. And the writer must not be wanting in power of description, in liveliness of fancy, nor in simplicity, if not in beauty, of style.

What, then, is a religious novel ? It would be more easy to tell what books have been so called, than to point to many deserving the name. We may, however, say what such a novel ought to be. In the first place, like a religious character, it should be perfectly unpretending. Romance, in the common acceptation of the term, should find no place in it, and from its pages every trace of morbid sensibility should be banished. The scenes should be such as are passing

around us, or as we ourselves are engaged in from day to day ; for there can be little profit (and of course profit more than amusement is the object of such works) in picturing to ourselves only what is to be done on extraordinary occasions, or in circumstances in which few people are ever placed. The imagination is sufficiently excited in that way by the ordinary works of fiction. We want a religious novel, as we need our religion, to sanctify to us our daily life, and to show what faith, hope, and charity can accomplish when made to act upon " the minor morals."

In the second place, the characters of a religious novel should be such as we are continually finding in the next town, or the next street, or the next house ; not patterns of perfection contrasted with monsters of iniquity, but people whom we can admire, love, pity, or dislike, though perfectly aware that they exist only on the pages of a book. We must see their follies and their faults, — their vices, it may be ; but they must not be shown up, as it were, in connection with disquisitions upon the depravity of human nature, or set before us with the cutting severity of sarcastic criticism. In short, we want Miss Austen's homely scenes and every-day people, drawn with Miss Austen's wonderful power of perception and discrimination of character, without her occasional implied bitterness of satire.

Moreover, we desire to find a cheerful spirit animating the pages of such a book. It would be difficult to explain satisfactorily why a religious novel should be necessarily of a gloomy cast, with every thing like a lively, or even occasionally playful, style banished from its pages. We are sometimes tempted, when reading books of this sort, to repeat the exclamation of a friend, on looking at the picture of a good man, — " It is not cheerful enough for a Christian." We know that religion itself has its trials, as well as its consolations ; but why should the former be continually brought before us, while the latter are carefully kept out of sight ? It may be because we are so ready to seek for comfort when mortification and sorrow would be our better part, that the authors of such books have feared to present to their readers too bright a picture of that joy and peace in believing, which in the best of human beings must always be tempered by regret and remorse for past follies and sins ; but it should never be forgotten that godliness hath the promise of the life

that now is, as well as of that which is to come. Above all, the writer must possess in herself (for we hardly remember any work of this kind that was not written by a woman) that holy temper of mind, and that loving-kindness, which she desires to make attractive in the characters of her story.

We certainly do not find all these requisites in the evangelical writers of England, if Mrs. Sherwood and Charlotte Elizabeth may be taken as representatives of that class. A book the main purpose of which is to unfold and illustrate the peculiar notions of a particular sect or denomination of Christians may be written with power, and the story, skilfully related, may even excite a deep interest, and yet in its effect on the reader's mind be barren of all good fruits. Indeed, we very much doubt whether the writers above named have always exercised a wholesome influence, even on those who, agreeing with them in doctrine, and approving of their method of presenting religious subjects, have found nothing objectionable in their works. We call to mind some of Mrs. Sherwood's stories, of which the effect, if not the object, is to excite a distrust of all innocent gayety, and to make us look with suspicious fear upon every thing around and within us. For that class of novels, of which Dunallan may be taken as a specimen, we have still less respect. We have witnessed a paroxysm of tears over that compound of romance and fanaticism, produced by its highly-wrought and unnatural scenes, which left the mind in no fit state either for thought or for action.

We turn gladly from the consideration of such works as these to Amy Herbert and Gertrude, which are, we believe, Miss Sewell's earliest productions. They are edited by the Rev. W. Sewell of Oxford, and common report attributes the authorship of them to his sister. They answer in a remarkable degree to the idea which we have formed of a good religious tale. Novels, in the usual sense of that word, they are not. Amy Herbert is a story about a child, though not exactly a child's story. We are told that it was "written by a lady for the use of a young member of her own family," and that "the editor is responsible for nothing but recommending its publication, and suggesting a few verbal corrections." * Few girls only twelve years old ever were, or ever

* These words are taken from the short advertisement of the editor,

will be, such as Amy is represented ; neither will many women be found possessing a character like Gertrude's. But there is nothing strained or unnatural in what they say and do ; their goodness is not unattainable and far removed from our sympathies, but the impression left upon the reader's mind resembles that received from the words and actions of real personages. The writer is a member of the Church of England, and many will object with reason to the frequent introduction of its doctrines in her later works. Laneton Parsonage might be called an illustration or exposition of the Creed, and in Margaret Percival, where the heroine is inclined to Romanism, we have long and unsatisfactory discussions with regard to "the Church." But in Amy Herbert and Gertrude this fault does not exist to an extent sufficient to alarm or offend us. Where any peculiar doctrine is dwelt upon, as in Amy Herbert the belief concerning baptism, it is made so subservient to the Christian spirit of the whole, that the allusions could not be objected to by any who are themselves free from bigotry.

Amy, the only child of Colonel Herbert, resides with her mother in the strictest retirement during her father's absence with the army in India. We do not feel disposed to complain that the child is too good, or has too much the thoughts and feelings of older people, while she is spending a quiet life at the cottage, varied only by an occasional walk to Emmerton Hall, or a visit to her good old friends, Mr. and Mrs. Walton, and a book of fairy tales, at the Rectory. The arrival of the family of Mr. Harrington, Mrs. Herbert's brother, at Emmerton Hall, which had been for several years unoccupied, interrupts the quietness of the scene, and Amy, who had been kept from the evil that is in the world, and surrounded only by favorable influences, begins to find trials and temptations in the society of her cousins, Dora and Margaret. She discovers that the cottage is very small in comparison with the Hall, and that her companions, in consequence of their wealth, take a higher stand than herself.

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which thus concludes : — "The editor has willingly undertaken to revise the publication, under the impression that books intended for the young should, as much as possible, be superintended by some clergyman, who may be responsible for their principles." We have no remark to make concerning this impression, but are forced to notice the inconsistency of professing to be responsible for nothing of consequence, while there is at least an implied responsibility with regard to the principles of the book.

She is made to feel her inferiority at first by her cousins, but stands most in awe of her aunt, who is offended at the slightest appearance of what she considers "taking a liberty." The course of Amy's struggles with herself, her mother's constant watchfulness as her child becomes more acquainted with the faults of others and her own, and the effect gradually produced by her meekness, patience, and love, could hardly have been better described.

The visit of Amy to Rochford Park is related with a good deal of humor. Unaccustomed to society and to visiting, and extremely desirous to please and to be liked, she finds herself utterly abashed in the midst of the splendor which she almost enviously admires. The scene at the dinner must be given entire.

"Amy felt almost happy when she had contrived to hide herself behind Dora, and could look at what was going on without being observed; and dinner being announced almost immediately, she kept close by her side, hoping that after all she might not find it as terrible as she had expected. But her hope was soon crushed. There was a slight confusion as they went into the dining-room; no one seemed to know exactly where to place herself; and Amy was obliged to leave Dora, and take the vacant seat between her Aunt Harrington and Mr. Cunningham.

"'George, you will take care of your little neighbour,' said Lord Rochford; 'do find out what she would like to have.'

"The silent Mr. Cunningham turned to Amy and spoke; but whether his words were English, French, or German, it would have been impossible for her in her fright to tell. By persons who were well acquainted with him he was very easily understood; but, in consequence of a defect in the formation of his mouth, his articulation was so indistinct as to be almost unintelligible to strangers; and Amy looked at him with mingled fear and surprise. Again he endeavoured to render his meaning clear; but not a word could Amy comprehend, though, guessing what he would say, she faltered, 'Chicken, if you please,' and then looked at her aunt, and blushed painfully, from the idea that she had done exactly the very thing she ought not. Mr. Cunningham, apparently, was very desirous of seeing her comfortable; for during dinner he made a point of offering her every thing on the table which he thought she might like, and each time he opened his lips Amy's distress revived. But the climax of misery was when, after the dessert was placed on the table, he seemed inclined to enter into conversation with her. Happily, she caught the words, 'Live at Emmerton,' in his first sentence,

and contrived to answer it correctly ; but as he went on, the confusion of sound increased, and, perfectly bewildered between endeavouring to make out the meaning of the last question and the dread of hearing a new one, she continued to repeat 'Yes' and 'No' at regular intervals, resolving in her own mind that it would be better to live at the cottage all her life, even if it were twice as small, and she were never to see any one, than be condemned to the penance of talking to Mr. Cunningham.

"Her cousins from the opposite side of the table watched her with considerable amusement, though after a short time Dora's compassion was much excited, and once or twice she attempted to help her, by partly repeating the question when she understood it better than Amy ; but this only served to increase Mr. Cunningham's desire to make himself intelligible, and the eagerness with which he went over the ground again rendered the sounds only the more perplexing, so that Dora was obliged to resign Amy to her fate, and wait with patience till Lady Rochford should move.

"The looked-for moment did at last arrive, and Amy's spirits rose like those of a prisoner released from captivity, for nearly at the last moment, having answered 'Yes' when she ought to have said 'No,' she found a large bunch of grapes placed upon her plate, and not liking to confess she had misunderstood, and still less liking to eat them, she was obliged to leave them, and went out wondering whether Mr. Cunningham would remark it, and, if he did, what he would think of her."

We are much interested in the character of Dora, at first proud and apparently selfish, but really generous and open to every good influence, as it improves in the sunshine of Amy's joyous, humble, and loving spirit. The latter part of the story is too much hurried by the rapid succession of events and the number of exciting scenes ; but the characters are admirably sustained, and the pathetic effect is very great. The book is one which may be placed without hesitation in the hands of any young person, and there are few who may not derive useful lessons from it, for in it religion is made lovely, and evil shown in its true colors.

There are fewer faults to be found in Gertrude than in any other tale of the kind with which we are acquainted. The plot is simple, and excites little depth of interest ; but the writer has most successfully accomplished her object, as expressed in the words of her motto from The Excursion: —

"Turn to private life
And social neighbourhood ; look we to ourselves,

A light of duty shines on every day
For all."

The story is an admirable one, and we believe that few persons could read it without turning with a new spirit to "the daily round, the common task." We are introduced in the first scene to the inhabitants of Elsham Priory, Mrs. Courtenay and three of her daughters, and are made to discover at once the peculiarities of each. The absence of sympathy and congeniality in this domestic circle is directly manifest. Two members of the family, Edward and Gertrude, do not appear personally until a later period of the story. The latter has resided for many years with an aunt, whose property after her death is to descend to Gertrude. The complaining and indolent Jane, and the satirical Charlotte, seem quite regardless of any but themselves; while Edith, sincerely desirous of performing faithfully her duties, is immediately interesting. Her character, like most of those in the book, is skilfully delineated. There is a constant and almost painful sense of its incompleteness, such as we are frequently made to experience when we see a really conscientious person making many and great mistakes with regard to duty. With a perfect consciousness of many of her defects, she is yet daily repeating them. The contrast of her faults and struggles with Gertrude's gentleness of temper and disinterested thought for others is represented with great force and distinctness. Edith, engaged with her schools and her visits to the poor, neglects the gentle charities of home, and feels herself misunderstood and uncomfortable, while she does nothing to soften the harshness and selfishness of her sisters, and little to gratify her mother, who is a weak woman, quite incapable of sympathy with her daughter's feelings and principles. The different views of Edith and Gertrude with regard to social duties are illustrated in the following extract from a conversation which took place between the two sisters soon after Gertrude's return to her family.

"'Don't you think there is a difference between relations and other people?' said Gertrude.

"'Not much; only that if they are disagreeable, they are ten times worse than they would be as strangers, because you can't escape from them.'

"'Ah!' said Gertrude, 'that is the very point; I know we can-

not escape from them, and so, I suppose, it was intended we should make the best of them.'

"Edith sighed. 'I don't mean, of course,' she said, 'that I do not love my brothers or sisters, or that I have no interest in my connections; but it would be impossible to dance attendance upon them all day without neglecting other duties.'

"'I dare say it is difficult,' said Gertrude; 'and I know I am not a fair judge; but perhaps a little "dancing attendance," as you call it, might win their hearts, and induce them to help in the duties.'

"'It might be so,' answered Edith, thoughtfully; 'but I don't think it likely at home.'

"Gertrude did not urge the subject. She had given a hint, and she left it to work its own way. They walked on for several minutes in silence.

"'You don't mean to say,' observed Edith at length, 'that you would give up visiting poor people, and attending to schools.'

"'No, no,' replied Gertrude; 'all that I mean is that our duties are like the circles of a whirlpool, and that the innermost includes home; and the next, perhaps, the rich and poor immediately about us. The circumstances of our position in life, our fortune and talents, seem in fact to point out our business.'

"'Rich people!' said Edith, in surprise.

"'Yes,' replied Gertrude; 'do you not remember my showing you the other day that Bishop Andrews mentions, among the persons to be interceded for, those who are entitled to his prayers by vicinity of situation; as if that were in itself a sufficient claim?'

"'But surely we should feel so tied down,' said Edith, 'in being forced to think of and care for people, merely because they lived near us.'

"'I don't know that that is an objection; because, if we are not tied down, there may be as much self-will in choosing duties as pleasures.'" — pp. 163, 164.

Her brother was the first who had aroused the mind of Edith to higher aims, and he had become "the very idol of her imagination." Bitter, therefore, is her disappointment, when, notwithstanding all his fine theories and dreams of philanthropy, he shows himself at last "unstable as water"; and bitterly does she show it in her changed manner towards him, and her neglect of his young and beautiful wife. Bitter, too, is her self-reproach in the crisis of his fortunes, on which the chief interest of the plot is made to depend. We give Gertrude's character in the words of the writer, and this extract may be taken as a specimen of her manner of description.

"She had apparently but just entered the house, for she still wore her walking-dress, although her bonnet was thrown aside, as if to enable her more easily to amuse herself with her little playfellow. Her figure was slight and delicate, and her face chiefly remarkable for a high, thoughtful forehead, and a mouth which, although indicating great gentleness, betokened also a spirit of natural energy and decision. Her complexion was sallow, and her clear, dark gray eyes told rather of a sensible, meditative mind, than of any superior quickness of intellect. Yet Gertrude Courtenay was not a person to be seen and forgotten. Even by the side of her beautiful sister-in-law, it might have been doubted which possessed the greatest power of awakening interest. At a first notice, it would have been said that hundreds in the world resembled her, — that such features were to be met with continually; a second glance more firmly riveted attention, from the expression of inward peace which pervaded her countenance; a third established as a certainty that there must be something in her very different from the world; and when she moved and spoke, the charm was completed. There was no resisting the winning tones of that low, clear voice, the softness and quietness of those gentle actions, the least of which seemed inspired by some consideration for another, some wish to give pleasure or comfort. Whether Gertrude's disposition was naturally lively, had often been a question with her friends; and, on a slight acquaintance, it might perhaps have been supposed that some suffering in early childhood had subdued her spirit, and cast a shade over the light-heartedness of youth; but it was an opinion contradicted by the mirth which so frequently lighted up her eye when her manner was the most self-possessed, and by the delight with which she was welcomed by the companions of her own age in their gayest and happiest hours. No one felt her presence a restraint, except in moments of heedless folly, and then one look was sufficient. If she refused to smile, the thoughtless laugh was instantly checked. And yet Gertrude seldom ventured to find fault, and when she did, it was with such humility, such consciousness of her own deficiencies, that no offence could be taken. The magic of her influence was to be found, not in words, — scarcely in actions, — but in her inward, unceasing remembrance of the God in whose presence she lived. It was her earnest endeavour never to forget Him, and the recollection purified her heart and hallowed her daily conduct, until the careless and worldly-minded felt that the atmosphere with which she was surrounded was one in which they could not venture to dwell." — pp. 150, 151.

Gertrude returns to her home on the death of her aunt,

and her presence is like oil upon the troubled waters, though she cannot entirely avert the misfortunes which threaten the family. Her gentle influence, and the effect of her attention even to trifles, are illustrated by the following scene.

"'Mr. Dacre has forgotten us for three days,' said Charlotte, as she lingered one morning in the breakfast-room, a practice which, since Gertrude's return, had become more enticing than formerly.

"'Not forgotten, my dear,' said Mrs. Courtenay; 'but you all tire him out when he is here. I thought he never would have done walking up and down the terrace the last time. Poor man! and the night air is so bad for him.'

"'He is rather a romantic person for an old one,' observed Jane; 'I am sure he likes moonlight a great deal better than I do.'

"'We were matter-of-fact enough that evening,' said Edith. 'He was talking about the poor man who shot Edward's keeper, and settling what was to be done with the wife and children.'

"'Ah, yes!' exclaimed Mrs. Courtenay; 'to be sure, that must be it. I dare say he is gone to see after them now. What a good thing it is to be so kind!'

"'Yes,' said Jane, more earnestly than usual; 'if one were but equal to it. I can fancy a great deal of pleasure in being able to do what he does.'

"'Mr. Dacre is a miserable invalid,' said Edith, shortly. Jane's color rose, and she was about to make an angry reply; when Gertrude, turning to her mother, inquired if she were not intending to go for a drive in the middle of the day.

"'Why, yes, my dear, I did think of it, and Jane too; but why did you ask?'

"'Because, if you were, I thought perhaps you would not mind going by Torrington Heath, and taking Susan Philips a little bundle of clothes we have been looking out for her, that is to say, if it is ready; but I must work hard to finish making up the baby's frock.'

"'Leave it for to-day,' said Edith, 'and come with me to the school; we shall meet Mr. Dacre there, perhaps, and then he will tell us what he has been doing, and you will be able to say any thing you wish.'

"The last words were spoken in a tone which implied that a conversation with Mr. Dacre was an all-powerful temptation; but Gertrude resolutely resisted it.

"'If you would wait till the afternoon,' she replied, 'it would be more convenient, because I really should be glad to finish my work, and I want rather to help Charlotte put in her seeds.'

"'But you don't mean to say you would stay at home for such a trifle as that?' exclaimed Edith; 'I thought you were very anxious about poor Philips, and I am nearly certain we shall hear something from Mrs. Grantley, if we don't meet Mr. Dacre.'

"'We should not be delayed very long,' said Gertrude; 'and it is such an exquisite morning for gardening, and Charlotte and I have been looking forward to it. You must remember the work, too.'

"'We would take it up ourselves to-morrow,' persisted Edith, 'and it would do just as well, and better, because we should be able to talk to Susan.'

"'I thought,' said Gertrude, 'that if mamma took it, perhaps she would not mind telling Susan how to doctor her baby. I am sure she knows a great deal about it, and we could not help her at all in that way.'

"'If mamma would,' said Edith; 'but she dislikes getting in and out of a carriage.'

"'Perhaps Susan would be able to tell her about the child without giving her that trouble,' said Gertrude. 'Don't call me wilful, Edith; I really do hope to go out with you in the course of the day.'

"'What is that you want me to do, my dear?' inquired Mrs. Courtenay; 'you must not ask me to go amongst any of your people; it makes me so very nervous, — it upsets me quite.'

"'I did not mean you to be worried about it, dear mamma,' said Gertrude; 'but you know so much about children, that perhaps, if Susan Philips came to the carriage-door, you could just tell her something that might be good for her baby.'

"Mrs. Courtenay hesitated, thought, and at last acquiesced. Prescribing for babies was the point on which she peculiarly piqued herself, and this Gertrude had lately discovered.

"'Well, then, it is settled, I suppose,' said Charlotte; 'and we will go to our gardening, Gertrude, and leave the others to their own devices.'

"'Only if you could spare me a little time to finish my work first,' said Gertrude, 'I should be very grateful.'

"Charlotte looked disappointed; and Jane, following the example set her of assisting others, offered to undertake the task. Gertrude was obliged, but not too much so. She did not appear to consider that Jane had made an unusual effort, which would have implied that she was generally selfish; and thanked her more for the favor conferred on herself than for the kindness done to the poor woman. And Edith looked on in surprise; that her mother should take any trouble for a sick child, and Jane

put herself out of the way to work for it, she would an hour before have considered perfectly unnatural. Now, both actions came as a matter of course, while Gertrude seemed to have cast aside her own duties, and to devote herself merely to a trifling amusement, — why, Edith, notwithstanding her late conversation, had yet to learn." — pp. 170 – 172.

With a warm imagination kindled into enthusiasm by strong religious feeling, Gertrude had formed a plan which to many might seem preposterous, did they not remember the ardent desire so often felt, especially in younger life, to do some great thing. Gertrude's ambition was to devote the fortune left to her by her aunt to the erection and endowment of a church; but doubtful of herself, and fearing presumption in the idea, she dares not indulge her dream until she has consulted a friend to whom all look with confidence and respect. Mr. Dacre advises her to wait, and, before the time fixed by him as the period of her decision, the family circumstances become such that she sacrifices, not without a struggle, her cherished plan. But this self-denial would be comparatively worthless, without the constant light of love shed by her meek and quiet spirit on all around her. We may call her character perfect, so far as the word may be considered applicable to a human being; but it is a perfection which it is good to contemplate.

There is very little that is lively in the book, if we except Charlotte's satirical observations, Laura's light-heartedness when we are first introduced to her, and Gertrude's consistent cheerfulness. It is not a novel to be read for amusement alone; and yet those who have no other aim would not find it deficient in interest, while to those who are seeking for something better than pictures of depravity, and scenes of which the mere description seems to have a contaminating effect, such a book is a relief.

There are occasional glimpses of a quiet humor in the two earlier works, which we lose almost entirely in the later ones. The writer seems to have fallen into the error before referred to, of fearing too much any indication of a joyous spirit, and therefore almost uniformly shrouding her scenes in gloom. It is more to be regretted in this case, because we are sure that she would have succeeded in an attempt to make religion more attractive by its union with an innocent sprightliness. The want of this is especially felt in Margaret Percival,

where a painful sense of suffering presses upon the mind, unrelieved by those lighter touches which would only have rendered the book more religious by rendering it more cheerful.

Laneton Parsonage is more a book about children than Amy Herbert, and the story would be a good one, if the long conversations of Mr. Clifford, the clergyman of the village of Laneton, with his little girls on the doctrines of the English Church had been omitted. It would be unwise, we think, to give such discourses to any children, and certainly unreasonable to expect any children to read them. And if they listened and read, we cannot see that they would be the better for it; for such teachings, we imagine, can only confuse a young mind, and turn it from that simple and loving trust in God, that desire to do right, and fear of offending Him, which make a child's true religion. We extract a part of one of these conversations. The occasion of it was the death of an old fisherman, who had been lost in the bay during a thunderstorm. We think Ruth's question at the end the best comment upon the whole. Mr. Clifford had said, — "Roger Dyson was, I most truly think, a faithful member of the Catholic Church, and we may without presumption trust that his spirit is at rest." After answering some questions put to him by his children, Ruth and Madeline, he continues, —

"'Catholic, you know, is not the name of a place, — it means universal, that is, belonging to all countries and all ages.'

"'Then there are a great many built churches,' said Madeline.

"'Yes, but only one Catholic Church.'

"'I think I know what you mean, papa,' said Ruth; 'all the people who are baptized, and go to church.'

"'Those belong to the Catholic Church in England,' said Mr. Clifford; 'but the Catholic Church is also in America, and Scotland, and France, and Italy, and many other countries besides.'

"'That makes a great many,' said Ruth; 'they cannot all be one.'

"'Are you sure of that, Ruth? You have an uncle in America, and another in India, and another in Jamaica; do they not all belong to one family?'

"'Yes, I see, papa, but ——'

"'But what? do not be afraid to speak, my love.'

"'Are the churches in other countries quite like ours, papa? Do the people say just the same prayers, and have they books like ours?'

"'Not exactly; but I dare say your uncles do not live exactly alike. It is impossible they should, indeed, yet that does not prevent them from belonging to one family. They may dress differently, and get up at different hours, and have a great many different habits, but they are still brothers, the children of one parent.'

"'And the churches in Scotland, and France, and America, and all the places you mentioned, are brothers,' said Ruth.

"'Sisters rather they are called, but I cannot explain the reason to you now.'

"'But,' said Ruth, and a shade of perplexity came over her face, 'it is not the same either; all the churches in different countries cannot have the same parent.'

"'They may be descended from the same,' replied Mr. Clifford; 'your cousins in America, for instance, belong to our family; but your uncle Edmond is their father, and I am yours; and the same with your cousins in India and Jamaica. There may be several different fathers, but all will have come from one person, that is, your grandfather.'

"'And the churches all over the world must have come from one,' said Ruth, still looking confused.

"'Yes, from our Lord Jesus Christ, the great Head of the Universal Church.'

"'But who are all the fathers?' asked Ruth, quickly.

"'The bishops are,' replied Mr. Clifford; 'they are called Right Reverend Fathers in God. You know the first bishops were the twelve apostles. Our Saviour gave to them a special gift of the Holy Ghost, and before their death they were directed to choose other persons to be bishops likewise, and to ordain them by laying their hands upon them and praying for the blessing of God. Our Lord then gave to these persons authority, such as apostles had, and so it has gone on down to the present day.'

"'Then the bishops are all like brothers,' said Madeline.

"'Yes, and they all have the same power given them by God to rule the Church and to make clergymen, like me and Mr. Monckton of Cottington.'

. . . . . .

"'Did a bishop make you a clergyman, papa?' asked Madeline.

"'Yes, no one else could do it. Our Saviour does not allow any persons to teach and administer the Holy Sacraments, except such as have been, what is called, ordained by a bishop.'

"'And that is the reason you were ordained,' said Ruth.

"'Yes; first of all, I was made a deacon, by having the

bishop's hands laid upon my head, after he had prayed for me. When this was done, I was allowed to perform the greater part of the service, but not the whole. I could not pronounce the absolution or forgiveness of sins, nor consecrate the bread and wine in the Holy Communion. When I had acted as deacon for two or three years, I was made a priest in the same way, by the authority of the bishop, and now I may perform the whole duty.'

"'Did old Roger understand about it all?' inquired Ruth.

"Mr. Clifford smiled. 'It is not very likely he did; yet he may have been more truly a Christian than you or I are. It is not knowing, but believing and doing, which will for our Saviour's sake gain us admittance into heaven.'" — pp. 186 – 189.

With the last sentence we quite agree, and wonder why it should then have been necessary to impress upon the minds of children any thing more than the duty of "believing and doing."

The character of Lady Catharine Hyde is one of those in which Miss Sewell excels, and it is this, as manifested in her conduct towards Alice Lennox, an orphan child whom she has adopted as her own, which gives a character to the book itself. Cold and sometimes even severe in manner, there is a depth of affection in her heart, and a noble principle in her life, which make us admire and almost love her, though we certainly should have stood as much in awe of her as did Mrs. Clifford.

In Margaret Percival there are many faults, both of plan and execution, and its perusal leaves upon the mind no such pleasing impression as we derive from Miss Sewell's former works. With many scenes of interest, with all the insight into character displayed in it, with occasional sentences which almost startle one by their truth to nature, and hints which deserve to be treasured up in the memory, it is still painfully unsatisfactory as a whole. The story is little more than an account of the contest between the claims of the Romish and the English church in Margaret's mind, and the consequent doubts and discussions. In the existing state of religion in England, we cannot wonder that a zealous member of the Establishment should find her own mind directed, and should desire to turn the minds of others, to the danger of a conversion to Romanism. But we doubt whether, in the present instance, the writer's zeal has been a zeal according to knowledge, for the book could have little

effect in guarding against the dreaded evil. Could we forget, as Margaret did, and as many others may do, what the religion of Rome has been and what it really is, we might be attracted by the manner in which it presents itself to her imagination and affections, first in the church of St. Ouen, and afterwards in the devotion and friendship of the Countess Novera; but this attraction certainly would not be overcome by any of the arguments or considerations adduced by our author.

It cannot be denied that the book is too long, that there is a want of cheerfulness in its scenes, that there are too many sorrowful events, and, above all, that Margaret's feelings are too much and too minutely dwelt upon. This is a fault not observable in Gertrude. We learned her character more by what she did and said, than by descriptions of what she felt. The personages of these tales are shown to more advantage by the representation of their words and actions, than by analyzing, and, as in Margaret's case, almost dissecting, the secret thoughts of the heart. The terrible spiritual experiences through which she passes are, we know, sometimes endured, but we can see little good in dwelling upon them. The book should have been called The Trials of Margaret Percival, for such an ordeal of outward and inward trouble leaves no room for thoughts of peace. We are not satisfied that a pure, candid, faithful, and religious mind should be made to suffer so intensely. As we have said before, these things have been, and will be again; but in real life, when such misery is made the means of sanctification, it is better that the heart alone should know its own bitterness, and we shrink from its representation even in fiction. Yet the book is a more ambitious one, and is written with more power than the others. We are made to love Margaret, and in the earlier part of the narrative we watch with interest the gradual development and improvement of her character, whence perhaps arises our disappointment and dissatisfaction that so many sorrows should have been heaped upon her.

The Countess Novera, Margaret's Romanist friend, lovely in person, superior in mind, and with her heart filled with a lofty enthusiasm, is made almost as captivating to us as to her; and when we contrast her pure and elevated spirit with the low-minded and worldly views which influenced almost every one with whom Margaret was connected, we feel that

her religion comes in for its share of attraction. We must admit, too, that Father Andrea, the Countess's confessor, is sometimes placed in a more interesting light than Margaret's uncle and counsellor, Mr. Sutherland, a clergyman of the English church. She is finally saved from her danger, and strengthened against the strong temptations to forsake "the church of her fathers," not by arguments drawn from the corruptions of Rome, or, as it seems to us, by any clear views of the comparative claims of the two churches between whose rights to her allegiance she is to decide; it is the fear of "the sin of schism" alone upon which her uncle principally dwells, and which most influences her. Descendants, as we are, of incorrigible schismatics, we must be unable to appreciate the force of this argument, and we close the book, almost with a fear lest it should fall into the hands of some unguarded person inclined to Romanism, to whom it might prove a bane rather than an antidote.

In reading these books, we find constant proofs of great discernment of character and motive. Where the writer most exerts herself, she can scarcely be surpassed in the remarkable individuality with which she clothes the actors in her scenes. Each character stands out by itself, and could never be mistaken for another. Her disagreeable or bad people do not all act from the same motive, or reach the same degree of folly or depravity; and her good ones are not all alike. Mr. Dacre, Lady Catharine Hyde, and Mr. Sutherland, all evidently favorites with the writer, are instances of this variety, though we think the last character not so well sustained as the two former. Most of the commonplace personages are like similar people in real life, uninteresting, except as they fill up the spaces that would otherwise be blank; but poor Miss Debrett, in Margaret Percival, shows what may be made even of such a character. We think that we have known more than one Miss Debrett, — women so really kind-hearted, that we blame ourselves for ever being annoyed by them, and quite thank Miss Sewell for giving us a new interest in them.

We have occasionally descriptions of natural objects and scenery; but in these the writer is much less successful than in her delineations of character. Her thunderstorms are rather too theatrical, and are introduced only for the sake of effect; fortunately, however, she has allowed herself but two

of them. The following may be taken as a favorable specimen of her powers in this respect.

"There was little comfort, however, to be gained from the outward world, for dimness covered the distant country, and the trees in the park were still in comparative darkness. Only the white road gleamed in the twilight, and a thin column of smoke arose from one solitary cottage; while, far away in the east, a bright crimson streak was gradually extending itself, and dispersing the masses of gray clouds which had gathered to greet the rising sun. For a long time Gertrude remained at the window, watching till the crimson streak had spread into a broad belt, and the gray clouds had separated into light flakes; and then the glorious orb of fire stole upwards between the shadowy hills, marking their smooth outlines, and brightening their grassy slopes; while still, as it ascended, the mists floated from before it, and the radiant sky melted into a clear pale blue; and silently and swiftly the gladdening rays travelled onwards, till hill and valley, streamlet and tree, tall spires and clustering cottages, had felt their magic power, and started into life beneath their touch."— *Gertrude*, pp. 247, 248.

Except "the white road gleaming in the twilight," this is commonplace, and does not at all bring the scene before us.

It is the purity of taste and sentiment, mingled with religious earnestness, in these books, which constitutes their chief attraction. We are not led to suppose that manners are of no consequence; Colonel Herbert is rejoiced to find in Amy the promise of "a Christian lady," and Gertrude and Margaret are uniformly "lady-like." We are glad that Miss Sewell makes use of this word, for we hear it too seldom. It seems to be forgotten in our present schemes of education, and by many of those who consider their education "finished," that it is really worth while to be "a lady," not in the American, but in the true sense of the term, — a well-bred woman, courteous in demeanour and gentle in speech. That when such a person is really found, we speak of her as belonging to "the old school," shows too plainly what the new school is.

With all these merits, however, we fear that Miss Sewell has been so misled by her own principles and partialities, and perhaps by the advice of others, as to desire to adapt her works exclusively to the Church of England; for while her first two books are eminently Christian, with an un-

avoidable tinge of her peculiar doctrines, of which no fair mind could complain, the later ones are evidently intended only to exemplify and uphold the claims of the Establishment. We are disappointed that her influence should be thus limited, and are convinced that this narrowing of the sphere will not increase the usefulness of her productions, and will probably cause her to fall into many of the mistakes and faults of ordinary writers of religious novels. We are curious to know what will be the character of her next work, but fear that she writes too fast, and are therefore not in haste for its announcement. Whenever it may come, we trust that it will be more like Gertrude than Margaret Percival.

ART. V. — *History of the Conquest of Peru, with a Preliminary View of the Civilization of the Incas.* By WILLIAM H. PRESCOTT, Corresponding Member of the French Institute, of the Royal Academy of History at Madrid, etc. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1847. 2 vols. 8vo.

HARDLY nine years have passed since the publication of the History of Ferdinand and Isabella placed Mr. Prescott at once, by universal consent both in England and America, in the front rank of English historians. And what a golden account he has rendered of his labors during this brief period! Taking up the theme of Spanish discovery and conquest nearly where he had left it in his first work, passing by an easy transition from the story of Columbus to that of Cortés and the Pizarros, he has followed their track amid the virgin forests and gorgeous mountain scenery of the tropical regions of this continent, till he has reached the close of what may be called the heroic period of Spanish adventure in the settlement of America, and has left as little to be done by his successors as he had found accomplished by those who had preceded him in the enterprise. The subject of his last two histories, the conquest of Mexico and Peru, does not equal his earliest topic in splendor and variety, but is superior to it in freshness and abundance of romantic incident. It has the absorbing interest of a chivalrous legend or an

Oriental tale, while it lacks the dignity and complexity of the vast subjects treated by Gibbon and Hume. The picturesque style of the old chroniclers is better adapted to it than the thoughtful manner and sharp analysis of the philosophical historian. It could not have fallen into better hands, therefore; for Mr. Prescott's temperament is more that of a poet than a philosopher. Seldom and unwillingly does he interrupt the clear and brilliant flow of the narrative, or the imposing trains of vivid description, to moralize or speculate upon the succession of events, or upon the characters of the personages who were concerned in them. He has skilfully preserved the romantic coloring which the old Spanish story-tellers gave to the incidents and scenes they described, and which is the more glowing as many of them are led to speak of their personal adventures, or of what their own eyes had witnessed. In a critical sketch of one of the most remarkable of these narrators, Mr. Prescott has unconsciously delineated some of his own features as a historian.

"Garcilasso's work is the reflection of the age in which he lived. It is addressed to the imagination, more than to sober reason. We are dazzled by the gorgeous spectacle it perpetually exhibits, and delighted by the variety of amusing details and animated gossip sprinkled over its pages. The story of the action is perpetually varied by discussions on topics illustrating its progress, so as to break up the monotony of the narrative, and afford an agreeable relief to the reader. This is true of the First Part of his great work. In the Second there was no longer room for such discussion. But he has supplied the place by garrulous reminiscences, personal anecdotes, incidental adventures, and a host of trivial details, — trivial in the eyes of the pedant, — which historians have been too willing to discard, as below the dignity of history. We have the actors in this great drama in their private dress, become acquainted with their personal habits, listen to their familiar sayings, and, in short, gather up those minutiæ which in the aggregate make up so much of life, and not less of character.

"It is this confusion of the great and the little, thus artlessly blended together, that constitutes one of the charms of the old romantic chronicle, — not the less true that, in this respect, it approaches nearer to the usual tone of romance. It is in such writings that we may look to find the form and pressure of the age. The worm-eaten state-papers, official correspondence, public records, are all serviceable, indispensable, to history.

They are the framework on which it is to repose; the skeleton of facts which gives it its strength and proportions. But they are as worthless as the dry bones of the skeleton, unless clothed with the beautiful form and garb of humanity, and instinct with the spirit of the age. — Our debt is large to the antiquarian who with conscientious precision lays broad and deep the foundations of historic truth; and no less to the philosophic annalist who exhibits man in the dress of public life, — man in masquerade; but our gratitude must surely not be withheld from those who, like Garcilasso de la Vega, and many a romancer of the Middle Ages, have held up the mirror — distorted though it may somewhat be — to the interior of life, reflecting every object, the great and the mean, the beautiful and the deformed, with their natural prominence and their vivacity of coloring, to the eye of the spectator. As a work of art, such a production may be thought to be below criticism. But, although it defy the rules of art in its composition, it does not necessarily violate the principles of taste; for it conforms in its spirit to the spirit of the age in which it was written. And the critic, who coldly condemns it on the severe principles of art, will find a charm in its very simplicity, that will make him recur again and again to its pages, while more correct and classical compositions are laid aside and forgotten." — Vol. I., pp. 297, 298.

While the taste and imagination of our author dwell fondly upon the graphic sketches of this old chronicler, he is by no means insensible to the severer claims which the refined culture and skeptical spirit of these later times make upon the diligence and judgment of the historian. He has labored even more assiduously to preserve fidelity and truthfulness in the accounts, than to deck them in an attractive garb, or to preserve the tone and spirit of the age and country to which they belong. The materials which he collected were even embarrassing from their variety and copiousness; to select, compare, and reconcile authorities was the most difficult portion of his task, if we except, perhaps, the preliminary labor of hunting them up from the resting-places where most of them had slumbered for nearly three centuries. Many of the attendants and successors of the conquerors of Peru seem to have had an itch for collecting and writing; but their bulky narratives and reports were preserved mostly in manuscript, and guarded for a long time with true Spanish jealousy and watchfulness in the national archives. Slowly and reluctantly have the great doors of these prison-houses of information

been opened, the piles of dusty and worm-eaten papers examined, the half-defaced writing deciphered, and still more slowly has the printer's art been allowed to rescue them from the manifold chances of mutilation and loss, and to render them accessible to the learned and curious in other countries. But little was done to make them known to the world till within the last thirty years; during this period, Muñoz, Navarrete, and other Spanish scholars, have accomplished much, and Mr. Prescott has richly profited by their labors.

Obliged to rely in the main upon manuscript authorities obtained from Europe, our author's researches in this way have been carried so far, and prosecuted with so generous an expenditure of time and money, as to leave very little to be gleaned by subsequent collectors. To the bibliographer and the antiquarian his lively accounts of the quantity and character of these materials, and his biographical and critical sketches of the authors of them, form a most entertaining and instructive portion of his work. By long practice and discipline, this labor of research and collation seems to have become as congenial to his taste as the comparatively easy task of composition. Continued study has rendered him so familiar with the peculiarities of the Spanish chroniclers, with the official reports and personal narratives of the agents in the conquest and settlement of central America, that he speaks of them with the fondness of friendship, and draws their characters with an evident bias of partiality, as if they were his intimate acquaintances. This predilection for his authorities, conceived by a writer of genial temperament and quick sympathies, has acted upon his style, and reproduced in it the vivacity and freshness of the contemporary observer and narrator. At the same time, his good taste has pruned their luxuriance and wordiness, and his sound judgment corrected the effects of their excited imaginations and almost unbounded credulity. He examines accounts with as much severity as if engaged in a legal investigation, while the results thus carefully arrived at are presented with the ardor of an advocate, and the animation of an interested witness.

Robertson is the only English historian of any note — in fact, the only writer in any language — who has preceded Prescott in the attempt to furnish a complete history, based upon the original authorities, of the conquest of Peru. A cheap compend, made to booksellers' order, of that portion

of his history of America which relates to Peru was written for Constable's Miscellany, some years ago, by a literary Spaniard who rejoiced in the sonorous name of Don Telesfaro de Trueba y Cosio. He was a mere hack writer, and his work has no attractions for one who has at command the volumes of the learned Scotch historiographer, from whom he borrowed all his materials. Robertson was a laborious and faithful, no less than an elegant historian. He wrote under great disadvantages, as the archives at Simancas were not open in his day, so that he was ignorant even of the existence of many valuable documents relating to his subject, and others, of which he had heard, were inaccessible to him. But he spared no pains or cost for obtaining those which could be had, and he was patient and conscientious in the use of his collections. As he was writing the history of the whole continent, his account of the conquest of Peru was necessarily brief, but it is able and trustworthy as far as it goes. Prescott's history is far more complete and satisfactory, and, as we have implied, it presents all that we can ever hope to know respecting the civilization of the Incas, and their subjugation by the Spaniards; but his narrative and statements seldom conflict with those of Robertson, and the impressions given by the two historians of the characters of the chief actors in the scenes described agree perfectly with each other. What the one left in outline the other has filled up and colored with splendor and artist-like effect; but the drawings in the two cases entirely correspond. The cautious Scotchman is perhaps a little more skeptical as to the entire fidelity of some of the wonderful stories that have been transmitted to us by the Spanish conquerors, while Mr. Prescott obviously leans to greater confidence in their veracity. But the accounts, as given by the original authorities, are repeated by both writers, and the reader can form his own judgment respecting the credibility of them.

Robertson shares to some extent the predilection of his countrymen for metaphysics, and everywhere shows himself a grave and thoughtful, if not a profound historian. He does not speculate widely or rashly, he does not indulge in the brilliant but delusive generalizations which have become so popular among the French, he has no comprehensive historical theories to defend; but to his meditative mind history is no barren record of facts, but a vast repository of examples

enforcing moral lessons and illustrating general truths. Prescott is not so fond of reflection, and gives way more freely to the enthusiasm excited by wonderful adventures, striking exhibitions of character, and the novel and magnificent scenery which formed the theatre of Spanish exploit in the New World. The reader's intellect is left in the main to do its own work, and the events narrated suggest their own lessons, varying according to the original temperament and bias of the spectator. He has greater vivacity of style than his predecessor, and at least equal correctness and elegance; his narrative is more flowing and spirited, his descriptions more vivid and picturesque. He is not so much of a professed teacher, but a far more fascinating companion. Both excel in the clear arrangement of the matter, the skilful grouping of objects and incidents, and the distinct portraiture of character. Robertson's style is more measured, elaborate, and ornate; Prescott's more varied, sprightly, and idiomatic, and at least equally pure. The English critic, made jealous and sharp-sighted by national pride, labors in vain to detect Scotticisms in the one, or Americanisms in the other. Hume is more careless than either, but his manner has secret and inimitable graces, which throw later historians into despair.

Two of the chief authorities consulted by Mr. Prescott in his preliminary account of Peruvian civilization are Juan de Sarmiento and Polo de Ondegardo, whose writings still exist only in manuscript, and were not in the possession of Robertson, if indeed he was aware of their existence. The *Relaciones* of the latter, however, were in the hands of Herrera, who made free use of them in his history, on which Robertson placed great dependence, and thus profited by them at second hand. Both Sarmiento and Ondegardo have high claims to confidence, as they visited Peru during the lifetime of the Pizarros, travelled over the country, examined the works and institutions of the natives, collected their traditions, and presented their accounts in the form of official reports to the Spanish government. The former occupied a high post as President of the Council of the Indies, and his rank naturally adds weight to his testimony. Traditions of the early history of the Peruvians, of the origin of their arts and institutions, he seems to have derived from conversation with the Inca nobility; and these he repeats, according to Mr.

Prescott, with candor and faithfulness, but also with bountiful credulity. Superstitious, but not cruel or hard-hearted, he pitied the sufferings of the natives after the conquest, and reprobated with great severity the inhuman and rapacious conduct of the Spaniards. In his account of what he saw and heard for himself, our author gives him full credit for veracity, and follows him with full confidence in his description of the antiquities of the country, and the manners, social institutions, and religion of the natives.

Ondegardo was a Spanish jurist and magistrate, who had excellent opportunities for studying the laws and customs of the Peruvians, and was therefore consulted by the home government when further information was desired respecting the country and people that had been recently subjected to their rule. To a series of interrogatories addressed to him for this purpose he returned full and elaborate answers, which display a thorough knowledge of the condition, habits, and progress in civilization of the Incas. Mr. Prescott speaks with high respect of his sagacity and judgment, his freedom from superstition and credulity, the exact and business-like air of his reports, and his wise and humane suggestions respecting the policy to be adopted by the conquerors. The administration of the finances was the subject to which he gave most attention, and on this point his minute statements are entitled to the highest consideration.

The only other original authority of much note, whom our author has followed in his "Preliminary View," is the Inca Garcilasso de la Vega, whose father was a Spanish captain under the Pizarros, and his mother a Peruvian princess, niece of Huayna Capac, and granddaughter of one of the most celebrated of the native sovereigns. We have already copied Mr. Prescott's lively portraiture of his literary character. His great work, the *Commentarios Reales*, published during his lifetime, has long been the chief guide to those who were curious respecting the early history and antiquities of Peru, and Robertson was indebted to it for a most valuable portion of his materials.

"Garcilasso's mother was but ten years old at the time of her cousin Atahuallpa's accession, or rather usurpation, as it is called by the party of Cuzco. She had the good fortune to escape the massacre which, according to the chronicler, befell most of her kindred, and with her brother continued to reside in their ancient

capital after the Conquest. Their conversations naturally turned to the good old times of the Inca rule, which, colored by their fond regrets, may be presumed to have lost nothing as seen through the magnifying medium of the past. The young Garcilasso listened greedily to the stories which recounted the magnificence and prowess of his royal ancestors, and though he made no use of them at the time, they sunk deep into his memory, to be treasured up for a future occasion. When he prepared, after the lapse of many years, in his retirement at Cordova, to compose the history of his country, he wrote to his old companions and schoolfellows, of the Inca family, to obtain fuller information than he could get in Spain on various matters of historical interest. He had witnessed in his youth the ancient ceremonies and usages of his countrymen, understood the science of their *quipus*, and mastered many of their primitive traditions. With the assistance he now obtained from his Peruvian kindred, he acquired a familiarity with the history of the great Inca race, and of their national institutions, to an extent that no person could have possessed, unless educated in the midst of them, speaking the same language, and with the same Indian blood flowing in his veins. Garcilasso, in short, was the representative of the conquered race; and we might expect to find the lights and shadows of the picture disposed under his pencil, so as to produce an effect very different from that which they had hitherto exhibited under the hands of the Conquerors." — Vol. I., p. 295.

Without carrying the list of original authorities any further, it is obvious that there is no lack of credible testimony at first hand respecting the condition and civilization, the arts and works, of the Peruvians, at the time when their country was first invaded by the Spaniards. Many independent witnesses confirm each other. Spanish grandiloquence and boastfulness may have colored the accounts to some extent, but any essential exaggerations or misstatements must have been exposed by internal discrepancies or conflicting external evidence. But this satisfactory character of the testimony must be strictly limited to the period of the Conquest. What was the previous condition of the natives, what was the antecedent history of their government, the origin of their civilization, what the causes of many peculiarities in their habits, laws, and religious and social institutions, are questions which it is impossible to answer with any precision or certainty. The only substitute for writing possessed by the natives was a very

crude system of mnemonics, which was a help to the memory of an individual, but almost useless as a vehicle to transmit thought from mind to mind; it could not be called *writing*, therefore, except by an abuse of language. Rude, confused, and contradictory traditions were their only sources of knowledge respecting the past. Garcilasso and Sarmiento have collected and preserved many of these legends, but they cannot be reconciled with each other, and serve only to make darkness visible in the annals of Peru before the Spanish invasion. The history of the generation first discovered there by the Spaniards, and of their immediate predecessors, is all that can be known. It is mournful to be obliged to add, that the history ends as abruptly as it begins. In the subjugation of the country by the Pizarros terminates the history, not only of the empire and the civilization of the Peruvians, but of their distinct national existence. The race was not absolutely exterminated, but so feeble a remnant was left, and this reduced to a condition so servile and abject, that it ceased to be an object of notice for the historian.

The mild, tranquil, and unwarlike character of the natives accounts for the rapid success of the Spaniards, and the consequent speedy extinction of every trace of the government and religion of the Incas. The whole framework of their institutions perished and disappeared, as a ship founders at sea, leaving no trace of its existence upon the waters in which it has been engulfed. The civil polity of the Peruvians seems to have been admirably adapted to their national character. Their government was a theocracy, an absolute but paternal despotism, that watched over them from the cradle to the grave, guiding every action, and regulating their conduct in all the relations of life. The reigning monarch was at once their sovereign and their deity, and resistance to his mandate was an act both of rebellion and sacrilege. Disobedience or revolt consequently was never thought of, and the royal authority, finding no opposition to conquer, and no limits to overleap, naturally subsided into a gentle and patriarchal exercise of its functions, giving the people no cause to murmur, though they had nothing to hope. Where there is no sphere for ambition, and no field for contest, there is no occasion to be cruel, deceitful, or unjust. The people had no room for progress, and therefore could not regard it as possible; their station and employments were determined by

their birth, and they could neither seek to rise above them, nor fear the loss of fortune or rank. Domestic quiet was assured to them, and a certain subsistence for a fixed and moderate amount of labor; the country and every thing contained in it belonged to the Inca, their temporal and spiritual sovereign, and to him they left the entire management of it, without suspecting that they had a right to any voice in the matter. He divided the land among them, and assigned to each his due proportion of its products, the division being renewed once a year, so as to accommodate the amount of possessions to the varying number in a family; pauperism was not tolerated, and prodigality was impossible.

The Inca was virtually high-priest as well as king, and the sacredness of his person, maintained by the awful sanctions of religion, was kept before the eyes of the people by his presence and action at the most solemn of the religious festivals. Yet he commonly delegated his sacerdotal functions to one of his brothers or nearest kindred, who officiated on all minor religious occasions, and stood nominally at the head of the priesthood. The claims of the monarch to divine authority were further displayed in the imposing and rigid ceremonial of the court, the humiliating duties performed before him by the proudest of the nobility, and the consecration even of every article of his attire. The most noted and conspicuous article of the imperial insignia was the *borla*, a kind of crimson fringe that encircled his forehead, and a single thread of which given to the messenger or minister of his will, like the signet-ring of an Oriental sovereign, was the voucher of his mission, and a token that enforced instant obedience. Garments and utensils once used by the Inca could not afterwards be devoted to meaner purposes, but were laid aside or destroyed; and at his death, even the mansions that he had occupied were abandoned, his furniture and treasures were sealed up for ever against vulgar sight or touch, and the new sovereign provided for himself other palaces and new equipments of state.

The highest order of nobility in the empire consisted entirely of members of the royal family, as all who derived their descent from the Incas inherited a portion of their ancestors' glory and authority. As the same dynasty had certainly continued for many generations, and each monarch had many wives and children, these nobles became very numer-

ous, though their rank was transmitted only in the male line. They peopled the court of the prince, commanded his armies, and filled the highest offices in the state and among the priesthood. The chiefs of conquered nations and their descendants constituted another and inferior order of aristocracy. Their authority was usually local, confined to the administration of affairs among the vanquished tribes, and controlled by higher officers, who were chosen from the reigning family.

The origin of so singular a form of government, of the universally admitted possession of divine authority by the sovereign, and the transmission of a portion of it to all his relatives and descendants, is a curious problem, but one wholly incapable of solution. The Incas were certainly a distinct race, speaking a language of their own, and much superior in intellect and character to the common people. The engravings in Dr. Morton's work show that the facial angle of the Inca skull is much larger than that of the Peruvian. Though their number had become considerable, from the causes already mentioned, still it was not so great, in comparison with the whole body of the inhabitants, as to make it probable that they were originally an invading tribe who had established themselves in the land by their victories. They appeared like a clan which had expanded in the course of not many generations from a single family. A conquering nation, not aided by the vast superiority in arts and arms which enabled the Europeans to make their rapid conquests, ought to bear a higher proportion to the number of the vanquished. If a whole tribe had thus overrun the country, it is not likely that they would have falsely claimed descent from a common progenitor, and arrogated to themselves an inheritance of divine power. We cannot help thinking, then, that there was a nucleus of truth in the familiar tradition which ascribes the origin of the Inca race to a single pair, who earned divine honors for themselves and their descendants by the priceless benefits of a higher civilization, of which they were the founders. Mr. Prescott says that this tradition is only one of several that were current among the Indians, and that it is improbable even when stripped of its supernatural accompaniments. It does not seem so incredible, however, as the only other one that he mentions, and it has the merit of explaining the otherwise mysterious fact, that the Inca tribe were all related to each other, and were distinguished from the

body of the people by a higher physical and mental organization. We copy our author's account of this legend.

"According to the tradition most familiar to the European scholar, the time was, when the ancient races of the continent were all plunged in deplorable barbarism; when they worshipped nearly every object in nature indiscriminately; made war their pastime, and feasted on the flesh of their slaughtered captives. The Sun, the great luminary and parent of mankind, taking compassion on their degraded condition, sent two of his children, Manco Capac and Mama Oello Huaco, to gather the natives into communities, and teach them the arts of civilized life. The celestial pair, brother and sister, husband and wife, advanced along the high plains in the neighbourhood of Lake Titicaca, to about the sixteenth degree south. They bore with them a golden wedge, and were directed to take up their residence on the spot where the sacred emblem should without effort sink into the ground. They proceeded accordingly but a short distance, as far as the valley of Cuzco, the spot indicated by the performance of the miracle, since there the wedge speedily sank into the earth and disappeared for ever. Here the children of the Sun established their residence, and soon entered upon their beneficent mission among the rude inhabitants of the country; Manco Capac teaching the men the arts of agriculture, and Mama Oello initiating her own sex in the mysteries of weaving and spinning. The simple people lent a willing ear to the messengers of Heaven, and, gathering together in considerable numbers, laid the foundations of the city of Cuzco. The same wise and benevolent maxims, which regulated the conduct of the first Incas, descended to their successors, and under their mild sceptre a community gradually extended itself along the broad surface of the table-land, which asserted its superiority over the surrounding tribes." — Vol. I., pp. 8 – 10.

Omit the incident of the wedge, and the parentage of the Sun, and there is nothing very improbable in this beautiful legend, though it only pushes the difficulty one step farther back, as the question remains, Whence came this extraordinary couple, and how did they obtain the knowledge which they imparted to the Peruvians?

The religion founded by Manco Capac was certainly the purest form of belief and worship that existed among the several native tribes of this continent at the time when it was first visited by Europeans. The Peruvians believed in one Supreme Being, but they worshipped a crowd of inferior

deities, among which were conspicuous the heavenly bodies, and especially the Sun, whom they revered as their especial protector, or national god. The Moon was worshipped as his sister-wife, the stars as a part of her celestial train, and Venus, surnamed "the youth with the long and curling locks," as the page, the morning and evening attendant, of the Sun. On the grand temple of the Sun at Cuzco the wealth of successive Incas had been lavished without stint, till it had become a treasure-house blazing with gold and silver and precious stones. The old Spanish chroniclers cannot find words to express their admiration of its splendor, though before they saw it the hapless Atahuallpa had caused it to be spoiled of much of its wealth, in his attempt to ransom his life from the inexorable and faithless Pizarro. Other sacred edifices, some almost rivalling the magnificence of the metropolitan temple, were scattered over the provinces, and the ministrations in them performed by an army of priests. The Virgins of the Sun were a numerous class, doomed to perpetual celibacy and seclusion from the world, who spent their lives in great nunneries attached to the temples, occupied in weaving hangings for the sacred buildings and apparel for the Incas, and in tending the sacred flame, which was kindled but once a year, on the feast of Raymi. Each month had its appropriate festivals, but the four principal ones of the year marked the arrival of the Sun at the solstices and equinoxes. Sacrifices were then offered, and sometimes, though rarely, a child or a beautiful virgin was made a victim; but the service was never polluted, as among the Mexicans, by a cannibal feast. Libations were poured out, and offerings made of animals, fruits, and flowers. The Inca, presiding at the royal table, distributed bread and fermented liquor to his nobles, and the entertainment ended with music and dancing. The deity and the mode of worship were alike appropriate for an agricultural people.

As tillers of the ground, indeed, the Peruvians appear to great advantage, their success in this respect greatly surpassing that of the Mexicans and every other native tribe of the continent. The yearly distribution of land among them, each one receiving his share, encouraged the practice of husbandry, and the laborer was further stimulated in his work by the example of all the great officers of state, and even of the Inca himself. Once a year, like the emperor of China,

the sovereign went out to the fields, attended by a great concourse of the nobles and common people, and with his own hands guided a golden plough through its furrow. Nor did his patronage of the farmer's art stop here, but the resources of government were liberally applied to great public works for the improvement and irrigation of the soil. Vast canals and subterranean aqueducts conveyed water, in some cases to a distance of five hundred miles, to moisten ground that was seldom blessed by rain. In immense granaries the excess of one harvest was stored to make up for the possible deficiency of the next. Where nature had scarped the mountain-side, the natives cut the declivity into terraces, facing them with walls if the earth was loose, or transporting soil to the spot which was formely a barren rock. They made skilful use of manure, and anticipated by three centuries the scientific agriculturists of Europe in availing themselves of the valuable properties of *guano*. As the immense slope of the Cordilleras afforded every variety of climate, they were able to raise various products each in its appropriate locality, and thus to turn the ground into a continuous garden, from the burning level of the ocean up to the limit of perpetual snow. Immense herds of llamas, a domesticated animal that united the useful qualities of the sheep and the camel, were pastured along the steeps of the Andes, and employed as beasts of burden, while their fleeces were spun and woven into garments. Wool was obtained, also, from two species of wild animals, which roamed over heights inaccessible to man.

Other mechanic arts, besides spinning and weaving, were carried by the Peruvians to considerable perfection. Vases and ornaments of gold and silver, domestic utensils of clay and copper, polished stone mirrors and graven gems, showed remarkable skill in workmanship and some taste in design. They were ignorant of the use of iron, though nature had stored vast quantities of it in their soil; but they made chisels of stone, or more frequently of copper, which they had the secret of hardening, according to Humboldt, by combining with it a little tin. They worked mines, not by sinking shafts to any great depth, but by opening horizontal veins near the surface, which afforded a considerable supply; and they smelted the ore in furnaces, not having learned the use of quicksilver in forming amalgams. In architecture they

had made no great progress, though they erected buildings of vast size, simple and massive in construction, with little ornament. Stones were finely hewn for the walls, and nicely fitted to each other; but they were unacquainted with the principle of the arch, they tied the timbers together instead of mortising them, light was admitted only by the doorways, and the roofs were simply covered with thatch. The great military roads are the most remarkable monuments of Peruvian industry, rivalling, in their gigantic conception and the amount of toil which they required, the pyramids of Egypt, and far more honorable to their makers, as answering a useful purpose, and contributing effectually to the progress of civilization. We borrow Mr. Prescott's account of one of the two great thoroughfares of Peru.

"One of these roads passed over the grand plateau, and the other along the lowlands on the borders of the ocean. The former was much the more difficult achievement, from the character of the country. It was conducted over pathless sierras buried in snow; galleries were cut for leagues through the living rock; rivers were crossed by means of bridges that swung suspended in the air; precipices were scaled by stairways hewn out of the native bed; ravines of hideous depth were filled up with solid masonry; in short, all the difficulties that beset a wild and mountainous region, and which might appall the most courageous engineer of modern times, were encountered and successfully overcome. The length of the road, of which scattered fragments only remain, is variously estimated, from fifteen hundred to two thousand miles; and stone pillars, in the manner of European milestones, were erected at stated intervals of somewhat more than a league, all along the route. Its breadth scarcely exceeded twenty feet. It was built of heavy flags of freestone, and in some parts, at least, covered with a bituminous cement, which time has made harder than the stone itself. In some places, where the ravines had been filled up with masonry, the mountain torrents, wearing on it for ages, have gradually eaten a way through the base, and left the superincumbent mass — such is the cohesion of the materials — still spanning the valley like an arch!

"Over some of the boldest streams it was necessary to construct suspension bridges, as they are termed, made of the tough fibres of the maguey, or of the osier of the country, which has an extraordinary degree of tenacity and strength. These osiers were woven into cables of the thickness of a man's body. The huge ropes, then stretched across the water, were conducted

through rings or holes cut in immense buttresses of stone raised on the opposite banks of the river, and there secured to heavy pieces of timber. Several of these enormous cables, bound together, formed a bridge, which, covered with planks, well secured and defended by a railing of the same osier materials on the sides, afforded a safe passage for the traveller. The length of this aërial bridge, sometimes exceeding two hundred feet, caused it, confined, as it was, only at the extremities, to dip with an alarming inclination towards the centre, while the motion given to it by the passenger occasioned an oscillation still more frightful, as his eye wandered over the dark abyss of waters that foamed and tumbled many a fathom beneath. Yet these light and fragile fabrics were crossed without fear by the Peruvians, and are still retained by the Spaniards over those streams which, from the depth or impetuosity of the current, would seem impracticable for the usual modes of conveyance. The wider and more tranquil waters were crossed on *balsas* — a kind of raft still much used by the natives — to which sails were attached, furnishing the only instance of this higher kind of navigation among the American Indians." — Vol. I., pp. 63 – 65.

A general view of the condition of the Peruvians under their native sovereigns forms on the whole an agreeable picture for the philanthropist. There was little suffering and little crime among them; the government, though despotic, was mild and paternal, the people were satisfied with their lot, the arts were sufficiently advanced for the most essential purposes of domestic comfort, and intellectual cultivation was not neglected. Indolence was their easily besetting sin, for the want of property in the soil, the rigorous and minute supervision of the government, and the virtual institution of castes among them stifled every motive to exertion, and almost annihilated their free agency, the highest attribute of man. If Europeans had never come in contact with them, it is probable that their civilization would have remained nearly stationary, like that of the Chinese, whom they resembled in many points of character and situation, and like whom, also, they must soon have begun to suffer from the many evils caused by a redundancy of population. They were rescued from this fate, indeed, yet only by the occurrence of a more awful calamity, — the Spanish invasion, which demolished the entire fabric of their empire, almost with the suddenness of an earthquake, and nearly buried their whole nation in the ruins. A few survived only to test nature's extreme power of enduring destitution and servitude.

The Spanish adventurer in America in the sixteenth century was a singular compound of the bigot, the pirate, and the knight-errant. He was fierce, rapacious, and cruel; his conduct towards the natives was restrained by no sense of honor, no touch of compassion, no regard for the laws of God or man. A demon let loose from hell to wreak his spite and vengeance upon the sons of men could hardly have matched him in savageness, perfidy, and debauchery, and would have appeared even less odious, because incapable of his rapacity and fanaticism. A thirst for gold can work wonders, but it certainly never accomplished a greater miracle than in throwing the vices of this monster somewhat into the shade by mingling with them some of the most attractive qualities of chivalry; by imparting to him a reckless bravery, an invincible fortitude, and an untamable thirst for enterprise and distinction. The religion he professed, a wicked perversion of the name and spirit of Christianity, was hardly more dignified, or at all less hateful, than most forms of paganism; for it added the fervors of bigotry to the practice of crimes so monstrous, that the natural spirit and uninstructed conscience of man would have shrunk from them with loathing and horror. To say that he was sincere in his belief does not palliate the enormity of his offences against the law of justice and humanity, or give him any advantage over the untutored Indian whom he persecuted so remorselessly. And we have no confidence in the sincerity of his professions of zeal for the advancement of the faith, and the conversion of the heathen. This motive alone would never have led him to encounter danger and hardship with so firm a mind, to brave the perils of the unexplored sea and wilderness with so much daring and constancy, as to throw into the shade all the achievements of the heroes of older time. It was the accursed thirst for gold, acting on an excitable temperament, a lawless will, and a fervid imagination, which sustained him in his almost superhuman exertions; and in this point of view, of course, he sinks to a level with the swindler and the picaroon.

The magnitude of the evil accomplished by him was unhappily in full proportion to the atrocity of his intentions and character. Never had crime a broader or more magnificent theatre on which to act than in the conquest and subsequent desolation of the happy kingdoms of Mexico and Peru, and the subjection of millions of a simple and inoffensive people

to the lust and wickedness of a few European adventurers. Seldom had robbery and murder been practised before on so grand a scale, even in the progress of Roman arms, or in the invasion of the Northern hordes which avenged the cause of outraged humanity on the descendants and successors of those who had fought under Cæsar and Agricola. The pitiable condition, down to the present day, of those portions of America which were ravaged and colonized by the followers of Cortés and Pizarro, the frightful picture which their annals present of ceaseless anarchy and bloodshed, poverty, pestilence, and crime, seems but a fit though terrible retribution for the deeds of their ancestors. And under the iron heel of the invader they are even now expiating the long arrears of guilt. It seems hardly too fanciful to say, that the siege of Mexico by Cortés has found its parallel and its punishment in the terrific bombardment of Vera Cruz.

We have used strong language to characterize the proceedings of the Spanish conquerors, because it seems to us that Mr. Prescott's imagination has been somewhat carried away by the romantic nature of their exploits, the grandeur of the scene on which they acted and of the results which they accomplished, the thrilling story of their expeditions through the wilderness and along the frightful passes of the Andes, and above all by their knightly appearance and language, their chivalrous daring, fortitude, and prodigality, so that he appears at times forgetful of the baseness of their motives and the moral atrocity of their acts. We do not say by any means that he labors to excuse or palliate them; on the contrary, the moral tone of his work is elevated and pure, and when he stops to consider their conduct at all in its ethical aspect, he invariably stamps it with the reprobation it deserves. Still, he follows with so much enthusiasm the wonderful story of their achievements, and depicts in such glowing colors their noble bearing and prowess, that the general effect is like that of a record of knight-errantry; his heart is stirred within him, as at the sound of a trumpet, by the recital of their deeds; and the consequence is, that the reader is hurried along with him, and cheated into admiration of a pack of robbers and murderers. A grave reflection comes at last, which shows their character in its true light; but it is not fraught with the full sternness of moral indignation, and the reader gladly escapes from it, and indulges in the pleasing delusion again. There

is some incongruity between the tone of the narrative, and the impartial moral estimate which follows it; the brilliancy of the one leads us to disregard or forget the severe lesson taught by the other. It is the highest compliment to Mr. Prescott's powers of narration and description to say that he has this power of enchaining the reader's attention and judgment, and forcing him to look at persons and events from his own favorite point of view. But history is recreant to its highest duty, when it fails to gibbet the name and memory of the cruel and perfidious, though splendid, conqueror. It was too great an honor for Pizarro and his followers, that their deeds should have been commemorated with so much zeal and eloquence as have here been lavished upon them.

Francis Pizarro, the chief agent in the discovery and conquest of Peru, was an adventurer originally of the lowest stamp, baseborn and illiterate, but of great energy, daring, and firmness, the very man to lead a marauding expedition through scenes of frightful peril and suffering to ultimate success. He was wily and unscrupulous, and showed as little fairness in his conduct towards his associates as in his treatment of the hapless Peruvians. He owed no favors to fortune, except that his lot was cast in a country and age which opened a broad field for enterprise and bravery, and made the attainment of the highest prizes in life possible to the humblest soldier. His father was a Spanish colonel, who had earned some renown in the wars, and, bringing to his home the licentious morals of the camp, had indulged his passions there in the lowest amours, and left his illegitimate offspring either to perish or to grow up as a foundling and an outcast. The founder of Rome had a more noble foster-mother than the conqueror of Peru, who, according to popular report, was suckled by one of a herd of swine. The story is not a probable one, and may have arisen from the fact that his earliest occupation was that of a swineherd. From this degrading employment he contrived to escape, and to join a band of adventurers, who were bent upon seeking their fortunes in the world beyond the waters, where riches and fame were said to await the boldest aspirant. In Hispaniola his courage and talents first attracted notice, and gained for him the favor of Ojeda, who made him his lieutenant in command of the settlement he had established in Terra Firma. After the disastrous issue of this attempt at coloniza-

tion, Pizarro became one of the followers of Balboa, and shared with this cavalier the glory of discovering the Pacific. He remained in the colony afterwards established on the Isthmus, and was often employed by its governor on military expeditions, which were more productive of hardship than of either glory or gold. Discontented with the meagre results of such enterprises, he looked with longing to the unexplored country which extended far to the southward of Panamá, in the hope of finding a theatre there for achievements as splendid as those of Cortés in Mexico. His own means were insufficient to fit out a voyage of discovery ; but he found associates who would listen to his schemes, and share the perils and cost of the undertaking. These were Diego de Almagro, a soldier of fortune like himself, and Hernando de Luque, an ecclesiastic, who appears, however, to have been a mere agent in the application of funds intrusted to him by the wealthy Licentiate Espinosa.

The expedition set on foot by these three persons was a mere private affair, coldly sanctioned by the governor, and having little more pretence of public utility than an ordinary voyage for the purposes of commerce. In a small vessel, with about one hundred men, Pizarro sailed from Panamá in the autumn of 1524, and steered to the south, keeping near the coast, on which he hoped to find indications of some El Dorado existing in the interior. Toilsome and perilous was the voyage ; the winds were contrary, their frail bark was battered by the tempests, and their scanty stores being soon exhausted, they were threatened with the extremities of famine. The land appeared as unfriendly to them as the ocean, for thick forests and dismal morasses skirted the shore, and the natives whom they encountered were fierce and warlike, besides being so poor that a victory over them was nothing worth. At last, Pizarro was obliged to land at a place afterwards appropriately called the Port of Famine, and establish himself there with half his company, while the others went back in the vessel to the Isle of Pearls, to obtain a supply of food. Six weeks did the unhappy leader with his followers remain at this wretched spot, worn by hunger and exposure, and having but faint hopes that their comrades would ever return to their rescue. From the Indians in the vicinity Pizarro obtained a little grain, some few trinkets of gold, and the report that an opulent kingdom lay farther

south, the monarch of which was even then at war with a still more powerful neighbour who had invaded his dominions. This was quite enough to encourage a sanguine man to persevere; and when his vessel at length came back with provisions, though twenty of his followers had already perished, Pizarro went aboard with the remainder, and again sailed for the south.

But the continuation of the voyage only added to the list of disasters. Having advanced but a few leagues along the coast, the Spaniards landed again to explore the interior, and discovered an Indian town of considerable size, which had been abandoned at their approach, so that they robbed the houses of some provision and a little gold without hindrance. But the fierce savages would not abandon their property without a struggle. Collecting a large party, they made a desperate onslaught upon the invaders, which was repelled with great difficulty, as Pizarro's men on this voyage were not provided with firearms. Five of their number were killed, and many wounded, among whom was their leader. Disheartened by this loss, and their crazy bark being now in great need of repairs, they decided to return to Panamá, hoping that enough had been done to persuade the governor to fit out another expedition. They arrived safely, and were soon joined by Almagro, who, in a smaller vessel, had followed in Pizarro's track, fought with the natives, and obtained more gold, without being lucky enough to meet his confederate on the voyage. They had added but little to the southern limit of Spanish discovery, their exploration of the coast having terminated at a point far to the north of the opulent kingdom of Peru. Instead of creeping timidly along the shore, if they had boldly stood out to sea, with the intention of making the land again only after they had passed the equator, the voyage would have produced far more brilliant results with less suffering and disaster.

As it was, the adventurers had but a cold reception at Panamá, and only with great difficulty were they able to obtain men and funds for a second attempt. After much delay they succeeded in raising a still smaller force than had accompanied them at first, but a better supply of military stores; and the two captains, now equal in command, sailed each in his own vessel for the southern land of promise, their priestly confederate still remaining at home to provide additional sup-

plies. The story of this second and memorable expedition, which resulted in the discovery of Peru, is told by Mr. Prescott with great animation and distinctness. It was the most honorable portion of Pizarro's career, for he encountered every kind of discouragement, hardship, and peril with unbroken firmness, and triumphed over them all, — shedding but little blood, for indeed he was too weak to be the aggressor, ever placing himself in the front rank of danger, adhering to his strong purpose with invincible fortitude when, out of his whole company, but thirteen men could be found bold enough still to cling to his desperate fortunes, and pointing out at last to the enraptured eyes of his associates the fair shores of that rich country of which they had been so long in search, a land teeming with population, and showing a profusion of the precious metals which their most sanguine dreams had never equalled. Before attaining this consummation of their hopes, the vessels were obliged repeatedly to go back to Panamá for supplies, the heroic leader remaining each time on shore with a portion of his forces, as if to hold possession of every inch of ground which they had gained to the southward, exploring the unbroken forests and swamps, and enduring the extremities of fatigue, hunger, and suspense, till the welcome sails should again appear in the horizon. We borrow Mr. Prescott's striking sketch of their situation when thus left to themselves in the wilderness.

"On the departure of his vessels, Pizarro marched into the interior, in the hope of finding the pleasant champaign country which had been promised him by the natives. But at every step the forests seemed to grow denser and darker, and the trees towered to a height such as he had never seen, even in these fruitful regions, where Nature works on so gigantic a scale. Hill continued to rise above hill, as he advanced, rolling onward, as it were, by successive waves to join that colossal barrier of the Andes, whose frosty sides, far away above the clouds, spread out like a curtain of burnished silver, that seemed to connect the heavens with the earth.

"On crossing these woody eminences, the forlorn adventurers would plunge into ravines of frightful depth, where the exhalations of a humid soil steamed up amidst the incense of sweet-scented flowers, which shone through the deep glooms in every conceivable variety of color. Birds, especially of the parrot tribe, mocked this fantastic variety of nature with tints as brilliant as those of the vegetable world. Monkeys chattered in crowds

above their heads, and made grimaces like the fiendish spirits of these solitudes; while hideous reptiles, engendered in the slimy depths of the pools, gathered round the footsteps of the wanderers. Here was seen the gigantic boa, coiling his unwieldy folds about the trees, so as hardly to be distinguished from their trunks, till he was ready to dart upon his prey; and alligators lay basking on the borders of the streams, or, gliding under the waters, seized their incautious victim before he was aware of their approach. Many of the Spaniards perished miserably in this way, and others were waylaid by the natives, who kept a jealous eye on their movements, and availed themselves of every opportunity to take them at advantage. Fourteen of Pizarro's men were cut off at once in a canoe which had stranded on the bank of a stream.

"Famine came in addition to other troubles, and it was with difficulty that they found the means of sustaining life on the scanty fare of the forest, — occasionally the potato, as it grew with cultivation, or the wild cocoa-nut, or, on the shore, the salt and bitter fruit of the mangrove; though the shore was less tolerable than the forest, from the swarms of mosquitos which compelled the wretched adventurers to bury their bodies up to their very faces in the sand. In this extremity of suffering, they thought only of return; and all schemes of avarice and ambition — except with Pizarro and a few dauntless spirits — were exchanged for the one craving desire to return to Panamá." — Vol. I., pp. 247–249.

Still more frightful were their sufferings on the little isles of Gallo and Gorgona, where Pizarro was left for a time with but thirteen followers, under circumstances that might well have caused the boldest to despair. Rescued at last by one small vessel with a scanty crew, instead of turning his prow northward, he boldly prosecuted his voyage over those unknown and perilous seas, and dropped anchor at last in a haven of the golden empire of the Incas. The place was Tumbez, lying at the bottom of a beautiful bay of the same name, protected in part by the island of Santa Clara. The following is a description of the town as it appeared to the Spaniards, or rather to two of their number, whom they sent ashore to obtain information.

"On the day [after their arrival], the Spanish captain sent one of his own men, named Alonso de Molina, on shore, accompanied by a negro who had come in the vessel from Panamá, together with a present for the curaca [a Peruvian chief] of some swine

and poultry, neither of which were indigenous to the New World. Towards evening his emissary returned with a fresh supply of fruits and vegetables, that the friendly people sent to the vessel. Molina had a wondrous tale to tell. On landing, he was surrounded by the natives, who expressed the greatest astonishment at his dress, his fair complexion, and his long beard. The women, especially, manifested great curiosity in respect to him, and Molina seemed to be entirely won by their charms and captivating manners. He probably intimated his satisfaction by his demeanour, since they urged him to stay among them, promising in that case to provide him with a beautiful wife.

"Their surprise was equally great at the complexion of his sable companion. They could not believe it was natural, and tried to rub off the imaginary dye with their hands. As the African bore all this with characteristic good-humor, displaying at the same time his rows of ivory teeth, they were prodigiously delighted. The animals were no less above their comprehension; and, when the cock crew, the simple people clapped their hands, and inquired what he was saying. Their intellects were so bewildered by sights so novel, that they seemed incapable of distinguishing between man and brute.

"Molina was then escorted to the residence of the curaca, whom he found living in much state, with porters stationed at his doors, and with a quantity of gold and silver vessels, from which he was served. He was then taken to different parts of the Indian city, saw a fortress built of rough stone, and, though low, spreading over a large extent of ground. Near this was a temple; and the Spaniard's description of its decorations, blazing with gold and silver, seemed so extravagant, that Pizarro, distrusting his whole account, resolved to send a more discreet and trustworthy emissary on the following day.

"The person selected was Pedro de Candia, the Greek cavalier mentioned as one of the first who intimated his intention to share the fortunes of his commander. He was sent on shore, dressed in complete mail as became a good knight, with his sword by his side, and his arquebuse on his shoulder. The Indians were even more dazzled by his appearance than by Molina's, as the sun fell brightly on his polished armour, and glanced from his military weapons. They had heard much of the formidable arquebuse from their townsmen who had come in the vessel, and they besought Candia 'to let it speak to them.' He accordingly set up a wooden board as a target, and, taking deliberate aim, fired off the musket. The flash of the powder and the startling report of the piece, as the board, struck by the

ball, was shivered into splinters, filled the natives with dismay. Some fell on the ground, covering their faces with their hands, and others approached the cavalier with feelings of awe, which were gradually dispelled by the assurance they received from the smiling expression of his countenance.

"They then showed him the same hospitable attentions which they had paid to Molina; and his description of the marvels of the place, on his return, fell nothing short of his predecessor's. The fortress, which was surrounded by a triple row of wall, was strongly garrisoned. The temple he described as literally tapestried with plates of gold and silver. Adjoining this structure was a sort of convent appropriated to the Inca's destined brides, who manifested great curiosity to see him. Whether this was gratified is not clear; but Candia described the gardens of the convent, which he entered, as glowing with imitations of fruits and vegetables all in pure gold and silver! He had seen a number of artisans at work, whose sole business seemed to be to furnish these gorgeous decorations for the religious houses.

"The reports of the cavalier may have been somewhat overcolored. It was natural that men coming from the dreary wilderness, in which they had been buried the last six months, should have been vividly impressed by the tokens of civilization which met them on the Peruvian coast. But Tumbez was a favorite city of the Peruvian princes. It was the most important place on the northern borders of the empire, contiguous to the recent acquisition of Quito." — Vol. I., pp. 275 – 279.

With his present insignificant force, Pizarro could not attempt to conquer the country, or even to establish a Spanish colony in it; he therefore wisely avoided hostilities with the natives, and resolved to carry back to Panamá the news of the discovery, in the hope that the brilliant tidings would enable him to get together an armament strong enough to annex the whole Peruvian empire to the dominions of the king of Spain. Accordingly, after he had explored the coast for some distance to the southward of Tumbez, and found still more striking proof of the opulence of the people, he left two or three of his companions among them to acquire a knowledge of their language, took on board an equal number of Peruvians to be instructed in Castilian, and then returned to Panamá, from which he had been absent a year and a half. But the governor of that place still refused to aid the three associates in their great undertaking, alleging that the colony was not strong enough to invade so mighty

an empire. The confederates resolved, therefore, that Pizarro himself should proceed directly to Spain and lay the matter before the sovereign, as an enterprise so important might well demand the patronage of government. This scheme was carried into effect, and the fine person, insinuating address, and natural eloquence of Pizarro, notwithstanding the deficiencies of his education, made so favorable an impression upon Charles, that ample authority was given him for the conquest of Peru, and he was appointed its Governor, Captain-General, and Adelantado, with fitting emoluments. These grants, it is true, cost the court nothing, and the adventurers were left to raise the necessary armament, and defray its cost, from their own resources. Pizarro showed his wily and perfidious character by the manner in which he treated his associate Almagro, for whom he had promised to obtain a post second in authority and importance only to his own; but he secured for him merely the comparatively insignificant place of governor of the fortress of Tumbez. This breach of contract was the beginning of a dissension between them which afterwards produced bitter fruits for both.

The bargain with the government being completed, Pizarro proceeded to his native province of Estremadura, to beat up for volunteers in the expedition, as he had covenanted to raise two hundred and fifty men for this purpose. Among the first to join him were his three brothers, Hernando, Juan, and Gonzalo, the two latter illegitimate like himself, and a relative by the mother's side, Francisco de Alcántara. Hernando Pizarro was a true Spanish cavalier, haughty, jealous, and implacable in resentment, but of a noble presence, high courage, and fine abilities. His youngest brother, Gonzalo, was more frank and generous, expert in all martial exercises, daring even to temerity, but deficient in sagacity and prudence. Both of these were afterwards to play an important part in history; the remaining brother, Juan, as brave as either, more courteous, and less cruel, was prematurely cut off before the subjugation of Peru was completed. They formed a remarkable family, distinguished as much by their prowess and grand achievements, as by their unhappy end. The chief agents in a wicked invasion, and in the numberless miseries inflicted upon the hapless Peruvians, the crimes of three of them were expiated by a premature and bloody death. Francis, the greatest of them all, died by the hands

of his own rebellious countrymen, provoked by his murder of his ancient comrade, Almagro; Gonzalo met the fate of a rebel under the sword of the executioner; Juan, really the most fortunate, was killed by the Indians at the siege of Cuzco; Hernando alone returned to his native land, but it was only to languish there for twenty years in a prison, and then to die in obscurity and neglect. The stern demands of natural justice were answered, for no one would be emulous of their high renown and splendid fortunes, if these were to be achieved only by the commission of such dark crimes, and to be followed by so terrible a punishment.

Leading back to Panamá a force somewhat smaller than he had agreed to furnish, Pizarro was met there by fresh difficulties. Almagro, incensed at his breach of faith, threatened to set on foot a rival expedition, but gave up his resentment at last, induced by fresh promises made only to be broken. The colonists had suffered too much in the former voyages to be at all disposed to embark on a new one, though a few of the old troop consented to follow a leader so well approved for courage and conduct. Having at length collected one hundred and eighty men, tolerably well armed and equipped, with twenty-seven horses for the cavalry, Pizarro embarked them in three vessels, and in January, 1531, sailed on his last expedition, leaving Almagro behind, as usual, to collect reinforcements. Considering the numbers of the Peruvians, and reckoning their strength only as commensurate with the degree of civilization they had attained, to invade their country with so small a force might well appear a desperate enterprise. But circumstances favored the invaders; the empire of the Incas was now involved in a civil war, consequent on a disputed succession to the throne. The mild and unwarlike character of the people, also, of which the Spaniards had seen full evidence on the former visit to their coast, together with the recent splendid success of Cortés in Mexico, greatly emboldened the assailants.

The indolent and peaceable disposition of the Peruvians was fostered by their peculiar social institutions, which tended to make them quiet and happy subjects, but stifled all ambition, repressed the development of military ardor and skill, and rendered them nearly indifferent to a change of masters. Having no absolute ownership of the soil, which was divided anew among them at short intervals, and sure that their wants

would be provided for by the paternal care of the state, there was no encouragement for the accumulation of private wealth; having little or no property, they had nothing to fight for, and were ready tamely to submit to the first invader. The existence of the Inca clan among them as a distinct race and a higher caste, constituting an order of nobility to which the common people could not rise, and monopolizing offices and dignities by an undisputed title, left no field for preferment, and chilled all energy and spirit among the multitude. The vast amount of gold and silver, which the Spaniards robbed them of, belonged for the most part not to individuals, but to the state and the church, which in fact were one, and they consequently saw it change hands with hardly a murmur; and when the *prestige* of the Inca's divine power was broken by his misfortunes, his captivity and death, the natives, now regarding the Spaniards as the superior race commissioned by Heaven to rule over them, would scarcely have objected to installing Pizarro in his place, and admitting his comrades to the dignity and privileges of their former nobility. They allowed their country to be overrun with hardly the shadow of resistance; and had not the rapacity, lust, and cruelty of the invaders at last goaded them into frantic rebellion, Pizarro might have triumphed without bloodshed, and almost without an effort. The empire of the Incas, vast, opulent, and imposing in appearance, was a frail house of cards, that toppled down in a moment under the slightest blow.

Landing about one degree to the north of Tumbez, the Spaniards marched through the country towards that place, plundering and murdering as they went without provocation or excuse. The natives abandoned the city at their approach, and almost the only resistance they encountered was from the islanders of Puná, who were at war with the people on the mainland, and who had been provoked by the murder in cold blood of ten or twelve of their number by Pizarro. They were easily defeated with the loss of only three or four Spaniards, and a considerable reinforcement having now arrived from Panamá, the Spanish leader prepared to march into the interior, to get possession of Cuzco, the capital city of the Peruvians, and, if possible, of the person of the Inca. He had resolved to play the same game there by which Cortés had succeeded in Mexico, and by seizing the sovereign, and retaining him in confinement, to awe his subjects

into submission. The treasure of gold and silver already obtained was sent to Panamá to pay the debts incurred for the outfit, and to stimulate fresh troops of adventurers to join his standard. Having founded, about thirty leagues from Tumbez, a new city, called San Miguel, to be a place of refuge in case of disaster, he left fifty men as its garrison, and with two hundred others commenced his march towards Cuzco. Satisfied that lenity was now his true policy, he forbade all acts of violence, and maintained strict discipline on the route. The placable and timid natives immediately ceased their hostilities, welcomed the troops to their hamlets, and furnished them abundant supplies. The reigning Inca, the unfortunate Atahuallpa, was collecting a large force near Caxamalca, but seemed undecided whether to offer defence, or to invite the strangers to visit his camp, and to afford them a hospitable reception. His indecision was fatal to him, as it caused him to leave unguarded the passes of the Andes, which it was necessary for Pizarro to cross, and where the natural difficulties of the route, united with the Peruvian fortresses already erected on it, might have more than compensated the superiority in arms of the invaders. We copy in part our historian's picturesque description of the passage of the Spaniards over the mountains.

"At early dawn the Spanish general and his detachment were under arms, and prepared to breast the difficulties of the sierra. These proved even greater than had been foreseen. The path had been conducted in the most judicious manner round the rugged and precipitous sides of the mountains, so as best to avoid the natural impediments presented by the ground. But it was necessarily so steep, in many places, that the cavalry were obliged to dismount, and, scrambling up as they could, to lead their horses by the bridle. In many places, too, where some huge crag or eminence overhung the road, this was driven to the very verge of the precipice; and the traveller was compelled to wind along the narrow ledge of rock, scarcely wide enough for his single steed, where a misstep would precipitate him hundreds, nay, thousands, of feet into the dreadful abyss! The wild passes of the sierra, practicable for the half-naked Indian, and even for the sure and circumspect mule, — an animal that seems to have been created for the roads of the Cordilleras, — were formidable to the man-at-arms encumbered with his panoply of mail. The tremendous fissures or *quebradas*, so frightful in this mountain chain, yawned open, as if the Andes had been split asunder

by some terrible convulsion, showing a broad expanse of the primitive rock on their sides, partially mantled over with the spontaneous vegetation of ages; while their obscure depths furnished a channel for the torrents, that, rising in the heart of the sierra, worked their way gradually into light, and spread over the savannas and green valleys of the *tierra caliente* on their way to the great ocean.

"Many of these passes afforded obvious points of defence; and the Spaniards, as they entered the rocky defiles, looked with apprehension lest they might rouse some foe from his ambush. This apprehension was heightened, as, at the summit of a steep and narrow gorge, in which they were engaged, they beheld a strong work, rising like a fortress, and frowning, as it were, in gloomy defiance on the invaders. As they drew near this building, which was of solid stone, commanding an angle of the road, they almost expected to see the dusky forms of the warriors rise over the battlements, and to receive their tempest of missiles on their bucklers; for it was in so strong a position, that a few resolute men might easily have held there an army at bay. But they had the satisfaction to find the place untenanted, and their spirits were greatly raised by the conviction that the Indian monarch did not intend to dispute their passage, when it would have been easy to do so with success.

"Pizarro now sent orders to his brother to follow without delay; and, after refreshing his men, continued his toilsome ascent, and before nightfall reached an eminence crowned by another fortress, of even greater strength than the preceding. It was built of solid masonry, the lower part excavated from the living rock, and the whole work executed with skill not inferior to that of the European architect.

"Here Pizarro took up his quarters for the night. Without waiting for the arrival of the rear, on the following morning he resumed his march, leading still deeper into the intricate gorges of the sierra. The climate had gradually changed, and the men and horses, especially the latter, suffered severely from the cold, so long accustomed as they had been to the sultry climate of the tropics. The vegetation also had changed its character; and the magnificent timber which covered the lower level of the country had gradually given way to the funereal forest of pine, and, as they rose still higher, to the stunted growth of numberless Alpine plants, whose hardy natures found a congenial temperature in the icy atmosphere of the more elevated regions. These dreary solitudes seemed to be nearly abandoned by the brute creation as well as by man. The light-footed vicuña, roaming in its native state, might be sometimes seen looking down from some airy

cliff, where the foot of the hunter dared not venture. But instead of the feathered tribes whose gay plumage sparkled in the deep glooms of the tropical forests, the adventurers now beheld only the great bird of the Andes, the loathsome condor, who, sailing high above the clouds, followed with doleful cries in the track of the army, as if guided by instinct in the path of blood and carnage.

"At length they reached the crest of the Cordillera, where it spreads out into a bold and bleak expanse, with scarce the vestige of vegetation, except what is afforded by the *pajonal*, a dried yellow grass, which, as it is seen from below, encircling the base of the snow-covered peaks, looks, with its brilliant straw-color lighted up in the rays of an ardent sun, like a setting of gold round pinnacles of burnished silver. The land was sterile, as usual in mining districts, and they were drawing near the once famous gold quarries on the way to Caxamalca;

> 'Rocks rich in gems, and mountains big with mines,
> That on the high equator ridgy rise.'

Here Pizarro halted for the coming up of the rear. The air was sharp and frosty; and the soldiers, spreading their tents, lighted fires, and, huddling round them, endeavoured to find some repose after their laborious march." — Vol. I., pp. 381 – 385.

The little army descended without loss, and occupied Caxamalca, where Pizarro prepared to carry into effect his plan for kidnapping the Inca, who was encamped with his army at a little distance. The simple monarch at once fell into the snare by accepting the invitation to visit the Spaniards in their quarters, and coming thither attended only by five or six thousand men, most of them unarmed. Pizarro had concealed his troops in the deserted temples and other public buildings around the great square, where the Inca was received only by a Dominican friar, who made him a long speech, inviting him to become a convert to the Christian religion, and to submit his kingdom to the Emperor Charles the Fifth, who had received authority in a direct line from St. Peter to claim it as his inheritance. The native sovereign refused this modest request with some indignation. The scene which followed must be given in Mr. Prescott's own words.

"Pizarro saw that the hour had come. He waved a white scarf in the air, the appointed signal. The fatal gun was fired from the fortress. Then, springing into the square, the Spanish

captain and his followers shouted the old war-cry of 'St. Jago and at them.' It was answered by the battle-cry of every Spaniard in the city, as, rushing from the avenues of the great halls in which they were concealed, they poured into the *plaza*, horse and foot, each in his own dark column, and threw themselves into the midst of the Indian crowd. The latter, taken by surprise, stunned by the report of artillery and muskets, the echoes of which reverberated like thunder from the surrounding buildings, and blinded by the smoke which rolled in sulphurous volumes along the square, were seized with a panic. They knew not whither to fly for refuge from the coming ruin. Nobles and commoners, — all were trampled down under the fierce charge of the cavalry, who dealt their blows, right and left, without sparing; while their swords, flashing through the thick gloom, carried dismay into the hearts of the wretched natives, who now, for the first time, saw the horse and his rider in all their terrors. They made no resistance, — as, indeed, they had no weapons with which to make it. Every avenue to escape was closed, for the entrance to the square was choked up with the dead bodies of men who had perished in vain efforts to fly; and such was the agony of the survivors under the terrible pressure of their assailants, that a large body of Indians, by their convulsive struggles, burst through the wall of stone and dried clay which formed part of the boundary of the *plaza!* It fell, leaving an opening of more than a hundred paces, through which multitudes now found their way into the country, still hotly pursued by the cavalry, who, leaping the fallen rubbish, hung on the rear of the fugitives, striking them down in all directions.

. . . . .

"The Indian monarch, stunned and bewildered, saw his faithful subjects falling round him without fully comprehending his situation. The litter on which he rode heaved to and fro, as the mighty press swayed backwards and forwards; and he gazed on the overwhelming ruin, like some forlorn mariner, who, tossed about in his bark by the furious elements, sees the lightning's flash and hears the thunder bursting around him with the consciousness that he can do nothing to avert his fate. At length, weary with the work of destruction, the Spaniards, as the shades of evening grew deeper, felt afraid that the royal prize might, after all, elude them; and some of the cavaliers made a desperate attempt to end the affray at once by taking Atahuallpa's life. But Pizarro, who was nearest his person, called out with Stentorian voice, 'Let no one, who values his life, strike at the Inca'; and, stretching out his arm to shield

him, received a wound on the hand from one of his own men, — the only wound received by a Spaniard in the action.

"The struggle now became fiercer than ever round the royal litter. It reeled more and more, and at length, several of the nobles who supported it having been slain, it was overturned, and the Indian prince would have come with violence to the ground, had not his fall been broken by the efforts of Pizarro and some other of the cavaliers, who caught him in their arms. The imperial *borla* was instantly snatched from his temples by a soldier named Estete, and the unhappy monarch, strongly secured, was removed to a neighbouring building, where he was carefully guarded.

"All attempt at resistance now ceased. The fate of the Inca soon spread over town and country. The charm which might have held the Peruvians together was dissolved. Every man thought only of his own safety. Even the soldiery encamped on the adjacent fields took the alarm, and, learning the fatal tidings, were seen flying in every direction before their pursuers, who in the heat of triumph showed no touch of mercy. At length, night, more pitiful than man, threw her friendly mantle over the fugitives, and the scattered troops of Pizarro rallied once more at the sound of the trumpet in the bloody square of Caxamalca." — Vol. I., pp. 418 – 423.

Here, in fact, ends the story of the conquest of Peru. The hapless Inca was retained in confinement till his faithful subjects had placed in the hands of the Spaniards an immense treasure for his ransom, and then, in spite of the most solemn engagements, was remorselessly put to death. The spirit of the people was crushed, or rather the idea of resistance was not developed among them ; the power which had suddenly established itself in the midst of their land, had imprisoned their heaven-descended sovereign, held him to ransom, and finally butchered him without cause, seemed too awful to contend with ; perhaps opposition would be impiety. Certain it is that the Spaniards made themselves masters of Cuzco, and subjected all Peru to their sway, with but a single skirmish of any importance ; and that was with a brave old chieftain, whom, as a punishment for his *rebellion*, Pizarro caused to be burned to death. Some time afterward, the outrages of which the conquerors were guilty stung the natives into revolt ; for a few months they held the capital in siege, killed Juan Pizarro with many of his comrades in fair fight, and but for the seasonable return of Almagro

with his force from Chili, the dominion of the Incas might again, though probably but for a short time, have been acknowledged throughout Peru. As it was, the coming of these veterans from the south turned the scale which till then had hung with an even beam ; and the terrible punishment which they inflicted on the revolters riveted the chains upon this unhappy people for ever. They sought refuge in the mountains and the desert, or became serfs to their conquerors ; and never was servitude more oppressive or more hopeless.

Mr. Prescott's second volume, quite equal in interest to his first, is nearly all occupied with a history of the wars of the Spaniards with each other, and of their several expeditions, most of them disastrous, for the exploration and conquest of the countries around Peru. The work ends with an account of the pacification of the country under the excellent President Gasca, after the Pizarros, the two Almagros, and many of their original comrades, were at rest in a prison or a bloody grave. The fate of the innocent Peruvians could not be averted, but it is some consolation to think that the chief authors of their woes and wrongs did not escape what seems the immediate judgment of Heaven any more than the future execration of mankind.

We do not anticipate for this work a popularity quite so extensive as that of the author's two former publications, though it would have made the fortune of a less distinguished historian. The subject is a somewhat inferior one in unity and importance, and had lost in part its freshness through the brilliant treatment of the very similar topic, the conquest of Mexico. The matter is better suited for a gorgeous episode in a larger history, than for a history by itself ; and a little management has perhaps been used to add to its dignity, to make the characters seem more august and the incidents more momentous. There is a witchery in Mr. Prescott's style that enables him to give what impressions he likes, and which indisposes the reader to go beneath the surface of the splendid narrative or vivid description. We might refer to a passage already cited, the account of the seizure of Atahuallpa, as a specimen of a rather exaggerated tone of writing, which describes with all the pomp and circumstance of glorious war an incident that might be spoken of more simply, by one inclined to depreciate its importance, as the mere kidnapping

of an Indian chief, and the butchery of his unarmed attendants, by a handful of bloodthirsty Spaniards, the act being accomplished by them without risk or the loss of a man. But the fault here is in the subject, and it only leads us to wonder more at the skill in the disposition of materials, and the command of style, which enable the historian to gloze over or cover up the defect. The incident in question was weighty enough in its consequences, as it was the turning-point of Pizarro's enterprise, and it therefore justified minute and elaborate treatment. Considered simply as a narrative of wild adventure and romantic achievement, this work is quite as attractive as its predecessors. We are hurried on with almost breathless interest from one scene or event to another, never impeded by confusion in the story or obscurity of style, seldom stopping to reflect or moralize, and finding so pleasant a variety of objects on the road, that the end of it comes unlooked for and unwelcome.

It is pleasant to hear that the book has had as hearty a reception in Europe as in this country. Translations of it, we learn, are already in progress into French, Spanish, and German, and a very large edition has found a rapid sale in England. Various learned societies, the doors of which have seldom or never been opened to an American, have added Mr. Prescott's name to their list of members ; and in the case of the Royal Society of Literature, the compliment was enhanced by its coming to him through the hands of its distinguished president, Mr. Hallam. Lord Mahon was the organ of the Royal Society of Antiquaries for a similar purpose. We allude to these things more for their national than their personal interest ; they show in what estimation American literature is coming to be held in Europe, and that the depreciating, if not sneering, tone in which it was spoken of not more than fifteen or twenty years ago is now considered unfair and in bad taste. No man living has contributed more to this change of opinion than Mr. Prescott ; and we trust that his future labors will be equally effective for the growth of his own fame and his country's glory.

ART. VI. — 1. *Reminiscences of Samuel Taylor Coleridge and Robert Southey.* By JOSEPH COTTLE. New York: Wiley & Putnam. 1847. pp. 378.

2. *Biographia Literaria, or Biographical Sketches of my Literary Life and Opinions.* By S. T. COLERIDGE. Second Edition, prepared in part by the late H. N. COLERIDGE, completed and published by his Widow. London: William Pickering. 1847. 2 vols. 12mo.

THIRTEEN years have passed since the death of Coleridge, and his biography is still unwritten. The accounts of his character and life that have appeared have been fragmentary and unsatisfactory, leaving much to conjecture, and letting the curtain fall just where the spectator had become the most deeply interested. Still, from a comparison of these many partial accounts, and from his own letters and those of his friends, particularly of Southey and Lamb, which have been published within the last few years, one may gain a somewhat connected view of the life of this remarkable man. Two important contributions to this object have appeared within a few months; one, a *rifacimento* of a former work, coming from Coleridge's oldest surviving friend, who has gone back for fifty years, and brought together many reminiscences such as no one but himself could have supplied. The other comes from Coleridge's only daughter, connected with a new edition of his Biographia Literaria, in the shape of a Biographical Supplement to that work. It is invested with a peculiarly melancholy interest; having been commenced by Mr. Henry Nelson Coleridge, and its completion being prevented by his death, it is now published incomplete by his widow.

But these works still leave much to be desired. A character so remarkable as that of Mr. Coleridge deserves and demands some permanent record; a record which should at once be faithful in its delineation of those heights to which it rose almost "above a mortal pitch," and of those depths to which it sunk so low that one shudders to look down. But this would require no common hand; and as yet none of those who have written of Coleridge have given proof that they possessed the needed power. Foster, in speaking of the life that was promised and partially executed by Gillman, says, — "How I despise biography, as it is commonly

managed!" Had he been speaking of all the notices, with but few exceptions, that have appeared concerning Coleridge, he might have made much the same remark.

The old maxim, *Nil de mortuis nisi bonum*, seems to have been so much regarded as to cause the neglect of that more generous one, *Nil de mortuis nisi verum*. If a man's biography is worth writing at all, it is worth writing honestly. Coleridge in his Friend, says, — "It is, no doubt, the duty of an honest biographer to portray the prominent imperfections as well as excellences of his hero." A fame founded upon false grounds is not worth having. The highest interest and the only value which biography can possess must consist in its truth. The lights and the shades should be set off one against another, the springs of action should be shown; and when the whole has been told, the judgment may well be left to others, with an assured belief that time will bring about a righteous verdict. We would not be understood here as recommending that minute scrutiny of a man's life which would bring to light those details which can only gratify a malicious spirit or a childish curiosity. We consider nothing as more undesirable than this. What we would urge is, that there should be no concealment of that which is of real importance in forming a true estimate of the character; that there should not be

"A flattering, false insculption on the tomb,"

to belie the past and to deceive the future, but that the biographer should think of the dead, who have gone where deceit is vain, as saying to him, — "Speak of me as I was."

From the causes to which we have alluded, we have found it somewhat difficult to gain a satisfactory view of Mr. Coleridge's character; and it has only been from a comparison of the different publications concerning him with each other and with his own writings that we have been enabled to arrive at any satisfactory conclusion.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge was born on the 21st of October, 1772, at Ottery, St. Mary, Devonshire. He was the youngest of ten children, and as his father, the vicar of the parish of Ottery and master of the grammar school, had but a small salary, the means of the family were, of course, much straitened. Of his mother but little has been handed down. We should judge that she was a devoted mother and wife; but

she apparently had little strength of mind, and was ignorant how to develop the faculties of her children in the wisest manner, and weak enough to make the youngest her favorite. There are some stories respecting the eccentricities of the vicar which are interesting only as one can trace in them the origin of some of the peculiarities of his more distinguished son. Coleridge, in a letter to his friend Poole, says of his father, — "In learning, good-heartedness, absentness of mind, and excessive ignorance of the world, he was a perfect Parson Adams."

The early years of the future poet were passed sadly enough. Petted at home, he was tormented at school; driven from boyish plays, he read incessantly, while, "for amusement," he tells us, he would act over in the fields by himself the stories in the Arabian Nights and the Adventures of Robinson Crusoe.

"So I became a dreamer, and acquired an indisposition to all bodily activity; I was fretful, and inordinately passionate; and as I could not play at any thing, and was slothful, I was despised and hated by the boys; and because I could read and spell, and had, I may truly say, a memory and understanding forced into almost unnatural ripeness, I was flattered and wondered at by all the old women. And so I became very vain, and despised most of the boys that were at all near my own age, and before I was eight years old I was a *character*. Sensibility, imagination, vanity, sloth, and feelings of deep and bitter contempt for almost all who traversed the orbit of my understanding, were even then prominent and manifest." — *Biographia Literaria*, Vol. II., p. 320.

Well might he say to Mr. Poole, to whom, in 1797, he addressed a series of autobiographical letters,* from which we have made the foregoing extracts, — "To me this task will be a useful one. It will renew and deepen my reflections on the past; and it will perhaps make you behold with no unforgiving or impatient eye those weaknesses and defects in my character which so many untoward cicumstances have concurred in planting there."

In 1781, before Coleridge was nine years old, his father died. He continued to live with his mother at Ottery till the

* These letters are published, for the first time, in the Biographical Supplement to the new edition of the Biographia Literaria, and afford much fuller information of the early years of his life than we before possessed.

spring of 1782, when he was sent to London to remain with his uncle for a few weeks previous to entering Christ's Hospital.

"My uncle was very proud of me, and used to carry me from coffee-house to coffee-house, and tavern to tavern, where I drank, and talked, and disputed as if I had been a man. Nothing was more common than for a large party to exclaim in my hearing, that I was a prodigy, &c.; so that while I remained at my uncle's, I was most completely spoilt and pampered, both mind and body." — *Biographia Literaria*, Vol. II., p. 326.

In July he was admitted to Christ's Hospital, and there underwent the trying experience in a boy's life, when, for the first time separated from home, he is thrown upon his own resources and compelled to make a place for himself. Coleridge remained at Christ's Hospital for eight years.

Here it was that that friendship with Charles Lamb, which death alone was permanently to interrupt, commenced; and long afterward Lamb embodied his recollections of the school-boy life of his friend in that beautiful essay, "Christ's Hospital five-and-thirty Years ago." Who that has read his glowing description of Coleridge at this time, so sad from the contrast with his later life, can forget it, and who that has read it once but will be glad to read it again?

"Come back into memory, like as thou wert in the dayspring of thy fancies, with hope like a fiery column before thee, — the dark pillar not yet turned, — Samuel Taylor Coleridge, — Logician, Metaphysician, Bard! — How have I seen the casual passer through the Cloisters stand still, entranced with admiration (while he weighed the disproportion between the *speech* and the *garb* of the young Mirandula), to hear thee unfold, in thy deep and sweet intonations, the mysteries of Jamblicus, or Plotinus (for even in those years thou waxedst not pale at such philosophic draughts), or reciting Homer in his Greek, or Pindar, — while the walls of the old Grey Friars reëchoed to the accents of the *inspired charity-boy!*"

The Reverend James Bowyer was at this period head master of Christ's Hospital. He was a stern master, and in Coleridge's opinion a sensible man. Coleridge through life was accustomed to speak in warm terms of the obligations which his pupils were under to him, not merely in regard to his discipline of their intellects, but also to the cultivation of their taste. He inspired them with a cordial

admiration of the classics, taught them to analyze their different beauties, and, by the comparison of their own compositions with those of the more elegant writers, pointed out to them the defects into which they were likely to fall, and the excellences which they should endeavour to attain. Little seems to have been done for their religious or moral education; though Coleridge long afterward admitted that he had received one just flogging at school, and that was for his taking occasion to declare himself an infidel. Coleridge stood high at school in his studies; not so much, however, from ambition, as from his natural facility of acquisition and strength of memory. He stood so high, indeed, that in 1790 he was elected to College, and bade farewell to school in a beautiful sonnet, beginning, —

> "Farewell, parental scenes! a sad farewell!
> To you my grateful heart still fondly clings,
> Though fluttering round on Fancy's burnished wings
> Her tale of future joy Hope loves to tell."

On the 5th of February, 1791, Coleridge entered at Jesus College, Cambridge. He was not yet nineteen years old.

His natural taste had led him to devote much time to various metaphysical and theological writers, whose obscure speculations had bewildered and unsettled a mind originally not well balanced. He had neglected mathematics and the other branches of exact science, and late in life he thus mournfully expressed his sense of the great disadvantage which this had been to him: — "In a long brief dream-life of regretted regrets, I still find a noticeable space marked out by the regret of having neglected the mathematical sciences. No weeks, few days, pass unhaunted by a fresh conviction of the truth in the Platonic superscription over the portal of Philosophy, —

Μήδεις ἀγεωμέτρητος εἰσίτω."

The want of that strict discipline of the reasoning powers which is gained by the study of mathematics was a loss of more than usual importance to Coleridge. Highly endowed with imagination by nature, his education had tended to develop this faculty still further, until it had assumed a disproportionate influence over his life. "History and particular facts lost all interest in my mind," he says of himself. He did more in forming plans than in executing them. His moral

perceptions were strong and acute in regard to matters of theory, but his conscience was often silent and inoperative in the affairs of every-day occurrence. Flattered when a child, wondered at when a boy, conscious of possessing most remarkable powers, his vanity was at times excessive. He had no fixed principles and no high object to live for.

The summer after he entered college, he gained Sir William Brown's gold medal for the Greek ode. It was on the Slave-trade. Once or twice afterward he was an unsuccessful candidate for college honors, though there can be no doubt that at this time he was a very considerable proficient in classical studies.

An old college friend,* who very shortly after Coleridge's death published some reminiscences of these days, said of him, — "Coleridge was very studious, but his reading was desultory and capricious; he was ready at any time to unbend his mind in conversation, and for the sake of this, his room was a constant rendezvous of conversation-loving friends." Two years passed in this manner, the only fruits of which now remaining are a few short pieces in verse published among his "Juvenile Poems." That these were unsatisfactory years to himself we cannot doubt.

> "Prodigal and reckless of his priceless wealth,
> Time, talents, energies, occasion, health,"

he accomplished nothing worthy of himself. Indolence had thrown her leaden mantle over him, though now and then the thought of what he might be and do would come over him, and rouse him to temporary exertion. We do not doubt that he was always engaged in some literary pursuit, but he seems to have turned capriciously from one study to another, as his taste might dictate, and to have chosen that which most suited his inclination rather than that which might require exertion, or was fitted to discipline and cultivate his various powers. In lines written about this time, he says, —

> "To me hath Heaven with bounteous hand assigned
> Energic reason and a shaping mind,
> The daring ken of Truth, the Patriot's part,
> And Pity's sigh, that breathes the gentle heart.
> Sloth-jaundiced all!" †

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* C. V. Le Grice, College Reminiscences. *Gentleman's Magazine*, December, 1834.

† *Poetical Works*, Vol. I. p. 59, Boston, 1835.

It is difficult, from the want of dates to most of his early poems, to assign them to any particular years ; but the few that we are able to attribute to the period of his residence in Cambridge are characterized rather by beauty of expression and metrical harmony than by any remarkable depth of thought.

The summer of 1793 he spent at Ottery, and returned to Cambridge in October. He had not been here a month when suddenly he left his college and went to London. The motives which led to this hasty step can only be conjectured. Mr. Henry Nelson Coleridge, who is perhaps the best authority, says that he left Cambridge in a moment of despondency and vexation of spirit, occasioned principally by some debts, not amounting to one hundred pounds. Mr. Gillman thinks that his despondency was increased by his friend Middleton's leaving the University. Mr. Cottle says that Coleridge had told him that it was produced by the rejection of his addresses by a Miss Mary Evans, to whom he had written one or two poems, and whom he a year afterward mentions in a letter to his college friend Masters as "Mary Evans, *quam afflictim et perdite amabam.*"

In a few days after reaching London "he was reduced to want, and, observing a recruiting advertisement, resolved to get bread and overcome a prejudice at the same time, by becoming a soldier." He accordingly enlisted, and, in order to keep his initials, gave his name as Silas Titus, or Silas Tompkins, Cumberbach. His adventures as a soldier, as he afterwards related them, were uncomfortable and ridiculous enough, and we should judge that the comparison between the life of a student and that of a dragoon must have proved somewhat unfavorable to the latter. His friends meanwhile were at a loss to account for his sudden disappearance, when fortunately, by a chance recognition in the street, his situation became known, and his family with some difficulty effected his discharge. This we suppose was that "just so much of folly" which, as he imagined, was to "make his early manhood more securely wise."

In April, 1794, Coleridge returned to Cambridge, where he remained till the beginning of the summer vacation. But the adventures of the preceding six months had broken the continuity of his college life, and given birth to new plans for the future. He had now no chance of obtaining a fellowship

at the University, and had moreover become a professed Unitarian, a change which, of course, would shut him out from all those advantages that might have lain open to him had he remained a member of the Established Church. His friends have tried to make it appear that Coleridge was never at heart a Unitarian. Mr. H. N. Coleridge says, — "His Unitarianism, such as it was, was not of the ordinary quality." But as Mr. Talfourd, in his life of Lamb, has well remarked, — "There can be no doubt that Coleridge's Unitarianism was the result of strong conviction, so strong that with all the ardor of a convert he sought to win proselytes to his chosen creed, and proposed to spend his days in preaching it."

If Coleridge did all this under the name of Unitarianism, believing at the same time, as he afterward said he did, that the Unitarian interpretations of the Scripture were intolerable upon any principles of sound criticism, we confess that it shows a state of mind such as we cannot readily understand. But we do not believe that this was the case; we think that we meet here with a peculiarity of Coleridge's mind which was afterward shown in numerous instances. It seems to us that Coleridge was accustomed to adopt opinions of the highest importance, rather from their coincidence with certain temporary theories of his own, than from such a thorough analysis and examination of their foundations, as every reflecting man is called upon to make for himself. Of course, nothing was more likely than that, with advance in life, his theories should undergo a change, and consequently the opinions founded upon them, until by degrees, by a further process of self-deception, he persuaded himself that he never actually had held such opinions, but that there had always been in his mind some reserved clause, as it were, which had given a different character to the whole. This view will, we think, explain numerous inconsistencies in his character and writings, otherwise unintelligible; and afford some excuse for the manner in which he was accustomed to speak of Unitarianism in his later life. For instance, he says in a letter to Cottle, dated in 1807, — "Socinianism, misnamed Unitarianism, is not only not Christianity, it is not even religion; it does not *religate;* does not bind anew."* And again, in his

* Cottle's *Reminiscences*, p. 233.

Table Talk, he is represented as saying, — "Unitarianism is, in effect, the worst of one kind of Atheism joined to one of the worst kinds of Calvinism."*

We are tempted here to make another remark, suggested by our first quotation; that not unfrequently Coleridge's reasoning was founded on a verbal quibble, made to take the place of a logical argument, when no argument was to be found. To illustrate this still further, we quote again from the Table Talk: — "By the by, what do you [Unitarians] mean by exclusively assuming the title of Unitarians? As if Trio-Unitarians were not necessarily Unitarians, as much (pardon the illustration) as an apple-pie must of course be a pie!"†

But to return once more to our narrative. In June, 1794, leaving Cambridge, he went to Oxford to visit an old schoolfellow, and here for the first time met Southey, who was then an undergraduate at Baliol College. They appear to have been mutually interested in each other at once; and this chance visit laid the foundation of a friendship more valuable to Coleridge in after life than any other which he ever made. He did not long remain at Oxford, but soon, in company with two or three friends, set off on a pedestrian tour through a portion of Wales. On his return from this journey, Coleridge went by appointment to meet Southey at Bristol. Here they were to make arrangements for putting into execution a plan, which was formed probably at Oxford, for emigrating to America, accompanied by a few college friends, visionary like themselves, and, settling

"Where Susquehanna pours his untamed stream,"

"form a social colony, in which there was to be a community of property, and all that was selfish was to be proscribed." This scheme, under the title of Pantisocracy, had filled the minds of the young men with the most brilliant anticipations, and they determined to set earnestly to work to accomplish them. After a short stay at Bristol, where he was introduced to his future wife, and to Mr. Joseph Cottle, then a publisher in that city, and a writer of verse himself, Coleridge returned for the last time to Cambridge. Here he published The Fall of Robespierre, a drama writ-

* Vol. II., p. 20.

† Vol. II., p. 20.

ten jointly by himself and Southey, and showing but little talent. He then went to London, and renewed his friendship with Lamb. They used to meet in the evenings at the Salutation and Cat Inn, and here, drinking egg-hot and smoking Orinooko ("associated circumstances," as Lamb said, "which ever forcibly recall to my mind our evenings and nights at the Salutation"), they sat together through the winter nights, beguiling the cares of life with poetry.

Early in 1795, still full of Pantisocracy, he returned to Bristol and Southey, intending to set sail for America in the spring. But a serious question arose; how they were to obtain the funds necessary to carry out their scheme. Both the young men, moreover, had fallen in love, and with sisters, Sarah and Edith Fricker, and they wanted something to enable them to make provision for their marriage. They therefore determined to give public lectures at Bristol, and the winter and spring were occupied in this way. Coleridge lectured on political and moral subjects, Southey on historical. Two of his lectures Coleridge published under the title of *Conciones ad Populum*, and a third called "The Plot Discovered," without, we imagine, adding much to his income.

About this time, at Cottle's solicitation, Coleridge was preparing a volume of poems, for which he was to receive thirty guineas. His indolence and frequent neglect to furnish copy at the time promised are curiously illustrated by the notes which Cottle has preserved. Sometimes one engagement interfered, sometimes another; now "a devil, a very devil, had got possession of his left temple, eye, jaw, throat, and shoulder," and he could not write; now he (not the devil, but Mr. Coleridge) was "over the mouth and nose doing something of importance at Lovell's"; and so on, until Cottle at last grew tired of urging.

The volume was still further delayed by Coleridge's marriage, which took place on the 4th of October, 1795. He went immediately with his wife to a cottage at Clevedon, near Bristol, which must have been fitted up rather to gratify the taste than to satisfy the wants of its occupants, as two days after his marriage we find Coleridge writing to Cottle to ask him to send down "a riddle slice; a candle-box; two ventilators; two glasses for the wash-hand stand; one tin dust-pan; one small tin teakettle; one pair of candlesticks; one

carpet-brush ; one flour-dredge ; three tin extinguishers ; two mats ; a pair of slippers ; a cheese-toaster ; two large tin spoons ; a Bible ; a keg of porter ; coffee ; raisins ; currants ; catsup ; nutmegs ; allspice ; cinnamon ; rice ; ginger and mace."* The next day, probably after the receipt of these articles, Coleridge writes to Poole, calling it "our comfortable cot." In the same letter, he says, — "In the course of half a year I mean to return to Cambridge, having previously taken my name off from the University's control, and, hiring lodgings there for myself and wife, finish my great work of Imitations in two volumes. My former works may, I hope, prove somewhat of genius and of erudition ; this will be better ; it will show great industry and manly consistency."† But before the end of the year he had moved from Clevedon to Bristol, then to Stowey, to visit his friend Mr. Thomas Poole, and then back again to Bristol. Here again he set about preparing his poems for publication ; but the same delays were interposed as before, and the volume made but slow progress. In February, he wrote, during a fit of despondency occasioned by the clouds hanging over the future, and his sense of his own remissness, —

"It is my duty and business to thank God for all his dispensations, and to believe them the best possible ; but, indeed, I think I should have been more thankful, if he had made me a journeyman shoemaker instead of an author by trade. I have left friends ; I have left plenty ; I have left that ease which would have secured a literary immortality, and have enabled me to give to the public works conceived in moments of inspiration, and polished with leisurely solicitude ; and, alas ! for what have I left them ? For ——, who deserted me in the hour of distress, and for a scheme of virtue impracticable and romantic."

We have no idea to what prospects of plenty or ease Coleridge can refer in this letter, as having been left by him. Nor do we know whose desertion he complains of, unless he calls it desertion in Southey to have given up, some months before, that scheme which he himself now calls "impracticable and romantic."

At last, in April, 1796, his volume of poems appeared, containing most of those pieces which have since been pub-

* Cottle, p. 30. † *Biog. Sup.* to *Biog. Lit.*, Vol. II., p. 348.

lished under the title of Juvenile Poems. Among them were his well known sonnet to Schiller, and the long poem called Religious Musings, which contains several passages of much beauty. Meanwhile, Coleridge, who had "given up" in October "all thoughts of a Magazine for various reasons," issued proposals in December for "a Miscellany to be called The Watchman, to be published on every eighth day from the first of March, to supply at once the places of a Review, Newspaper, and Annual Register." He soon set off on a tour to solicit subscriptions, and visited Worcester, Birmingham, Liverpool, and other places, preaching as a Unitarian wherever he could get an invitation to do so, and returned to Bristol in February, 1796, having succeeded in obtaining a large number of subscribers. The first number of The Watchman was issued on the 1st of March, the tenth and last on the 13th of May. The causes of its sudden failure were numerous. Coleridge himself wrote not more than a third of it, and even his portion was said to have but little striking merit. The prospectus had promised too much; the subscribers, becoming dissatisfied, fell off faster than they had been obtained, till at length the work did not pay its expenses. "Whatever was valuable and of a permanent nature in it was included in his later publications," says Mrs. H. N. Coleridge.

Plan after plan now succeeded, with such rapidity as to prevent any one of them from being carried into execution. First, Poole proposed to purchase an annuity for his friend, of which Coleridge writes, — "Concerning the scheme itself I am undetermined. Not that I am ashamed to receive; God forbid! I will make every possible exertion; my industry shall be at least commensurate with my learning and talents; if these do not procure for me and mine the necessary comforts of life, I can receive as I would bestow, and in either case, — receiving or bestowing, — be equally grateful to my Almighty Benefactor." * Coleridge's words frequently contrast strangely with his deeds. At this time, there were various literary pursuits open to him, from any one of which he might have gained a comfortable and respectable maintenance; but he rarely seems to have felt any honest shame about receiving, as a gift, money which he might have earned.

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* *Biog. Sup.* to *Biog. Lit.*, p. 367.

During the last year or two, Cottle had made him frequent presents. He had given him the paper on which The Watchman was printed, had borne a large share of the burden of the loss on it, and seems, through the whole course of his acquaintance with Coleridge, to have been a most generous and unexacting friend.

The plan for the annuity failed, and Coleridge thought of taking charge of a school, which was offered to him on very advantageous terms. At the same time, the editor of the London Morning Chronicle proposed to him to write for his paper; but Coleridge hesitated, and nothing was done. At last, Mr. Charles Lloyd, the son of a banker at Birmingham, where he had become acquainted with Mr. Coleridge, proposed to him to receive him as an inmate in his family, "and made him such a pecuniary offer that Mr. Coleridge immediately acceded to the proposal." Lloyd was a young man of considerable literary taste, and, suffering from a deranged state of the nervous system, imagined that a residence with Coleridge would at once enable him to cultivate his mind and improve his health. Coleridge consequently took a house at Stowey, near Mr. Poole. Here his eldest son was born, and named after the metaphysician David Hartley, of whom Coleridge was then an admiring disciple. Wordsworth was living near Stowey, and with him Coleridge had already contracted a close intimacy. And now, with a home of his own, with friends around him, there seemed nothing to prevent him from accomplishing some of those literary projects which he had so often dreamed of. Two years before, he had read to Cottle "a list of eighteen different works, which he had resolved to write, several of them in quarto." Now was the time for him to prepare at least some one of them. But "men of genius," it is said, "are rarely either prompt in action or consistent in general conduct. Their early habits have been those of contemplative indolence, and the day-dreams with which they have been accustomed to amuse their solitude adapt them for splendid speculation, not temperate and practicable counsels." *

So Coleridge wrote this very year, and such is the history of his literary life. His poems, however, were now to be published in a second edition, and with them were to be con-

* *The Friend*, Vol. II., p. 188.

nected poems by his two friends, Lamb and Lloyd. The volume advanced but slowly, and we must leave the story of its completion to take notice of a letter which is of infinite importance, as connected with the history of Coleridge's life from this time. On the 5th of November, 1796, Coleridge writes to Poole as follows: —

"I wanted such a letter as yours, for I am very unwell. On Wednesday night, I was seized with an intolerable pain from my right temple to the tip of my right shoulder, including my right eye, cheek, jaw, and that side of the throat. I was nearly frantic, and ran about the house almost naked, endeavouring by every means to excite sensation in different parts of my body, and so to weaken the enemy by creating a division. It continued from one in the morning till half past five, and left me pale and fainty. It came on fitfully, but not so violently, several times on Thursday, and began severer threats towards night; but I took between sixty and seventy drops of laudanum, and sopped the Cerberus just as his mouth began to open. On Friday it only niggled, as if the chief had departed, as from a conquered place, and merely left a small garrison behind, or as if he had evacuated the Corrica, and a few straggling pains only remained. But this morning he returned in full force, and his name is Legion. Giant-Fiend of a hundred hands, with a shower of arrowy death-pangs he transpierced me, and then he became a wolf and lay gnawing my bones! — I am not mad, most noble Festus! but in sober sadness I have suffered this day more bodily pain than I had before a conception of. My right cheek has certainly been placed with admirable exactness under the focus of some invisible burning-glass, which concentrated all the rays of a Tartarean sun. My medical attendant decides it to be altogether nervous, and that it originates either in severe application or excessive anxiety. My beloved Poole, in excessive anxiety I believe it might originate. I have a blister under my right ear, and I take 25 drops of laudanum every five hours, the ease and spirits gained by which have enabled me to write to you this flighty, but not exaggerating, account. With a gloomy wantonness of imagination I had been coquetting with the hideous possibles of disappointment. I drank fears like wormwood, — yea, — made myself drunken with bitterness; for my ever-shaping and distrustful mind still mingled gall-drops, till out of the cup of Hope I almost poisoned myself with Despair." — *Biog. Sup. to Biog. Lit.*, Vol. II., pp. 380, 381.

This strange letter, apparently written under the excitement consequent upon excessive use of laudanum, "records," his

daughter says, "Coleridge's first experience of opium." In after years, Coleridge himself repeatedly affirmed that bodily pain first led him to make use of this drug, which became the terrible curse of his life; but he was accustomed to give an account altogether different from that in this letter of his first experience of it. Writing in 1826, he said, — "I had been ignorantly deluded by the seeming magic effects of opium in the sudden removal of a supposed rheumatic affection, attended with swellings in my knees and palpitations in my heart and pains all over me, by which I had been bed-ridden for nearly six months."* We find no notice, among the numerous letters and memoranda belonging to his early life, of this illness, and we have little doubt that he deceived himself with regard to this being the origin of the awful habit which became fixed upon him. Nor do we suppose that the letter from which we have quoted tells the story of its beginning. We think it must have commenced still earlier. We are willing to believe, in accordance with his repeated asseverations, that bodily pain first led him to use opium, although his admirer, Mr. De Quincey, has said, — "I believe it to be notorious that he first began the use of opium, not as a relief from any bodily pains or nervous irritations, for his constitution was strong and excellent, but as a source of luxurious sensations."† But we judge that in 1796 it was already a habit of self-indulgence, and that his mind was ill at ease. Lamb writes to him on the 8th of November in that year: —

"My brother, my friend, — I am distressed for you, believe me I am; not so much for your painful, troublesome complaint, which, I trust, is only for a time, as for those anxieties which brought it on, and perhaps even now may be nursing its malignity. Tell me, dearest of my friends, is your mind at peace, or has any thing, yet unknown to me, happened to give you fresh disquiet, and steal from you all the pleasant dreams of future rest? Are you still (I fear you are) far from being comfortably settled? Would to God it were in my power to contribute towards the bringing you into the haven where you would be! But you are too well skilled in the philosophy of consolation to need my humble tribute of advice; in pain, and in sickness, and

* Gillman's *Life of Coleridge*, Vol. I., p. 246. See also Cottle's *Rem.* p. 272.

† *Tait's Magazine* for 1834, p. 593.

in all manner of disappointments, I trust you have that within you which shall speak peace to your mind." — Talfourd's *Life of Lamb*, p. 12.

That peace of mind which Lamb trusted was in his friend's possession was never again permanently his.

In May, 1797, appeared "Poems by S. T. Coleridge. Second Edition. To which are added Poems by Charles Lamb and Charles Lloyd."

The motto on the title-page was as follows: — "*Duplex nobis vinculum, et amicitiæ et similium junctarumque Camœnarum; quod utinam neque mors solvat, neque temporis longinquitas.*" To this was subjoined a fictitious reference, *Groscoll. Epist. ad Cav. Utenhof. et Ptol. Lux. Tast.*; — the professed quotation and the reference being equally the fabrication of Coleridge.

This year has been well called the *annus mirabilis* of Coleridge's life; his poetical powers had reached their culminating point. That wonderful poem, The Ancient Mariner, the first and perhaps the more beautiful part of Christabel, the finest of his tragedies, Remorse, were all composed in this year, as well as that beautiful little poem entitled Love, and those lines, whose exquisite melody is only equalled by their wildness, beginning, —

> "In Xanadu did Kubla Khan
> A stately pleasure-dome decree;
> Where Alph, the sacred river, ran,
> Through caverns measureless to man,
> Down to a sunless sea."
>
> *Poetical Works*, Vol. I., p. 266.

This surely was enough for one year, a year of which we have no other memorials. The next year begins, somewhat sadly, with a quarrel between the three friends. We do not know the cause of it, but we suspect that Coleridge was somewhat ungenerous to Lamb and Lloyd, and, their joint volume not meeting with the success he anticipated, was inclined to charge the failure on the additions to it made by his friends. At any rate, in March, 1798, we find him writing to Cottle, — "Times change and people change; but let us keep our souls in quietness! I have no objection to any disposal of Lloyd's poems except that of their being republished with mine. The motto which I had prefixed, —

'*Duplex*,' &c., from Groscollius, has placed me in a ridiculous situation, but it was a foolish and presumptuous start of affectionateness, and I am not unwilling to incur the punishment due to my folly." * And in June, Lloyd writes to Cottle, — "I thank you many times for your pleasing intelligence respecting Coleridge. I cannot think I have acted with or from passion towards him." † The state of Lamb's feelings toward Coleridge appears in a very amusing letter which he wrote to him about this time, and of which he transmitted a copy to Southey, saying: —

"Samuel Taylor Coleridge, to the eternal regret of his native Devonshire, emigrates to Westphalia, — 'Poor Lamb (these were his last words) if he wants any *knowledge*, he may apply to me'; — in ordinary cases I thanked him, I have an 'Encyclopedia' at hand; but on such an occasion as going over to a German University, I could not refrain from sending him the following propositions, to be by him defended or oppugned (or both) at Leipsic or Gottingen.

"*Theses quædam Theologicæ.*

I.

"Whether God loves a lying angel better than a true man?

II.

"Whether the archangel Uriel *could* knowingly affirm an untruth, and whether, if he *could*, he *would?*

III.

"Whether honesty be an angelic virtue, or not rather belonging to that class of qualities which the Schoolmen term 'virtutes minus splendidæ, et hominis et terræ nimis participes?'

IV.

"Whether the seraphim ardentes do not manifest their goodness by the way of vision and theory? and whether practice be not a sub-celestial, and merely human virtue?

V.

"Whether the higher order of seraphim illuminati ever *sneer?*

VI.

"Whether pure intelligences can *love*, or whether they can love any thing besides pure intellect?

VII.

"Whether the beatific vision be any thing more or less than a

* Cottle's *Reminiscences*, p. 124. † *Ibid.* p. 129.

perpetual representment to each individual angel of his own present attainments and future capabilities, something in the manner of mortal looking-glasses?

VIII.

"Whether an 'immortal and amenable soul' may not come *to be damned at last, and the man never suspect it beforehand?*

"Samuel Taylor hath not deigned an answer; was it impertinent in me to avail myself of that offered source of knowledge?" — Lamb's *Life*. New York. 1838. Vol. I. p. 56.

The sarcasms of this letter, however sportive, and the estimate of Coleridge's character implied in the questions proposed, must have cut him to the quick; and it shows kindliness of feeling on both sides that, two years after, they were as good friends as ever.

In February, 1798, the Unitarian clergyman of Shrewsbury came to settle at Bristol, and Coleridge determined to offer himself as his successor at Shrewsbury. His preaching was liked, and he received an invitation from the parish; but meanwhile the Messrs. Wedgwood, the distinguished manufacturers, who had become acquainted with Coleridge at Birmingham some years before, and had formed a high idea of his talents, determined to prevent him, if possible, from becoming a Unitarian clergyman. Their own religious views were much opposed to those which Coleridge professed, and they seem to have regretted that his talents should be employed in promulgating what they held to be false opinions. Accordingly, Mr. Josiah Wedgwood offered £100 to Coleridge if he would reject the Shrewsbury invitation. This offer was declined, and Coleridge accepted the invitation to Shrewsbury. The Messrs. Wedgwood then offered him an annuity of £150 a year for an indefinite series of years, if he would then, at that late hour, give up the idea of becoming a clergyman. Coleridge says, — "The moment I received Mr. J. Wedgwood's letter, I accepted his offer." *

It is commonly supposed, at least among us, that when a man determines to be a clergyman, he does so from some motive of duty, with some idea of self-sacrifice. But with Coleridge it was different; his profession was worth more to him than one hundred pounds, but one hundred and fifty pounds a year weighed down the scale.

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* Cottle's *Reminiscences*, p. 131.

This arrangement having been concluded, Coleridge seems to have given himself up again to forming plans for the future. Wordsworth's first work, The Lyrical Ballads, was published in the course of the summer, anonymously, and with it appeared The Ancient Mariner. During the autumn, Wordsworth and Coleridge determined to carry out an intention long held, of visiting Germany together. In September, they left England, accompanied by Miss Wordsworth, Mrs. Coleridge remaining at home. Probably Coleridge had much less consideration for his wife than when he wrote, —

> " Oft, oft, methinks, the while with thee
> I breathe, as from the heart, thy dear
> And dedicated name, I hear
> A promise and a mystery,
> A pledge of more than passing life,
> Yea, in that very name of wife!"
>
> *Poetical Works*, Vol. I., p. 178.

In Miss Wordsworth, who had been living with her brother during the period of Coleridge's residence near Stowey, he had become acquainted with a woman superior in intellect to his wife, and more able, probably, to sympathize with his peculiarities of character. He sought her society, while his wife was sometimes neglected. The face of her who was so closely bound to him must have awakened frequent feelings of self-reproach in his heart. These feelings may have led him to form resolutions of exertion, never carried beyond a determination, and too often checked by the vanity which overlaid his character. Lamb said of him, — " Coleridge is a man of excellent principles, but it 's very unfortunate that whenever any thing comes to him in the shape of a duty, he can't find the heart to perform it."

Of his residence in Germany we have many memorials, principally letters of his own. It seems to have been uneventful and agreeable. He said of it himself, — " I made the best use of my time and means, and there is therefore no period of my life upon which I can look back with such unmingled satisfaction."* In a letter to Mr. Josiah Wedgwood, dated Göttingen, May 21, 1799, he says, — " I have read and made collections for a history of Belles Lettres in

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* *Biographia Literaria*, Vol. I., p. 211.

Germany before the time of Lessing, and very large collections for a life of Lessing." In November of the same year, he returned to England, and went immediately to London. In January, 1800, he writes to Mr. Thomas Wedgwood, —

"Thank God, I have my health perfectly, and am working hard, yet the present state of human affairs presses on me for days together, so as to deprive me of all my cheerfulness. It is probable that a man's private and personal connections and interests ought to be uppermost in his daily and hourly thoughts, and that the dedication of too much fear and hope to subjects which are perhaps disproportionate to our faculties and powers is a disease. But I have had this disease so long, and my early education was so domestic, that I know not how to get rid of it, or even to wish to get rid of it. Life were so flat a thing without enthusiasm, that if for a moment it leaves me, I have a sort of stomach sensation attached to all my thoughts, like those which succeed to the pleasurable sensations of a dose of opium." *

He goes on to speak of his literary occupations, says he is about to write essays on the drama for the Morning Post, and then says, — "Two mornings and one whole day I dedicate to essays on the possible progressiveness of man, and on the principles of population. In April, I retire to my greater work, — The Life of Lessing."

In February, he seems to have been reporting for the Morning Post, and to have written various essays on general subjects for its columns. In fact, when he first came to London, he proposed to write daily for that paper. But Mr. Stuart, who was then its editor, says, writing in 1838 in the Gentleman's Magazine, — "Coleridge totally failed in the plan he proposed of writing daily on the daily occurrences." From this time, however, until 1802, he continued to write at intervals for the paper, and some of his essays have been said to possess undoubtedly high merit.

Toward the end of July, 1800, Coleridge wrote to Mr. Josiah Wedgwood, — "Have you seen my translation of Wallenstein? It is a dull, heavy play. I am now working at my Introduction to the Life of Lessing, which I trust will be in the press before Christmas; that is, the Introduction will be published first." †

The translation of Wallenstein had just appeared. To us

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* Cottle's *Reminiscences*, p. 318. † *Ibid.* p. 224.

it seems quite equal to the original; the defects incident to a translation are for the most part avoided, and there are magnificent passages added by Coleridge to the play. The opinion that Coleridge expressed concerning its merits when it first appeared is very different from that which he afterwards held. In 1821, writing to Mr. Alsop, he says: —

"I am glad you are now to see the Wallenstein for the first time, as you will then see a specimen of my happiest attempts, during the prime manhood of my intellect, before I had been buffeted by adversity, or crossed by fatality." — *Letters, Conversations, and Recollections of S. T. Coleridge*, p. 65.

In another letter, written from Keswick, in November, 1800, Coleridge says: —

"Immediately on my arrival in this country, I undertook to finish a poem which I had begun, entitled Christabel, for a second volume of the Lyrical Ballads. I tried to perform my promise, but the deep, unutterable disgust which I had suffered in the translation of the accursed Wallenstein seemed to have stricken me with barrenness, — till one day I dined out at the house of a neighbouring clergyman, and somehow or other drank so much wine, that I found some effort and dexterity requisite to balance myself on the hither edge of sobriety. The next day my verse-making faculties returned to me and I proceeded successfully." — Cottle's *Reminiscences*, p. 325.

At the time of the date of this letter, Coleridge was living at Keswick, where he had taken a small house. His son Derwent was just born, and here in quiet he intended to finish some one or more of his literary undertakings. He writes to Wedgwood, — "You will in three weeks see the letters on the 'Rise and Condition of the German Boors'; they are in the printer's hands." But many a three weeks passed, and Mr. Wedgwood never saw them. For the next two years, from November, 1800, to September, 1802, we have no records whatever of Coleridge's life, no letters, no memoranda, even. His fine ode to Dejection, addressed, we conjecture, to Miss Wordsworth, and that most beautiful of all his poems, The Complaint and Reply,* are almost the

* We are aware, that, in the Literary Remains, this poem is ascribed to the year 1809; but Mrs. H. N. Coleridge says it was written in 1802, and we are inclined to trust to her authority, as we have found one or two instances of mistakes in the dates assigned in the Literary Remains.

only compositions of this period. In September, 1802, Lamb made a three weeks' visit to Coleridge. After this, he wrote some essays in the Morning Post, and in October he writes to Mr. Thomas Wedgwood : —

"I shall in a few weeks go to press with a volume on the prose writings of Hale, Milton, and Taylor, and shall immediately follow it up with an essay on the writings of Dr. Johnson and Gibbon, and in these two volumes I flatter myself I shall present a fair history of English prose. If my life and health remain, and I do but write half as much and as regularly as I have done during the last six weeks, this will be finished by January next ; and I shall then put together my memorandum-book on the subject of poetry.... I have, since my twentieth year, meditated an heroic poem on the siege of Jerusalem by Titus. This is the pride and the stronghold of my hope ; but I never think of it except in my best moods. The work to which I dedicate the ensuing year of my life is one which highly pleased Leslie,* in prospective."

Again there is a period of a year in which no work was published, and of which few records remain. Those few are sad. In a letter dated September, 1803, he says : — "I will not trouble you with the gloomy tale of my health. When I am awake, by patience, employment of mind, and walking, I can keep the fiend at arm's length ; but the night is my hell ! sleep my tormenting angel. Three nights out of four I fall asleep, struggling to lie awake, and my frequent night screams have almost made me a nuisance in my own house."† Again, in January, 1804, he says, — "I have been ill, very ill,"‡ and refers to similar sufferings. He then speaks of going to Madeira to restore his health, and says, — "Wordsworth had, as I may truly say, forced on me one hundred pounds in the event of my going to Madeira, and Stuart had kindly offered to befriend me." But no southern isle had balm to restore that wasted health, no friend could assist him where he wanted aid. In the same letter he says, — "I am eager to hope all good things of my health. That gained, I have a cheering, and I trust prideless, confidence that I shall make an active and perseverant use of the faculties and acquirements that have been intrusted to my keeping, and a fair trial of their height, depth, and width."

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* The eminent Edinburgh Professor. † Cottle's *Rem.*, p. 345. ‡ *Ibid.*

There can be no doubt that the sufferings detailed in the foregoing extracts were the result of an excessive use of opium. In the Confessions of an English Opium Eater, sufferings of the same nature are depicted with a terrible vividness. Nothing can be more mournful than the warnings which Coleridge himself has left us. In his Friend, he says : —

"Restlessness can drive us to vices that promise no enjoyment, not even the cessation of that restlessness. This is, indeed, the dread punishment attached by nature to habitual vice, that its impulses wax, as its motives wane. No object, not even the light of a solitary taper in the far distance, tempts the benighted mind from before; but its own restlessness dogs it from behind as with the iron goad of destiny." — p. 137.

And again, in the poem called The Visionary Hope : —

"Sad lot to have no hope! Though, lowly kneeling,
He fain would frame a prayer within his breast;
Would fain entreat for some sweet breath of healing,
That his sick body might have ease and rest;
He strove in vain! the dull sighs from his chest
Against his will the stifling load revealing,
Though Nature forced; though like some captive guest,
Some royal prisoner at his conqueror's feast,
An alien's restless mood but half concealing,
The sternness on his gentle brow confessed
Sickness within and miserable feeling:
Though obscure pangs made curses of his dreams,
And dreaded sleep each night repelled in vain,
Each night was scattered by its own loud screams:
Yet never could his heart command, though fain,
One deep full wish to be no more in pain."

In the spring of 1804, in a miserable state of health, Coleridge determined to go to Malta.* He could hardly have adopted a worse plan. Removed from his friends, exposed to the enervating effects of a southern climate, he fell more and more under the terrible bondage of opium. For some time, he performed the duties of public secretary of the island; but his habits were too irregular for such a post, and before long he was superseded. During his residence in Malta, he saw much of Sir Alexander Ball, then civil com-

* Mrs. H. N. Coleridge states that he lectured in London in 1804, before going to Malta.

missioner of the island, and he speaks in his Friend "of that daily and familiar intercourse with him which made the fifteen months from May, 1804, to October, 1805, in many respects the most memorable and instructive period of my life." There are very few other records of this period.*

From Malta, Coleridge went to Italy, and remained in Rome for some months. Here he became acquainted with our distinguished countryman, Mr. Allston. This acquaintance ripened into a friendship of many years, which Allston has commemorated in a sonnet written after Coleridge's death.

Coleridge was hurried away from Italy, after some months' residence, as being a suspicious person, having written for the Morning Post, three years before, one or two invectives against Napoleon. At what time of the year he returned to England we are uncertain, and for the remainder of his life, with the exception of a few important events, we must fix the dates by inference, rather than from actual knowledge. The Biographia Literaria contains nothing of autobiography after this date, and the new Biographical Supplement to it has little narrative after 1800; Cottle, except as regards one point, deserts us at the time of the Malta voyage; Gillman's miserable volume is worth almost nothing with respect to the biography of Coleridge, while from the miscellaneous sketches of his life but few facts can be gleaned.

In December, 1806, we find Charles Lamb writing, — "Coleridge has come home, and is going to turn lecturer on taste at the Royal Institution." We do not know whether these lectures were delivered. If they were, like those of 1804 and 1808, they have left no trace behind them.

De Quincey, who saw Coleridge in 1807, says of him, — "Never had I beheld so profound an expression of cheerless despondency; and the restless activity of Coleridge's mind in chasing abstract truths, and burying himself in the dark places of human speculation, seemed to me in great measure an attempt to escape out of his own personal wretchedness." And wretched he must have been, now at London, now at

* Decatur was at this time stationed in the Mediterranean, and was frequently at Malta. He met Coleridge at Sir A. Ball's table, they were mutually interested in each other, and in after life both referred to their intercourse at this time with pleasure. See Mackenzie's *Life of Decatur*, p. 128.

Keswick and Grassmere, now at Stowey and Bridgewater, finding no relief from the miserable sufferings which goaded him to a continual restlessness. It was at this time that he wrote to his friend Mr. Wade the following strange and melancholy words : —

"It is not of comparative utility I speak; for as to what has been actually done, and in relation to useful effects produced, whether on the minds of individuals or of the public, I dare boldly stand forward, and (let every man have his own, and that be counted mine which but for and through me would not have existed) will challenge the proudest of my literary contemporaries to compare proofs with me, of usefulness in the excitement of reflection, and the diffusion of original and forgotten, yet necessary and important, truths and knowledge; and this is not the less true, because I have suffered others to reap all the advantages. But, O dear friend, this consciousness, raised by insult of enemies and alienated friends, stands me in little stead to my own soul, — in how little, then, before the all-righteous Judge! who, requiring back the talents he had intrusted, will, if the mercies of Christ do not intervene, not demand of me what I have done, but why I did not do more; why, with powers above so many, I had sunk in many things below most! But this is too painful, and in remorse we often waste the energy which should be better employed in reformation, — that essential part, and only possible proof, of sincere repentance." — *Cottle*, p. 257.

In the course of this year, Mr. De Quincey, who was a young man of fortune, presented to Mr. Coleridge, anonymously, through Cottle, a gift of three hundred pounds. He had become deeply interested in him through sympathy with his sufferings as an opium-eater, and had an excessive admiration for his powers of mind. Writing in 1834, he speaks of him as having "the largest and most spacious intellect, the subtlest and the most comprehensive, in my judgment, that has yet existed amongst men." This sum of money for a time rendered Coleridge easy in his circumstances; but before long a large portion of it had been spent in procuring opium. At length, in 1808 or 1809, leaving his wife and children to be taken care of by Southey, at Keswick, Coleridge went to live with Wordsworth at Grassmere.

Here The Friend was projected, and in good part written, and here its publication, in numbers, commenced on the 8th

of June, 1809. In the prospectus of it, extracted from a letter to a correspondent, he says : —

"It is not unknown to you, that I have employed almost the whole of my life in acquiring, or endeavouring to acquire, useful knowledge by study, reflection, observation, and by cultivating the society of my superiors in intellect, both at home and in foreign countries. You know, too, that at different periods of my life I have not only planned, but collected the materials for, many works on various and important subjects; so many, indeed, that the number of my unrealized schemes and the mass of my miscellaneous fragments have often furnished my friends with a subject of raillery and sometimes of regret and reproof.* Waiving the mention of all private and accidental hindrances, I am inclined to believe that this want of perseverance has been produced in the main by an over-activity of thought, modified by a constitutional indolence, which made it more pleasant to me to continue acquiring, than to reduce what I had acquired to a regular form. Add, too, that, almost daily throwing off my notices or reflections in desultory fragments, I was still tempted onward by an increasing sense of the imperfection of my knowledge, and by the conviction, that, in order fully to comprehend and develop any one subject, it was necessary that I should make myself master of some other, which again as regularly involved a third, and so on with an ever-widening horizon."

These sentences, which very truly depict one portion of Coleridge's intellect, give the secret of the want of success attending the first publication of The Friend. He had proposed to himself too much in stating, — "The object of The Friend is to uphold those truths and those merits which are founded in the nobler and permanent parts of our nature against the caprices of fashion, and such pleasures as either depend on transitory and accidental causes, or are pursued from less worthy impulses." The subject was too vast, and constantly led him into desultory disquisitions, which, although connected more or less with the original design, still left a feeling of dissatisfaction that further progress was not

* Lamb, in a most admirably humorous letter to Manning, dated December 25th, 1815, says, — "Coleridge is just dead, having lived just long enough to close the eyes of Wordsworth, who paid the debt of nature but a week or two before — poor Col.! but two days before he died, he wrote to a bookseller proposing an epic poem on the 'Wanderings of Cain,' in twenty-four books. It is said he has left behind him more than forty thousand treatises in criticism, metaphysics, and divinity, but few of them in a state of completion." — Talfourd's *Life of Lamb*, Vol. I., p. 174.

made. The Friend is too well known to need any criticism from us. It is somewhat difficult, however, to judge of its merits, as first published, from the later editions, which are the only ones we have seen. For the edition of 1818, which the later ones have followed, "was rather a *rifacimento*," as the author said, "than a new edition, the additions forming so large a portion of the whole work, and the arrangement being altogether new."

The 27th and last number of the Lake edition was issued March 15th, 1810. It had proved a ruinous speculation in a pecuniary point of view, but, as affording Coleridge a regular employment for so long a period, it had been of essential service in restoring a somewhat more healthy tone to his mind. But again left without employment, his old habits returned and increased upon him, so that the next year is a blank in his life, and we know nothing more of him till we find him, in 1810, accompanying Mr. Basil Montagu to London, having left Keswick and Grassmere for ever. Before many months had passed, however, he went from Mr. Montagu to live at Hammersmith, with a Mr. Morgan, a gentleman whom he had known when at Bristol. Whilst here, he delivered a course of lectures before the London Philosophical Society. The prospectus was in part as follows: — "Mr. Coleridge will commence on Monday, November 19th, 1811, a course of lectures on Shakspeare and Milton, in illustration of the principles of poetry, and their application, as grounds of criticism, to the most popular works of later English poets, those of the living included." Of these lectures, as of his former courses, no report has been preserved. In the year 1811, Coleridge wrote frequently for the Courier, a paper which Mr. Stuart, the former editor of the Morning Post, now conducted. His communications were highly valued and well paid for. For some time he wrote with regularity, and we are left in doubt on what grounds he ceased to write for the paper.

How long he continued with the Morgans we do not know, but we imagine not later than 1813. While with them his health had again much improved, owing to the cause stated by Southey, in a letter written in 1815, in which he says, — "The Morgans, with great effort, succeeded in making him leave off opium for a time, and he recovered in consequence health and spirits"; and Coleridge

himself refers to the fact, in a letter written in April, 1814. But the victory was not complete, and the drug again assumed its awful dominion over him.

In the course of 1813, his tragedy, Remorse, was performed with the most flattering and merited success at Drury Lane; Coleridge writes to his friend Mr. Poole, on the 13th of February: — "I have never seen the play since the first night. It has been a good thing for the Theatre, ... and I shall get more by it than all my literary labors put together; nay, thrice as much, subtracting my heavy losses in the Watchman and the Friend, including the copyright." * In 1814, he delivered a course of lectures on Shakspeare at the Royal Institution, and when he had completed this course in London, he went down to Bristol to repeat it. But now, as when delivering a former course in London as described by De Quincey, "never did a man treat his audience with less respect, or his task with less careful attention." Sometimes he would keep his audience waiting for an hour or more, and sometimes he would not appear at all. Meanwhile, his manner was strange, and he complained much of illness. At length, his old friend, Mr. Cottle, addressed a long and earnest letter to him, beseeching him to renounce the use of opium and spirits. Coleridge replied in the following painfully degraded words: —

"You have poured oil in the raw and festering wound of an old friend's conscience, Cottle! but it is *oil of vitriol!* I but barely glanced at the middle of the first page of your letter, and have seen no more of it, — not from resentment, God forbid! but from the state of my bodily and mental sufferings, that scarcely permitted human fortitude to let in a new visitor of affliction.

"The object of my present reply is to state the case just as it is, — first, that for ten years the anguish of my spirit has been indescribable, the sense of my danger staring, but the consciousness of my GUILT worse, — far worse than all! I have prayed, with drops of agony on my brow; trembling, not only before the justice of my Maker, but even before the mercy of my Redeemer. 'I gave thee so many talents, what hast thou done with them?' Secondly, overwhelmed as I am with a sense of my direful infirmity, I have never attempted to disguise or conceal the cause. On the contrary, not only to friends have I stated the whole case with tears and the very bitterness of shame, but

* *Biog. Supp.* to *Biog. Lit.*, p. 413.

in two instances I have warned young men, mere acquaintances, ho had spoken of having taken laudanum, of the direful cons equences, by an awful exposition of its tremendous effects on myself. . . . . Had I but a few hundred pounds, but £200, — half to send to Mrs. Coleridge and half to place myself in a private madhouse, where I could procure nothing but what the physician thought proper, and where a medical attendant could be constantly with me for two or three months (in less than that time, life or death would be determined), then there might be hope. Now there is none!! O God! how willingly would I place myself under Dr. Fox, in his establishment; for my case is a species of madness, only it is a derangement, an utter impotence, of the volition, and not of the intellectual faculties." — Cottle's *Reminiscences*, pp. 272, 273.

His plan of going to an asylum for the insane Coleridge proposed again, and wrote to Cottle to ask him to get up a subscription among his, Coleridge's, friends, to defray the expenses attendant on its execution. To this, however, Cottle was averse, and wrote to consult Southey, with whom Coleridge's wife and children had been living for several years, as to what was best to be done. Southey's reply was as follows: —

"*Keswick, April*, 1814.

"My dear Cottle, — You may imagine with what feelings I have read your correspondence with Coleridge. Shocking as his letters are, perhaps the most mournful thing they discover is, that, while acknowledging the guilt of the habit, he imputes it still to morbid bodily causes; whereas, after every possible allowance is made for these, every person who has witnessed his habits knows that for the greater, infinitely the greater part, inclination and indulgence are its motives.

"It seems dreadful to say this, with his expressions before me; but it is so, and I know it to be so, from my own observation, and that of all with whom he has lived. The Morgans, with great difficulty and perseverance, *did* break him of the habit, at a time when his ordinary consumption of laudanum was from *two quarts a week* to *a pint a day!* He suffered dreadfully during the first abstinence, so much so as to say it was better for him to die than to endure his present feelings. Mrs. Morgan resolutely replied, it was indeed better that he should die than that he should continue to live as he had been living. It angered him at the time, but the effort was persevered in.

"To what, then, was the relapse owing? I believe to this cause, — that no use was made of renewed health and spirits;

that time passed on in idleness, till the lapse of time brought with it a sense of neglected duties, and then relief was again sought for *a self-accusing mind;* — in bodily feelings, which, when the stimulus ceased to act, added only to the load of self-accusation. This, Cottle, is an insanity which none but the soul's physician can cure. Unquestionably, restraint would do as much for him as it did when the Morgans tried it; but I do not see the slightest reason for believing it would be more permanent. This, too, I ought to say, that all the medical men to whom Coleridge has made his confession, have uniformly ascribed the evil, not to bodily disease, but indulgence. The restraint which alone could effectually cure is that which no person can impose upon him. Could he be compelled to a certain quantity of labor every day, *for his family*, the pleasure of having done it would make his heart glad, and the sane mind would make the body whole.

"I see nothing so advisable for him, as that he should come here to Greta Hall. My advice is, that he should visit T. Poole for two or three weeks, to freshen himself and recover spirits, which new scenes never fail to give him. When there, he may consult his friends at Birmingham and Liverpool on the fitness of lecturing at those two places, at each of which he has friends, and would, I should think beyond all doubt, be successful. He must be very unfortunate, if he did not raise from fifty to one hundred pounds at the two places. But whether he can do this or not, here it is that he ought to be. He knows in what manner he would be received; by his children with joy; by his wife, not with tears, if she can control them, — certainly not with reproaches; by myself only with encouragement.

"He has sources of direct emolument open to him in the Courier, and in the Eclectic Review. These for his immediate wants, and for every thing else his pen is more rapid than mine, and would be paid as well. If you agree with me, you had better write to Poole that he may press him to make a visit, which I know he has promised. His great object should be, to get out a play, and appropriate the whole produce to the support of his son Hartley, at college. Three months' pleasurable exertion would effect this. Of some such fit of industry I by no means despair; of any thing more than fits, I am afraid I do. But this, of course, I shall never say to him. From me he shall never hear aught but cheerful encouragement, and the language of hope. . . . . I hope you next will tell me that he is going to Mr. T. Poole's. I have communicated some of your letters to Mrs. Coleridge, who you know resides with us. Her spirits and health are beginning to sink under it. God bless you!

"Yours affectionately,

"Robert Southey."

Cottle now proposed to raise an annuity of £ 150, to be held in trust for Coleridge, and Southey again writes to him : —

" Of sorrow and humiliation I will say nothing. Let me come at once to the point. On what grounds can such a subscription as you propose raising for Coleridge be solicited? The annuity to which your intended letter refers (£ 150) *was* given him by the Wedgwoods. Thomas, by his will, settled his portion on Coleridge, for his life. Josiah withdrew his about three years ago. The half still remaining amounts, when the income-tax is deducted, to £ 67. 10s. That sum Mrs. C. receives at present, and it is all which she receives for supporting herself, her daughter, and the two boys at school; — the boys' expenses amounting to the whole. No part of Coleridge's embarrassment arises from his wife and children, — except that he has insured his life for a thousand pounds, and pays the annual premium. He never writes to them, and never opens a letter from them!

" In truth, Cottle, his embarrassments, and his miseries, of body and mind, all arise from one accursed cause, — excess in *opium*, of which he habitually takes more than ever was known to be taken by any person before him. . . . . Perhaps you are not aware of the costliness of this drug. In the quantity which C. takes, it would consume *more* than the whole which you propose to raise. A frightful consumption of *spirits* is added. In this way bodily ailments are produced, and the wonder is that he is still alive.

" There are but two grounds on which a subscription of this nature can proceed, — either when the object is disabled from exerting himself, or when his exertions are unproductive. Coleridge is in neither of these predicaments. Proposals after proposals have been made to him by the booksellers, and he repeatedly closed with them. He is at this moment as capable of exertion as I am, and would be paid as well for whatever he might be pleased to do. There are two Reviews, the Quarterly and the Eclectic, in both of which he might have employment at ten guineas a sheet. As to the former, I could obtain it for him; in the latter, they are urgently desirous of his assistance. *He promises, and does nothing.* . . . . . Nothing is wanting to make him easy in circumstances, and happy in himself, but to leave off opium, and to direct a certain portion of his time to the discharge of *his duties*. Four hours a day would suffice." — Cottle, pp. 279, 280.

But to every plan that Southey proposed Coleridge was irreconcilably averse, and this unhappy man sank still lower in

the gulf of misery into which he had plunged. For a time he placed himself in the hands of a physician, and while under his care he wrote, — "I cannot be too grateful for the skill with which the surgeon treats me"; and again, — "It is true I am restored as much beyond my expectations almost, as my deserts." But

> "What boots it at one gate to make defence
> And at another to let in the foe?"

At this very period, instead of being restored, he was worse; for he almost daily employed himself in obtaining laudanum, without the knowledge of his physician, by actual deceit.* About this time he wrote the following letter to Mr. Wade.

"*Bristol, June 26th*, 1814.

"Dear Sir, — For I am unworthy to call any good man friend, — much less you, whose hospitality and love I have abused; accept, however, my entreaties for your forgiveness, and for your prayers.

"Conceive a poor miserable wretch, who for many years has been attempting to beat off pain by a constant recurrence to the vice which reproduces it. Conceive a spirit in hell, employed in tracing out for others the road to that heaven from which his crimes exclude him! In short, conceive whatever is most wretched, helpless, and hopeless, and you will form as tolerable a notion of my state as it is possible for a good man to have.

"I used to think the text in St. James, that 'he who offended in one point offends in all,' very harsh; but I now feel the awful, the tremendous truth of it. In the one crime of OPIUM, what crime have I not made myself guilty of! — Ingratitude to my Maker! and to my benefactors — injustice! *and unnatural cruelty to my poor children!* — self-contempt for my repeated promise-breach, nay, too often, actual falsehood!

"After my death, I earnestly entreat that a full and unqualified narration of my wretchedness, and of its guilty cause, may be made public, that at least some little good may be effected by the direful example.

"May God Almighty bless you, and have mercy on your still affectionate, and in his heart grateful S. T. COLERIDGE." †

When we consider the powers which had been bestowed on this man, and the promise of his youth, we confess, that in the records of biography we could hardly point to a more mournful picture than this.

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* *Vide* Cottle's *Rem.*, p. 285. † *Ibid.*, p. 292.

There is now another blank in Coleridge's life. His friends could do no more for him. We hear of him at length residing at Calne, with Mr. Morgan, the same friend with whom he had lived in 1812. A year passes, and we find him writing to Cottle, begging for money as an advance on poems which he promised to send him; then comes a second letter still more urgent, the last that Cottle ever received from him. From April, 1815, to April, 1816, is another unrecorded year.

On the 9th of April, 1816, a physician, Dr. Adams, wrote to Mr. Gillman of Highgate, likewise a physician by profession, telling him that a gentleman, who had for some years been in the habit of taking large quantities of opium, was desirous "to fix himself in the house of some medical gentleman, who will have courage to refuse him any laudanum, and under whose assistance, should he be the worse for it, he may be relieved," and ended by requesting Mr. Gillman to receive him into his family. Gillman was not averse to the proposition. He met Coleridge the next day, they were mutually pleased with each other, and on the 15th of April Coleridge went to Mr. Gillman's to reside. Here for eighteen years he lived, and here he died.

Of this period, considering its length, very few memorials have appeared. We know little of Mr. Gillman and his family, save the warm terms in which Coleridge was accustomed to speak of them. The single volume of Mr. Gillman's Life of Coleridge, which was published in 1838, has given us no favorable impression of its author. He writes like a special pleader ignorant of the cause he has undertaken; his style is detestable, the facts which he relates are meagre, and are often recorded with utter disregard to their chronological arrangement. We are not surprised that his promised second volume has never been published. That he became sincerely attached to Coleridge we do not doubt, but we suspect that his influence over him was at no time very great. It is true, that, within a short period of his going to reside at Highgate, the quantity of opium in which Coleridge indulged was very much diminished, and that his mind began to reassume a more healthy tone. But we believe that there is no doubt that at no subsequent period of his life was he entirely a stranger to its use for any considerable time. His letters to Alsop contain not infrequent references to suffer-

ings produced by the recent use of opium. In a letter written in 1821, he says : — " Pray for me, my dear friend, that I may not pass such another night as the last. While I am awake and retain my reasoning powers, the pang is gnawing, but I am, except for a fitful moment or two, tranquil ; it is the howling wilderness of sleep that I dread." *

The habit had been fixed too deep to be uprooted, and it seems to us that during the few years preceding 1815 his mind had sustained a shock from which it never afterward fully recovered. We are aware that this is very different from the view entertained by Coleridge himself, and by some of his friends ; but we think that our opinion is justified by the comparison of those of his works which were composed and published after 1815 with those which were written while " the dark pillar was not wholly turned."

Nor do we believe that he ever again enjoyed that peace of mind, far more to be prized than any intellectual powers, which is to be obtained only through the consciousness of having faithfully performed one's part in life ; and though at times he may have had the consciousness of heartfelt repentance, yet, underneath the momentary repose which this or some lower feeling may have given him, the memory of the past must have been ever gnawing at his breast.

> " The sad forms of scenes and deeds long past
> Blend into spectral shapes and death-like life,
> And pass in silent, stern procession ! —
> The storm is past ; — but in the pause and hush,
> Nor calm, nor tranquil joy, nor peace are mine." †

In 1816 Coleridge published his first Lay Sermon, entitled The Statesman's Manual, or the Bible the best Guide to Political Knowledge and Foresight. This was followed, in the next year, by a second volume, " addressed to the higher and middle classes on the existing distresses and discontents " ; and he proposed to write still another. In the last editions, these are associated with a little book published first in 1830, On the Constitution of the Church and State. These three publications we consider by far the least valuable that have appeared from Coleridge's pen. His life had not

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* *Letters, Conversations, and Recollections of S. T. Coleridge*, p. 56.

† *Consolations of a Maniac*, by J. H. Green. See Coleridge's *Poetical Works*, Vol. II., p. 135.

fitted him to be a safe guide in matters of politics ; his mind was naturally speculative rather than practical, and from many of his views the generality of readers would entirely dissent. We do not mean to deny to him the merit of right intention in publishing these little works, or to imply that we consider that there is nothing valuable in them ; "*omnibus enim rebus, omnibusque sermonibus, aliquid salutare est.*"

In the course of 1816 and 1817, the two parts of Christabel (the second part for the first time) were published in a small volume, with Kubla Khan and the Pains of Sleep. This was shortly followed by the Biographia Literaria and the volume of poems entitled Sibylline Leaves, which contained some of his finest pieces. The Biographia Literaria had been in great part composed some years before. He intended it as a statement of his principles in politics, religion, and philosophy, and an application of the rules deduced from philosophical principles of poetry and criticism. Again, as was so often the case, he fell far short of his mark. His principles of politics and religion were but slightly touched upon, and his principles of philosophy were borrowed from Schelling, Maasz, and Fichte, without sufficient acknowledgment of the sources whence they came. Coleridge's plagiarisms in this book, and others of his works, were somewhat harshly pointed out by De Quincey and by a writer in Blackwood's Magazine, which has led Mrs. Henry N. Coleridge, in her long and rambling Introduction to the last edition of the Biographia Literaria, to enter into a defence of her father. We quote but one sentence from it ; but that one seems to cover the whole ground.

"If he was not always sufficiently considerate of other men's property, he was profuse of his own ; and in truth, such was his temper in regard to all property, of what kind soever ; he did not enough regard or value it, whether for himself or his neighbour." — *Introduction to Biographia Literaria*, p. 18.

We should, however, be inclined to believe that he set less value on property that belonged to his neighbour than on his own. The criticism on Wordsworth's poetry in the Biographia Literaria seems to us in many respects exceedingly happy, and the best portion of this most desultory book.*

* We are glad to see, that, in the last edition, Coleridge's daughter has had the good taste to omit several very objectionable passages in her father's

In the autumn of 1817, Zapolya, a Christmas Tale, was composed and published. It contains passages of much beauty, but as a whole is far inferior to Remorse. During the winters of 1817 and 1818, Coleridge lectured for the last time in public. We believe that he very seldom wrote out any lectures previously to delivery, except when he was lecturing at Bristol before his marriage. This explains why nothing but fragments of his different courses are left. In the volumes of his Literary Remains "we have extracts from lectures of all dates from 1802, partly in the words of the critic's own manuscripts, partly the mere notes of his hearers; we have isolated memoranda, of which most are the writer's own, but some are only quotations; we have changes of opinion stated without being accounted for, and hints of other opinions insufficiently explained." And yet these fragments contain much that is valuable. His criticism on Shakspeare, where he does not descend to points of mere verbal conjecture, is superior to any other that we are acquainted with.

But few letters which were written during these years have since been published. The most of them are to be found in a work entitled Letters, Conversations, and Recollections of Samuel Taylor Coleridge, published anonymously, but understood to be by a Mr. Alsop. Alsop's own portion of the book is worthless, but the letters which he has preserved are many of them exceedingly illustrative of this period of Coleridge's life. In a letter, written in January, 1821, very remarkable for the view it gives of his state of mind and plans during this period, Coleridge says, —

"My health, I have reason to believe, is so intimately connected with the state of my spirits, and these again are so dependent on my thoughts, prospective and retrospective, that I should not doubt the being favored with a sufficiency for my noblest undertaking, had I the ease of heart requisite for the necessary abstraction of the thoughts, and such a reprieve from the goading of the immediate exigencies as might make tranquillity possible. But, alas! I know by experience (and the knowledge is not the less because the regret is not unmixed with self-blame, and the consciousness of want of exertion and fortitude) that my health wil

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attack on the Edinburgh Review, in retaliation for its slashing criticisms of his works, though in her own Introduction she has seen fit to rake together again the dying embers of this controversy between Jeffrey and Coleridge.

continue to decline as long as the pain from reviewing the barrenness of the past is great in an inverse proportion to any rational anticipations of the future."

He goes on to give a very extraordinary account of the interruptions to which he was exposed, — letters from lords and ladies urging him to write reviews, letters from actors, entreaties for money, or for recommendations to publishers, &c. ; he then states that he had the written materials and contents, requiring only to be put together, of a work on Shakspeare and the English Drama, which with every art of compression would amount to three volumes of five hundred pages each. In the same state with this was a Philosophical Analysis of the Genius and Works of Dante, Spenser, Milton, and other poets, in one large volume. "These two works will, I flatter myself, form a complete code of the principles of judgment and feeling applied to works of taste ; and not of *poetry* only, but of poesy in all its forms, painting, statuary, music, &c." But besides these, he had, thirdly, in a state of preparation,

"The History of Philosophy considered as a Tendency of the Human Mind to exhibit the Powers of the Human Reason, to discover by its own Strength the Origin and Laws of Man and the World, from Pythagoras to Locke and Condillac. Two volumes. — IV. Letters on the Old and New Testaments, and on the Doctrine and Principles held in common by the Fathers and Founders of the Reformation, addressed to a Candidate for Holy Orders ; including Advice on the Plan and Subjects of Preaching, proper to a Minister of the Establishd Church."

To the completion of these four works, he says he had literally nothing more to do than to transcribe, but from so many scraps, from the margins of books, from blank pages, that unfortunately he must be his own scribe, or they would be all but lost.

"In addition to these — of my *great work*, to the preparation of which more than twenty years of my life have been devoted, and on which my hopes of extensive and permanent utility, of fame, in the noblest sense of the word, mainly rest — . . . . . Of this work, to which all my other writings (unless I except my poems, and these I can exclude in part only) are introductory and preparative ; and the result of which (if the premises be — as I, with the most tranquil assurance, am convinced they are — in-

subvertible, the deductions legitimate, and the conclusions commensurate, and only commensurate, with both) must finally be a revolution of all that has been called *Philosophy* or Metaphysics in England and France, since the era of the commencing predominance of the mechanical system, at the restoration of our second Charles, and with this the present fashionable views, not only of religion, morals, and politics, but even of the modern physics and physiology. You will not blame the earnestness of my expressions, nor the high importance which I attach to this work; for how, with less noble objects, and less faith in their attainment, could I stand acquitted of folly, and abuse of time, talents, and learning, in a labor of three fourths of my *intellectual* life? Of this work, something more than a volume has been dictated by me, so as to exist fit for the press, to my friend and enlightened pupil, Mr. Green. . . . . And here comes, my dear friend, here comes my sorrow and my weakness, my grievance and my confession. Anxious to perform the duties of the day arising out of the wants of the day, these wants, too, presenting themselves in the most painful of all forms, — that of a debt owing to those who will not exact it, and yet need its payment, and the delay, the long (not live-long, but *death*-long) behindhand of my accounts to friends, whose utmost care and frugality on the one side, and industry on the other, the wife's management and the husband's assiduity are put in requisition to make both ends meet, — I am at once forbidden to attempt, and too perplexed earnestly to pursue, the *accomplishment* of the works worthy of me, those, I mean, above enumerated. . . . . Now I see but one possible plan of rescuing my permanent utility. It is briefly this, and plainly. For what we struggle with inwardly, we find at least easiest to *bolt out*, namely, — that of engaging from the circle of those who think respectfully and hope highly of my powers and attainments a yearly sum, for three or four years, adequate to my actual support, with such comforts and decencies of appearance as my health and habits have made necessaries, so that my mind may be unanxious as far as the present time is concerned; that thus I should stand both enabled and pledged to begin some one work of those above mentioned, and for two thirds of my whole time to devote myself to this exclusively till finished, to take the chance of its success by the best mode of publication that would involve me in no risk, then to proceed with the next, and so on till the works above mentioned, as already in full material existence, should be reduced into formal and actual being; while in the remaining third of my time I might go on maturing and completing my great work (for if but easy in mind, I have no doubt either of the reawakening power or of

the kindling inclination), and my Christabel and what else the happier hour might inspire. . . . . Now Mr. Green has offered to contribute from thirty to forty pounds yearly, for three or four years; my young friend and pupil, the son of one of my dearest old friends, fifty pounds, and I think that from ten to twenty pounds I could rely upon for another. The sum required would be about two hundred pounds, to be repaid, of course, should the disposal and sale of my writings produce the means."

The character which is shown, and the facts which appear in these extracts, might be still further illustrated by passages from other letters and writings belonging to this period. But we have no disposition to follow any farther a subject so painful.

The first edition of The Aids to Reflection was published in 1825; a work which from its desultory plan was suited to Coleridge's genius, and in which consequently his powers of thought are shown to great advantage. Our space is too narrow to allow us to enter into any remarks upon it here.

But the principal literary occupation of his later years consisted in conversation. From the time of his college life, he had been distinguished for the power and beauty of his language. To his intimate friends he would talk for hour after hour, rarely allowing them an opportunity of replying. "He one day said to Lamb, 'Charlie, did you ever hear me preach?' 'I never heard you do any thing else,' replied Lamb." Every Thursday evening there was a gathering at Highgate of disciples and friends who had come to hear Coleridge, the philosopher, discourse. There were Green and Alsop, his dearest friends and most willing pupils; there, perhaps, were Talfourd and Lockhart; and there was Henry Nelson Coleridge, who since his uncle's death has published, under the title of Table Talk, such scraps of these conversations as he had been able to note down; and there were others of less note, who had come through curiosity or admiration. There are in the fragments of these conversations the greatest inequalities. Now and then occur exquisite thoughts, beautifully expressed; now we have passages equally striking for their ignorance and arrogance. But we do not believe that such passages can give an idea of the style of his conversation, as it continued an unbroken strain for hour after hour. The only attempt at a report of one of these monologues that we have met with is in the Gentleman's

Magazine for December, 1846. It is too long for quotation in full, but we give the commencement of it.

"G—— took me to see and hear Coleridge. I was sadly disappointed in his appearance. I looked for the light of genius which had exercised such influence on his age, but I could not find it. G—— attacked him on his having said that the interview of Hector and Andromache in the 6th Iliad was a modern interpolation, and supported his argument for its authenticity very well. . . . . But Coleridge never listened in the least to more than the first words, and seemed restless till G—— had done, and he could speak himself, to tell us that we did not understand him, that in fact nobody ever did understand him, but that he would some time or other publish something which would explain every thing. 'The chief difficulty of understanding what I said about Hector and Andromache arises from the want of training in the rising generation, a want as well bodily, I may say, as mental.'"

Such are the memorials of the later years of Coleridge's life. During all this period, his family had continued to reside for the most part with Mr. Southey. They had occasionally been to see him, and in his letters he speaks with warmth of his sons. But they were not with him to minister to the wants of his premature old age. Suffering and sad, the last years of his life passed slowly away. The melancholy past was joined in his reflections with the solemn future.

Coleridge died on the 25th of July, 1834.

> "For him there is no longer any future.
> . . . . . No ominous hour
> Knocks at his door with tidings of mishap.
> Far off is he, above desire and fear;
> No more submitted to the change and chance
> Of the unsteady planets."

"By what I *have* effected am I to be judged by my fellow-men; what I *could* have done is a question for my own conscience," said Coleridge. From a view like this we entirely dissent. Every man is accountable to his fellow-men for the use which he makes of the talents which are intrusted to his charge. The greater those talents, the greater becomes his responsibility. No one has a right to say, my fellow-men shall not question me. Before the solemn tribunal of the present and the future all men must stand, and according to their works shall they be judged.

ART. VII. — *Life and Correspondence of Joseph Reed, Military Secretary of Washington at Cambridge; Adjutant-General of the Continental Army; Member of the Congress of the United States; and President of the Executive Council of the State of Pennsylvania.* By his Grandson, WILLIAM B. REED. Philadelphia: Lindsay and Blakiston. 1847. 2 vols. 8vo.

MR. WILLIAM B. REED is favorably known to our readers and to the literary and general public. Among our scholars and orators he occupies a distinguished rank. Not merely by the volumes before us, but by other elegant and excellent productions, he has added to the lustre of an honored parentage and name. Several of his addresses on literary and historical occasions have been published, and are of permanent interest and value. The Discourse delivered before the New York Historical Society, in December, 1839, entitled The Infancy of the Union, conveys, in a short compass, more important instruction in illustration of our history than can be gleaned from many bulky volumes. Its object is to trace the origin and growth of the social union of the Colonies, preceding, and in fact, from the very first, preparing the way for, the political and national union which the Revolution and Federal Constitution fully developed and consummated.

Before proceeding to notice particularly the literary execution and historical value of the volumes before us, it will be proper to refresh the recollections of our readers relating to the life and character of their subject.

Joseph Reed was born in Trenton, in the then British Province of New Jersey, on the 27th of August, 1741. His family was of Irish origin and respectable standing, his father being actively engaged in commercial pursuits. No pains or expense were spared in the education of the son. He took his Bachelor's degree at Princeton College in October, 1757, delivering on the occasion an oration in Latin, which is still preserved. After pursuing the study of the law, under the care of Richard Stockton, he was admitted to the bar, in May, 1763. He immediately sailed for England, where he completed his legal education in the Middle Temple, continuing there about two years. In the

spring of 1765, he returned to America, and entered upon the practice of law in Trenton. He succeeded, in a very short time, to a large business, and attained a commanding rank in his profession. In December, 1769, his father died, and early the next spring he embarked for England, to fulfil a matrimonial engagement contracted during his residence in the Middle Temple. In May, 1770, he was married, at St. Luke's Church, in the city of London, to Esther De Berdt, daughter of Dennis De Berdt, an eminent merchant, and at one time Agent for the Province of Massachusetts Bay. On returning to America, he removed from Trenton to Philadelphia, where his talents and accomplishments commanded high professional and social distinction.

In 1772, Lord Dartmouth succeeded Lord Hillsborough as Secretary of State for the Colonies. Between Lord Dartmouth and Mr. De Berdt a personal and confidential intimacy existed, which, on the death of the latter, was continued in the person of his son. Through the agency of Mr. De Berdt, junior, a correspondence was brought about between Lord Dartmouth and Mr. Reed. On the 4th of January, 1772, Mr. Reed wrote to his brother-in-law to the following effect.

"I have often had thoughts of making his Lordship a tender of my services in pointing out some things which would be of mutual advantage to both countries, and tend to make his administration honorable and useful. But the difficulty of introducing it in a proper manner, and free from any suspicion of interested views, has hitherto prevented it. The intelligence from this country has generally flowed through such corrupt channels as would expose any minister to danger and difficulty. I think I could procure his Lordship one or two correspondents in other Provinces, who would, if it was agreeable, render him any services in that way, and who have nothing to ask from him but his cheerful acceptance of their honest and disinterested endeavours to serve both the mother country and the Colonies." — Vol. I., p. 49.

It was signified that such communications would be agreeable to his Lordship. The correspondence that ensued is exceedingly interesting and valuable. Mr. Reed's position as an active and, although quite young, a prominent asserter of Colonial rights, his sincere and earnest desire to obtain from ministerial and imperial concession the redress and securities

which the Colonies demanded, his finished education, extensive and elevated connections, acquaintances, and correspondents in both countries, his incomparable facility and elegance of style, and the liberal, enlightened, and well-tempered tone of his spirit, qualified him to perform the delicate and responsible part on which he had ventured, of conveying to the ministry a fair and candid, a just and fearless account of the condition and progress of the controversy in the Colonies. When we consider how fully the government were apprised of the strength, extent, and depth of the popular excitement by the letters of Mr. Reed, it is more unaccountable that they persisted in the policy which finally resulted in the loss of their colonial empire in America. Indeed, their management of the dispute, and of the war to which it led, exhibits a strange blindness and fatuity. From the beginning to the end, there was what in popular parlance is sometimes called "a run of ill-luck" in the measures of the ministry, and, as the great master of human nature has observed, when the current of circumstances is adverse, reason loses its discernment, and the mind its guiding light;

> "Men's judgments are
> A parcel of their fortunes."

The first letter of Mr. Reed to Lord Dartmouth commenced thus: —

Philadelphia, December 22d, 1773.

"My Lord, — The present state of public affairs in this part of America so nearly affects the ease and honor of your administration, that I cannot but think it my duty on this occasion to break through the common forms which your Lordship's rank and my own respect would prescribe, and endeavour to inform you truly and faithfully of our present views and situation." — Vol. I., p. 51.

Five days afterwards he wrote again, informing him of the proceedings in Philadelphia, of the populace compelling the master of a tea-ship, when supplied by them with provisions and other necessaries for the voyage, upon two hours' notice, to return to England without starting a box of his cargo.

"As it may be of importance to your Lordship not only to be made acquainted with facts, but with the circumstances, rank, and character of those who promote this opposition, it would be improper for me to conceal that it has originated and been con-

ducted by some of the principal inhabitants, and I may safely say countenanced and encouraged by all, as there has not been a single publication, nor have I heard one person speak, in favor of the measure.

"Your Lordship will judge from these facts how general and unanimous the opinion is, that no article subject to a duty, for the purpose of raising revenue, ought to be received in America. Nor is it confined to this city; your Lordship will see by the papers herewith, that the same opposition is made at New York, Charleston, and Boston, and you may rely upon it, the same idea prevails throughout the country. Any further attempt to enforce this act, I am humbly of opinion, must end in blood. . . . . .

"Your Lordship's goodness will, I hope, excuse my pleading for the country I love. But as on the one hand I will not conceal or misrepresent, so on the other I would wish to avert the impending blow." — Vol. I., pp. 54 – 56.

On the 10th of June, 1774, he wrote as follows: —

"The engagement I have made to give your Lordship a faithful account of the transactions in this city and Province, in the distant hope that my communications may be of some use, induces me still to trouble you. My opportunities are such as no officer of government can have, and as I have the most passionate and sincere desire to see a reconciliation between the mother country and the Colonies take place, I shall continue writing until I find it disagreeable to your Lordship, hoping, I confess, that I may contribute, in some small degree, to enable your Lordship to judge with precision, and point out some mode by which these unhappy disputes may be terminated to the satisfaction of both parties. . . . . .

"Your Lordship, I think, may consider it as a fixed truth, that all the dreadful consequences of civil war will ensue before the Americans will submit to the claim of taxation by Parliament; I mention this that your Lordship may not be deluded by the suggestions of designing, interested people." — Vol. I., pp. 68 – 70.

In a letter of July 25th, he alludes to his own agency in the patriotic movements.

"Though I have had some share in the transactions in this city, I assure your Lordship it has been with reluctance, and if I could be convinced that submission to the claims of Parliament did not virtually and necessarily imply a surrender both for myself and my children of the blessings of liberty, I should have borne testimony against some of the measures pursued. I am sure I speak not only my own sentiments, but the sentiments

of the most respectable in this city, when I say that there is nothing they so much lament as these unhappy differences, and that they will rejoice to see the old union and affection restored." — Vol. I., p. 72.

A letter of September 25th exhibits the manliness of his tone, and the elevation of his principles, as a British and an American patriot.

"Your Lordship is pleased to say 'that government has no intention to enslave the people of America, but to allow them all the freedom consistent with their connection with the parent state.' If we are to be thus free, should it not have been distinguished in what instances our freedom is inconsistent with our connection, that, as reasonable beings, we might be convinced of the necessity and propriety of being less free than our brethren landholders in Britain? In my poor judgment, the declaratory law, and the acts passed respecting Boston, which are streams from the same fountain, degrade us from the scale of freedom; the former, indeed, does not agree with your Lordship's ideas of American liberty, which you think should be only partially restrained. Whereas this law is a general restraint, enacted by a power wholly independent of us, and binding us in all cases whatsoever. A gentle tyranny is no more compatible with the rights of an English subject, than a violent one." — Vol. I., p. 77.

The following description of the Congress which met in Philadelphia, September 1st, 1774, and of the state of feeling then pervading the people, takes its place as part of the record on the permanent pages of American history.

"The Congress met here on the 1st of September, consisting of delegates from all the colonies, from New Hampshire to South Carolina inclusive, in all about fifty-two. They opened the meeting with great solemnity, and chose the Speaker of Virginia their Chairman, or President. They concluded their deliberations should be secret, which rule they observed until the publication of the inclosed papers. We only know that as yet great unanimity of sentiment prevails, and that a very large committee is engaged in stating the rights of an American subject. There are among them many persons of excellent sense and great abilities. The Boston delegates, who are critically situated, act with uncommon prudence and discretion; they speak with much respect of your Lordship, and impute the loss of your protection to the misrepresentations of their enemies. But what shall I say to your Lordship of the appearances in this country? What seemed a little time since to be a spark which might with pru-

dence have been extinguished, is now a flame which threatens ruin to both the parent and the child. The spirit of the people gradually rose when it might have been expected to decline, till the Quebec Bill added fuel to the fire. Then all those deliberate measures of petitioning previous to opposition were laid aside, as inadequate to the apprehended mischief and danger, and now the people are generally ripe for any plan the Congress advise, should it be war itself. I can hardly think that I am in the same place and among the same people, so great is the alteration of sentiment. As far as I can judge, should the merchants hesitate to comply with any suspension of trade the Congress direct, the people of the country will compel them, and I know no power capable to protect them. A few days ago we were alarmed with a report that General Gage had cannonaded the town of Boston. So general a resentment, amounting even to fury, appeared everywhere, that I firmly believe, if it had not been contradicted, thousands would have gone, at their own expense, to have joined in the revenge. It was difficult to make them doubt the intelligence, or delay setting out. Those who served in the last war in the Provincial troops, others discharged from the regulars, and many who have seen service in Germany, and migrated to this country, with such others as would have joined them, would have formed from the best accounts a considerable body. I believe, had the news proved true, an army of forty thousand men, well provided with every thing except cannon, would before this have been on its march to Boston. From these appearances, and the decided language of all ranks of people, I am convinced, my Lord, that if blood be once spilled, we shall be involved in all the horrors of a civil war. Unacquainted either from history or experience with the calamities incident to such a state, with minds full of resentment at the severity of the Mother Country, and stung with the contempt with which their petitions have always been received, the Americans are determined to risk all the consequences." — Vol. I., p. 78.

The last letter to Lord Dartmouth is dated February 10th, 1775, and concludes with the following decisive sentiment: —

"This country will be deluged with blood, before it will submit to any other taxation than by their own legislature." — Vol. I., p. 95.

The current of events grew more and more rapid every hour. The war broke out, a Continental army was organized. General Washington, on his way to the camp in Cambridge, prevailed upon Mr. Reed to accompany him from Phila-

delphia; and on the 4th of July, 1775, he was announced, in the General Orders, as Secretary to the Commander-in-chief.

No American patriot of that day had been more desirous to avoid the terrible and desperate issue of blood to which the controversy with the mother country had been brought by the obstinacy of ministers, but no one was more resolutely and deeply fixed in the determination to abide that issue, than Joseph Reed; and when he attached himself to the military family of Washington, he knew the perils of the position. In a letter to a friend he said, —

"I have no inclination to be hanged for half treason. When a subject draws his sword against his prince, he must cut his way through, if he means afterwards to sit down in safety. I have taken too active a part in what may be called the civil part of opposition, to renounce without disgrace the public cause, when it seems to lead to danger, and have a most sovereign contempt for the man who can plan measures he has not spirit to execute." — Vol. I., pp. 105, 106.

His education, talents, and energy of character were fully appreciated by Washington, and the services he rendered can be estimated only by an analysis of the correspondence conducted from head-quarters, by his aid and that of others. While Washington himself had a facility, purity, elegance, and dignity of style, which never suffered in comparison with the higher abilities of any who were associated with him at any period of his career, civil or military, he was particularly careful and skilful in the selection of the persons who were to share with him the labors of the pen. Mr. Reed from his early youth was an admirable writer, and his letters and official papers are models of their kind. In a mere literary point of view they will suffer from no criticism, but are marked with a freedom, fluency, and force rendering them interesting and instructive in the highest degree. Whatever events he described, or topics he treated, will not require to be cast into a new mould, but may be transferred at once to the use of the historian.

Indeed, it is the peculiar charm of the history of the American Revolution, that it will hereafter be invested with the interest of a drama, because it will have the form and the spirit of the drama. It will not be a narrative related by another, but a story told by the actors themselves, passing,

as it were, in very life across the stage. History in reference to most other epochs is a decoction of the lees of events and characters, selected by the arbitrary, prejudiced, and necessarily limited judgments of writers distant from the scene and the period, and boiled down into a reduced and confused compound. The filial affection and honorable ancestral pride of the descendants of the men of the Revolution, and the gratitude and enlightened patriotism of public bodies, are faithfully and busily recovering from decay and oblivion the memorials of the great actors in that struggle, and, by such publications as the one before us, are securing to them a brighter and more worthy fate. Heroes and sages are thus restored to living action, and as we read their letters, written from day to day and from hour to hour, the grand movement again and for ever passes before our eyes. Much has already been done, and much more will be done ; and when all that now slumbers in decaying manuscripts shall have received imperishable life from the press, the historian will be prepared to execute his office in a shape and with a spirit that will transcend all the forms in which genius and eloquence have heretofore attempted to perpetuate the knowledge of events. By a judicious and discriminating use of the materials thus provided, the immortal chieftain in that war of liberty, the Father of his country, and his associates in the camp and the cabinet, will enact their own parts, and the reader see and hear all that they did and suffered. The whole will be radiant with the interest which, at the time, belonged to the fearful risks, the exhausting toils, the anxious doubts, and glowing hopes, and triumphant rejoicings and plaudits, which alternately spread their clouds, and diffused their sunshine, from the beginning to the end of that long and eventful day of trial and of glory.

The Life and Correspondence of Joseph Reed is an invaluable contribution to these living resources of our history. Not only does he tell his own story, and that of the Revolutionary struggle so far as he was connected with it, but he brings before us, in the same original vividness of delineation, many others of the great spirits of the day and the scene. There are letters from Generals Greene and Wayne especially, which present those two heroes and patriots to our imaginations and our hearts with an attractiveness which no description by a third person could possibly reach. Of General

St. Clair we had failed to receive any distinct or particularly interesting impression before ; but there is one letter from him, in these volumes, which will make us love and honor his memory for ever.

During the latter part of October, 1775, Mr. Reed returned to Philadelphia. In the ensuing year he was elected to the Assembly of Pennsylvania. In May, 1776, Congress, at the express desire of General Washington, appointed him Adjutant-General, and the following extract from a letter to his wife shows the grounds of his acceptance of that office.

"You will be surprised, but I hope not dejected, when I tell you that a great revolution has happened in my prospects and views. Yesterday the General sent for me, and in a very obliging manner pressed me to accept the office of Adjutant-General, which General Gates lately filled. The proposition was new and surprising, so that I requested till this day to consider of it. I objected my want of military knowledge, but several members of Congress and the General treated it so lightly, and in short said so many things, that I have consented to go. I have been much induced to this measure by observing that this Province will be a great scene of party and contention this summer. The Courts are stopped, consequently no business done in my profession, and at all events my time so engrossed that I have not a moment to devote to keeping up my stock or adding to my law knowledge. The appointments of the office are equal to £700 per annum, which will help to support us till these calamitous times are at an end. Besides, this post is honorable, and if the issue is favorable to America, must put me on a respectable scale. Should it be otherwise, I have done enough to expose myself to ruin. I have endeavoured to act for the best, and hope you will think so." — Vol. I., p. 190.

General Reed shared actively and prominently in all the dangers, disappointments, and distresses of the ensuing campaign, from the battle of Long Island with its train of disastrous consequences, to the evacuation of New York, the skirmishes that succeeded, the battle of White Plains, the loss of Fort Washington, and the retreat through the Jerseys, — that darkest hour of the Revolution. In these and all subsequent scenes of his military experience, he proved himself a brave, active, and skilful officer. His courage rose to the height of romantic intrepidity, and eminently fitted him for perilous adventures, daring *reconnoissances*, and desperate

encounters. During the war, his horse was three times shot under him. One of the instances he thus relates : —

" Just after I had sealed my letter to you, and sent it away, an account came that the enemy were advancing upon us in three large columns. We have so many false reports, that I desired the General to permit me to go and discover what truth there was in the account. I went down to our most advanced post, and while talking there with the officer of the guard, the enemy's advanced guard fired upon us at about fifty yards' distance — our men behaved well, stood, and returned the fire, till, overpowered by numbers, they were obliged to retreat. The enemy advanced upon us very fast. I had not quitted the house five minutes before they were in possession of it. Finding how things were, I went over to the General to get some support for the brave fellows who had behaved so well. By the time I got there, the enemy appeared in open view and sounded their bugles in a most insulting manner, as is usual after a fox-chase. I never felt such a sensation before — it seemed to crown our disgrace. The General was prevailed upon to order out a party to attack them, and as I had been upon the ground, which no one else had, it fell to me to conduct them. . . . . In a few minutes our brave fellows mounted up the rocks, and attacked the enemy with great spirit. At the same time some of our troops, in another quarter, moved up towards the enemy, and the action began. Major Leitch fell near me, in a few minutes, with three balls through him. . . . . Colonel Knowlton, a brave Connecticut officer, also fell mortally wounded. I mounted him on my horse and brought him off. In about ten minutes, our people pressing on with great ardor, the enemy gave way and left us the ground, which was strewed pretty thick with dead, chiefly the enemy, though it since turns out our loss is also considerable. Our greatest loss is poor Knowlton, whose name and spirit ought to be immortal. I assisted him off, and when gasping in the agonies of death, all his inquiry was if we had driven in the enemy. The pursuit of a flying enemy was so new a scene, that it was with difficulty our men could be brought to retreat, which they did in very good order. We buried the dead and brought off the wounded on both sides, as far as our troops had pursued. We have since learned that the main body of the enemy was hastily advancing, so that in all probability there would have been a reverse of things, if the pursuit had not been given over.

" You can hardly conceive the change it has made in our army. The men have recovered their spirits and feel a confidence which before they had quite lost. I hope the effects will

be lasting. You will probably hear from other quarters of the double escape I had. My own horse not being at hand when the alarm was first given, I borrowed one from a young Philadelphian. He received a shot just behind his fore-shoulder, which narrowly missed my leg. I am told he is since dead; but the greatest was from one of our own rascals, who was running away. Upon my driving him back, he presented his piece and snapped it at me at about a rod distance. I seized a musket from another soldier, and snapped at him; he had the same good luck. He has since been tried, and is now under sentence of death; but I believe I must beg him off, as after I found I could not get the gun off, I wounded him on the head, and cut off his thumb with my hanger. I suppose many persons will think it was rash and imprudent in officers of our rank to go into such an action. General Putnam, General Greene, many of the General's family, Mr. Tilghman, &c., were in it, but it was really to animate the troops, who were quite dispirited, and would not go into danger unless their officers led the way." — Vol. I., pp. 237, 238.

It was during this campaign that General Reed became embarrassed by an entanglement into which he was drawn in a correspondence with General Charles Lee, occasioned by the loss of Fort Washington. It was the opinion of many of Washington's military council that the attempt to hold that place ought not to have been made. This was the judgment, it was understood, of the Commander-in-chief himself, who was supposed to have been overruled by others, especially by the influence of General Greene. Several times during the war, at the battle of Germantown, for instance, as well as on this occasion, Washington incurred the censure of some of his associates, particularly among the younger and more inconsiderate officers, by attaching, as they thought, too much weight to the opinions of others, against his own better judgment. As, in the lapse of time, the evidence arising from the publication of original documents increases, the wisdom and greatness of Washington become vindicated. He often had reasons which the necessities of his position forbade his disclosing to any, even to his most confidential subordinates. With a sublime magnanimity, he silently endured reproach, not only from enemies, but from his nearest and most devoted friends, rather than jeopard the cause of the country by producing his justification. Reed was unhappily and imprudently ensnared into an interchange of letters with Lee, which, for a time,

exposed him to the imputation of sympathizing with the manner in which that officer censured the Commander-in-chief for having sacrificed Fort Washington and its brave garrison. An explanation shortly afterwards took place between the adjutant-general and his chief, most honorable to them both, and their former friendship and confidence were entirely restored.

The reasons which induced the Commander-in-chief to hold on to Fort Washington are thus stated by him in a letter to Reed, written a few years afterwards.

"The loss of Fort Washington, simply abstracted from the circumstances which attended it, was an event that gave me much pain, because it deprived the army of the services of many valuable men at a critical period, and the public of many valuable lives, by the cruelties which were inflicted upon them in their captive state. But this concern received additional poignancy from two considerations, which were but little known; some of them will never be known to the world, because I shall never attempt to palliate my own foibles by exposing the error of another; nor indeed could either of them come before the public, unless there had been such a charge as must have rendered an inquiry into the causes of this miscarriage necessary. The one was a non-compliance in General Greene with an order sent to him from White Plains, before I marched for the western side of Hudson's River, to withdraw the artillery and stores from the Fort; allowing him, however, some latitude for the exercise of his own judgment, as he was upon the spot, and could decide better, from appearances and circumstances, than I, the propriety of a total evacuation. The other was a Resolve of Congress, in these emphatical words: 'October 11th, 1776. — Resolved: That General Washington be desired, if it be practicable, by every art, and at whatever expense, to obstruct effectually the navigation of the North River, between Fort Washington and Mount Constitution, as well to prevent the regress of the enemy's frigates lately gone up, as to hinder them from receiving succour.'

"When I came to Fort Lee, and found no measures taken towards an evacuation, in consequence of the order before mentioned; when I found General Greene, of whose judgment and candor I entertained a good opinion, decidedly opposed to it; when I found other opinions coincident with his; when the wishes of Congress to obstruct the navigation of the North River, which were delivered in such forcible terms to me, recurred; when I knew that the easy communication between the different

parts of the army, then separated by the river, depended upon it; and, lastly, when I considered that our policy led us to waste the campaign without coming to a general action on the one hand, or suffering the enemy to overrun the country on the other, I conceived that every impediment which stood in their way was a means to answer these purposes; and when thrown into the scale with those opinions, which were opposed to an evacuation, caused that warfare in my mind, and hesitation, which ended in the loss of the garrison; and, being repugnant to my own judgment of the advisableness of attempting to hold the post, filled me with the greater regret. The two great causes, which led to this misfortune, and which I have before recited, as well perhaps as my reasoning upon it, which occasioned the delay, being concealed from public view, of course left the field of censure quite open for any and every laborer, who inclined to work in it; and afforded a fine theme for the pen of a malignant writer who is always less regardful of facts than the point he wants to establish, where he has the field wholly to himself, where concealment of a few circumstances will answer his purpose, or where a small transposition of them will give a very different complexion to the same transaction." — Vol. I., pp. 263, 264.

It is due to General Reed to observe, that, whatever he may have written or said to Lee or others, it could not have been in stronger or plainer terms than he used to Washington himself. The following passages are from a letter, dated December 22d, 1776, just before the glorious affair at Trenton, by which the dying hopes of America were revived, and an impression made that secured the final triumph of the cause. Washington was already, it is believed, meditating the enterprise, which, four nights afterwards, he carried into effect with a heroism and energy never surpassed.

"We are all of opinion, my dear General, that something must be attempted to revive our expiring credit, give our cause some degree of reputation, and prevent a total depreciation of the Continental money, which is coming on very fast; that even a failure cannot be more fatal, than to remain in our present situation; in short, some enterprise must be undertaken in our present circumstances, or we must give up the cause. In a little time the Continental army will be dissolved. The militia must be taken before their spirits and patience are exhausted; and the scattered, divided state of the enemy affords us a fair opportunity

of trying what our men will do, when called to an offensive attack. Will it not be possible, my dear General, for your troops, or such part of them as can act with advantage, to make a diversion, or something more, at or about Trenton? . . . . .

"*Allow me to hope that you will consult your own good judgment and spirit, and not let the goodness of your heart subject you to the influence of opinions from men in every respect your inferiors.* . . . . . I will not disguise my own sentiments, that our cause is desperate and hopeless, if we do not take the opportunity of the collection of troops at present, to strike some stroke. Our affairs are hastening fast to ruin if we do not retrieve them by some happy event. Delay with us is now equal to a total defeat. Be not deceived, my dear General, with small, flattering appearances; we must not suffer ourselves to be lulled into security and inaction, because the enemy does not cross the river. It is but a reprieve; the execution is the more certain, for I am very clear that they can and will cross the river, in spite of any opposition we can give them.

"Pardon the freedom I have used. The love of my country, a wife and four children in the enemy's hands, the respect and attachment I have to you, the ruin and poverty that must attend me and thousands of others, will plead my excuse for so much freedom." — Vol. I., pp. 272, 273.

Immediately upon receiving the letter which contained these remarkable passages, Washington sent for Reed, and communicated to him the outlines of the contemplated attack on Trenton. The language we have quoted, particularly that in Italics, demonstrates the frankness and faithfulness of the writer, and the fact that it was kindly and respectfully received illustrates the true greatness of him to whom it was addressed. In the consultations, *reconnoissances*, and gallant achievements connected with the battles of Trenton and Princeton, General Reed bore an important and conspicuous part.

On the 12th of May, 1777, he was elected by Congress a brigadier-general, and it was designed to commit to him the command of the entire cavalry forces of the army; but he declined the appointment, as he did also, about the same time, that of Chief Justice of Pennsylvania, his nomination having been the first made under the new government of that State. He had previously resigned the office of adjutant-general, in which he was succeeded by Timothy Pickering. Ever after this he declined all permanent appointments in the

army, but served, wherever danger threatened or opportunities of usefulness offered, as a volunteer. On the 14th of September, 1777, he was elected by the Pennsylvania Assembly a delegate to Congress.

In the summer of 1778, Lord Carlisle, Mr. Eden, and Governor Johnstone arrived, with conciliatory propositions from the mother country. Whatever might have been the effect, at an earlier stage of the conflict, and under more favorable circumstances, of the concessions and assurances then offered, the measure was utterly baffled, and involved in irretrievable and exasperating failure, by an attempt, on the part of one of the British commissioners, to employ bribery. Governor Johnstone, through the agency of a Mrs. Ferguson, a mutual acquaintance, proposed to General Reed inducements of personal and private advantage. He was offered ten thousand guineas, and any office in British America. The answer, instantly and indignantly made to the glittering but base proposal, will carry down the name of Joseph Reed with the brightest lustre to all future ages: — "*I am not worth purchasing, but such as I am, the king of Great Britain is not rich enough to buy me.*"

On the 1st of December, 1778, he was unanimously chosen by the Assembly of Pennsylvania President of that State, in which office he was continued by annual reëlection as long as the constitutional limit allowed, until December, 1781. No one, who does not study the evidence contained in this work, can estimate the importance to the American cause of the services rendered during these years by President Reed. Pennsylvania, besides being more than any other State the centre and heart of the war, was particularly embarrassed and distressed by peculiar social and local difficulties. Evils arising from its proprietary institutions, and, for political and military purposes, the unmanageable character and notions of a large part of its population, placed obstacles in the way of administering its government and drawing out its resources. The Tory portion of its population, very considerable in numbers, and still more so in influence, artfully fomented and effectually aggravated its internal political dissensions, too often turning the hands and hearts of the friends of liberty against each other. To complete the mischief, Arnold was in command at Philadelphia, and at the same time secretly in traitorous correspondence

with the enemy. President Reed, although not then dreaming any more than others of this treason, had the sagacity to discern the profligacy of his character, and encountered all the opposition which his active and powerful malignity could excite. Arnold exerted a disastrous influence in Congress, and to some extent succeeded in casting a shadow between the President of Pennsylvania and the Commander-in-chief. But when, at last, the whole depth of the traitor's depravity was disclosed, justice was done to the patriotic penetration and energy of those who had boldly and faithfully resisted his arbitrary deportment and endeavoured to check his profligate career.

The term of office of President Reed extended beyond the active military struggles of the Revolution, and the services he rendered cannot be overestimated. The following summary gives but a faint idea of his toils and trials.

"Thus was the Chief Magistrate of the State, in these times of varied responsibility, directing legislation, administering an active executive trust, presiding in the highest court of justice, superintending the recruiting service and the discipline of militia troops, — occasionally, as will be seen, taking the command in person, and leading them to the field, — and all this amidst the fury of party conflict, and in the agony of a civil and an Indian war. Little, indeed, is it to be wondered at that the overtasked spirit broke at last under the burden; for at this time, it must be remembered, that Mr. Reed was not forty years of age. Five years later, he was in his grave." — Vol. II., p. 178.

After the war, in the hope of recruiting his exhausted strength, and arresting his declining health, he visited England; but it was too late. The following is the inscription over his tomb.

"In memory
Of the virtues, talents, and eminent services of
General Joseph Reed.
Born in the State of New Jersey
On the 27th August, 1741,
He devoted himself to the pursuit of knowledge,
And early engaged in the study of the law;
By his erudition, learning, and eloquence,
He soon rose to the highest eminence at the bar;
But at the call of his country,
Forsaking all private pursuits, he followed her

Standard to the field of battle,
And by his wisdom in council and conduct in action
Essentially promoted the Revolution in America.
Distinguished by his many public virtues,
He was, on the 1st December, 1778, unanimously elected
President of this State.
Amidst the most difficult and trying scenes, his administration
Exhibited disinterested zeal, firmness, and decision.
In private life,
Accomplished in his manners, pure in his morals,
Fervent and faithful in all his attachments,
He was beloved and admired.
On the 5th of March, 1785,
Too soon for his country and his friends, he closed
A life, active, useful, and glorious."

— Vol. II., p 416.

Mrs. Reed died in September, 1780. Her loss was irreparable, and, coöperating with the pressure and burden of public cares and patriotic solicitudes, hastened his own descent into the grave. The last child of General Reed, born May 26th, 1780, was named George Washington. Largely as we have already drawn upon the work before us, we cannot refrain from making the following extract. We wish to insert upon our pages an example of heroism and self-devotion, which must be allowed to be one of the brightest and most truly glorious passages in the naval annals of our country.

"In General Washington's letter of the 4th of June, he thanked Mr. Reed for naming after him 'The Young Christian.' This was George Washington Reed, whose brief career, so far as it was public, is not without interest. He was thoroughly educated, and, after being graduated at Princeton College, in 1798, entered the navy of the United States, as a midshipman. He was soon promoted, and in 1803 was lieutenant of the Nautilus schooner, under the command of Richard Somers, and attached to Preble's squadron, before Tripoli. Lieutenant Reed was in command of the Nautilus in the attack of the 28th of August, and is referred to with high praise by the Commodore in his official account of that affair. On the night of the 4th of September, Somers undertook the perilous enterprise of entering the harbour of Tripoli, on board the fire-ketch Intrepid. Its mysterious and fatal result is well known.

"'It was eight o'clock,' says the biographer of Somers, 'in

the evening, before the Intrepid lifted her anchor; the Argus, Vixen, Nautilus, weighing, and standing in, in company. The night was sufficiently advanced to cover the movement, and all four vessels stood towards the rocks, under their canvas. The last person who left the ketch was Lieutenant Washington Reed, then first of the Nautilus. This officer did not quit his Commander, until it was thought necessary for him to rejoin the vessel of which he was now in charge. When he went over the side of the Intrepid, all communication between the gallant spirits she contained, and the rest of the world, ceased. At that time every thing seemed propitious; Somers was cheerful, though calm; and perfect order and method prevailed in the little craft. The leave-taking was affectionate and serious with the officers, though the common men appeared to be in high spirits. This was about 9, P. M. The Argus and Vixen lay off at a little distance from the rocks to attack the galleys or gun-boats, should either attempt to follow the party out in their retreat, while the Nautilus shortened sail, and accompanied the ketch, as close in as was deemed prudent, with the especial intention of bringing off the boats. Lieutenant Reed directed the present Commodore Ridgely, then one of the Nautilus's midshipmen, to watch the ketch's movements, with a night-glass; and as this order was strictly complied with, it is almost certain that this officer was the last person of the American squadron who saw the vessel. She seemed to be advancing slowly.' In a few minutes later, the ketch exploded under the batteries of Tripoli, and the fate of Somers and the gallant crew was darkened for ever. Somers, Decatur, Reed, and Stewart, the actors and anxious spectators of the doings of that night, were Philadelphia sailors. But one of them now survives.

"Lieutenant Reed accompanied General Eaton's detachment to the coast of Africa, and served on board the vessel which co-operated with him on that romantic expedition.

"When war was declared against England, Mr. Reed having then been promoted to the grade of Commander, though in extremely delicate health, solicited active service and took command of the Vixen brig-of-war of 12 guns, then fitting for sea in one of our eastern ports. Whilst on a cruise in the West Indies, the Vixen was captured by the Southampton frigate of 32 guns, commanded by Sir James Lucas Yeo. On the night of the capture, both vessels, being under heavy press of sail, were almost simultaneously wrecked on one of the Bahama keys. The Vixen sank so rapidly, that the prize crew barely had time to save their lives; the American prisoners having been previously transferred to the Southampton. On board the frigate, a scene

of great disorder occurred; the British sailors broke into the spirit-room, and defied all control on the part of their officers, and it was only by the aid of the American prisoners, officers and men, that the mutiny was suppressed.

"On arriving at Jamaica, Sir James Yeo publicly returned thanks for the assistance thus rendered, and at once offered Captain Reed his parole. This was declined, on the ground that he would under no circumstances leave his officers and crew, among whom the disease of the climate had already made its appearance, and over whom their commander, himself destined to be its earliest victim, watched with the most affectionate solicitude. Every day, in all the extremity of the climate, he repaired from Spanishtown to Kingston, to be with and relieve the wants of his men. The exposure soon produced its ordinary results, and he was attacked by a tropical fever. His constitution, never very robust, soon yielded, and on the 4th of January, 1813, he died at the early age of thirty-three." — Vol. II., pp. 230–232.

We do not overstate the value of these volumes, but indicate their peculiar excellence, when we say that they will be perused with greater interest in proportion to the previous amount of information the reader may possess of the Revolutionary era; and if he is wholly ignorant of the events and characters belonging to it, they are, perhaps, of all others, what we should first place in his hands. The biographer has shown equal wisdom and modesty in allowing his hero and those associated with him to occupy the stage, not appearing himself but at infrequent intervals and for brief periods, where connecting links and explanatory remarks are needed to sustain and illustrate the narrative.

Much that we had intended to reserve to the conclusion, commendatory of the work and of its preëminent historical interest and value, has been incidentally anticipated in the notice we have compiled from it of the life and character of its subject. There is but one point upon which we would suggest a criticism upon the composition of these volumes. It is a criticism to which several recent works, of the highest value in all other respects, are open. In the notes and in the body of the work, passages are introduced in foreign languages, and unaccompanied by translations. For this practice we can imagine no recommendations, while objections to it are obvious and great. It surely cannot be designed or desired to limit the readers of valuable works to that class

of persons who are familiar with other languages than their own. Sometimes, where questions of construction may occur, or any circumstances attach importance or interest especially to the mere phraseology of a passage or document, it may be proper to give it in the original; but even then a translation might well accompany it. Foreigners, who read the work at all in its English dress, of course are not particularly accommodated by a sentence here and there in their own language, while the vast majority of readers are disappointed and provoked by being excluded from instruction and entertainment, often at points where their curiosity is most excited, and by having the current of their thoughts suddenly intercepted by barriers they cannot break through. It becomes, in effect, a sort of discourtesy on the part of the writer to the great bulk of his readers. We would promote to any practicable extent the study of the modern and the ancient languages, but must protest against excluding from the full enjoyment of our own literature all who have not the means of becoming familiar with them. To mix up in our best books French and Spanish, German and Italian, Greek, Latin, Hebrew, or any other languages, is a violation of the dignity of our own tongue. The English language is destined to spread over both hemispheres, and has a surer prospect of ultimately becoming universal than any ever uttered by man. The world-embracing conquests and dependencies of Great Britain have given it prevalence in a large portion of the older continents, and the northern latitudes of this. It is advancing over America with the expanding boundaries of our Union. The commerce, navigation, enterprise, philanthropy, and superior political institutions of the two leading nations of the earth, occupying a controlling position on each side of the globe, are carrying it to all the islands of the sea, and extending it along all shores. We may confidently believe that the literature it bears on its bosom will find continually multiplying readers in all lands. Let our writers be just to its claims and its dignity; and let them be just to themselves, by securing to the widest extent the field it is thus ever opening and expanding before them.

ART. VIII. — 1. *Over-Population and its Remedy; or an Inquiry into the Extent and Causes of the Distress prevailing among the Laboring Classes of the British Islands, and into the Means of remedying it.* By WILLIAM THOMAS THORNTON. London: Longmans. 1846. 8vo. pp. 446.

2. *National Distress, its Causes and Remedies.* By SAMUEL LAING, JR., ESQ., late Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge. London: Longmans. 1844. 8vo. pp. 169.

3. *The Political Economy of a Famine:* an Article in the North British Review for May, 1847.

DURING the present year, the sympathies of the people of this country have been awakened to a painful extent by the sufferings of the people of Ireland and Scotland. There is something peculiarly horrible in the idea of death by starvation; it is the most appalling form in which the "king of terrors" can appear. All other trials, all possible phases and effects of destitution and misery, must be endured and exhausted, before this awful calamity comes to close the scene. And when we were told that in the land of our fathers there were millions who were suffering from lack of food, and thousands who were actually perishing every week from hunger, every man's heart was thrilled within him, and a noble, a universal effort was spontaneously made throughout the land to send succour to the distressed. It is no subject of national boasting, no cause for pride, that the contribution for this purpose was so large; amounting to at least half a million of dollars, and capable, therefore, when invested in corn and flour, of rescuing a hundred thousand beings from starvation until another harvest could be gathered in, it was still inferior to our means and our duty, and was not a tithe of what was needed in order fully to stay the progress of the destroyer. In modern times, a general famine in a civilized country is a rare, if not an unprecedented event; we had almost come to believe that the march of civilization, the extension of trade, the facilities of transport, and the consequent ease of supplying the failure of the crops in one country by the superabundance of the harvest in another, had made a recurrence of such a calamity impossible. And if

we take the word *famine* in its original sense, meaning an absolute deficiency of food and an impossibility of obtaining it on any terms, like that which is suffered by the garrison of a besieged town or by the crew of a wrecked ship, this is true. It is not in the scheme of Providence, as hitherto revealed to man, that harvests should fail all the world over at the same time, or even for the failure to be so general that the aggregate product should not suffice — perhaps with some scrimping and some hardship — for the aggregate want. A semi-barbarous nation in the far East, or the population of a little island separated in every direction by thousands of sea miles from any continent, may suffer from a famine, properly so called, before the arm of Christian Europe or America can be stretched out to the rescue. But no civilized nation, either in the Old or New World, fears lest some blight or drought should suddenly leave a great portion of the people absolutely without food; its fields may be unfruitful for a single season, but in such case it looks with well-founded confidence to its neighbours, and even to remote parts of the earth, for a supply.

How comes it, then, that one half of the whole population of Ireland, and perhaps one sixth of that of Scotland, have been suffering the cruel pangs of hunger for a twelvemonth, and that hundreds of thousands of them during this time have actually died of starvation? The bounty of Providence has not failed; ship-loads of corn have been turned away from their shores for want of a market. The granaries of the two islands have been filled to overflowing, not indeed from the products of their own harvests, but from the immense supplies poured into them by our ever-teeming land. Flour and meal became a drug in the English market before a sheaf of this year's wheat was cut, and many dealers in grain were bankrupted by the consequent sudden reduction of prices. If the stock of provisions in the British isles had been equally distributed among the people, not a man, woman, or child would have suffered from hunger for a single hour. The fate of the Irish and Scotch appears the more terrible, because *they have starved in the midst of plenty.* They have died, not because the fields were cursed with barrenness, but because they had not wherewithal to buy food. The price of breadstuffs did not become more than double its average in ordinary years, did not rise so high by

one third as in 1800 and 1801 ; and in those years, though there was scarcity, there was no famine ; the sufferings of the poor were increased, but there was no general starvation. The present year has witnessed a frightful anomaly, which will long be remembered as a disgrace to modern civilization, — *a famine of which poverty was almost the sole cause.*

Yet Great Britain, as a nation, is the most opulent of any on the face of the globe, and inferior to none in moral and intellectual culture, in philanthropy, in the sense of justice, in all the qualities and arts that sustain and dignify human life. Her people were not wanting in generous effort to relieve the terrible suffering of Ireland and Scotland. The contributions made by individuals were large, though not so great as in the United States, for the calamity was viewed, and justly too, as a national one, too great to be stayed by private effort, and therefore requiring the interposition of government ; Parliament accepted the responsibility, and made a noble grant of eight millions sterling to assist the sufferers. The question with all classes was not *how much* should be given, but only *in what manner*, so as most effectually to check the evil. The problem as thus presented was by no means a simple one, for there was great risk lest an injudicious application of bounty should only increase the calamity, or tend to make it permanent. If private dealers had been forced to suspend their business because the government gave away food without stint, the sphere of misery would only have been enlarged, or the evil rendered one of annual recurrence. There was great discussion, therefore, on this point, but no one questioned the propriety of affording instant relief in some form, and to any extent that might be needed. Few persons are hard-hearted enough to count the cost of relief, when their neighbours are actually dying of hunger.

How is it, then, we ask again, that with no difficulty in procuring food, and no lack of wealth or generosity in the nation at large, this terrible famine has happened? The answer that must be given is a startling one, but it is so well supported by a cloud of evidence from all quarters, that it would be idle to question its accuracy. It is, that the bulk of the laboring population of Ireland, even in their best estate, — in ordinary years, when crops are abundant, and there is no pressure or distress in the commercial or manufacturing world, no stoppage of industry from any unusual

cause, — are but one degree removed from starvation. They have nothing to fall back upon ; no retrenchment is possible, no greater degree of privation can be endured. Of course, a comparatively slight cause, an insignificant diminution of one article of the harvest, a rot in the potato-fields, cuts the slender thread which is their sole support, and millions are in danger of perishing with hunger. The amount of absolute destitution thus produced is great, seemingly out of all proportion with the circumstance to which it is immediately to be attributed. To adopt an illustration which was used some twenty years ago, in discussing a question of political economy,* this unhappy people may be regarded figuratively as clinging to the sides of an immense precipice, with but one support, corresponding to the smallest quantity of potatoes that can maintain life, to save them from falling into the abyss of starvation which yawns beneath. Narrow the ledge on which they stand by the fraction of an inch, and they can no longer retain their foothold. And the number of those who are in this frightful position is so great, that no human power seems able to rescue them from the danger, and to give them a broader hold upon life. Every year, every day, the weakened sinews or crumbling supports of some poor wretches give way, and they fall almost unnoticed into the gulf.

Ireland is not the only sufferer ; many of the people of Scotland are no better off, and the manufacturing and agricultural poor of England are rapidly sinking to the same level. The multitude in this wretched condition increases every day, not only according to the natural growth of population, but in its proportion to the aggregate of all classes. Children are born to be as miserable as their parents, and individuals are constantly falling from one degree of poverty to another, till they reach this lowest stage. Property tends faster and faster to accumulate in a few hands ; the gains that are made, and they are enormous, are for these few ; the losses, the destitution and misery, are for the million. Disposable capital and labor both increase in Great Britain much faster than is needed ; the former is sent in vast amounts to foreign countries in search of employment ; the latter is less easily exported, and an immense surplus of it remains at home. It was long ago remarked, that man is the least transportable

* *North American Review* for July, 1827, p. 117.

kind of luggage. Labor is the only article the supply of which seems to increase without any reference to the demand. Its price therefore tends constantly to fall, competition acting on it with the accelerating force of gravity on a falling body; it is miserably paid at the best, and much of it can find no employment whatever. It often will not command any price, and he who has nothing else to offer must consequently beg or starve.

We do not by any means attribute the miseries of Ireland to the superabundance of her population. There are nearly fourteen millions of acres of cultivated land in the island, besides six millions more, which are now uncultivated, but of which more than one half might be reclaimed; making an aggregate that, under the most skilful husbandry, would support a population at least three times as great as the present one. The population now exceeds eight millions, having doubled since 1791, and quadrupled since 1750; the misery of the people is great enough, but it surely has not increased in any thing like this proportion. Probably they were almost as badly off half a century ago as they are at the present day; the evil is greater now simply because there are more to suffer, and the difficulty of finding adequate remedies for their misery is proportionally increased. Besides, Ireland now raises more food than is necessary for her sustenance, and exports annually vast quantities of provisions to England; and, as if for the express purpose of confuting the Malthusians, these exports rapidly increase from year to year. The export of cereal grains, chiefly oats, and of other edible products of the soil, steadily increased from less than one million of quarters in 1817 to three millions and a half in 1838. The exportation of beef, pork, butter, and other animal products, has also gone on increasing, though in a lower ratio. The distress, then, is not caused by the growth of the population, and emigration alone must be a very inefficient remedy. With the present tendency to increase, at least one hundred and thirty thousand souls must remove annually, in order only to keep the population stationary, and to confine suffering within its present limits. Suppose vastly more should be done, and four millions of persons should emigrate at once; the population of the island would then only be carried back to the point where it was in 1791, and if nothing else were accomplished, the remainder of the people would

be as destitute now as they were then. It is idle, therefore, to talk of emigration alone as a cure for all the ills that Ireland is heir to, or of over-population as the only source of her miseries.

Still, — and this is our only reason for alluding to the subject of population here, — with the increase of numbers the sphere of misery is certainly enlarged, and relief becomes more hopeless. If the population should double in the next half-century as it has done in the fifty years that are past, there will then be sixteen millions of people to care for, and from one half to three fourths of these in a state of such destitution, that a slight circumstance, a partial failure of the crops, will place them in imminent peril of starvation. The famine of this year may be repeated after a short interval, — is almost sure to recur, if any accident should enhance the price of the staple article of provision, whatever it may be, which is the sole reliance of the bulk of the people ; for, we repeat it, it is not the absolute scarcity of food, but the entire want of means to purchase it, which is the evil to be dreaded. Here is the cloud which darkens all the future for Great Britain, not only fearfully large and black at the present moment, but constantly swelling and covering a still larger portion of the heavens with gloom. Already it has once broken in a tempest that has desolated Ireland and a large part of Scotland in its fury. And there is no clearing up after the storm ; the sky still lowers, the skirts of the cloud are advancing, and the thunder mutters at no great distance in the ears of England. To speak without metaphor, this "condition-of-England question," as it is called, is the one subject which, for the people to whom it relates, transcends all others in importance, and demands instant and anxious attention, with a fearful penalty for neglect. While it remains unsettled, all signs of national prosperity are factitious and deceitful ; they no more evince the absence of danger than does the hectic glow on the cheek of a consumptive patient. They only herald approaching dissolution.

Before attempting to review the causes and consequences of this national distress, it may be necessary to produce some evidence as to its nature and extent. Those who have not attended to the subject may deem the existence of such a state of things incredible, and demand to be satisfied about the facts before they enter the boundless field of spec-

ulation respecting their character and tendency. The proofs lie before us in such abundance, in the reports of commissions of inquiry made to Parliament, in travellers' accounts, in the works of statisticians and political economists, that the only difficulty consists in making a selection or summary which shall afford matter enough for conviction, and be brief enough for our narrow limits. Two of the writers now under review have labored upon this task of compression, but each of them had a book to fill, while we have but an article. We must be satisfied, then, with giving specimens rather than a summary of the evidence, and with referring our readers to Laing and Thornton for more complete, though succinct, statements. Let us look first to Ireland as affording a full picture of that extreme state of destitution and misery, that farthest limit on this side of actual starvation, to which, as we shall afterwards show, the laboring poor of Scotland and England are fast approaching. It is not necessary to harrow up the feelings of our readers with the details of the famine of the present year; it will be enough to exhibit the state of things which caused that famine.

According to the Irish census of 1841, which was taken with extraordinary pains and minuteness, and is entirely trustworthy, the whole number of families in Ireland is 1,472,787, of whom nearly *two thirds* are chiefly employed in agriculture. There are 1,126,050 males over fifteen years of age, who are classed as agricultural servants and laborers, forming nearly one half the whole number of males of this age on the island. Besides these, 306,915 families cultivate farms not exceeding five acres each, many of them indeed comprising but one acre, and these small farmers, as we shall see, are nearly as wretched as the ordinary day-laborers. Those who hire less than one acre are reckoned as day-laborers. It is obvious that the agricultural population is excessive, only 352,016 families being chiefly engaged in manufactures and trade. England has nearly twice as much arable land as Ireland; in the former country, only about 760,000 families are engaged in the tillage of 25,632,000 acres, while in the latter 974,188 families cultivate 13,838,782 acres. Adding the wives and children of the day-laborers and of those who hire farms not exceeding five acres, we have not less than five millions of persons,

or nearly five eighths of the whole population, constituting the class of the agricultural poor. To these must be added at least another million of poor among the civic population, and those in the country engaged chiefly in manufacture and trade. These six millions would all be considered, according to the standard of wages and living in the United States, as very poor; but as it is estimated by the best authorities, that *only* one half of the Irish population subsist chiefly or entirely upon potatoes, the number of those who cannot fall to a lower stage of destitution than that which they occupy at present may be safely stated at four millions.

The excess of the rural population, in comparison with the civic, is one great cause of the wretchedness of the small farmers. Unable to obtain work, the laborers strive to hire land, and their competition, by extravagantly raising the rent, brings the petty farmers nearly to their own level. *Rack-rent* is a new word which Ireland has added to the English language, to denote the excessive rent which the land-owner wrests by torture, as it were, from the poor cultivator. Any price that is asked will be given, and to secure the payment of it, the crops are not permitted to leave the ground till the demands of the landlord are satisfied. "The rent of *conacre* land," says Mr. Thornton, "ranges from £4 to £10 [or from 20 to 50 dollars] an acre." This term is given to the small plots of ground which are hired by agricultural laborers to be planted with potatoes. They are commonly held under one of the larger farmers, the rent being paid sometimes in manure, and sometimes in labor. For the cabin attached a rent of seven or eight dollars a year is paid. The system of underletting is carried to a great extent in Ireland, three or four "middlemen" often intervening at successive stages between the land-owner and the actual cultivator of the soil. The failure of either one of these may cause the single pig, the last resource, of the poor tenant to be seized for rent which he had already paid to his immediate landlord. Occupants of larger farms are obliged to employ laborers at the lowest wages, and sometimes to defer the work of harvest for a long time from want of money to pay them. The excessive rent which the farmer pays deprives him of the power of properly manuring his land, or observing a due rotation of crops, so that the soil is every year deteriorated,

and the fences and buildings fall into decay. Numbers of them every year fail to meet their engagements, and are consequently deprived of their holdings, and sink into the next lower class, the number in which constantly increases as they go down in the scale, till they reach that in which further degradation is impossible.

About two dollars a week are considered in England as the *minimum* of wages that can support a laborer with his family, and even at this point the hardship which he must endure is excessive. But the Irish laborers seldom earn more than one dollar a week, and for a large portion of the year cannot find employment even at that price. They flock in multitudes to the towns, or to England at harvest time, seeking a pittance that may prevent them from being turned away from the cabin and potato-patch, which alone can shield them from starvation. While they are gone, their wives and children wander about the country as beggars, often relieved by those who have nothing but potatoes for themselves. The people in the north of Ireland, it is often remarked, are less miserable than those in the middle districts and the south; but work cannot be obtained even by them for many months of the year. In winter they are hardly ever employed; but their little crop of potatoes is then just gathered in, and they are able to subsist till spring. In the summer they are again out of work, and, their potatoes being now exhausted, they are compelled to beg or starve, unless they can go to England or the neighbouring counties during the harvest. Many of them pick up shell-fish or weeds for food when their potatoes fail, and thus live on, always hoping "that times may mend, and that their landlords, sooner or later, will do something for them."

Throughout Leinster, the greater part of the laborers are wholly out of work during the six months of summer and winter; spring and autumn alone afford employment at miserable wages. At one place in Carlow, the Commissioners of Inquiry in 1834 were told that five hundred men were unemployed, many of whom could not obtain two days' work in a month; at another place, out of fifty who applied for employment, only ten succeeded in getting it. In Longford, a fourth part of the laborers had nothing to do from September to March, and again from the first of June to the middle of August. As wages at the busiest time were

not more than twenty cents a day, a laborer could lay by nothing for the months of compulsory idleness. How, then, can he live ? He has usually a bit of land, often not more than a rood, for which he pays an excessive rent, and from which he may obtain nine barrels of potatoes. On these he subsists during the winter. In summer they beg or borrow, — "Faith," said one man, "there 's but little chance of our paying it back" ; — or they gather "pressagh," a weed resembling Scotch kale, and upon this and boiled nettles they frequently live for days together. When such food disgusts, or cannot be found, they try to "kill the hunger with water," or "stifle" it by lying abed all day. In many instances, the Commissioners were told of persons who had repeatedly gone without food for twenty-four or forty-eight hours. Some eat up their seed-potatoes, or grub up the young potatoes when they are no bigger than marbles, and as unfit to eat from their quality as their size.

In Munster, things are still worse ; the population is more dense, and competition is more eager both for employment and land. In two parishes, containing four hundred and ninety laborers dependent on occasional employment, it was found that the average quantity of work obtained by each sufficed only for three or four months in the year. Their clothes become rags before their term of service is expired, and the wearer is not only ashamed to attend chapel, but in severe weather he is sometimes obliged to leave work, because no longer able to bear the cold when half naked. Half of the cabins contain no bedstead, but their inmates lie on straw spread on the ground, without blankets or any other covering.

It is in Connaught, however, that we find the most striking picture of Irish destitution and misery in the most hopeless and aggravated form. It is "the lower deep" of suffering, which cannot be paralleled in any other district of this afflicted island. In the county of Mayo, out of about 46,000 farms, 44,000 are under fifteen acres, and are held by men who are obliged to do their own work, being too poor to hire laborers. Yet the county swarms with laborers who can seldom get employment one day out of four ; there are 67,000 of them in this wretched condition. Most of them hire a potato-patch of the small farmers, or occupy some of the waste ground which they are allowed to hold

rent-free for a year or two, till they have made it worth paying rent for. When they have planted their potatoes, they set off to roam the country, beginning to beg only when at a distance from home; or if they can obtain a few shillings to pay their passage, they cross over to England in search of work. If in this way they can get money enough to pay for the seed which they obtained on credit, and for the rent of the land, they can live during the winter on the potatoes which they have raised; otherwise, their crop is seized, and they must beg during the winter also. They plant only the "lumper" potatoes, which are raised easily and in larger quantities than the other sorts, but are soft, watery, and unwholesome, so that even pigs do not thrive on them. These are often dug while yet small, and eaten with noxious weeds and other disgusting food. In summer, which is always the period of greatest suffering, men may be seen lying in the ditches from weakness, or working on the bog when so enfeebled by hunger that they can hardly raise the sods. A German traveller, J. G. Kohl, gives the following account of the habitations of these poor wretches.

"In the west of Ireland, there are districts where a man may imagine himself in a wilderness abandoned by mankind, where nothing is to be seen but rocks, bogs, and brushwood, and where wild beasts alone may be supposed capable of housing. All at once, however, on closer inspection, little green patches like potato-fields are seen scattered here and there among the rocks, and a stranger is tempted to go nearer and examine them. Let him look where he is going, however, or he may make a false step; the earth may give way under his feet, and he may fall into — what? into an abyss, a cavern, a bog? No, into a hut, — into a human dwelling-place, whose existence he had overlooked, because the roof on one side was level with the ground, and nearly of the same consistency. If the traveller draw back his foot in time, and look around, he will find the place filled with a multitude of similar huts, all swarming with life."

In a parish of more than ten thousand inhabitants, there were found but four hundred beds, so that, allowing three persons on an average to each of them, about nine thousand persons must have lain on straw at the best. In a village of this parish containing forty-five families, there were but thirty-nine blankets; and in another parish of 1,648 families, 1,011 families had but one blanket each, and 299

had none at all. "The straw we lie on," said one of the Mayo cottiers, "was given us by some neighbours in charity; we do not change it, we do not part with it at all; but as it wastes away, the neighbours give us a wisp to add to it." In respect to dress, the poorest peasants often remain for years without buying an article. In one parish there were more than three thousand persons who had bought little or nothing of this sort for five years. The men strive desperately to obtain "a breeches," and by the help of rags do contrive to screen, not to cover, their nakedness; their wives are forced to wrap an old sheet or blanket round them, and the children are often naked. Small farmers are sometimes so destitute, that they cannot go to market without borrowing a coat from one person, a waistcoat from another, and a pair of trousers from a third. As wages usually do not exceed twelve cents a day, even for the small portion of the year in which they can obtain work, it is obvious that the laborers cannot afford to spend much upon clothes.

The dwellers in the towns are no better off than their brethren in the country. Wages may be a trifle higher, but there is always a multitude of applicants, and little work to be distributed among them. There is small encouragement for the lower branches of manufacture and the mechanic arts, the bulk of the people being too poor to create any demand for the articles made; hence the excess of the agricultural over the civic population goes on constantly increasing. Bantry, says Mr. Thackeray, "is a town of cabins; the wretchedness of some of them is quite curious. An ordinary pig-sty in England is really more comfortable. Most of them were not six feet long or five feet high, built of stones huddled together, a hole being left for the people to creep in at, — a ruined thatch to keep out some little portion of the rain. A Hottentot kraal has more comforts in it." In Limerick, families of eight or nine persons inhabit single rooms, not more than four yards square, into which the rain pours through the roof, and the wind rushes through the broken windows. In Cork, says Mr. Thackeray, "there are quarters swarming with life, but of such a frightful kind as no pen need care to describe; alleys where the odors, and rags, and darkness are so hideous, that one runs frightened away from them. In some of them, they say, not the policeman, only the

priest, can penetrate." One striking fact, ascertained at the last census, shows how universal is the poverty of the people; above a million of families, or over two thirds of the whole nation, live either in mud huts or single rooms of larger houses.

The foregoing account, which is a mere abridgment of Mr. Thornton's, is founded chiefly on the reports of the Irish Railway and Irish Poor-Law Commissioners. We have now before us, in five immense folios, the evidence taken in every part of the island, with great care and labor, by the Commission of 1844 on the Occupation of Land in Ireland. It is enough to say of it, that it confirms in every particular the preceding statements, and adds even higher coloring to this awful picture of national wretchedness. We can give but one extract; it is from the testimony given before the Commission by Daniel Griffin, a physician and surgeon of the city of Limerick, who had made it his business for years to inquire into the condition of the lower classes. During a few days preceding his examination, he collected his evidence by making minute inquiries of a few families, "taken quite indiscriminately." The following, with some abridgment, is his account of the result: —

"The families were 44 in number, consisting of 245 persons. In these there were 62 persons capable of work, with 183 persons depending on them; of these last, 45 were sick or infirm. I could ascertain with certainty the earnings of only 35 of these families, and in these there were 56 persons capable of working, each of whom on an average earned £5 or £6 within the past year, being from £7 to £8 for each family, which would be equivalent to about seven months' employment to each working person, at 7½*d.* [15 cents] a day. With regard to their food, I found that 11 of these families seemed to live rather comfortably in comparison with the rest, having milk usually with their potatoes, and meat occasionally; the remaining 33 families lived upon the lowest description of food, such as white potatoes and salt or herrings, and sometimes, but rarely, a little sour milk. Of this last number, 18 families were frequently unable to procure any food, sometimes fasting for a long period, and living for a length of time on one meal a day. One person, James Boyle, with a wife and two children, states that they lived on potatoes and salt; the family usually go without breakfast. The next, Michael M'Namara, wife and four children, says their food

consists of potatoes and salt, sometimes a herring, frequently nothing; the family often go without a meal. Another, Daniel M'Mahon, wife and two children, — potatoes and salt, dip (a kind of grease), or a herring, rarely milk; the wife, though very sickly, did not drink a hap'worth of milk these six weeks. Then there are several others with much the same answers as these. Thomas Malony, with a wife and four children, states that his food is potatoes when he can get them, generally with salt or a herring, and sometimes a little milk; what his family eat for a whole day would scarcely make one meal; and once, lately, the whole of them, six in number, were for thirty-six hours without any food but one threepenny loaf. Others, the family of a widow, describe the same sort of food, — dry potatoes, seldom more than once a day; this last fortnight their family have had but one meal a day. Garret Lee states, 'many a day these three months he worked on a meal a day, and was glad to have it; that dry potatoes are their food, and they very seldom have enough.' John Donovan says, 'he and his family are starving; they did not eat two full meals this week; has eaten nothing himself this day, 5 P. M., but a few apples; ate nothing yesterday but their supper last night, which was obtained by pledging some of their things.' A widow states, she had no supper for her family the night her husband died; they all went to bed supperless. John Cherry says, 'the people are so poor they are ready to eat one another'; John Fitzgerald, that 'there are beggars coming to their door who are better off than they are.'

"With regard to their clothing, 10 of these families were well clad, 14 indifferently, and 20 very badly off for covering. With regard to lodging, 27 occupied a house each, and 17 a room each; the average number of rooms in each house was three, and the average rent of each house £3 8*s.* 9*d.*, that of each tenanted room £1 1*s.* 9*d.*, a year. These rooms and houses were occupied at the same time by 45 other families, besides the 44 which came under my examination, 99 families being located in 42 houses, consisting of 131 rooms. I made it my business at different times to visit the residences of these people, and found them in the most wretched condition, the staircases ruinous, the rooms ruinous, the people sleeping on straw without bedding and without bedsteads. Garret Lee says, 'his family did not go to bed these three nights, their last blanket being taken by the person from whom they rented the cellar for non-payment of rent.' Of the 44 families, 6 had nothing in the pawn-office, one had nothing to put there, having lost every thing, while the remaining 37 had every article they could spare pledged to pur-

chase food; or, as they said forcibly, 'every thing they could spare and that they could n't,' having themselves in many instances nothing but straw to lie on, and without any covering for their children at night." — Part II. pp. 744, 745.

We gladly turn to the sister kingdom of Scotland, as the distress there, though quite as great, is certainly not so universal. It exists chiefly in the large cities, the populous manufacturing districts, the northern Highlands, and the Islands. Alison, the historian, estimates that there are at least 250,000 persons in Scotland, nearly a tenth part of the population, who are in a state of almost total destitution, and are permanently retained in that state. Many of the great Highland proprietors, for reasons which we shall consider hereafter, have driven the tenantry off their estates, which they have converted into immense sheep-walks, preferring to raise brutes instead of men. The unhappy cottiers thus dispossessed have found refuge on some barren moors, but chiefly on the sea-coast, where they lived comfortably for a time by the manufacture of kelp; but the demand for this article having greatly fallen off more than twenty years ago, they were reduced to their present state of misery, often having only shell-fish and weeds to eat, with a little water-gruel at night. The peasantry still remaining in the Highlands are mostly *crofters*, or tenants of small pieces of ground, the tillage of which forms their sole support. The soil is so poor and rents are so exorbitant, that they live very miserably, and those who have but an acre or two of land are in constant danger of starvation. Once famous for their stalwart frames, their agility, and powers of endurance, they have now become meagre and stunted in appearance, and the faces of their famished children are as thin and pale as if they had been bred in the foul wynds and closes of Glasgow and Edinburgh. On the Hebrides islands, owing to the poverty of the soil, and the multiplication of the inhabitants, wretchedness is extreme, and the remoteness of their position places them almost beyond the reach of charity. The policy of consolidating farms and driving off the small tenantry has been pursued there to a great extent. A population of 500 souls was compelled to migrate from the isle of Rum, which is now occupied to advantage by a single tenant, whose family and servants do not number over 50. The multitude thus

dispossessed of their ancient homes crowd into the great cities in search of employment and sustenance, swelling the mass of poverty there, and reducing wages and the standard of living for the lower classes to their own level. The influx of Irish laborers, also, particularly into the western counties, has had a great effect in lowering the condition of the Scottish peasantry.

It is a law of our nature, that moral degradation must go hand in hand with physical suffering. Nowhere is this more strikingly exemplified than in those quarters of Glasgow which form the sole refuge of the miserably poor, and where alone the Highlander expelled from his croft, and the distressed islanders, can find shelter. "I have four times visited these districts," says Mr. Symonds, in the Handloom Commissioners' Report, "once in the morning and three times at night; I have seen human degradation in some of its worst phases, both in England and abroad, but I can advisedly say that I did not believe, until I visited the wynds of Glasgow, that so large an amount of filth, crime, misery, and disease existed on one spot in any civilized country." Here is collected a motley population engaged in all the lower branches of industry, and an immense number who find their only means of subsistence in plunder and prostitution. Here, "in the lower lodging-houses, ten, twelve, and sometimes twenty persons, of both sexes and all ages, sleep promiscuously on the floor in different degrees of nakedness." Captain Miller, the Glasgow superintendent of police, in speaking of this district, says: —

"There is concentrated every thing that is wretched, dissolute, loathsome, and pestilential. These places are filled by a population of many thousands of miserable creatures. The houses in which they live are unfit even for sties, and every apartment is filled with a promiscuous crowd of men, women, and children, all in the most revolting state of filth and squalor. In many houses there is scarcely any ventilation; dunghills lie in the vicinity of the dwellings; and, from the extremely defective sewerage, filth of every kind constantly accumulates. In these horrid dens the most abandoned characters of the city are collected, and from thence they nightly issue to disseminate disease, and to pour upon the town every species of crime and abomination."

The population of this quarter is estimated by Mr. Sy-

monds to be 30,000, though Alison makes it only two thirds as great. The latter writer says that Edinburgh contains about 15,000 in a state of equal wretchedness, and that the other cities of Scotland have their full proportion of the same, according to their population. The progress of crime, it is also shown, has been "more rapid in that part of the British dominions, during the last thirty years, than in any other state in Europe." Serious crimes, in particular, during the thirty years prior to 1840, increased in Scotland more than thirty-fold. In Glasgow alone, during the sixteen years before 1840, while the population advanced 70 *per cent.*, the progress of felonies and other serious crimes was 500 *per cent.* The sanitary condition of the place also leads to the same conclusions respecting the destitution and misery of a large portion of its inhabitants. The average rate of mortality in Great Britain is about 1 in 48, and in London 1 in 40; while in Glasgow, from 1835 to 1840, it was about 1 in 32, and in one year (1837) it was as high as 1 in 24½. Ireland retains its mournful preëminence in this respect also; for among the poor in Limerick, according to Dr. Griffin, whose evidence we cited on a preceding page, the rate of mortality rises to 5 *per cent.*, or 1 in 20. A general review of the condition of the poor in Scotland will surely lead one to the conclusion adopted by Mr. Laing, that "Scotch destitution has gone a step beyond English, and arrived, like that of Ireland, at a point at which all other evils are swallowed up in the urgent and ever-present danger of literal death from starvation."

If the condition of the laboring classes in England is not so frightful as that of their brethren in Scotland and Ireland, it is certainly bad enough to command the serious attention of the statesman and the philanthropist, and to justify the most gloomy forebodings. So much statistical and general evidence has recently been published on this subject, that we may safely decline entering into particulars, and mention a few general facts only for the purpose of comparison. According to the census of 1841, the population of England, including Wales, was nearly sixteen millions; the whole number of paupers who were relieved in the year ending in March, 1844, was about 1,250,000, being more than one thirteenth of the entire nation. And this vast amount

of pauperism exists in spite of the stringent provisions of the Poor-Law Amendment, the avowed purpose of which was by great severity to deter the indigent from applying for relief. Almshouses have been converted into prisons, married couples are separated from each other, and a rigid course of hard labor and low diet has been adopted, in the hope that the poor might find their situation even more intolerable when they were supported by the public than when they relied only on themselves, — that they might prefer starvation outside of the workhouse to the severities practised within it. This rigorous system has lately been introduced, in the well-grounded fear lest the community should come to be burdened with the support of most of the laboring population who are engaged in agriculture, and who number with their families at least three and a half millions. The wages of an able-bodied adult of this class never exceed 13*s.* a week, and in many counties are as low as 7*s.* ; the average throughout the kingdom cannot exceed 9*s.* The peasants are almost always day-laborers, hired by the week or job, possessing no property, and living in rented cottages. How they live and support a family on these wages is matter of astonishment even to their employers. Their food consists chiefly of bread and potatoes, most of them tasting meat not more than half a dozen times in the course of their lives. They pay from £2 10*s.* to £4 a year for the rent of a miserable cottage, often having but two rooms, with mud walls and a floor of stone or earth. All witnesses agree that early marriages are very common among them, and in most cottages children are more numerous than the adult inmates.

"In the workhouse," says Mr. Tuffnell, an Assistant Poor-Law Commissioner, "where strict economy is studied, and where we are constantly told that we give the inmates too little to eat, it is well known that a man, his wife, and five children cannot usually be kept under £1 per week, and this is reckoning nothing for house-rent, and all the articles required, being purchased in large contracts, are obtained 20 *per cent.* under the shop prices. Taking into account these two latter considerations, it appears that such a family could not be maintained in a state of independence out of the workhouse, with the same *comforts* they have in it, at a less cost than 25*s.* a week, which is more than double the general agricultural wages in England."

No wonder, then, that a great number of families every year are fairly starved out of the country into some large town, and go to swell the floating population who tenant there the cellars and lodging-houses, like those described in Glasgow, and live by the worst-paid sort of manufactures, or by thieving, prostitution, and casual employment. How far this absorption of the poor into the cities and manufacturing districts has gone appears from the fact, that in twenty-one counties, where the poor are chiefly engaged in agriculture, the rate of increase of the population, from 1831 to 1841, was only 8 *per cent.*; while in the remaining counties, which contain most of the manufacturing, mining, and trading population, the rate of increase for the same period was 17 *per cent.* Dividing Scotland in the same way, the corresponding ratio was 4 against 15 *per cent.*, showing that the increase in the agricultural counties was little more than one fourth as great as in the others. Considering that the average duration of life among agriculturists is much higher, and the mortality among infants much less, and that in large cities, such as Liverpool and Bristol, and in large districts in the heart of London, such as Whitechapel, St. Martin's in the Fields, and East and West London, the number of deaths even exceeds the births, so that they would be depopulated, if it were not for their rural recruits, who come in so fast that the population actually increases with frightful rapidity, it is evident that the agricultural poor cannot find sustenance at home and are driven by stern necessity into the cities.

How they are situated when they arrive there appears from the description already given of the wynds of Glasgow, a description which will apply with little abatement to the most populous quarters of all the large cities in England. In Liverpool alone there are 8,000 inhabited cellars, one third of them either wet or damp, which contain a population of more than 35,000 souls. In Manchester, in 1838, there were 267 lodging-houses, of which Dr. Howard says, "the crowded state of the beds, filled promiscuously with men, women, and children, the floor covered over with the filthy and ragged clothing they have just put off, and with their various bundles and packages, mark the depraved and blunted state of their feelings, and the moral and social disorder that exists." In Birmingham, there were 374 such

lodging-houses. Two asylums were opened in London in order to afford a night's lodging to houseless wanderers, and 9,840 persons were admitted into them in the first three months of 1843. Near the docks at the east end, "hundreds of poor men may be seen before daybreak in the winter, waiting for the opening of the gates in the hope of obtaining a day's work; and when the youngest and strongest, and those best known, have been taken, hundreds still may be seen returning, sick at heart, to their destitute families."

Of the manufacturing operatives, the handloom weavers are the worst paid, the wages of a whole family among them often not exceeding 5*s*. a week, and even in prosperous times do not amount to 8*s*. After what has been said respecting the necessary expenses of a family existing in the humblest manner, it is difficult to see how they subsist at all; their state is certainly one of extreme destitution; yet there are 800,000 persons entirely dependent on this employment. The bulk of the manufacturing population, it is true, are not so deeply sunk in misery as these; but their situation is still a very precarious one, and when, as is frequently the case, the fluctuations of trade cause great numbers of them to be thrown out of work, they are in imminent peril of starvation. Thus, while the manufacturing interest was in a very depressed state in 1842, formidable riots took place in the midland counties, which showed that the people had become desperate. In Manchester, there were 9,000 families earning on an average only one shilling a week; in Bolton, out of 50 mills, usually employing 8,124 workmen, 30 mills with 5,061 operatives were standing idle, or working only short time; and in Leeds, 4,025 families, being one fifth of the whole population, were dependent on the poor-rates. But the calamity reached its height in Stockport, where no less than 10,000 persons were thrown out of employment. Many of these returned to their native parishes, where alone they could claim relief as paupers, and others wandered far over Lancashire and Yorkshire in search of work. "Those who remained behind struggled gallantly before they applied for parochial relief; they first exhausted the little hoard accumulated in better days, and sold or pawned their furniture, eking out the money thus obtained with the earnings of occasional jobs."

"Nothwithstanding this independence of spirit, and notwithstanding that a large portion of the population of Stockport consisted of strangers not entitled to parochial relief, the number of persons of every description who were able to claim and were compelled to accept that relief had increased, in December, 1841, to nearly seven thousand, one twelfth at least of the whole population of the Union. To so large a multitude, only scanty relief could be afforded; not more than one shilling per head weekly. The poor rates, of course, were increased in proportion; but the poverty of the rate-payers created so large a number of defaulters, that the amount collected invariably fell far short, not exceeding two thirds at most, of the sum estimated. In fact, out of 7464 rated houses existing in the township of Stockport at the date of the Report, 1632 were empty, and for nearly 3000 more default had occurred.

"The commissioners personally visited the dwellings of several poor persons. Many of them are expressly stated to have parted with clothing and bedding for food, before applying to the parish. One man had pawned his wife's wedding-ring for eighteen-pence, and his Bible for a shilling. Some were still living by the sale of their effects, and had not yet applied for relief. John Daniels (his name deserves to be recorded), a silk-weaver, with a wife and five children, having been long without work, was obliged to apply to the parish, and obtained an order for a month for four shillings a week in provisions. The whole of his incomings were then about eight shillings a week. Being asked in what manner he disposed of this pittance, he said, 'We make our breakfast for seven of us of a teacupful of oatmeal made into thin porridge, together with some bread; at dinner we have about six pounds of potatoes, with salt and bread; the tea, or supper, as you may call it, the same as at breakfast; in the whole about four pounds of bread daily, say eight-pence, two-pennyworth of potatoes, and two-pennyworth of oatmeal, amounting to a shilling a day for seven of us. This, and 10*d.* a week we have to pay for coals, make up the 8*s.* nearly.' This man, on obtaining work, gave up of his own accord part of the allowance ordered for him by the guardians. He had received 4*s.* a week for three weeks, and when the fourth payment became due, he went to the relieving officer, and said, 'I will have no more relief. I have got one warp for myself, and the prospect of another for my wife.'

"The cases personally inspected by the commissioners, being chiefly those in which relief was received from the parish, did not present the extreme of wretchedness. There were other families, in which, according to the chairman of the Board of Guar-

dians, it had been ascertained that many women had 'no clothes but a chemise, or wretched outer garment; no flannel petticoat, or any thing fit to keep out the pinching cold of winter.' The want of bedding was still more general. 'A few flocks, or a little straw, spread in the corner of the room or cellar,' were all that some poor creatures possessed, with 'no covering but a single sheet or rug. Many had to lie together, to the number of six, seven, eight, and more, of both sexes, indiscriminately huddled together in their clothes, covered by an old sack or rug.' As for the food of these miserable beings, it commonly consisted of a little oatmeal, or a few potatoes, or perhaps a little bread. 'Families,' said a provision-dealer, 'that used to buy flour, now purchase only oatmeal; they come for one or two pounds of oatmeal a day, and live upon it.' A furniture-broker, who was also examined by the commissioners, said, 'People now bring articles of such a mean description, as they would never have thought of bringing for sale before. They offer me knives and forks, bits of old iron, any thing which they have about them, and they tell me they want to raise money to buy a few potatoes with, just to carry them on another week.' . . . . .

"'Of 15,823 individuals inhabiting 2965 houses, lately visited under the direction of a committee appointed for the purpose, 1204 only are found to be fully employed, 2866 partially employed, and 4148 able to work *were wholly without employment.* The remaining 7605 persons were unable to work. The average weekly income of the above 15,823 persons was 1*s.* 4¾*d.* each. The average weekly wages of those fully employed were 7*s.* 6¼*d.* each. The average weekly wages of those partially employed, 4*s.* 7¼*d.* each.'"—Thornton *on Over-Population*, pp. 33–37.

The particulars which we have given respecting the condition of the laboring classes in England are few and meagre; but they are enough to confirm the following remark by Mr. Thornton:—"Little more than one generation has been required to make Ireland what she is; and as short a period might probably, in similar circumstances, suffice to convert England into an Ireland of human misery and degradation."

Very grave questions are suggested by the picture of the social condition of Great Britain and Ireland which we have here endeavoured to exhibit. We are tempted to ask, if these are the reputed blessings of the institution of property, that vast and complex machine, so carefully constructed and guarded, the boast of free and civilized man, to which he is accustomed to attribute much of the superiority that he en-

joys over the savage and the slave. Does the institution *necessarily* tend to produce this fearful inequality in the condition of the several classes in society, so that millions of human beings, without any fault of their own, must suffer the accumulated ills of ignorance, extreme destitution, and almost inevitable immorality, while a few thousands of their brethren, distinguished from them only by the accident of birth, monopolize all the comforts and luxuries which learning and wealth can command? Is man able to avoid the responsibility for this fearful state of things by casting the burden of it upon Providence, and saying that these evils are necessary adjuncts of the social state, and must be endured like the "plagues and earthquakes," which "break not Heaven's design," and to which the Christian submits with uncomplaining trust? Or are they rather the consequence of vicious institutions and mistaken legislation, for which man is alone accountable, and which may be remedied without pulling down the whole fabric of society and undoing all the work of modern civilization?

We may hopefully answer this last question in the affirmative, if it can be shown that in the order of Providence there is a natural check or limitation to the excessive accumulation of property in the hands of a few, and to the consequen debasement and misery of the multitude; and that this natural corrective, when not interfered with or rendered powerless by unwise laws or a bad government, does tend so rapidly and effectually towards an equalization of wealth in the community, that no considerable number of persons can possibly be brought to extreme destitution, — certainly, cannot be exposed to the danger of perishing by hunger, except by their own obvious fault. Such a check, we maintain, does exist in the very circumstance or cause to which the English school of political economists are fond of attributing the whole evil, the whole distress of the laboring classes; we refer to *the natural multiplication of the human species.* Property in the hands of an individual unquestionably tends to accumulate; one who has both money and industry can make greater gains, other things being equal, than his competitor who is obliged to depend on his industry alone. But, from the shortness of human life, an individual can hold this property only for a brief period of years; when he dies, it descends to his offspring, and by the law of nature, as they are all equally

near to him, it is equally divided among them. When this law is not abrogated by human legislation, it causes so frequent a distribution of estates as effectually to overcome the tendency of capital to accumulate, or to continue in a single line of heirs. No sooner is wealth heaped up than it is parcelled out again, and a constant movement or circulation is thus maintained, which sends the life-blood of capital into every part of the body politic. This distribution tends as powerfully to political as to social equality, as the former, indeed, depends upon and is regulated by the latter; hence it is the safeguard of republics, and the bane of aristocratic governments. The faster the population increases, the more rapidly does this great corrective of the accumulation of property operate; the greater the number of heirs, the more minute is the division of the parent's wealth.

But this distribution of estates is hostile to the whole spirit of the institutions of Great Britain, which is essentially aristocratic; and English law therefore seeks to obviate it by two remarkable and unnatural provisions, — the right of primogeniture and the law of entail. By the former, at the death of the parent intestate the real property descends wholly to the eldest son, to the exclusion of the daughters and younger sons; by the latter, a landholder may "tie up" his estate, as the phrase goes, for successive generations, so that a future possessor of it cannot alienate it, but must transmit it unimpaired to the person standing next to him in the line of heirs. Strictly speaking, indeed, as Alison remarks, "the English law does not recognize entails; yet they are practically established by the tendency of public feeling, and the succession of family settlements, by which great estates are effectually secured from alienation." The spirit of these two remarkable provisions is further manifested in a multitude of lesser enactments, all tending to the same end, the keeping up of great estates, and the removal, as far as possible, of all chances of alienation; to specify them all would require an analysis of the whole common law respecting real property. They are all relics of the feudal system, and the establishment of most of them in England may be traced back to the time of the Norman conquest. A modern contrivance for the same purpose is the imposition of excessive taxes on the transfer of landed estates, the stamp duty on the conveyance of small parcels of land being great out of all proportion to the value of the property conveyed.

Although these regulations directly affect real property alone, it must not be supposed that they are without influence in checking the distribution of personal effects. The aristocratic spirit is perpetuated by them, and diffused throughout the community. To keep up the family by holding the property together, or in a mass, has come to be considered almost as a matter of duty, no less than an object of ambition. The right of the eldest son to the whole real estate creates or sanctions an artificial and unreasonable distinction between him and his brothers and sisters ; and when there is no such estate to be distributed, it gives him a seeming claim for a larger share, if not the whole, of the personal property ; the law which expressly enjoins an inequality in the one case permits and virtually encourages it in the other. Of course, frequent partitions are made on more equitable principles ; our only point is, that they are much less frequent in England than in other countries, where the law favors in every case the equal division of an estate among the children.

Such a country is France, where the law regulating the descent of property is even more democratic than in the United States. It prevents a man from disposing of his wealth as he sees fit, even by will; the right of each child to a certain portion is protected by law, only a small fraction of the original estate being left to the free disposal of its first owner. And the consequence is, though this law of succession has not yet been in force for half a century, that the class of landed proprietors in France is more numerous than that which subsists altogether on wages, while in England it is but one sixtieth part of their number. In the former country, the number of separate properties taxed for the *impôt foncier*, in 1838, had risen to 10,896,000. The average size of each property was only about fourteen acres ; the number of land-owners, including their wives and children, is estimated at two thirds of the total population of the country. The peasants are proprietors of the ground they cultivate ; and though the land owned by an individual often does not exceed a kitchen garden in size, and is tilled entirely by the spade, its gross product, under his patient and economical husbandry, much exceeds that of a corresponding extent of surface in one of the model monster farms of England. Three and a half millions of peasants cultivate English ground not a foot of which belongs to them, and depend entirely on wages

which, in the best years, hardly supply them with the necessaries of life, and which leave them, if the crop fails, or the price of provisions rises, in imminent peril of starvation. The total annual value of the lands which they till on these hard terms is known to exceed forty millions sterling ; and this immense income is monopolized by a few hundreds of the nobility and country gentry, — monopolized by means of legislation which opposes the order of Providence, and perverts the natural course of domestic affection, by rendering division or alienation of it almost impossible.

The princely domains of the Dukes of Sutherland and Buccleuch comprise whole counties respectively in the north and south of Scotland ; and the latter had the power and the audacity, a few years ago, to say to thousands of families belonging to the Free or Seceding Scottish Kirk, the most numerous denomination in the land, that they should not have a church in which to worship God according to their consciences, though they were able to build and pay for it ; the whole country, for leagues around, was his, and he would not give, lease, or sell a foot of it at any price, if it was to be used for the erection of a house of worship. The people submitted, — for *had he not a right to do as he pleased with his own ?* — and the congregations assembled, Sabbath after Sabbath, in the open air, in the public highway, — which, happily, is not owned altogether by the Duke of Buccleuch. A nation submits to social oppression, to the tyranny of wealth, much more quietly than to political oppression ; if Parliament had prohibited an equally large portion of the people from building a single house of worship for their God, the act would have excited a civil war.

The gigantic estates of many of the English nobility, such as the Dukes of Northumberland and Devonshire, the Marquess of Westminster, the Earls of Harrowby, Leicester, and Fitzwilliam, though they may not cover several counties, afford incomes which exceed those of many crowned heads in Europe ; these nobles *own* more rich land in the heart of England than some independent princes *govern* in Germany. And their vast possessions, as a general rule, go on augmenting every generation, either from the union of estates by marriage, or from the annexation by purchase of smaller properties in their vicinity ; their growth is easy ; their partition or alienation is rendered by law almost impracticable. Ireland

itself, wretched, starving Ireland, is owned, as it were, in counties, by the English and Irish nobility and gentry ; it is carved out into monster estates, which are leased piecemeal to middlemen and great farmers, who again subdivide and underlet the land which they hire, till the division is brought down to the little *conacre* patches of the miserable peasants. Many a princely income is made up from an immense aggregation of rents not exceeding 5*l.* or 10*l.* each, and is thus wrung by driblets from the unhappy tenants, who live on "lumper" potatoes and "pressagh," that they may be able to pay it. Throughout Great Britain and Ireland, the word *farmer* denotes one who hires the ground which he cultivates, while in the United States it signifies almost without exception the proprietor of the soil. In France and Switzerland, also, he who tills the land is the owner of it, and, small though his property be, its product is sufficient for his wants. Contrasting the general well-being of the farming population in these three countries with the misery of the English and Irish peasantry, and remembering also that Great Britain is vastly more opulent than either of the others, we cannot avoid attributing the whole evil to that great inequality in the distribution of her wealth, and that monopoly of her soil by a few families, which have been designedly created and fostered by the aristocratic spirit of her institutions and laws.

The English school of political economy, the school of the Edinburgh Review, of Malthus and Ricardo, of McCulloch and Dr. Chalmers, will not admit that this aggregation of land and all other property in the hands of a few is any evil at all. Looking only to the *production* of wealth, and affecting to consider its *distribution* as wholly unimportant, — a matter which will regulate itself, — they stoutly maintain that the division of land and capital is an evil ; that neither of these agents can produce its utmost beneficial effects unless accumulated in large masses ; that great improvements in agriculture cannot be made except on immense farms by the aid of opulent landholders ; that the benefit which the community receives from the operations of husbandry consists only in the *net* product, and not in the *gross* amount of food added to the national stock ; that the individual producer, the farmer or land-owner, is the best judge of his own interest, and what conduces most to his profits is sure to be most advantageous to the nation. Now, human labor is an item, and a very im-

portant one, in the cost of raising a crop ; — economize labor, then ; substitute machines for human beings ; lower the rate of wages ; make every article as cheap as possible ; don't impede the operations of your great capitalists and land-owners, and "leave things to take care of themselves." *Laissez faire.* True, a smaller amount of food will be produced, a less number of appetites will be satisfied, and a greater crowd of laborers thrown out of employment. But the expense of the year's operations is diminished in an equal, or even larger, proportion ; the farmer's *net* gain is greater, and he is able to pay a higher rent to his princely landlord, who is in great need of an addition to his annual income, which may not *yet* equal a hundred thousand pounds sterling, though two or three of the English nobility count twice that sum.

And this is the theory which English economists have been advocating for half a century, and which all the great capitalists, land-owners, and farmers have been vigorously reducing to practice ! Labor has been economized with a vengeance, and we have seen the results in the picture already presented of the social condition of Great Britain. Wages have been reduced to the lowest point at which the laborers can buy bread and potatoes enough for a scanty subsistence, the surplus rural population has been drained off into the great cities or the workhouses, and twelve hundred thousand paupers have been thrown upon the public, without counting at least an equal number who are dependent in great part on private charity. Only 760,000 families in England are now employed on the tillage of her 25,632,000 acres of cultivated ground, which is an average of one family to 34 acres ; that is, a square mile gives employment to about 19 families. In portions of Tuscany, says M. Sismondi, from 300 to 700 individuals cultivate a square mile, and earn from it a comfortable subsistence ; they are proverbially the happiest peasantry in Europe, excepting perhaps the Swiss, who have a still denser population, at least an equal proportion of them engaged in agriculture, and a far more minute division of land. 'Very unthrifty husbandry this,' McCulloch and Chalmers would probably exclaim ; 'the net income of a great proprietor in Tuscany must be quite small ; with the aid of agricultural machines and the improved modes of English husbandry, three fourths of this laboring population would be dispensed with ; and the net gain — the addition to the

national capital — would be much greater.' Very true ; but the laborers thus *dispensed with* would starve, and though the national capital might be increased, what would be the effect on the national *happiness?*

Those who have not studied the subject will be astonished to find to what extent this policy of favoring the increase of great landed estates, of consolidating farms, and driving off the laborers and small tenants, has been carried in every part of Great Britain and Ireland. For political reasons, of late, great proprietors have become very shy of letting their lands on long leases, or, indeed, on any leases at all ; small farmers, who were sure of their little holdings for a number of years to come, were sometimes found to disregard the wishes of their landlords at an election ; tenants at will were usually more compliant. The Irish people being factious and obstinate in the matter of politics, their landlords have very generally adopted this mode of "breaking them in," and perhaps the greater portion of their farm lands are now rented without leases. Of course, this policy was ruinous for both parties, the tenants not daring to make any improvements on the ground, being in constant danger of ejection, and exposed to fresh extortion every year in the way of rent. Accordingly, when the economists had made this great discovery of the gain to be derived from the union of farms and the banishment of the tenantry, the Irish landlords had the power all in their own hands for reducing the theory immediately to practice. How they exercised it can be fully known only by an intrepid examination of the five great folios, to which we have already alluded, containing the Report of the Commissioners on the Occupation of Land in Ireland. We can give but one specimen. Lord Kenmare is the landlord, the barony of Bantry is the scene, and the Rev. Christopher Freeman, the Roman Catholic curate of the parish, is the witness ; his testimony, we should observe, is fully confirmed by eight other deponents, several of whom were banished tenants themselves, and is substantially corroborated by his Lordship's own agent, who was put upon the stand for the express purpose of confuting or explaining away their statements. Mr. Freeman says : —

"Up to the year 1840, the consolidation of farms, and the consequent wholesale eviction of tenants, was almost unknown in this barony. Lord Kenmare commenced in the year 1840 by

ejecting from the lands of Ahills 22 families, comprising 135 individuals. He ejected, in the years 1842 and 1843, 16 families, comprising 97 individuals. Total evicted from the Kenmare property 38 families, comprising 232 individuals. I am vastly under the mark; I might say a good deal more. The persons evicted paid their rent regularly; the rents amounted from 5*l.* 10*s.* to 20*l.* each, and some of them more. They were, with very few exceptions, extremely honest, well-disposed, and industrious persons; and the object to be obtained by the consolidation of these farms, and depriving these unfortunate people of their only means of subsistence, I cannot tell."

"What in general has become of them?"—"The children of some of them have been begging; some of them have died in the most dreadful distress; some of them I know to be comfortable; and some of them have had typhus fever. I attended one family of eleven immediately after being ejected. They were ill with fever, and the father was obliged to get out of bed to attend to them, and he was in the fever himself; and I was obliged to remove one out of bed in order to hear the confession of another,—and I believe that to be solely caused by Lord Kenmare's dispossessing the people.

"Was any thing done by Lord Kenmare or his agent to assist these people?"—"Nothing whatever. I went myself to Lord Kenmare, and wrote to him the following letter:—

"'My Lord,—When the cause of the distressed or afflicted is to be advocated, I feel that it would be superfluous to make an apology for trespassing on your Lordship's time. You are, I suppose, my Lord, aware, that many honest, industrious persons have been ejected from your estate in the parish of Bantry. It is to plead the cause of these unfortunate but honest people, and to enlist, if possible, your Lordship's sympathy in their behalf, that I have come to Killarney. May I request, my Lord, the favor of an interview at your Lordship's earliest convenience?

"'I have the honor to be, &c.'

"And this is the answer I got from his Lordship, which shows he was conversant of it:—

"'Sir,—In reply to your communication, I beg to say, that giving you credit for good intentions, I must yet decline granting you the interview you desire, as I cannot allow any person to interfere with me in the management of my property. I am, Sir, &c. Kenmare.'

"The means by which the consolidation was, and is about to be, accomplished, I am well acquainted with. In the great majority of cases, no law process was required. The population to

be evicted were told, that if they gave possession peaceably, and left Lord Kenmare's property, they would get their potato gardens, and a certain portion of their other crops then growing on their farms. They were then told, that if they did not comply with these terms, law proceedings would be commenced, and they were then to expect nothing but the heaviest vengeance of Lord Kenmare and his agent. It is very well ascertained that it is equal to death to the poor people to be deprived of their lands; some of them die miserably. The consequences are indeed melancholy, both as regards the persons ejected, and many of those who took the large farms at *rack* rents. At present, there are a great number in a state of uncertainty, and they must give up ultimately. They do not manure the land, because, they say, if they improved it, it would be doing so for other persons."

The whole estate of the Earl of Kenmare in this barony consists of 23,000 acres, on which is a population of 3,400 persons ; and the process of ejection and consolidation seems to be still going on. His Lordship has succeeded in his main purpose in making these *improvements*, as the testimony shows, that, in one case, lands which had been let under him by a middleman for 86*l.* 6*s.* 2*d.* are now let by the Earl himself for 410*l.* Similar changes have been effected, or are even now taking place, all over Ireland ; we could fill a large volume with a record of cases quite like the one here described.

Let us now turn to Scotland, and look more particularly at the forced depopulation, to which we have already alluded, of the Highland districts and the Islands. For an account of the most remarkable case we are indebted to the *Études sur l'Économie Politique* of M. Sismondi, — English political economists and other writers, for obvious reasons, being very chary of allusions to the subject ; even Alison and Thornton, who deplore the issue of the experiment, as having occasioned a frightful increase of suffering and pauperism, do not enter into any particulars, and make no comment on the proceedings and motives of the chief agents in the business. But one who is not a British subject may be allowed to speak freely of the conduct even of the great Duchess of Sutherland, and her noble and wealthy fellow-proprietors and imitators. We have never met with the Account of the Improvements made on the Estates of the Marquess of Stafford, by James Loch, Esq., the agent of the Duchess in this

business, who wrote and published his book as a justification of her proceedings ; but Sismondi's account of it appears to be temperate and trustworthy. The statement which follows is a mere translation and abridgment of this French writer's clear and eloquent review of the whole matter.

Since the beginning of the present century, the nation of the Highlanders or Gauls, the descendants of the ancient Celts, now reduced to 340,000 souls, has been almost entirely expelled from its home by the very persons whom it regarded as its chieftains, and to whom it had shown for so many centuries an enthusiastic devotion. The territory which they had cultivated from generation to generation, under a fixed rent, has been taken from them and devoted to the pasturage of flocks guarded by herdsmen who were strangers ; their houses and villages have been razed to the ground or destroyed by fire, while the unhappy people have been forced either to build cabins on the sea-shore, and endeavour to maintain their miserable existence by fishing, or to cross the ocean to seek their fortune in the back settlements of America. As this revolution took place in a distant and almost barbarous region, of which the very language was unknown in other parts of the empire, it attracted at first but little attention. But when it became known in England that some of these people had waited till a military force arrived to expel them from their villages, and sometimes had driven away the soldiers by a shower of stones ; that they had been heard to intreat that they might be massacred with their wives and children on the graves of their fathers, rather than be sent away, to perish, in misery and abandonment, to a world which wished not to receive them, and where no place was reserved for them, universal sympathy was excited. It was reported that the agent had been compelled to set fire to their houses, and even that an old man, or, according to other accounts, an old woman, refusing to leave her cabin to encounter misery and exile, her presence did not stop the incendiary, and the victim had perished in the flames. Then the public indignation showed itself, in a manner which could be neither mistaken nor braved. The Duchess of Sutherland thought she did not merit the severe judgment which was passed upon her conduct, and it was to justify her at the bar of public opinion that the book of her agent was published. He has tried to prove, and he has done it successfully, that

the Duchess has exercised only her acknowledged legal rights, and in so doing has had regard to the preservation of the existence of her vassals, for which she felt that she was responsible.

The ancestors of this lady were proprietors of about three fourths of the county of Sutherland, in the most northern part of Scotland. Their possessions measured about one million of English acres. When the Countess of Sutherland inherited these domains, which she brought as a dowry to the Marquess of Stafford, since created Duke of Sutherland, their population did not exceed 15,000. The revenue obtained by the proprietor from her vassals was so small, that it might be considered rather as an acknowledgment of sovereignty, than as a rent. It appears, that as late as 1811, each family was bound to an annual payment only of a few shillings in money, of some articles of game, and of a few days' labor. On the other hand, every man born upon these domains was required to spare neither his blood nor his life in defending the sovereignty and honor of the family of which he considered himself as a member. *Mhoir-Fhear Chattaibh*, as he was called in Gaelic, or *The Great Man of Sutherland*, had always found his companions in arms ready to defend him, at the peril of their lives, against every enemy, whether foreign or domestic.

The population was pretty equally distributed over the whole district. Every valley had its hamlet ; the arable land was devoted to the cultivation of barley and oats, and the hills were given to the pasturage of cattle. The people were poor, as labor and pasturage were their chief resources ; the climate was severe, the winters long, and they had neither manufactures, commerce, nor money. But they had generally enough to supply their wants ; and even when the wrath of Heaven sometimes destroyed their harvests, and decimated them and their herds by famine, they knew how to submit with resignation, because the hand of man had had no part in their sufferings.

Between the years 1811 and 1820, these 15,000 inhabitants, forming about 3,000 families, were driven away, or, to use Mr. Loch's softened expression, *removed*, from the whole interior of the county. All their villages were demolished or burnt, and all their fields converted into pasture. A similar clearing was made, almost simultaneously, by the

owners of the rest of the county, and their example was soon followed by the great proprietors in Ross and Cromarty counties, and generally throughout the north of Scotland. Mr. Loch assures us that the Duchess of Sutherland has shown far more humanity than any of her neighbours ; she has interested herself in the fate of the exiles, has offered them a retreat on her own territory, and, on taking away from them 794,000 acres, of which they had been in possession from time immemorial, she has generously left them about 6,000, or two acres to a family. The land thus granted to them, however, had never been cultivated, and had yielded no income to the proprietor. Still, it was not conceded to them gratuitously ; they are subject to a moderate rent of two and a half shillings an acre, and no leases are granted to them for more than seven years ; but they are assured that the leases shall be renewed for another term of seven years, if the land should be well cultivated. Mr. Loch informs us that the fate of these exiles has not been so deplorable as they foreboded. Some, it is true, were unwilling to receive any thing from her who had driven them from their homes. The clan Gunn, or the MacHamish, after leaving the mountains of Kildonan, and the valleys of Naver and Helmsdale, quitted the country entirely, and we are not told what has become of them. But with the exception of this tribe, and of 32 families from Strathbrora, who left for America in 1818 and 1819, the clansmen, we are told, have *almost* all accepted the lots offered them by the Duchess. They have been aided by her in building their new habitations, and in attempting to cultivate the ground which had hitherto remained a waste.

The territory of which the Duchess has thus reclaimed possession has been divided by her agent, Mr. Loch, into 29 great farms, very unequal in extent, some of them being larger than the department of the Seine in France. These farms, intended solely for the pasturage of sheep, are each inhabited by a single family, and as the kind of labor required upon them is a new thing in Scotland, only English farm-servants are employed. As early as 1820, the place of the brave men who formerly shed their blood in defence of Mhoir-Fhear Chattaibh was filled by 131,000 sheep, and their number is now doubtless much increased. No human voice is now heard within the narrow passes of those hills once

made illustrious by the combats of an ancient race ; no one any longer calls to mind their glorious recollections ; the valleys have no more any hamlets, no accent of joy or grief any longer troubles those vast solitudes ; but the heir of the Earl of Sutherland, who is established for the future in England, many hundreds of miles distant from the country of his maternal ancestors, can repose and enjoy himself for his ancient vassals ; in his magnificent abode at Trentham he can display a royal pomp, and encourage by his luxury the manufactures of England.

There is no doubt that the experiment has been successful ; this revolution in the property, the habits, the affections, the whole existence, of a little nation has prodigiously augmented the already colossal fortune of the Duke of Sutherland. This expulsion of the Gaelic people from their ancient firesides is considered as legal ; but will men dare to say that it is just ? Other great proprietors in the county have not been so humane even as the Duchess. " The clan of the Gruids on Lochshin," says Mr. Loch, " was numerous ; it does not appear that any lot of land was assigned to this people, or that they have received any recompense since the time of their expulsion, which took place in the winter of 1818." This ancient nation of the Celts or Gauls, which formerly possessed not only the British isles, but France, and a part of Italy and Spain, shall it be driven, in the name of the laws, from those very rocks where it was never conquered, from those rocks where it maintained its independence, that was lost everywhere else ? Ought these last representatives of the most ancient masters of Europe to be exiled ?

It is by a cruel abuse of legal forms, by a flagrant usurpation, that the Highlanders either of Sutherland county or of other parts of Scotland have been considered as having no right to the soil which they have occupied for centuries, and of which, in fact, they were co-proprietors with their chieftains. Even their name, *Klaan*, in Gaelic signifies *children*. All their usages, all their reciprocal relations, all their affections, were founded on the tradition that they were the offspring of one family ; all their rights were those of the children of a common parent to the common patrimony. The chieftain exercised, perhaps he usurped, the right of dividing the land among them, and even of frequently altering this

distribution. It was a matter of public policy with the Celts, as well as with the Germans, that families should frequently, even annually, change their position in the district which belonged to them, lest they should become too much attached to the fields which they cultivated, and thus be unfitted for war, and averse to undertaking military expeditions. But though their locations were altered, the vacated places were occupied by other members of the same clan, and the chieftain could not alienate any portion of the common property. The tenure of the lands remained the same ; the assessment for the public defence, the annual contribution for the chieftain who ruled them and led them to battle, were never augmented.

The vast extent of seigneurial domains is not a condition peculiar to England. In the ninth and tenth centuries, Maine, Anjou, and Poitou were, for the counts of these provinces, three great farms rather than three principalities. Switzerland, which in so many respects resembles Scotland, was at the same epoch divided among a small number of great lords. If the counts of Kyburg, Lentzburg, and Hapsburg had been protected by English laws, they would now be situated just as the counts of Sutherland were thirty years ago ; perhaps they might have had the same taste for improvements, and have depopulated their lands to give place to flocks and herds. But during the last eight centuries, the legislation of Continental Europe has constantly tended to guaranty and ameliorate the lot of the feudatory, the vassal, the serf, — to confirm the independence of the peasant, to cover him with the buckler of prescription, to shield him from the exactions of his lord, and to elevate his allotment to the rank of property. But English law has always favored the great lords ; English jurists have constantly assimilated political rights to property, and have defended them under this title. The Gaelic tenant was never conquered ; he did not obtain his land from the liberality of his lord, but was originally a fellow-proprietor with him, or rather with his clan. The chief whom he followed to battle regarded him at first as his friend and relation, then as his soldier, afterwards as his vassal, still later as his farmer, and finally as his hired laborer, whom he might employ for a time, but might banish from the estate when he had no further need of his services.

The first step in the usurpation was to grant the *tacks*, or portions of land, to the vassals for a fixed period of time. This appeared to be a concession, as formerly the occupants could be changed at will ; but in truth it was a usurpation, for now, instead of filling the vacated places with other clansmen on precisely the same conditions, the lands came to be considered as farms, and at each renewal of the lease new terms might be imposed, and a higher rent demanded. Thus the Highland lords, who were rightfully entitled only to an invariable rent levied on the property of the clan, obtained at last an absolute ownership of the domain which paid this rent. Still, they were far from believing that the time would come when they would take advantage of the renewal of the leases, not merely to raise the rent, but to expel their vassals from the estate. Before coming to a determination so barbarous, the chieftain must have ceased to share the opinions, the sentiments, the point of honor of his countrymen ; he must have ceased to regard himself as their father or their brother, or even to remember that he was himself a Scotchman ; a base cupidity must have stifled in him that sympathy of kindred blood on which their common ancestors relied when they confided to him the fate of his people.

A count has no more right to banish from their homes the inhabitants of his county, than a king has to expel from the land the inhabitants of his kingdom. Let the most despotic monarch make the trial, and he will soon learn the hazard of thus overleaping the bounds of his authority. Let the great English lords beware ! The less numerous they are, the more dangerous will it be for them to put themselves in opposition to the nation. Let them not say, when their own interests are at stake, as the agent of the Duchess of Sutherland has said : — " Why should a different rule be adopted in this case from that which has been followed in every other ? Why should the absolute right of owners to their property be abandoned or sacrificed for the public advantage, and for motives which concern the public alone ? " If they should come one day to believe that they have no need of the people, the people will begin to believe in its turn that it has no need of them. If they think that 340,000 brave mountaineers of the Gaelic race can be profitably driven off to make room for four million sheep, these mountaineers can still more easily find useful substitutes for thirty or forty,

perhaps for three hundred, great lords who have ceased to be their countrymen.

We have chosen to give this whole account of the depopulation of the Highlands in M. Sismondi's own eloquent words, though necessarily with much abridgment and transposition, because we have not the book at hand from which he obtained the particulars, and because we would not be suspected of exaggeration or national prejudice in exposing the barbarity and flagrant injustice of the proceeding. The whole history shows in a striking light the tendency of English law to favor the growth and permanency of great landed estates, and the natural result of those measures which have been so strenuously advocated by the English economists, — the *Chrematistic* or Capitalist school, as Sismondi calls them, — who defend the aggregation of land and capital into a few hands, and leave the interests of the laboring classes of the population to take care of themselves. The introduction of the system of monster farms, and the expulsion of the rural tenantry, have been going on more slowly and quietly in England than in the two sister kingdoms, but quite as extensively, and attended with perfectly similar results. The consequence is an enormous increase of pauperism, a reduction of wages almost to the point of starvaton, an overflow of the whole empire with laborers out of employment, a famine during the present year, when there was no absolute lack of food, and, in short, all the terrible signs and proofs of national decay and distress. The whole evil may be described in the few words in which the philosophical Roman pointed out the cause of the ruin of Italy ; *latifundia perdidêre — Britanniam.*

Finding that the support of the laboring classes was a burden not to be avoided, — that if employment and wages were not given to them, they must be maintained as paupers, — that if they were driven from the country, they would take refuge in the cities and manufacturing districts, where the very air would be polluted by their misery and their crimes, the capitalists and land-owners, guided by the political economists, have at last discovered that the evil consists solely in a redundancy of population, and that the only remedies are emigration and the discouragement of marriages. The doctrine of Malthus is the last refuge of the *Chrematistic* school ; the New Poor Law, the conversion of almshouses into places of

punishment, the separation of the sexes in them, and the change of public charity into a system of graduated starvation, are the results of an attempt to reduce this doctrine to practice. Population, say the Malthusians, has an inherent tendency, in all cases, to outrun the means of subsistence; it tends constantly to increase in a *geometrical progression*, doubling every twenty-five or thirty years, while the supply of food, at the best, cannot be increased faster than in an *arithmetical ratio*, equal quantities being added every twenty-five years. Put these two principles together, and it follows by mathematical demonstration that the whole world must soon be brought to the verge of actual starvation. Why the human race has so long remained far on this side of the awful precipice, why we have not, on their theory, been starved out long ago, or have not been reduced, like a wrecked crew on a raft in the midst of the ocean, to fight with each other for the last loaf, is a mystery which they do not condescend to explain. As the powers of a geometrical so far exceed those of an arithmetical ratio, the world ought to have been overpeopled some thousands of years ago. But it is not; Providence has not yet sent any human beings into the world when there was no place at the table for them.

Even in the extreme case of Ireland, we have shown that the extent and fruitfulness of the soil would suffice for a population thrice as large as the present one; and the misery of the people there was nearly as excessive half a century ago as it is now, though the population then was but half as large. There is no surplus of population, but there is a frightful surplus of labor which can find no employment, and consequently cannot be exchanged for the food which exists all around in abundance. A child can see that the famine of the present year was not caused by the lack either of food or of wealth; if the national stock of both could be equally distributed, not one of Queen Victoria's subjects would suffer a single pang from hunger. It is palpable that the evil does not consist in over-population, but in unequal distribution. But you say, that it is difficult to bring about a more equal division without infringing the rights of property. Granted, for the sake of argument; but do not confound *this* difficulty with another of quite an opposite character,—the difficulty of feeding a great multitude out of five small loaves and two fishes. There are now loaves and fishes enough for all; but

they are all in the hands of very few persons, who claim them as their own, and the problem is, how to get them out of these few hands, and to give them to the starving people. Before you declare this problem to be insoluble, abolish your laws of primogeniture and entail, adopt the French law of succession, break up your monster farms into cottage allotments, substitute spade husbandry for agricultural machines, and *educate the people.* If you leave them in the condition of brutes, depend upon it that they will multiply like brutes.

Of all the doctrines of the English political economists, that of Malthus is at once the most absurd and the most pericious. It is a futile attempt to throw off the burden of responsibility for that state of things which is plainly attributable to nothing but human selfishness and improvidence, — to consider as irremediable, and inherent in the very constitution of man, those evils which flow directly from a vicious form of social and political organization, and from unjust and unnatural laws. Its only monition is, *to let things alone ;* to allow privation, wretchedness, and crime to produce their appropriate results ; to abstain from aggravating the evil by any interposition of public or private charity between the stern decrees of an overruling necessity and its destined victims. It seeks to deprive the poor of the only solace which remains to them, — the indulgence, within the limits of morality and law, of the natural appetites and affections ; it holds up " abstinence from marriage for prudential motives " as the only panacea for their wretchedness, though it acknowledges that this implies a degree of forethought and self-restraint which is not to be expected from them in their miserable and degraded condition. But all other expedients for alleviating their sufferings it pronounces to be futile and self-destructive. Luckily, it is unsound in theory, and is abundantly confuted by facts.

Malthus begins with the assumption, that there is no check to the multiplication of the species except from the want of food. According to his doctrine, those classes of the population ought to increase most rapidly which are most abundantly supplied with the means of subsistence ; while the growth of the destitute classes should be perpetually checked by their poverty. Now the very reverse happens to be the case, and this because the rate of increase actually depends, not on the supply of food, but on sundry moral considera-

tions which he leaves entirely out of view. If every man got married as soon as he was urged by natural inclination, and as soon as he saw there was no fear lest his wife and himself should perish of actual starvation, the world would be peopled very rapidly. But no one propounds to himself the question in this shape; the candidate for matrimony asks further, if he is likely to improve his condition in life by the measure, or if he is sure at any rate not to lose position and caste by it, not to descend in the social scale, or to forfeit those advantages and enjoyments which habit has caused him to consider as necessaries of life. If there is any risk of this sort, you may be sure that prudence or ambition will get the victory over love. Raise the standard of living, increase the number of artificial wants, multiply the chances of advancement in life, and people will become still more cautious about bringing upon themselves the impediment of a family. The middling classes of society increase in number very slowly, the upper classes do not increase at all. Marriages among them are governed entirely by prudential considerations. Who ever heard of kings marrying for love? Among the English nobility and gentry, families frequently die out, estates are united, and titles become extinct. If the House of Lords were not replenished by continual promotions to the peerage, it would soon become a very meagre assemblage. Younger sons prefer a life of licentious celibacy to the restraints of a family, and to the almost certain loss of caste by getting a wife without an estate. The undowried charms of the daughters are not likely to be besieged by a multitude of suitors. Thus the sole chance of continuing the family often depends on the marriage of the eldest son and heir, and this is quite likely to be deferred till he has passed the period of youthful extravagance, and purchased the discretion which comes only with maturity of years.

On the other hand, the poorer classes, who have no hope of bettering their condition, and cannot fall far because they are already near the bottom, marry with little consideration or foresight. And even this little fails among those who are already steeped in poverty to the lips, who are too ignorant and degraded ever to look beyond the wants and impulses of the present moment, and too wretched to fear any increase of their misery. Mr. Laing states this point strongly.

"Evidence abounds of the tendency to improvident marriages

among the distressed population of the manufacturing districts generally, and also among such portions of the agricultural population as are most wretched and degraded. In fact, an accelerated rate of increase in the population is a necessary result of poverty down to the point where literal starvation arrests its progress; and how low this point lies, the instance of Ireland sufficiently attests. While lumper-potatoes can be had for food, and a corner of a cellar with a bundle of mouldy straw for lodging, it is a *demonstrated fact* that population will continue to increase at a rate *five times more rapid* than in countries where every peasant lives under his own roof and cultivates his own estate. The reasons are obvious; directly [*sic*] the laborer is placed in a situation where he has nothing to look forward to, — no hope of being able to better his condition by restraint, — no definite period of establishment in life as a master-workman, or independent proprietor, to mark the prudent and customary era of marriage, — all the natural checks on the instinctive appetite are withdrawn, and he marries, as a matter of course, as soon as he feels the inclination. The great check on premature marriage in every class is the 'public opinion' of that class, which requires a certain income and establishment in life before marrying, under penalty of losing caste and being looked upon as silly and imprudent. When the standard prescribed by the 'public opinion' of the class has sunk so low that, as Mr. Fletcher says of the weaving population of Nuneaton, men commonly marry 'without a home to go to,' or 'with a bed consisting of chaff, held together by bricks, and covered with a wrapper,' for sole stock of furniture, it is evident that all moral check on population is at an end, and that the evil must of necessity go on propagating itself, until either typhus fever and famine make a clearance, or the moral and physical condition of the people is raised by exertions from without. . . . . .

"It is *not true*, that if we relieve distress and diminish vice and misery, population rushes in like a spring-tide to efface the puny lines which we have traced in the sand. On the contrary, it is distinctly true, that duty and expediency, the means of raising the condition of the laboring classes, and the means of rightly proportioning their numbers to the supply of food, go hand in hand; and that in applying ourselves zealously to the task imposed upon us by religion and humanity, of relieving immediate distress, and promoting the welfare and improvement of the poorer classes, we are at the same time adopting the only effectual means of limiting the morbid and unhealthy increase of a destitute population." — Laing *on National Distress*, pp. 68–70.

The Malthusians have simply inverted the order of cause

and effect. They say, that increase of population causes misery ; while the truth is, that misery causes the increase of population. Of course, we must reverse the Malthusian precepts for the management of the poor ; instead of preaching abstinence and moral restraint to them, and endeavouring to starve them into it, — instead of separating the sexes in workhouses, prohibiting out-door relief, discountenancing public and private charity, and declaring that the condition of the destitute classes is hopeless, and that interference with them will only increase their misery, — we must strive to succour and elevate them, to give them a stake in life, to surround them not only with necessaries, but with some comforts and luxuries, the fear of losing which will inculcate prudence more strongly, will do more to deter them from forming imprudent marriages, than all the lectures of Dr. Chalmers, or all the stories and illustrations of Miss Martineau. The difficulty of accomplishing all this is unquestionably great, but any thing is better than the despondency of McCulloch, who speaks gloomily of " the irremediable helotism of the great majority " of the laboring classes, but, in conformity with the principles of the *Chrematistic* school, of which he is the great expounder and advocate, has no advice to offer except to take away all the remaining restrictions on trade, and then " to fold our arms, and leave the *dénouement* to time and Providence." *

That the view here taken of the law of population is the only correct one is shown not only by theoretical considerations, but by the incontrovertible evidence of facts. In France, where the land is minutely divided, and the peasantry are vastly better off than in England, the rate of increase of the population, for ten years, is only 5 *per cent.*, while in the latter country it is 15, and in Connaught, the sink of Irish misery and degradation, from 1821 to 1831, it was as high as 22 *per cent.* In the province of Ulster the rate is 14, while in the county of Donegal it rises to 20 *per cent.*

" And this is precisely the county which official reports represent as forming an exception to the general condition of Presbyterian Ulster, and affording an instance of poverty little less extreme than that of Connaught. In the latter province, we find

* McCulloch *on Taxation.* London, 1845, pp. 110, 111.

Galway and Mayo, notoriously the two most destitute counties, exhibiting, the one an increase of 27, and the other of 25 *per cent.* In Munster, we find Clare, Kerry, and Tipperary at the head of the list." — Laing *on National Distress*, p. 67.

But enough ; the subject leads on to endless disquisition and illustrations, and we have already much exceeded our limits. We have pointed out the evils in the social condition of England, and some of the causes of them, certainly with no feeling of bitterness, and in no vainglorious spirit, because the condition of our own population is so much happier, and because our political institutions exhibit tendencies the very opposite of those which have imposed this intolerable burden of poverty and wretchedness upon the necks of British subjects. The spectacle is too awful, the prospect is too appalling, to excite any other emotions than those of the deepest sympathy and commiseration. The causes of the evil are deeply seated ; they are inwoven with the very texture of British institutions, and cannot be removed without destroying the whole fabric. The feudalism of wealth, the serfdom of the laboring classes, are so firmly anchored in the empire, that they can be shaken only by the hurricane strength of a revolution like that which prostrated the throne and the nobility of France in 1789. The immediate cause of the wildest excesses of that epoch was a cry of the populace for bread ; and one of the great permanent effects of that memorable convulsion was the adoption of a democratic law regulating the descent of property. England is already heaving with the first throes of a similar outbreak. The frequent suspension of the *Habeas Corpus* act in Ireland, and the disarming of its people, the Chartist disturbances in 1838, and the riots in the midland counties in 1842, are signs the purport of which cannot be mistaken. Even now, peace is maintained only at the point of the bayonet, by the presence of large bodies of troops, and of an armed and disciplined police. These facts are full of warning to the stoutest declaimer for the preservation of noble families, and for the extension of great landed estates. Let the blessings of an hereditary aristocracy be what they may, admit all that is claimed for it by such advocates as Alison and Dr. Chalmers, it is still possible that they may be purchased at too high a price.

Art. IX. — CRITICAL NOTICES.

1. — *The Roman Traitor: a True Tale of the Republic. A Historical Romance.* By Henry William Herbert, Author of "Marmaduke Wyvil," "Cromwell," "The Brothers," &c. New York: William Taylor. 1847. 2 vols. 12mo.

We are not so fortunate as to have read any of the writings of Mr. Herbert, save the work whose title stands at the head of this brief notice. We say fortunate; for, if his other writings, in respect to ability, at least, are of the same high order as this, we may consider it a misfortune not to have fallen in with them. But that a certain book, or the book of a certain author, should not have been met with in these latitudes, argues nothing, we would remark, to the disadvantage either of author or book. It simply goes to show, among other facts, that great numbers of undoubtedly good and learned works are yearly printed and published in New York and Philadelphia, not one of which ever visits the shelves of a bookseller of our modern Athens; and, on the other hand, that an equal number of our Boston books are not so common as we, who sometimes make books, wish they were in the shops of the chief men of the craft in our Southern capitals. Our literature, we are sorry to say it, is local, exclusive, bounded, not by Mason and Dixon's line, indeed — who reads a Southern book? — but by the Hudson and the Delaware.

This is one sufficient reason why The Roman Traitor has never been allowed to commit his treasons in these Northern parts. And not only has this remarkable work not been read here, but, what is stranger still, it has not, as far as we know, been reviewed; though that it has not been read is no conclusive evidence, as the world goes, that it may not have been reviewed. We notice it now, not because, within our present limits, and at the close of our number, we can in any sense do it proper justice, but because, as it was not till the very last moment laid upon our table, — owing to the causes above hinted at, — we cannot let another three months pass by without just commending it to the public as a work of learning, taste, and power. It gives throughout abundant tokens of genius and fine scholarship; and no one can read it and not receive yet deeper impressions of the gigantic vices and crimes, and sometimes the almost equally gigantic, but for the most part the pigmy, virtues of the great republic. The theme of the romance is Catiline, — Catiline the conspirator, the traitor, the assassin, the vulgar murderer, the violator, the

savage, fiend, and brute, and all in one, therefore, the genuine Roman. We do not see that the author exaggerates any of the darker shades of the Roman character in general, or of the character of Catiline in particular. Indeed, it were impossible, with the most adventurous imagination, to overdraw a portrait of the cruelty, licentiousness, and crime of that people ; — that is, if a tithe of what their own poets and historians have transmitted is true. But while Mr. Herbert does ample justice, with a pen dipped, as it should be, in Stygian dyes, to the enormous wickedness of Rome, to the characters both of her men and her women, whose equals for moral turpitude no other empire has ever seen, he does not paint vice alone ; he has a heart and a pen for depicting with quite equal vigor and truth to nature woman's loveliness and virtue, and the gentle scenes where their triumphs are found. The scene which for moral power and beauty most impressed us — and it is one unsurpassed, we are ready to say, in any of our modern fictions for every element of moral power — is that where Arvina and Julia are reconciled, after his frank confession of unfaithfulness at the supper given to a few of his friends by Catiline, where Lucia, the natural daughter of the traitor, is introduced, and, by seducing the virtue of Arvina, lays the train for the most important incidents of the narrative. All the finer and more gentle emotions and affections are here brought into play, and an interview of highest interest and deepest pathos ensues, managed throughout with great knowledge of human nature, and with the consummate skill of an accomplished artist. The supper scene which precedes it, though no more than Roman in its voluptuousness, quite reaches, we think, the limits of what is allowable, in these times, for a writer to present to his reader, or wholesome for the reader to contemplate even on the printed page. It is hardly enough to say, in defence of such pictures, that they are transcripts from human nature and real life.

Our limited space prevents us from dwelling upon particular traits and single characters introduced upon the scene. But we must refer in one word to the admirable delineation of the great Consul and Orator, in whose period of office the Catiline conspiracy was crushed. We think Mr. Herbert has shown in this a profound insight, acquired by investigating the authenticated facts of Cicero's life, and carefully studying his works. The translation of the first Catiline oration, which the course of the story requires to be given entire, is executed with great fidelity and vigor ; and the whole scene which passed in the Senate on that occasion is drawn with masterly effect. He has also interwoven spirited translations of the speeches of Cæsar, Cato, and Catiline, as presented by Sallust. In the first volume, also, Mr.

Herbert has introduced two songs in the antique measures. The first is an Alcaic ode, as constructed by Horace. It is sung in a blacksmith's stithy, by the sturdy workmen, as they ply their sledges. So far as the thing can be done in the English language, Mr. Herbert has represented the *quantitative* rhythm of the Latin, and produced a singularly fine specimen of the modern antique. The same general remark may be applied to the Sapphic and Adonian stanzas, sung by Ægle at the house of Fulvia. We should be glad to quote them both, if we had room.

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2. — *A Discourse on the Life and Character of the late John A. G. Davis, Professor of Law in the University of Virginia;* delivered before the Society of Alumni, June 29th, 1847. By Lucian Minor, Esq. Richmond. 1847. 8vo. pp. 32.

Our readers will remember the thrill of horror which went through the country in 1840, when the news circulated that a valuable and distinguished citizen had fallen a victim to the unbridled passions of a profligate young man; that the life of Mr. Davis, the able Professor of Law in the University of Virginia, had been taken by a student whose turbulence he was endeavouring in the course of his official duty to repress. The murderer fled; but the active efforts of the community were speedily successful in accomplishing his arrest, and justice seemed in a fair way of receiving its due. Unhappily, the ignorance, weakness, or corruption of a magistrate set the blood-stained culprit at large on bail. The sum, to be sure, was a heavy one, but the great wealth of the family enabled them readily to meet the penalty; and the ancient and proud Commonwealth of Virginia stood in the unenviable attitude of the barbarian who takes in atonement for the blood of a kinsman a compensation in money. But though the laws of man were thus evaded by "wealth which is stained by filth of hands," the judgment of God followed the murderer over the face of the earth. The terrors of a guilty conscience, personified by the ancient poets as the avenging Erinnys, hunted the wretched victim of profligacy and crime, until he was driven to complete by suicide the tragedy which he had commenced with murder. What guilt, and what retribution, transcending all human punishment!

The Discourse, whose title is placed at the head of this notice, was delivered before the Society of the Alumni of the University.

Mr. Minor, its author, is a well-known lawyer and philanthropist of Virginia, distinguished not only in his profession, but as an eloquent and efficient advocate of the Temperance reform in that State. Some of our readers may remember a series of letters written by him ten or twelve years ago, during a tour he was making through the New England States. They were published at first in a newspaper, and afterwards, we believe, collected into a pamphlet. Nothing better has been written on the New England life, manners, and character; the letters were highly entertaining, as well as intelligent, candid, and just; and they exhibited no ordinary powers of English style.

We recognize the same qualities in this Discourse. Mr. Minor has drawn in vivid colors the character of his lamented friend and associate. He describes his early adherence to high and honorable principle; his successes achieved by noble means; the growing confidence which the country felt in his character and ability; and the result of that confidence in the appointment of Mr. Davis to the arduous and distinguished position of Professor of Law in the University of Virginia. In connection with this branch of his subject, Mr. Minor makes some remarks, worthy of all consideration by the appointing bodies in our universities, on the importance of taking young men for professors, instead of choosing those whose "previous reputation may attract students by its blaze"; a rule which he pronounces "one of the most fallacious and mischievous that can sway the governors of a college."

The services of Mr. Davis, his arduous and indefatigable labors in his professorship, are next very ably set forth. The picture of what he accomplished in his brief career makes us feel deeply how great was the loss the country suffered from the hand of the assassin. The Discourse closes with a delineation of "a model lawyer," founded on or suggested by the character of Professor Davis. This is very happily done, and deserves the careful attention of every young man who is deciding upon the choice of that profession.

3.— *The Germania and Agricola of Caius Cornelius Tacitus, with Notes for Colleges.* By W. S. Tyler, Professor of the Greek and Latin Languages in Amherst College. New York: Wiley & Putnam. 1847. 12mo. pp. 181.

Mr. Tyler has edited, in a handsome and convenient form, two of the most celebrated works of the great Roman historian. We welcome the book as a useful addition to the classical literature of our country. We need such American editions as this of the Greek and Roman writers. American scholars cannot establish new texts by the critical comparison of MSS.; that part of the work of classical philology must be done, for the most part, by our European brethren. But all the other means of making good editions are nearly as accessible to Americans as to Europeans, except that our public libraries are still inadequate to meet the demands of the age, and the scholar must procure books, the tools of his profession, at his own expense.

In the Preface, Mr. Tyler has explained the principles and objects which he has had in view in the preparation of this edition. The next thirteen pages are occupied by a well-written Life of Tacitus, in which not merely outward events are narrated, but the character of the historian, both as a man and as a writer, is minutely and faithfully drawn. The text is founded on that of Walther, with some modifications from the labors of Grimm, Günther, Gruber, Kiessling, and others. It is very correctly and elegantly prepared and printed. The notes to each of the two treatises are introduced by a general *critique* upon the merits and matter of the work. The body of the notes is drawn up with care, learning, and judgment. Points of style and grammatical construction, and historical references, are ably illustrated. We have been struck with the elegant precision which marks these notes; they hit the happy medium between the too much of some commentators and the too little of others. The style of Tacitus is not an easy one; the young student needs considerable aid to help him master its peculiarities. It is frequently obscure from condensation, almost rivalling that of Thucydides; sometimes from a tendency to poetical expression, which Professor Tyler has well pointed out; and sometimes from the general affectations of the age in which he lived. On all these matters, the scholar requires the assistance of one who has mastered in a comprehensive manner the characteristics of the Imperial time, and the spirit of its language and literature. Thus guided, the young scholar will be able to comprehend and enjoy the immortal monuments of one of the greatest and most magnificent minds that adorned the annals of Rome.

4. — *A Discourse on the Uses and Importance of History, illustrated by a Comparison of the American and French Revolutions;* delivered before the Alumni of the University of Virginia, June 29th, 1847. By W. C. Rives, Esq. Richmond. 1847. 8vo. pp. 57.

Mr. Rives commands a flowing and rhythmical style; his language is rich, copious, and clear. If it is open to criticism in any respect, we should call it deficient in compression and point. Mr. Rives is one of the most accomplished and distinguished sons of Virginia. He has shown himself eloquent in debate, and able in diplomacy. He has filled some of the highest offices of our government, and held positions from which, as from a vantage-ground, he has been able to contemplate the great march of the events which will constitute the history of our age.

This circumstance makes the selection of the subject of History a fortunate one, fortunate for the speaker and for the audience he was called upon to address. He begins with an able analysis of the character and use of historical studies, and carries out and enforces the general principles by examples drawn from the American and French Revolutions. With a rapid and glowing pencil he delineates these great acts in the drama of modern history, the mighty personages who enacted their parts in them, and the contrasted results which flowed from the opposite principles on which the plots were conducted. Mr. Rives shows a wide knowledge of all that bears upon the subject, and adorns his pages with a rich, but at the same time tasteful, profusion of illustrations. Though the discourse can hardly be said to contain any new matter or original speculation, the great lessons of history are most ably deduced and impressively taught.

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5. — *The Voyage of the Jamestown on her Errand of Mercy.* Boston. 1847. 8vo. pp. 154.

The connection of Captain R. B. Forbes with the sending of the Jamestown to Ireland, laden with provisions for a starving nation, has given his name a world-wide and enviable celebrity. The active services he rendered in this mission of charity will be a source of happy recollections to him through life, and of consolation in the hour of death. Whatever wealth the successful prosecution of commercial enterprise may enable him to leave to his children will be but dust in the balance, when com-

pared with the priceless legacy of honor and blessing which they will inherit in the memory of their father's devotion to the cause of suffering humanity.

The present volume, containing a record of all the facts and incidents belonging to this remarkable enterprise, is printed for the purpose of aiding the funds still to be bestowed in alleviating the wants of Ireland. Mr. Forbes's Introduction is frank, characteristic, and entertaining. This is followed by a "Report," containing a history of the voyage, the reception in Ireland, and the return thence. The Appendix contains the correspondence between Captain Forbes and the different parties who were connected with the business of the expedition; the accounts of the cargo; and a report of the meetings, speeches, and entertainments of every kind by which the arrival of the Jamestown was celebrated in Ireland. All these things constitute a valuable and interesting record, that will hand this voyage down to future times as the most illustrious naval expedition and victory which has ever yet been achieved in the history of the seas.

The volume concludes with the following poem, written by Mr. J. B. Felton, a graduate of Harvard University the present year. We copy it, correcting two or three misprints which injure its effect.

"From the clouds whence the lightning, death-laden, hath burst,
The soft shower is sent, and the young flower nursed,
And the earth is with beauty endued;
The wind, in whose rage the huge forest is whirled,
Bears the blessings of commerce and peace through the world; —
God's agents of woe all work good:
But thou, mighty ship, built by man to destroy, —
Thou, the first of thy race, bear'st an errand of joy.

"So of old when Elijah proclaimed the stern will,
'These years shall no rain fall, no dews shall distil,'
And famine scowled fierce on the land,
The bird of ill omen, whose fear-thrilling croak
Falls chill on the heart, as Death's angel had spoke,
Submissive obeyed God's command;
And the beak which had revelled in carnage and blood
To the desert, love-guided, bore mercy and food.

"Ship, whose proud mission is love's freight to bear,
When winds winged with blessings and heart-uttered prayer
O'er the ocean have sped thy return,
O, ne'er may the deck be polluted with strife,
Which to famine-worn millions went pregnant with life,
Ne'er thy dark sides with death's fires burn!
Black raven, God-sent to the desert with food,
O, return not again to thy carnage and blood!"

NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

An Examination of the Testimony of the Four Evangelists, by the Rules of Evidence administered in Courts of Justice; with an Account of the Trial of Jesus. By Simon Greenleaf, LL. D., Dane Professor of Law in Harvard University. Second Edition, revised and corrected by the Author. London: A. Maxwell & Son. 1847. 8vo. pp. 568.

The Journals of Major Samuel Shaw, the first American Consul at Canton. With a Life of the Author, by Josiah Quincy. Boston: Crosby & Nichols. 1847. 8vo. pp. 360.

An Oration delivered before the Authorities of the City of Boston, at the Celebration of the Declaration of Independence, July 5, 1847. By Thomas G. Cary. Boston: J. H. Eastburn. 1847. 8vo. pp. 38.

A Comprehensive Pronouncing and Explanatory Dictionary of the English Language; with Vocabularies of Classical, Scripture, and Modern Geographical Names. By Joseph E. Worcester. Revised and enlarged, and made substantially an Abridgment of the Author's "Universal and Critical Dictionary." Boston: Jenks, Palmer, & Co. 1847. 12mo. pp. 491.

The Panegyricus of Isocrates, from the Text of Bremi, with English Notes. By C. C. Felton, A. M., Eliot Professor of Greek Literature in the University at Cambridge. Cambridge: George Nichols, Bookseller to the University. 1847. 12mo. pp. 124.

[The beautiful typography of this volume attracts immediate notice. It is the first book printed in America from what is called the Porsonian Greek type, a font of which has been imported for the University Press at Cambridge.]

Modern Painters. By a Graduate of Oxford. First American from the third London Edition, revised by the Author. New York: Wiley & Putnam. 1847. 12mo. pp. 422.

Hints to Young Architects, calculated to facilitate their Practical Operations. By George Wightwick, Architect. With Additional Notes and Hints to Persons about building in the Country. By A. J. Downing. New York: Wiley & Putnam. 1847. 8vo. pp. 157.

A French Grammar, containing all the Rules of the Language upon a New and Improved Plan. By Count de Laporte, Instructer in the French Language in Harvard University. Second Edition. Boston: W. D. Ticknor & Co. 1847. 12mo. pp. 607.

Speaking Exercises, for the Illustration of the Rules and Idioms of the French Language. By Count de Laporte. Second Edition. Boston: W. D. Ticknor & Co. 1847. 12mo. pp. 152 and 93.

A Self-teaching Reader for the Study of the Pronunciation of the French Language, after a Plan entirely New. By Count de Laporte.

Second Edition, carefully revised and much improved. Boston: W. D. Ticknor & Co. 1847. 12mo. pp. 138.

Progress, a Satire. By John G. Saxe. Second Edition. New York: John Allen. 1847. 8vo. pp. 32.

A History of Rome, from the Earliest Times to the Death of Commodus, A. D. 192. By Dr. Leonhard Schmitz, F. R. S. E., Rector of the High School, Edinburgh. Andover: Allen, Morrill, & Wardwell. 1847. 12mo. pp. 456.

Sparks's American Biography. New Series, Vol. XIV. Life of John Ledyard, the American Traveller. By Jared Sparks. Boston: Little & Brown. 1847. 12mo. pp. 419.

The Genius of Scotland; or Sketches of Scottish Scenery, Literature, and Religion. By Rev. Robert Turnbull. Second Edition. New York: Robert Carter. 1847. 12mo. pp. 379.

The Alphabetical Drawing Book, and Pictorial Natural History of Quadrupeds. New York: Wiley & Putnam. 1847. Small 4to. pp. 67.

The Irish Priest, or, What for Ireland? London: Longmans. 1847. 12mo. pp. 171.

History of Mexico, her Civil Wars and Colonial and Revolutionary Annals, from the Period of the Spanish Conquest to the Present Time; including an Account of the War with the United States, its Causes and Military Achievements. By Philip Young, M. D. Cincinnati: J. A. & U. P. James. 1847. 8vo. pp. 564.

Memorial of the Sprague Family: a Poem recited at a Meeting in Duxbury of the Descendants and Connections of Hon. Seth Sprague, on the Occasion of his Eighty-sixth Birth-day, July 4th, 1846; with the Family Genealogy and Biographical Sketches in Notes. By Richard Soule, Jr. Boston: James Munroe & Co. 1847. 12mo. pp. 191.

The Months. By William H. C. Hosmer. Boston: W. D. Ticknor & Co. 1847. 12mo. pp. 72.

Wiley and Putnam's Library of Choice Reading. Nos. XCVIII. and XCIX. The Autobiography of Goethe. Poetry and Truth, from My Life. Edited by Parke Godwin. Parts 3 and 4. New York: Wiley & Putnam. 1847. 12mo. pp. 208 and 116.

A History of Framingham, Massachusetts, including the Plantation, from 1640 to the Present Time; with an Appendix, containing a Notice of Sudbury and its first Proprietors, and a Register of the Inhabitants of Framingham before 1800, with Genealogical Sketches. By William Barry, late Pastor of the First Church in Framingham. Boston: James Munroe & Co. 1847. 8vo. pp. 456.

The True Story of my Life, a Sketch. By Hans Christian Andersen. Translated by Mary Howitt. Boston: James Munroe & Co. 1847. 16mo. pp. 298.

A Voice from the South, comprising Letters from Georgia to Massachusetts and to the Southern States. Baltimore: Samuel E. Smith. 1847. 8vo. pp. 72.

Sons of Thunder: a Tribute to the Memory of Alexander Vinèt and Thomas Chalmers. By Robert Turnbull. Hartford: Brackett & Fuller. 1847. 8vo. pp. 22.

A Reply to General Joseph Reed's Remarks on a Late Publication in the Independent Gazetteer, with some Observations on his Address to

the People of Pennsylvania. By General John Cadwallader. Philadelphia: T. Bradford. 1783. [Reprinted, 1847.] 12mo. pp. 36.

Discovery by Charles T. Jackson, M. D., of the Applicability of Sulphuric Ether to the Prevention of Pain in Surgical Operations. By Martin Gay, M. D. Boston: David Clapp. 1847. 8vo. pp. 29 and 18.

Discovery of the Inhalation of Sulphuric Ether as a Preventive of Pain. By J. B. S. Jackson, M. D. From the Boston Medical and Surgical Journal of June 30, 1847. 8vo. pp. 8.

Some Account of the Letheon: or, Who is the Discoverer? By Edward Warren. Third Edition, revised and enlarged. Boston: Dutton & Wentworth, Printers. 1847. 8vo. pp. 88.

The Winter Evening Fireside. By W. G. Dix. Boston: W. D. Ticknor & Co. 1847. 12mo. pp. 36.

Eight Days in New Orleans, in February, 1847. By Albert J. Pickett, of Montgomery, Alabama. 8vo. pp. 40.

A Letter to the Editor of the North American Review, on Hebrew Grammar. By Moses Stuart, Professor in the Theological Seminary, Andover. Andover: William H. Wardwell. 1847. 12mo. pp. 38.

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